

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### LYONEL HARRINGTON.

Translated from the German of Heinrich Zschokke, by Cora Wilbur, expressly for the Banner of Light.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

##### The Solution of an Enigma.

When she had again recovered herself, she began with painful and calm resignation:  
"It is indeed a long, long story of misery and horror. I doubt that you will care to listen to the end. The misfortune therein commences with me. My beloved, excellent mother committed a fault. I am—an illegitimate child!"  
"Who was your mother?" quietly asked Lyonel, as the narrator, engrossed by bitter retrospective shame and sorrow, stopped at this first confession, not daring to meet his eyes.  
"She was the daughter of wealthy parents, of a Professor, and left motherless at an early age. She obtained an appointment in a distinguished noble family, that of a royal Lieutenant-General's, as the governess of his youngest daughter. She won approbation, the esteem and love of the entire family, and she deserved it. She was learned and beautiful and good. Estimable men sought her hand; but in secret the son of the General won her love. He was a Major, and as love-worthy as he was brave. He was my unhappy father. But his parents felt ashamed of my mother, my poor mother, who was not of noble descent! She was cast out of the house with bitter upbraids and reproaches, and even so the son. He was sent to the Napoleonic wars; there he sought death, and found it. Before his departure, he had generously endowed my mother with all the necessary means. She was persuaded to marry a young and wealthy butcher of the name of Angli, who loved her passionately. He took her for a wife, although she confessed to him her fault, and saved her reputation from the world's harsh censure."  
"Just in the usual order! Illegitimate nobles and great forgiving hearts among the people!" murmured the American to himself. "But was your mother happy in her married state?"  
"For ten years they lived most happily, only to end the more wretchedly. My mother's husband loved me with all the tenderness of a father; I bore his name, and was called his daughter. He had a good heart, but his mind was frivolous; he lived extravagantly, delighting in ostentation and display. We lived in great style, frequenting the theatres, concerts, balls and bathing resorts. Mother and I were obliged to vie with the most distinguished ladies of the Capital in dress and ornaments. When my stepfather came into possession of an inheritance that fell to his share, the business he had followed was given up. My gentle mother warned him against this growing extravagance, and entreated him to economize, as she noticed the gradual diminution of the incoming interest, and soon that of the capital that followed. But he had grown accustomed to the glitter of luxury; and although he could not deny at last the utter destruction of his fortune, he yet hoped for its restoration, and with that aim he visited the public gaming houses; he staked sums in various lotteries, and he lost all!"  
"The unfortunate! I have a presentiment of the end, poor Cecilia! Your parents were plunged into ruin?"  
"They were; my dear, good mother was in despair when her husband openly declared his condition of hopelessness. His creditors assembled; the remains of his fortune sufficed not to pay his debts. My mother resigned all she had formerly earned and inherited. We were compelled to give up house and property, jewels, and every article of value, and at length we left the city, poor and despoiled, to seek a livelihood in some small provincial town. There we lived for some years, from the proceeds of my mother's needlework, in which I aided her somewhat. Her husband found occasional employment as a butcher in several houses. But our misery reached its climax, when my mother was prostrated by sickness and could earn no more. Then he was offered a situation—oh, Mr. Harrington, let me conceal the rest."  
"Speak, dear child! Why do you hesitate to tell me all, even the worst?"  
"Then was offered to him, with free dwelling, a garden, and a wretched salary, the place—of executioner—of hangman! My mother, at the aspect of our poverty, acceded to all with streaming eyes. Thenceforth we belonged to the shunned, disgraced ones with whom none hold companionship! He had become the dreaded executioner, the man whom all avoided in fear and disgust—oh!"  
"Is that all? Your mother acted wisely in her grief in scorning the prejudices of the world. I expected to hear more terrible things."  
"They will not be wanting," said Cecilia, with a sigh. "Although on account of the horrible employment we were looked upon as outcasts of humanity, yet at least we could live. My mother bore her lot without a murmur; she yielded to it with pious resignation. She was my beloved teacher, and instructed me in needlework of various kinds, and taught no one would buy or wear the productions of our hands. She seldom dwelt upon the better days of the past. But not so her husband. At first he was industrious, and devoted to his business; he loved my mother, and he doted upon me. He sought

everywhere for further employment, and sometimes sought for it abroad, returning with good success. Sometimes he remained away from home for weeks; sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by the servant men attached to his vocation. These were rude, bad men; in their society he accustomed himself to intoxication."  
"The worst was added, bodily and mental pestilence! I see, poor unhappy child, it led to his complete destruction. He lost at last even his place!"  
"Oh, more! oh, worse than that! His intercourse with those wicked men—the daily use of stimulants, with which he strengthened himself for his work, or sought oblivion for his cares—his incessant desire for the former life of ease—his continual looking back upon the past happier time—all, all combined, so that at last he forgot us, himself, and even his God!"  
Her voice was lost in a deep sob; the deathly pallid face drooped on her breast.  
"You are faint, dear. Do not speak," said Lyonel, as he looked upon her in alarm.  
"No!" she replied, with a supreme effort collecting herself. "No. I have told you much; you must now hear it all. I have promised. Five years ago the unfortunate husband of my mother was brought to town in chains, with one of his servants; the other servant man had been shot on the road. They had practiced highway robbery, and had committed a murder! While they were in prison, other crimes were brought to light, burglaries, mail robberies, and sentence of death was passed upon the malefactors. Both, master and man, as robbers and murderers, were dragged to the scaffold; both were beheaded! My poor suffering mother fled with me to another city, where no one knew us; but she was never well again from that day. We lived from the little we had saved, and by the labor of our hands for a factory. Often we had not wherewith to obtain the necessities of life. I do not know how it happened, that the history of our last misfortune pursued us like a shadow, but so it was. We were pointed at, and named as the wife and daughter of a beheaded criminal. Then came my uncle Tobias to the aid of his martyred sister. He did not behold her long; she died in my arms soon afterwards; she bequeathed to me only her blessing. My uncle brought me here to St. Catharine's Vale; but the black phantom of my birth and relationship to the executioner followed me even here. They know all, I believe, as if there were unseen tongues in the air that delight in maliciously proclaiming my disgrace!"  
"Cecilia, how harshly you speak of yourself! Your disgrace! Where is it? How can another's guilt dishonor you?"  
"Oh, dear, kind sir, I am an illegitimate child. I am called the hangman's child—daughter of a malefactor, who has paid the penalty of outraged law! Go, now, benevolent man, go and leave me! I must weep! I have again lost the heaven that for a moment seemed to open its radiance before me! No—I have only deceived myself for a moment. Go, sir; your condescension, your pity will disgrace you. I am a scorned, an outcast creature in the eyes of all the world—only not in the eyes of God! That is my light and consolation in the darkness, that he, my Father, is nigh, and forsakes me not!"  
She uttered these words with the most poignant soul-grief depicted on her features; and as she rose to leave the room, she fell half fainting, back. Lyonel, greatly alarmed, sprang toward her. A tear-drop trembled in his eye, as he gazed upon the suffering face.  
"No, Cecilia!" he cried, with quivering lips, vainly endeavoring to control his own sympathetic sorrow. "If all forsake you, I will not; even as your God and mine forsakes you, never! You have been the sacrificial lamb for the monstrous prejudices of the world, that I assure you have no effect on me. Wipe away your tears; look brightly on me. I will save thee out of the swamps of European barbarism wherein they have compelled thee to feel! The misery and darkness of thy life have only enhanced thy worth more gloriously. Take courage, Cecilia, never despair!"  
She had covered her face and heard him not. He stood for a long time silently before her, and then again addressed her. She answered not. He endeavored to take her hand; she withdrew it with a shudder, and signed to him to depart.  
"So be it then, beloved soul," he sadly replied. "I go. But permit me to see you again to-morrow. I will come early, at the ninth hour. Do not deny me the favor. I have something yet of importance to communicate to you."  
She made no reply. He took his straw hat, and pressing it deeply over his brow, left the house with rapid strides. Her grief had become his own, and he felt totally unmanned by its power."  
The cheerful calm of evening brooded over the lovely vale that outspread in dreamy stillness before him, while the beech and fir tops were gilded by the last golden gleams, as were the encircling hills. He would rather have looked on Nature in her storm-mood, and yielding to the rush of sorrowful feeling that overmastered him, he fled into the forest and hid himself within its night.  
The young man had until then been proud of the self-composure he had retained during the most trying circumstances. He deemed himself at all times master and sovereign of his emotions, thought that no joy could excite, no sorrow overwhelm him. His maxim in life was to be as independent of himself, as of other beings, as he only who controls himself, cannot be ruled by others. He was therefore overcome with vexation and shame to find himself conquered thus by the influence of overpower-

ing feelings. And when he searched for the grounds of his weakness and loss of composure, he found them not where he desired; not in the greatness of a generous compassion; but in—he would not confess it to himself.  
He had seen the loveliest women of two hemispheres, and had admired them without any admixture of a warmer sentiment. But Cecilia was not to him as others were; she was so angelically beautiful, and withal so pure, so unhappy, that she attracted his entire soul homage. She appeared to him in all her poverty and heavenly humility, like a superior being, and beside her he felt himself a weak mortal only. She, in her resignation and innocence was a saint, to whom he upraised his eyes in holiest reverence.  
CHAPTER XXII.  
Vain Hopes.  
Lyonel impatiently counted the moments next day, until the time arrived when he was permitted to visit the solitary house in the valley. He threw aside the plans he had formed on the previous evening, and arranged new ones for the future. He was resolved to persuade Cecilia and her uncle to accompany him to America. Only there could they be freed from the life-long oppression that weighed upon them; only there, amid new and congenial surroundings, could the full and natural capacities of their being expand; while here, on the bleak soil, the tender flower of the divine life was crushed beneath the ban of calumny and prejudice. He thought of the maiden transported to his blooming and cherished solitude of Alabama; how there she would live, receiving and dispensing happiness; he dreamed and hoped and planned, as do all loving hearts at such times.  
At length the ninth hour approached. He had awaited anxiously that finger point of time, and now he trembled with fear, as the possibility intruded itself that his offer might be rejected.  
He went on his way, not with flying footsteps, as he had thought he should, but with slow, thoughtful paces. He knew that this Cecilia was no common mortal; she was not to be won by dazzling promises of luxurious days, and the sparkle of jewels and fine clothes. Strengthened by a life of trial and privation, she had gained an insight, and possessed a pride that rendered her indifferent to the cajolings of fortune. And the question was, whether in return for the offer of his hand, she would not answer sever, with firm, unflinching lips. What her youth lacked in experience, was afforded by the advice of the stolid, stern-judging sergeant. Lyonel thought he could hear him say to his niece:  
"Who is this American? Do we know him? Will you give your future happiness into the keeping of a stranger, who boasts with his gold before our eyes? Think of your mother! And taking for granted that all he says is truth, that his intentions are most honorable, can he assure you, that no repentance shall torment him, when the first glow of love is past, for this hastily taken step? That he will not regret having taken to his arms a poor, obscure girl, the daughter of an executed criminal? Would he like to own her as his wife in the years to come? You would then have caused his life-long wretchedness, and your own. And you would find yourself lost in a distant land, amid strange faces, where another language is spoken, and other customs rule."  
Thus sadly pondering, Lyonel wandered along the vale, often standing still to continue his self-composition. He even doubted whether Cecilia would receive him, for she had not replied to his questions of yesterday. He judged of the firmness of her character by the manner with which she held the pistol ready to defend herself. Whoever has loved, can explain the fears and anxieties that disturbed the young traveler on that eventful morning.  
But even through these anxious doubts and apprehensions, he learnt to understand himself. Cecilia was to him what none of this earth had ever been—what no other could ever be again.  
Before he could frame another resolve, he found himself close by the white stems of the drooping birches, near the hut. He saw the open door, and on the wooden bench, beside it, sat a man who stretched forth his hand in welcome, and called out:  
"Hallo! glad to see you, dear worthy sir! Mr. Linwell, or Linkill. You are a man of your word. Like any one who knows how to make words. Cilly, last night on my arrival, announced to me yours. Take a seat. You come to bid me adieu? Good! It must be so. Our life is coming and going."  
Lyonel sat down on the bench, content to talk with the old man first, who cheerfully related his journey to the city; of the disposal of Cilly's needlework; of the hopes the physician had given, and of other hopes he alluded to, but did not define more clearly.  
"Do you see," he added, "hope is here below the truest and most dainty soul-nourishment. He who has all he desires, is indeed nought but a poor devil. He who has nothing, and has no hope for anything, must despair. He is an unhappy creature. I am now richer than ever, soul-happier than ever. How is it with you, my young friend?"  
Lyonel, with a beaming countenance, was resolved to advance in his purpose:  
"I am not wanting in beautiful hopes," he replied, and his eyes sought for Cecilia, but in vain.  
"If I were only certain of their fulfillment!"  
"Aye, my little friend, even the uncertainty makes it a hope in reality; but certainty and fulfillment are often extinguish its lamp with a superabundance of oil, as with a lack of it. I, poor, old, sickly cripple, have very little to demand of life, and yet am content with it."  
Lyonel turned crimson, and was strongly indignant at this speech.

"But you are young, and when one is that, hope weaves more blossoms each day than does my shoe brush in the Spring-time. You think of your return home. You behold again in spirit your new world before you, where, as you have told us, you are better pleased than here with us."  
"Have you not also the desire to exchange the Old World where you have to endure so much, for the New?"  
"Yes, indeed, you have guessed it. It may soon happen. I think of it often, and in good earnest. Perhaps it will occur before a year is over, my friend. When I asked the doctor day before yesterday to tell me frankly, he thought that I might have a year's time before me to get ready, in order for the departure, so that I might sail quietly from the Old to the New World. But do not say a word of this to my girl. She would worry herself and me sick with fruitless grief. It is well arranged that the spirit has not eyes before it like the body; it sees where it has been, but not whither it goes."  
"Sergeant, you terrify me with your dreadful joke that sounds so earnest. Think what would become of your poor Cecilia, if you were taken from her."  
"Have thought of it. She will not wait, for the wealthiest lord. I know well take good care of her. I know that."  
"What wealthy lord?" asked Lyonel, in strange embarrassment.  
"I said the wealthiest Lord, to whom heaven and earth belong! Therefore the best of care! He will not leave the innocent child to die of hunger. And she understands from its foundation the art of living on a little for the best, better than the rich know how to live on a great deal for the worse; for the enjoyment of the eye and the stomach, for liveries and titles, for splendid palaces, and grand tombstones, and all such Mammon nonsense that they cannot keep. Be assured, Cecilia will retain what she has, for she will remain what she is."  
"But so young, so inexperienced, without fortune—"  
"Aha, do you also belong to the fools who stiffly and firmly believe they have received the earth as an inheritance from the good Lord? Cilly does not forget that we all are tenants here, and must pay our rent in virtues. Whoever does not pay his dues may see it afterwards."  
"Very good, old philosopher. Yet, while we live here as tenants, it seems to me more comfortable to have pleasant, helping neighbors, than to have artful and quarrelsome ones? And for this reason I would talk with you. For you and your niece have become dear to me."  
"Thanks, thanks! but give yourself no sorrow on my account, or hers; and return without care to your America. The lord and owner of the house knows how to keep order with the neighbors when it is necessary. He has true servants when we feel inclined to forget him. Their names are Trial and Sorrow. And when all would not too willfully, strong handed emissaries, that can sweep the world, cholera, yellow fever, and other pestilences."  
"Let us speak without figures, father Thork, and openly. I would, by all the means in my power, better your condition and that of your niece. This cannot be a matter of indifference to you. I have the power to do it."  
"Once again, and many times, thank you, sir. You have done me great good already, and I will and must believe from a good motive, without interest or hidden aim. Thank you! but I cannot accept more. If you design being still more generous, you would only render yourself suspicious; for then you are either a prince or a spendthrift. With both of these, Cilly and I have nothing to do. Do not be offended. You wish to speak out frankly; I am the same."  
"Well, then, I am neither Prince nor spendthrift, nor have I any hidden aims; but I possess large tracts of land in America; there you and your niece can live without being under any obligation to me; there you are freed from evil tongues, from the persecutions of brutal men. Have consideration for the future of the good young girl, as much as I, the stranger, cherish for her."  
"So, so! Compassion! Consideration! Have heard all sorts of things about the girl and myself! Good, I ask not what. I believe in your well-meant intentions. Would transport us to America at your expense; is it not so? And what then? I—one arm—cannot work for you in house and field, and for the savages there Cilly cannot weave lace or embroider. Therefore we should live upon your bounty; in good German, on your charity. No offence; but, friend, that will not do. A king's sceptre of gold may be heavy; people say it is; but I do not believe it. But a beggar's wooden staff, sir, is ten times heavier than a golden sceptre."  
"I think, friend Thork, you are prouder than a king; for even a monarch accepts of gifts."  
"One is proud of that which not every one possesses. We are of our independence. Kings can make a like return for gifts, we cannot."  
"You can; you would beautify the solitude of the country for me. You would make me unspeakably happy, believe me."  
The old man glanced at the speaker with a serene smile, and said:  
"Not quite so disinterested as I thought, after all. The question cannot possibly be of me; for I, poor cripple, am not an object calculated to beautify a scene. You think, therefore, of Cilly. I understand. Well, yes, she is a pretty girl, but she is too good and wise to sell her face for gold."  
Lyonel turned crimson, and was strongly indignant at this speech.

"You judge me as I never thought you could; far, far worse than I am," he said, in a voice that trembled with outraged feeling. "If Cecilia knew me better she would give me her confidence, perhaps her love. Yes, know it—I love her! I would, as my wife—"  
"Hold!—that is then the end of the song? Oh, yes, and the worst! Do not be angry, my friend. I honor and esteem you from my heart. I believe you mean all right; I think as honestly of you. Therefore, shortly reckoned up, and then enough; one, two, three! We, Cilly and I, go not with you to America, as long as we retain our sober senses. For we do not know your America, and yourself but little. One, I am sickly; Cilly will not leave me, and will not go alone with you across the ocean. Earth and water are elements, one as good as the other; but I will be buried where my left arm lies, and will not give the right one to be eaten by the sharks. Go home to your new world; I may reach mine before you. Two, Cilly cannot nor dare not, now nor ever, become your wife, neither in Europe nor America; and that for nine hundred and ninety-nine reasons. She will not. And even if she loved you—the more that she loved you, the same reply would she give. Believe me; ask herself, and do not play with impossibilities. Three, now no more of this. Let us speak of more sensible things. You have been in Lichtenheim with the lord Miulster?"  
CHAPTER XXIII.  
Among the Ruins.  
Lyonel sat sorrowfully disappointed there, and answered briefly, striving to lead the conversation to the one subject that engrossed his mind; but the old soldier evaded it, drolly. The young man saw the uselessness of all further effort. "It is enough," he said to himself. "Be a man! Learn to forget! Cease to be a boy!" and with all the strength of his will he gave himself up to the chat of the invalid, and spent the morning in pleasant conversation and mutual instruction, as they wandered about the valley. He did not even look for Cecilia; toward noon, as he bade Tobias farewell, he heard that she was in the forest with her goats. He promised to return in the afternoon to bid her farewell, also, as it seemed, forever.  
Never since the days of his childhood had Lyonel felt so strongly agitated as in the moment of his return to his chamber in the farmhouse, when he again found himself alone. Love and disappointment, indignation and sorrow, surged tumultuously within; he retained no thought, only feeling; he knew not what it was he experienced; what it was he longed for. His pride of self-control had vanished. Who, in his life, has not felt this tearing asunder of the entire being?  
Only, when the first storm of feeling had swept athwart the soul, did a certain compassionate self-respect lure the tears to his eyes, and by degrees the consciousness of his own weakness returned and filled his heart with regret and shame. "Pshaw!" he cried in bitterest self-accusation as he wiped away the tears. "Silly, full grown child, to weep thus childishly! And yet she is worthy of these tears; even of a life of tears! No, weeping, no; you are not pitying her; you weep and complain over yourself only—and why? For a vague dream that melted away ere you could grasp it. But to have been united with that noblest one that ever came from the Creator's hand, to have purified and exalted my life by hers—was it not desirable? Purified, exalted, did I say? Why will you seek to deceive your own understanding, headstrong fool? If this Cecilia had appeared in all the lustre of her virtues, but without the culminating glory of her youth and grace, deprived of all the charms of beauty, would the loveliest qualities of heart and mind have thus enchanted? And when the daily intercourse should have swept away the magic of her smile and presence; many a year, care and illness following in the train of time have breathed upon the tender, virginal bloom, what would she then still be for thee? You know not. But you know that what the intoxication of the senses terms truth, the sober reflection calls a falsehood. Only compassion could exert such a power upon me; I will not be ashamed of it. What! only pity? nothing more? It is false! Go, then, and, as an honorable man, give her freedom from all care hereafter, in her uncle's hut, as elsewhere. Tell her simply, where to write to you, after his death, if she needs your services. Do this without demanding a return; do it without the slightest exaction."  
Thus, in his inward struggle ran the current of his thoughts, as he sought to recover his composure of feeling and reflection. With a firm tread he paced the floor; he felt himself the conqueror, and, perhaps too prematurely, was proud of the gained victory. He wrote his address, and sundry directions for Cecilia, so that on the death of her uncle, she could apply to him for further aid. Then he took his dinner with his accustomed appetite, and felt thoroughly at peace with himself.  
"We can do what we will to do, as soon as we will what we should!" he murmured to himself, as if conquered destiny lay bound at his feet. Then he went to Mr. Barnabas Trolle and paid his bill, conversed cheerfully with the uncongenial ladies of the family; took his leave, and with a buoyant step, retraced his way to the dwelling of the philosopher Tobias Thork.  
He was attracted by the beauty of a side path, that, leading from the road along the hem of the forest, had often been observed, but never before visited by him, and he pursued its winding course, thus proving to himself, as he imagined, his extreme indifference with regard to the hour that was to bring him to the

presence of Cecilia. He walked along leisurely, mid the gleaming light and the shadows that played over the oaks and beech trees; and he was pondering on the manner of securing the account of the old sergeant's whereabouts, through the instrumentality of his Paris banker, when suddenly the bushes parted and disclosed the picturesque ruins of St. Catherine's Vale. He heard the rush of the waterfall, and looked around in surprise; he did not seem to awaken from a dream, but to return to one long remembered.

A white goat that looked at him inquisitively, climbed up the summit of a time-worn portion of the masonry. His heart throbbed wildly, and soon he beheld a second, then the third of the little flock, capering on the greensward; then in the shade of the wild overhanging vines he saw the shepherdess seated at her hand embroidery. He remained there for a moment, undecided whether to advance or retreat. But Cecilia had heard his footsteps, and hastily gathering up her work, she advanced blushing toward him.

"You here?" he said, "I was about to see your uncle, to say my last farewell to both of you."

"He is taking his afternoon nap," she replied with a faltering voice; "we did not expect you so soon; but come, he will be glad to see you."

"Let me linger here a moment. How beautiful is this valley scene! It reminds me of the peaceful world of my Alabama vale. Even such a wreath of forest is there, upborne by the hills, and surmounted by the blue heights of the Alleghanies. Just like this the garden of Nature in the quiet valley, only that in place of the small lake and babbling rivulet there gleams amid ranks of cypress poplars and sugar maples a majestic stream in many a winding. But in my home all is on a larger scale; the colorings of Nature are more gorgeous, the forms of life are manifold, the skies are purer, and man is a freer and a happier being."

"How happy you must be there; and you deserve to be," replied Cecilia, and a sigh trembled on her lips.

"Would that you could live there!" he continued with more emotion than he was willing to exhibit in her presence. "Would that you could behold from the balcony of my country-house the glorious world that outspreads to the eye; the plain embellished with the planters' picturesque homes, environed by shading fruit trees, surrounded with blooming gardens, with fields of corn and rice; following the course of the stream a line of varying hills. If once you were to wander 'neath the shades of the lilacs, magnolias, oranges, and palm-like foliage, the romantic scenery of Maryland, oh believe me, you would feel no home-sick longing for Saint Catherine's Vale."

"Indeed, Mr. Harrington, you have what you deserve—an earthly Heaven!" she responded as she looked up to him with trustful and smiling eyes.

"You have found the right word! And do you—you do not feel a wish to behold this earthly Paradise? How would it be if your uncle could be persuaded to go to America with you? See, I am the owner of a large tract of land that has room sufficient for several hundred families, while here, in over-populated Europe, there is strife for bread-crumbs. There you both could live a life freed from care, honored and respected; while here you live in poverty, and your days are poisoned by calumny and insult. Cecilia, dear Cecilia! grant me your confidence, more than your suspicious guardian would grant. Speak to him, and if you succeeded in persuading him, then, oh heavenly Father, then yonder earthly heaven would be unfolded in its utmost glory, and I should be the happiest of the best therein."

She cast down her eyes before the tender sparkling glances of his, and replied:

"You are kind, too kind. Yes, you are good; but we—no, we are unworthy, incapable of giving you more happiness than you bear in your heart. I cannot, I dare not, I will not persuade the good old man to such a voyage. And if he desired to follow you across the sea, it is my duty to advise against it. He would not outlive the fatigue of the transit; his health is more broken than he believes, or than he wishes me to know."

"For that very reason, dear Cecilia, am I so deeply troubled about your future."

"Do not be troubled, kind sir, for probably we shall soon leave this neighborhood. My uncle has told me of a better place for himself and me, and for the disposal of my needwork."

"Good child! but how will it be when he no longer stands by your side? Oh, loving innocence! You know but little of the selfish artfulness of men. I am on the point of departure for my home; even in the far distance I shall think of you, and feel wretched to know you are left without succor, poor and forsaken, persecuted by the merciless prejudices of the world, and unable to come to your rescue. Tranquillize me in this our parting hour, I implore you!"

"I—you? tranquillize—?" she uttered slowly and falteringly, while the teardrops sparkled in her eyes, as if she were the one that most needed consolation at that moment.

"Let us not part from each other, Cecilia, without speaking frankly, heart to heart. Yes, you are a gem to which my soul clings; and to my sorrow I must leave you. Yet one petition. I will give you my address. Promise to write to me when you can no longer endure in this land, amid this people. Then I will return, I will—ray you consent, oh speak, Cecilia!"

She turned weeping aside; Lyonel advancing took her hand and again treated her to speak.

She breathed a low, trembling "No!" then quickly withdrawing the impressed hand, she stepped back and said in a determined tone: "No, never!" as she upraised her brimming eyes to heaven.

Lyonel turned pale; his sentence was spoken. He stood a while as if stunned, gazing abstractedly before him. Then manly pride to some degree overcame the painfulness of thought.

"Be it, then!" he said. "Farewell, Cecilia! I have nothing more to offer; nothing to ask of you." She folded her hands in fervent sadness, and clasped them to her breast; and then, as if urged by the overmastering anguish, she wandered off a few paces. Low sighing murmurs of "Mother, mother! too much! too much!" burst from her lips. Then in silence she pursued her way, but pausing suddenly, she thoughtfully retraced her steps and stood before him strangely calm and self-possessed. A teardrop yet trembled on the delicate cheek, but her eye was clear with the glow of resolve and feeling.

She spoke to him with impressive solemnity: "Yes, Mr. Harrington, may the whole world condemn me, I will be understood by you. You shall behold me as God beholds. Since the day that you came to this valley, you have been my thought, my only one. You were in all my dreams; you are the

object of my dearest prayers. You have made me happier and more wretched than I have ever been. I have often wished I had never met you; but had I not, my life would have remained the same gold and dead life that it was. When you found me I found my true life for the first time. Enough now; go in peace. God will protect you. Farewell!"

In the bewilderment that seized upon him at this unexpected confession from the lips of the shy maiden, Lyonel could scarcely believe that what he had listened to was not a play of the fancy. He gazed at the inexplicable child in speechless astonishment; all his philosophy came to a sudden stop.

"Cecilia, you love me?" he stammered doubtfully, and stretched forth his arms toward her.

"Do not approach! do not mistake me!" she cried, and waved him off with a serious gesture.

"Not I, you mistake yourself, Cecilia. You sacrifice yourself to a prejudice. America questions not concerning pedigree or station. Give me your hand! I am thine own, forever. I offer thee here my hand, as I will before the holy altar of our God!"

"It cannot be," she whispered, shrinking back and trembling. "Be merciful, and do not ever repeat those words. I can most joyfully die for you, but I dare not live for you. Therefore—now—my uncle must be awake—go now, sir—I will call my goats—farewell!"

He could say no more; she waved him ber adieu and sped away and was soon lost to sight amid the ruins. He remained as if enchanted to the spot; his soul was tossed in a conflict of bewildering hopes and fears. He felt himself beloved and yet rejected. Was it only enthusiastic gratitude that she mistook for love, or was her hand promised to another? He could not collect his thoughts for some time. At last, as if arousing from a dream, he looked for the vanished maiden. She could not have gone far, for he espied one of the goats amid the trailing mass of the ivy that encoiled a portion of the ruins. He hastened in that direction—for he would not part from her without another farewell word. He soon discovered her. She was kneeling before a broken column, her face buried in her little hands. He dared not disturb her in her devotions, but felt as if he must unite his prayer with hers.

In a few moments she arose, and seeking her little flock with her eyes she observed him as he leaned against the time-worn wall. Her lips unloosed as if to speak a friendly word, but they gave forth no sound. He too remained silent and immovable; she regarded him with a deprecating look and said:

"Benevolent sir, you are not angry with me?"

He could only shake his head in reply.

"Then I will allow myself a last entreaty. Will you listen to me? I shall, perhaps, demand more than you are now willing to accord."

With some hesitation he answered:

"Ask what you will, it shall be done."

Again the crimson flood rose to her cheeks, and with a sort of confusion or embarrassment she said:

"Then please, return to the hut by the same way you came; but do not tell my uncle that you found me. I may not see you again to-day—but I must see you once more. I have got something to reveal to you. I am too troubled—no, I cannot to-day! Oh, if you think well of me, do not refuse me! Only once again, if you possibly can—come to see me again at Whitsuntide?—on the Sunday, for a few moments! Can you? Will you come, on Whitsuntide?"

As he still hesitated, and in evident sadness, turned away his eyes, she cried in alarm, with a vehemence never before exhibited:

"For the sake of Heaven! are you offended with me?" and she would have thrown herself upon her knees before him. He prevented her from assuming that posture; he clasped her to his breast, and imprinting a kiss upon her forehead, said:

"I will come, Cecilia!"

She rested in his arms, confiding and fearless as the babe upon its mother's hallowed breast.

"Thou, my life! my betrothed! my bride!" he whispered, and she upraised her violet blue eyes, and smiled in angelic serenity. But soon that smile of enrapt blissfulness gave place to an expression of sad and re-awakened painful thought.

"Oh, mother! mother! mother!" she moaned, and glanced appealingly above; then quickly, wildly, she withdrew from his enrolling arms, and pointing silently to the forest path, fled in the opposite direction, and was soon lost to view amid the green darkness of the beech trees, and with agile springs, over stone and fragment, the lively little herd followed their mistress.

All this occurred so rapidly, that Lyonel, like a suddenly sobered inebriate, looked around him to know where he was. It cost him some time and trouble to arrange and collect his remembrances; but the contradictions could not be reconciled in his mind. What firm resolve beside such unconquerable timidity! What a conjunction of fearless frankness and extreme reserve! And why did she call with such a piercing accent of sorrow on the departed mother? There was some unhappy secret. She had requested his return; she had a revelation to make to him. This in part tended to console him. He knew he was beloved; this consciousness was his joy and his solace. He slowly followed the forest path that led to the decaying house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

FREEDOM'S POLAR STAR.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

When murky storm-clouds veil the mid-day sky, And lurid lightnings dance upon their van, And trembling thunders echo from on high, Their mimic chorus through the vaulted span.

What mind but feels a reverential awe, And only turns to Him who rules the storm, To shield us from all dangers here below, And hold us in his All-protecting arm!

And when the lull of peace waves through the world, And joy sings from every jeweled flower, O, may our feelings to the sun unfold, Acknowledge Him who made and rules the hour.

The storm that chokes our nation in its gloom, Will break before the Sun of Liberty; For God hath spoken from beyond the tomb: "Sons of the earth, let freedom make you free!"

We tremble in the war storm's awful wrath, And feel to trust anew the "Powers that be," Awaiting fate to strew the Martyr's path With flowers of love and Freedom for the free!

But, O, may nations ne'er again forget That God is God, in peace as well as war! And let this lesson point us, through regret, To hopes that shine in Freedom's Polar Star!

Written for the Banner of Light.

GREETING.

Come on with your industry, sunny Summer, Brightly each folded bud into a flower, We're ready now to welcome each new comer, So tinge with radiance each fleeting hour! We will not sigh though you should send a shower— You hold the reins and practice well your power.

Shake up the carpet on fair Nature's heather, And with your brush, touched with the limpid dew, Blend all the hues in unique shades together, And hang o'er all a curtain of deep blue; And for a border, fringe the glassy lake With hazel leaves and crimson buds and brake.

Come on with your industry, shake the branches Trimmed with presuming leaves, all brown and sear, And, like the wee canoe a Fairy launches, See them float down the stream, then disappear. They are the cards the old year left at parting— Lay them away—another pack is starting!

It might be well for you to shake the forest— Ten thousand birds' nests, now of no account, Are in the way (a query for the quercus,) And fall as many birds would like to mount To the "same niche," of all the niches best, And build another cunning little nest.

Go on with your industry, and tinge the morning As it comes o'er the east with stealthy tread, With dazzling beauty, that its cheerful warbling May not behold one dreary, sleepy head; No artist, however weird his inspirations, Can paint a halo like your own creations.

You have the power to lessen many a sorrow, (Ah, sorrow springs from right misunderstanding!) And though to-day is very bright, to-morrow Should not be selfish with its innate good, But be as one uninterrupted glory, Like those so often pictured in a story.

Come on, come on, your promised breeze is blowing! I see a paling darkness in the sky, The mocking birds of snow are melting, going— Just now a little robin twittered by; I listen for the fairy steps of Summer! She comes, she comes, the Floral-wreathed now-comer! April, 1862. HARRIET.

Original Essay.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

THIRTEENTH PAPER—SECOND SECTION.

THE MARCH OF HUMAN AGES; OR,

THE PROGRESS OF MANKIND.

There is no rational warrant for the opinion that Man is about six thousand years old. Profane history does not pretend to authenticate events of an earlier date than the twenty-second century before the Christian era; and sacred history is another name for mythology. Doubtless the biblical statement as to the age of Humanity is as true as the alleged descent of the Race from a single pair miraculously created. The present memory of Man embraces but about four thousand years; to which if the period of generic infancy be added, as comprising the ante-historical period which must have been forgotten, it will appear that the generation of the human species, by the copulative agency of bimanous tribes a little less than human, occurred about forty-seven or forty-eight centuries ago. This brute parentage of the human family could have initiated nothing more immediately auspicious than

THE AGE OF DESTITUTION.

The Infancy of Man is found, by the method already explained, to cover a period of seven hundred years, beginning within the twenty-ninth century B. C. and ending within the twenty-second. It comprises a portion of human experience the history of which has never been written; and since its vivid realities have eluded the memory of mankind, it is impossible to recall them, or bring them to light again by scientific research. But let us not lament the loss of so pitiful a revelation as the brutish life of our primitive ancestry must afford. I indulge in no fancies of pastoral blessedness, such as poets have pictured of the past. I cherish no myths of Eden, such as religionsists subsist upon in their idle hours of devotion. Reason suffices to my knowledge that oblivion has engulfed no discoveries of Truth, no examples of Right, no attainments of Worth; for the scale of Progress is never reversed. And no marvel if nothing worth remembrance occurred within seven hundred years of the time when Man's sole teachers were soulless cattle. Let us not be curious of the ways of babyhood. Nature, like a true mother, permits no needless exposure of folly, but wisely conceals the follies of her puny offspring. Who regrets having forgotten the helpless wants, the blind and fruitless endeavors, the frenks of disappointment and fits of passion, and all the unaccountable annoyances of life in the cradle? Why, then, incur the disgust which is likely to repay an impertinent peering into the nursery of Humanity? Yet, if we will, let us consider the condition of the first generation. Educated by absolute brutes, or wholly self-taught; ignorant of all arts; furnished with no science; endowed with no language of ideas; gaping spectators of the phenomena of Nature, naked and homeless—it is not strange that the first-born of mankind were improvident, shiftless, indolent, filthy, ever erring and often suffering they knew not why. If it be said that they were not as wretched as we should be in their predicament, that only completes the picture of their degradation. It signifies a negative satisfaction at the expense of that intelligence, taste and moral sensibility which characterize their posterity, and shows how little they excelled the brute species from which they derived the elements of their sensual content. Doubtless,

"The fool is happy that he knows no more;" and it is only in this compassionate sense that we are able to congratulate the primal generation of mankind on their disposition to appreciate the bliss of ignorance.

The social state inaugurated by such a beginning with such materials, is negatively designated by the term Anarchism. There was no political head, and no tribunal of conventional justice. "Every man did what was right in his own eyes," if he was able. This was the only question of wish or will. Of course might was always right. For several centuries society was as harmonious, perhaps, as that of any species of gregarious animals. But after mankind had profited somewhat by the experience of successive generations; when they had learned the uses of things to some extent, and grown mindful of the contingencies of a competence, they became provident and also covetous; and thus the dread of penury and starvation, and the consequent inordinate pursuit of wealth, impelled the strong to overpower the weak so generally and continuously as to give birth to a new order of social relations, which I shall denominate Feudalism, or

THE AGE OF VIOLENCE.

The Childhood of Humanity, filled a period of seven hundred years between the twenty-second and fifteenth centuries B. C. The epoch of its commencement was signalled by the first predatory incursion of "the Shepherd Kings" upon the aboriginal inhabitants of Egypt; the prime event of genuine history, which was

repeated several times in the course of this era. Very little is known, however, of the circumstances of this event, or of its aggressive agents, who appear to have been a roving clan, subsisting wholly by plunder. It is not likely that they were the first to choose this practical way of living; but rather that they became the most formidable embodiment of the selfish spirit of the age which produced them. They were chief of the strong that ravaged the weak; but there is no reason to suppose the latter had no heart to retaliate, or would have been less unjust or cruel with an exchange of power. The Hyksos were less prominent after their first expulsion from Egypt by Thoutmosis, about the middle of this era, when many other pillaging hordes showed themselves. Thus the world was peopled with nomads who were everywhere hostile to each other. Some of these vagrant banditti, in their eccentric rambles, transgressed the precincts of their native climes, and being surprised by the exigencies of arctic cold and darkness, were transformed into ferocious anthropophagites. Those of happier fortune, whose circumstances favored human development, were first inclined to locate. But for these, for several weary centuries, there was no safety. At the bidding of constant apprehension, and as the first expedient of self defense, huge walls encircled every little city. But these were brief impediments to a determined foe, whose battering rams demolished the strongest fortifications of stone that human ingenuity was then able to construct. At length the unhappy experiences of this precarious social state, suggested a better notion of political economy. The feudal system was now extended from the members of a single tribe to a confederation of tribes. Though Amphycetion is the first named in history who adopted this policy, by establishing the council of chieftains which bears his name, probably, it was applied to an inferior extent, in instances less permanent, centuries before. Feudalism was consummated by the general acceptance of this political expedient, which was well exemplified in the reign of Sesostris, who, in the fifteenth century B. C., liberated Egypt from the last inroad of the Shepherd Kings, and levied tributes upon seven foreign cities, as the fee of protection from nomadic foes.

Let us not imagine that those ancient robbers were any more wicked than people who like a good bargain now-a-days. Atrocious as their conduct appears to us, it was neither more nor less than the puerile working of self-love—the earnest endeavor of undeveloped Human Nature, unrestrained by Authority, and unguided by Intelligence and Moral Sanction, to help itself. Their bloodstained deeds to this end were as free from malice and unrebuked by guilt, as the slaughter of animals for the larder of human appetite to-day. I mean to say that this was the mental condition of the first despoilers of their brethren. For guilt is a climacteric effect, and innocence is as aboriginal as ignorance. For the same reason it is impossible to remain guiltless without reformation. But this is the worthy child of repentance, just as intelligence of wrong is the rigid father of remorse. And since it is not in human nature to stop growing, no sin of ignorance can always escape detection. Moreover, when wrong is once detected, right is proposed; and with due repentance, reparation is fully purposed. Then the desire to amend exceeds all sense of duty. But this is not always possible. It was not with our feudal ancestors, when they had grown to a consciousness of guilt. What then was to be done? Just what we call Superstition; yet none the less what we would in such a case—sacrifice, though the manner of the religious act must often vary. Thus a new principle of action was evolved, as the basis of a new social state, which is faintly symbolized by the term Sacerdotism, or

THE AGE OF DEVOTION.

The period of Man's Youth was the seven hundred years embraced by the fifteenth and eighth centuries B. C. It was the era of superstitious theocracy, when every chieftain professed a divine commission, and every law was confirmed by an oracle. The epoch of its initiation may have been slightly diversified, according to the unequal degrees of national development; though it is generally opined that the building of a hundred temples to the deities of Egypt by Sesostris, was nearly synchronous with the marvelous debut of Moses, and the triumphant exode of the Jews under the auspices of Jehovah. The sacerdotal polity of Sesostris was prolonged, with no essential change, until the subjugation of Egypt by the Ethiopian Sabacus (B. C. 770), which event marked the political death of that nation. The so-called Hebrew Theocracy, with all its protean forms of human administration, first, by the adopted son of Thermutis and his consecrated successor, the pretended plenipotentiaries of God Almighty; then by an irregular and accidental succession of judges, in whose hands the oracles of Jehovah were often exchanged for those of the less pretending gods of their Heathen neighbors; and finally by Saul and the feeble dynasty of David, sporting the insignia of "the Lord's anointed," yet always colluding with the prophets of Baal, Ashtaroth and Moloch; this externally fluctuating government of the children of Israel, from the epoch of their emancipation by Moses to the captivity of the Ten Tribes by Shalmaneser (721 B. C.), soon after the idolatrous confusion of Ahaz, king of Judah, who devoted all the sacred garniture of the temple to the auriferous use of subsidizing the kingly power of Tiglath-Pilezer, in place of the evanescent prestige of Divine favor, was essentially one and the same. It was sacerdotal from beginning to end. The same is true of the social state of Greece, Carthage, Phœnicia and all minor nations of this era, as universal history and mythology conspire to demonstrate. None was without its oracle, and gods and goddesses were as numerous and various as the thoughts and whims of juvenile mankind.

These divinities of all imaginable ranks were esteemed and revered with as much diversity as characterized their imputed powers and the tendency of their influence over the affairs of this lower world. The divine patrons of health, wealth, national peace, and temporal prosperity; were ever dear to the worthy heart of man, and reverently cherished by the seekers after permanent good; while the gods and goddesses of sensual joys, like Bacchus, Venus, Comus and Voluptas, were adorable only in seasons of phrenzied passion excited by carnal indulgence. But high over all, the Supreme Deity swayed his sovereign sceptre, commanding universal and perpetual homage as the Jussum Pater of younger gods and men. Being variously compelled, in accordance with the diverse dialects of mankind, he was the Jehovah of Jewry, the Jupiter of Latium, the Osiris of Egypt, the Belus of old Babylon, and the Ammon, the Baal and the Moloch of less prominent ethnisms. This is evident from the fact that all these divine appellations are somehow identified with the worship of the sun, as the common symbol of the Supreme Being. If Jehovah and Jupiter are in any better repute with modern religionists than their outlandish peers; or, to word my thought more literally, if the Hebrew, Grecian and Roman appellations of the Most High seem more apposite, expressive and euphonious than those of more ancient Heathendom, it is mostly because the doctors of literature and religion in Christendom have declassified the idolatry of Greece and Rome, and sacralized, or christened, that of "the Holy Land." For it is little credit to Jupiter to say that his altars, unlike those of the same deity with other names, were never stained with human gore; when we consider that his clearest worshippers were not restrained from immolating their human neighbors, and sometimes even their own children, to his invisible sub-regents, such as Saturn and Diana. And any Christian ought to be dumfounded to think of Jehovah as God, without forgetting the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter, and the fortuitous escape of young Isaac from the fate of a burnt offering, to this same

having presided over Abraham's. In fact, according to the latter testimony, at his own altar, the people, he was more blood-thirsty at times than Baal or Moloch; for whereas they were usually gratified with a single victim, and rarely demanded a hotcomb, the sudden wrath of Jehovah was never to be appeased but with the slaughter of thousands. When Aaron made a golden calf and called the people to worship it, the greater god of Hebrew fancy became so enraged that he was about to consume them all, but was dissuaded by a device of Moses, who commanded the priests of Jehovah to "put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor. And there fell of the people that day about three thousand men."

So it often happened; for this Jehovah was "a jealous god," and withal very irritable. His anger was persistent as well as exorbitant in its exertions. Seven nations in the land of Canaan were exterminated at his command, which caused the butchery of more men, women and children than were sacrificed upon all the altars of Gentle Superstition. Christian prejudice virtually ignores these historic characteristics of a rude idol, and makes the God of the Jews one with the better-natured God of Christendom. But without this prejudice, and with a due exercise of Reason, it is clear that all descriptions of the Supreme Being apply to human conception, and not to Divine Character. God is the same to all nations, though it may be that no two have conceived him alike. The faults of Jehovah are therefore quite excusable, but only by a principle which consociates him with Jupiter, Baal and all other bad portraits of the God of Nature.

The mode of worshipping the patriarchal gods was uniformly sacrificial, and the ritual was very similar for all nations. Except on the rare occasions of public calamity and distress, when superstition overwrought the popular mind, or when the votaries wished to purchase a divine favoritism, the patron god of every nation seems to have been satisfied with regular oblations of kine, sheep, goats and other domestic fallings, with flour, oil, fruits and suitable libations of wine; or, in shorter terms, they required only such essents and beverages as made the good living of priests. This suggests a very sensible motive to divine worship, so far as its chief agents were concerned. But to penetrate the character of the more numerous gulls of Priestcraft, is to discover only the most selfish and sensual impulses to carnal devotions. For selfishness, the basic principle of the previous Age of Violence, was not superseded, but seconded as well as modified, by Superstition. No man ever made a sin-offering without a sense of guilt; and the device of atonement was made expressly to exonerate the wrong-doer from the fear of retribution and the duty of reparation. No other incentive to sacrifice was possible to one who did not wish to monopolize some speciality of the divine favor; in the spirit of Mammon serving Jacob, when he pledged his word to the Hearsayed god of special benefactions, saying, "Of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give a tenth to thee;" or after the mercenary policy of Jephthah, who, presuming too much of Providence or too little of Chance, vowed to Jehovah: "If thou wilt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into my hands, then it shall be that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering;" or in the vein of moral suasion discovered by Ahaz, king of Judah, when he said in justification of his devotion to foreign idols, "Because the gods of the kings of Syria help them, therefore will I sacrifice to them, that they may help me."

Such is the universal principle of Devotion. There is no love of Truth, no purpose of Reformation, no virtue in it. Nevertheless, this polytheistic idolatry was as natural and pertinent to the juvenile age of Man as are the religious opinions and formularies of later generations to their larger developments of mind. It was Fancy's rationale of the sensible Universe—the abortive attempt of untaught curiosity to explain the phenomena of Nature—a psychical projection of all the thoughts and feelings, loves and hates, hopes and fears, and wants and wishes of Man's teeming, but uncultured brain. Of course it was destined to be superseded by human progress and the scientific products of experience.

Mankind were slow to learn that Sacerdotism did not pay—that Polytheism was a pitiful hoax. Yet, after the lingering legacy of centuries, the truth glimmered on the minds of a few, that the gods were nothing but the deified attributes of Human Nature; and that all the mighty works which they had been supposed to achieve, had really been wrought by men. This thought was the germ of Ambition—the basic principle of a higher social state which which is fitly named Monarchism, or

THE AGE OF AUTHORITY.

The Manhood of Man is a period of twenty-eight hundred years, commencing within the eighth century B. C., and terminating within the twenty-first A. D. The epoch of its commencement is not well defined in written history, unless we accept as its exponent the establishment of the Olympian Era, 776 B. C., when Pœtime was substituted for Devotion, and the most advanced nations turned from worshipping the gods to crowning their heroes. The birth of Monarchism was very nearly coincident with that of the vogue of athletic games, as the conventional medium of popularity and political power. For a little attention to ancient history, uncertain and contradictory as its writers are on some important points, will satisfy the reader that the second Assyrian empire was the first real monarchy; since Sarnanapalus, the last nominal king of the so-called first empire of Assyria, was the first earthly monarch who set at naught all religious pretenses, and attempted to reign in his own name and authority. But the king died without terminating his struggle with Priestcraft, which was renewed and carried to a successful issue by his son and successor Pul, who humbled the priestly arrogance of Belesis, and thus became the founder of the second Assyrian, or more properly the first absolute monarchy. He was succeeded by Tiglath-Pilezer, 747 B. C., and after him by Shalmaneser, Sennacherib, Esarhadon, Seso-duchin, Nabopolassar, and lastly Nebuchadnezzar—"the golden head" of the notable image in his own unique vision, which the prophet Daniel interpreted as a Divine prefiguration of the Age of Authority.

Without pinning my faith on the Book of Daniel as an infallible prophecy, I can not ignore its general harmony with profane history; and without dismissing all doubts, or pretending to decide any question of its national importance, I regard its description of the rise and progress of Monarchism as the most graphic that I have ever seen. In this purported prophecy all the kingdoms of the world, from first to last, are confounded and symbolized as one arbitrary power, by the statue of a man with a golden head, silver arms and breast, brazen belly and thighs, iron legs, and feet of iron mixed with clay. In the vision of Nebuchadnezzar "a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon its feet that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces. Then were the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver and the gold broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors; and the wind carried them away, so that no place was found for them; and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain; and filled the whole Earth."

This vision, if a verity, was interpreted by oracular teachers in the spirit-world, misnamed "the God of Heaven" by Daniel, through whose mediumship the king of Babylon was told:

"Thou art this head of gold. And after thee shall

come a kingdom of silver, which shall be second to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the third.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of brass, which shall be third to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the fourth.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of iron, which shall be fourth to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the fifth.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of iron mixed with clay, which shall be fifth to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the sixth.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of stone, which shall be sixth to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the seventh.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of clay, which shall be seventh to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the eighth.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of iron, which shall be eighth to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the ninth.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of iron, which shall be ninth to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the tenth.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of iron, which shall be tenth to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the eleventh.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of iron, which shall be eleventh to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the twelfth.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of iron, which shall be twelfth to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the thirteenth.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of iron, which shall be thirteenth to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the fourteenth.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of iron, which shall be fourteenth to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the fifteenth.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of iron, which shall be fifteenth to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the sixteenth.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of iron, which shall be sixteenth to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the seventeenth.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of iron, which shall be seventeenth to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the eighteenth.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of iron, which shall be eighteenth to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the nineteenth.

And after thee shall come a kingdom of iron, which shall be nineteenth to thee, and shall be broken, and thou shalt be the twentieth.

arise another kingdom inferior to those, and another third kingdom of brass, which shall bear rule over all the Earth. And the fourth kingdom shall be strong as iron; forasmuch as iron breaketh in pieces and subdueth things; and as iron that breaketh, all these shall break in pieces and bruise. And whereas thou sawest the feet and toes of potter's clay and part of iron, the kingdom shall be divided; but there shall be in it of the strength of the iron, forasmuch as thou sawest the iron mixed with miry clay. And as the toes of the feet were part of iron and part of clay; so the kingdom shall be partly strong and partly broken. And whereas thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay, they shall mingle themselves with the seed of men; but they shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay. And in the days of these kings shall the God of Heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people. It shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever; forasmuch as thou sawest that the stone was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that it brake in pieces the iron, the brass, the silver and the gold. The great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter; and the dream is certain and the interpretation thereof sure."

The revolutions of political power, from the reign of Nebuchadnezzar to the present day, have tallied so perfectly with the symbolic mutations of the king's vision as interpreted by Daniel, that their correlation has never been disputed. To this consonance, even disbelievers in the gift of prophecy have generally testified, by the avowed suspicion that the scriptural symbolism is of later date than the events which it seems to prefigure. Whether this suspicion be just or not, is of no consequence to me in the present case. I employ the predictive scriptures merely as a bold expression of history. The grotesque image of *Monarchism* in the diction of sacred literature, aptly represents the successive rise and fall of the four universal empires of profane history—Assyria, Medo-Persia, Greece and Rome, as well as the subdivision of the last, in correspondence with the *toes of the vision*, into ten minor kingdoms.

The Assyrian empire was divided in the sixth century B. C., becoming at first the property of the Medes and Persians, but soon after that of Persia alone. Two hundred years later the same dominion played into the hands of Greece, and in the first century, A. D., into those of Rome. This strongest of all monarchies maintained her iron rule as "mistress of the world," for about three hundred years, when her sceptre was broken and her territory divided into two empires, called the Eastern and Western; to be apparently torn to pieces between the fourth and tenth centuries of our era by barbarous competitors for the crown of despotism, whose antipathetic toes nevertheless began to appear in the eleventh century as now extant in Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Turkey, Russia, Prussia, Austria and Sweden.

Thus Monarchism appears to have nearly had its day. The antitype of its prophetic image is complete, and the stone of the prophetic vision "cut out of the mountain without hands," began to smite its giant antagonist upon the feet before the days of Luther, Huss, or Wickliffe, as long ago as at least 1215, when the people of England rallied as one man, and compelled their would-be tyrant, John, to sign the great charter, as an effective curb of royal domination. This popular uprising has continued ever since, with unremitted earnestness and improving directness of stroke, to the occasional honor of such names as *Brucé, Wallace, Washington, Lafayette, Kosciuszko, Kossuth, and Garibaldi*. But the work of this mighty stone is known to it; its smiting has but just begun. Yet I know it will be redoubled hereafter, till the demolition of Despotism is complete; for the name of this mighty stone is LIBERTY.

The Age of Authority will soon have passed away. The most advanced minds have been for some time interiorly impressed with being on the verge of a new era, and to-day the indications of its approach are cognoscible to ordinary observers. The accelerated growth of humanity in the last fifty years; the surprising evolutions of science; the suddenly sequential creation of new arts and implements of wealth, culture and enjoyment; the grand reformatory movements of the people outside of the institutions of Church and State; the growing spirit of inquiry, and the coequal relaxation of authority, touching the sacred purlieus of mystery; the present freedom of the truth-telling Tongue and Press, as compared with the arbitrary constraints of both, in *aud lang sine*; the startling rumors of impending revolution, which seem to threaten all the principalities of the civilized world more clandestinely, but not less sternly, than our own Republic; and even the terrors of old fogeyism, as manifest in the ridiculous plaints of obstreperous caballers and the increased conservatism of sectarian zealots, confronted by the youthful prowess of Liberty; all these quick phenomena of human progress signify that the rampant carle, *Ambition*, is about to be rationalized, as the ruling genius of a better social state than our convenient world has ever known. Before two hundred years have ekked the course of Time, I look for that to verify the fairest ideal of Republicanism, or

THE AGE OF REASON.

The *Mindhood of Man* is a period of not less than seven hundred years, and probably not more than twenty-one hundred, extending from the twenty-first century, A. D., to the unknown epoch of his MORAL MATURITY. The beginning of this rational era will be signalled by the institution of the *Cosmopolitan Republic*, or a federal union of all the popular governments by which the arbitrary powers of the civilized world will have been displaced, confirmed by a central congress for international legislation and judicature. I say this as the verdict of Reason, deduced from experience; for it is now rationally evident that *Republicanism*—I mean the principle of representative government, and not its imperfect exemplification by any party that has yet appeared, is the only possible mode of a permanent and progressive polity.

The introduction of this era will also be characterized by the utter extinction of Authority—the debasement of every theory, and the dissolution of every institution which is not founded in Nature as interpreted by Reason. It will announce "The Day of Judgment" to all mankind. In that day nobody will mistake an *ipse dixit* of obscure antiquity for a demonstration, nor think to establish a moral position by any "thus-saith-the-Lord" of implicit faith. Every sect will throw away its creed, and cease from ecclesiastical ordinances; for the rationalized mind will call the religion of Christendom *idolatry*: The sacred books of all devotions will then be opened; the Bible, now so sweet to the lips, will be bitter in the belly of Priestcraft; the alphabet will explain the Christ cross; the Crozier will stoop to the Pen; the Cross will give place to the Balancer; the Pulpit will bow to the Rostrum; and every steeple in Churchdom will tell of a Lyceum of Natural Philosophy, with no injunctions upon skeptical tongues, and no condescension to conservative ears. To prove your point—to say what you know—to learn what is Truth, will become the order of the day. Then the pulsant stone in the vision of old prophecy, by whose incessant smittings the huge image of Despotism shall have been ground to powder and given to the winds of Revolution, will itself become a great mountain of humanized ambition, filling the whole Earth with Liberty for in proportion to his discovery of Truth will Man be free. And then will the kingdom of God have come; that is, to the human understanding—the only way in which it can ever come; since God has always ruled the world, though many of his creatures are yet to recognize his Sovereign Presence.

It would require a larger inspiration of intelligence than I am conscious of being favored with, to depict the Age of Reason in all its natural glory—in all those features by which it excels and triumphs over the dying Age of Authority. Yet, at the risk of being called visionary, I shall venture to say that amid the constant evolutions of truth, mankind will learn not only the art of ruling well, but how to educate the ruled, how to propagate the species for Virtue's sake, and how to be always healthy. A new motive power will be discovered, to assume the present functions of steam; which element will be superseded in its accustomed labors only to fulfill new revelations of its utility and aptitudes. With the new motory agent aerial navigation will become safe, and locomotion in general will be facilitated beyond the most flattering anticipations of recent experimenters to this end. A substitute for the present art of printing, so as to dispense with the labor of type-setting, is also probable. And one of many important ultimations of combined intelligence, will be the application of Epy's theory to a general control of the weather, so that the farmer's grounds may have due sunshine and rain, and Jack Frost be kept in his winter quarters. Moreover, psychometers, seers, and rare characters of every description, will be greatly multiplied in this era, and many arts and sciences not yet dreamed of will be born, in keeping with the novel and superb developments of Genius and Talent.

Some of these rational predictions will be likely to pass with the reader for eccentric speculations; and yet they are all supported by the transcendental axiom that every reasonable optative is an earnest of reality; it being impossible to conceive, and at the same time desirable, an impossibility; and everything possible and desirable being to Man attainable. Did not Jesus say truly: "Every one that aeth, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth"?

Yet the Age of Reason will not be that of human perfection. Man, like another Moses, will ascend the Pilegah of mundane intelligence only to hail from its commanding summit the loftier brow of Mount Justice, as the goal of another pilgrimage to the land of a holier and happier promise. Wisdom will be the harbinger of Rectitude, for

Right is an angel of so heavenly mien  
As to be worshipp'd needs only to be seen.

Truth and Right will therefore kiss each other; and of this harmonious marriage, VIRTUE will be born. The spirit of Liberty will thus be moralized, or converted to Justice, and Republicanism will pass away, resigning all its glory to Individualism, or

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

The *Hearthood of Humanity* is a period of generic human progress, as yet but indefinitely conceived as extending from the epoch of Man's moral to that of his spiritual maturity. It is separated from the present Age of Authority by the whole Age of Reason, the duration of which outreaches the present ken of rational discernment. From the foregoing exposition it appears that the Age of Virtue cannot be much nearer to us than a thousand years to come, and may be several thousand away. This is no discouraging thought, however, when coupled with any reasonable notion of the intervening era which is to reveal "the Kingdom of God." To enter at once "the Kingdom of Heaven," may seem desirable to impulsive aspiration; but to sober reflection it were as unnatural, if not as unwelcome, to leap over the untold advantages and un-realized enjoyments of the exalted Age of Reason, as to skip from Childhood to Manhood and miss all the unique pleasures and beneficial experiences of Youth. Doubtless every stage of life is necessary to the ultimatum of individual character; while the social state in every age of humanity progress, which approximates as nearly to perfection as the aggregate of its own elements will admit, is the best School of Humanity—is better adapted to the development of Human Nature than any other; and probably is the most congenial, certainly the most edifying, to every growing soul. To fanatical religionists it may seem possible to jump from the Devil's frying-pan into the infernal fire of annihilation, or be snatched "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," from the vanities of Earth to the glittering joys of Paradise. But Reason has nothing to do with such fancies, and Nature presents no examples of sudden transitions without destruction. The wickedness of mankind is not to be expurgated by consuming flames, or ebullitions of Almighty wrath in any form of violence; but by the leaven of principles in the brains and hearts of the living. It is only by the levers of intellectual and moral development among his creatures, that God himself can act upon human spirits, so as to convert the world. He "moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," only in the mind of Ignorance. When this "mystery of God is finished," as it will be in the approaching Age of Reason, his Kingdom will be identified with Nature, in which there is neither mystery nor miracle.

As the Kingdom of God is to unfold in human intelligence, so will the Kingdom of Heaven be unfolded in human righteousness. The beginning of this most blessed era in the earthly career of Man, will be characterized by the universal acceptance, in heart and in life, of the Gospel of Jesus, as epitomized by his two prominent maxims—

RESIST NOT EVIL;  
and,  
DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY;

which precepts co-ordinate with the central ideas in the Religion of Nature and Reason, the former being deduced from the *Fatherhood of God*, and the latter from the *Brotherhood of Man*. This happy conversion of the world will not be the result of any conventional resolution, or concert of prayer, but of the natural development of Man's moral nature. Nor will there be any occasion to authenticate it by a public proclamation, or personal professions; because every man will be seen enough to know his neighbor, and this last deformation will be so general and thorough as to leave no examples of hypocrisy or jealousy.

A prime effect of this reign of Righteousness, will be *Social Order, independent of legislation*. Every man and woman being wise and good enough to do right, the wretched progeny of ill birth and bad training will become extinct, and all partial evil will disappear in the prevalence of universal Good. The responsibility of *Self-Government* being thus generally assumed, civil government will be useless and Republicanism will be outgrown, or resolved into *Individualism*. In such a state of society there can be no hindrance to Freedom, no disturbance of Peace, no danger of want and no uncertainty of Competence; while the bliss of *Communism* in a world of full-grown and pure-natured Individuals, must transcend our liveliest anticipations of "the Beautiful Hereafter."

This heavenly age will last till the central fire of our globe is wasted, and the fecund powers of Mother Earth decline. For ere this planet dies, as do it must, like all its perishing products, angels will walk with Heaven-aspiring mortals, and talk of higher worlds and fairer cons than earthly eyes have seen or human brains conceived. And this most favored of all terrestrial ages will go the way of its storied predecessors, down the abyss of Time; to be succeeded by a still brighter era—*The Age of Harmony*, in a life all spirit, in a sphere all spiritual, too super-earthly for my pen to describe.

Thus the mountains of Progression  
Man is climbing, will be climbing,  
Through the lapse of mortal ages,  
Through the seeming March of Ages.

An alderman, having grown enormously fat while in office, was wroth on his back, "widened at the expense of the corporation."

BORBOOLA GHA.

A stranger preached last Sunday,  
And crowds of people came  
To hear a two hour sermon  
With a barbarous-sounding name;  
"Twas all about some heathens,  
Thousands of miles afar,  
Who live in a land of darkness,  
Called "Borbooola Gha."  
So well their wants he pictured  
That when the plates were passed,  
Each laid her hand on her pocket,  
And goodly sums were cast;  
For all must lend a shoulder  
To push the rolling car  
That carries light and comfort  
To "Borbooola Gha."

That night their wants and sorrows  
Lay heavy on my soul,  
And deep in meditation,  
I took my morning stroll;  
Till something caught my mantle  
With eager grasp and wild,  
And looking down in wonder,  
I saw a little child—  
A pale and puny creature,  
In rags and dirt forlorn;  
What could she want? I questioned,  
Impatient to be gone;  
With trembling voice she answered,  
"We live just down the street,  
And mamma, she's a-dyin',  
And we've nothing left to eat."

Down in a wretched basement,  
With mould upon the walls,  
Through whose half-buried windows  
God's sunlight never falls;  
Where cold, and want, and hunger  
Crouched near her as she lay,  
I found a fellow-creature  
Gasping her life away.  
A chair, a broken table,  
A bed of dirty straw,  
A hearth all dark and cheerless—  
But these I scarcely saw,  
For the mournful light before me,  
The sad and sickening show—  
Oh! I never had I pictured  
A scene so full of woe.

The famished and the naked,  
The babes that pine for bread,  
The squallid group that huddled  
Around the dying bed—  
All this distress and sorrow  
Should be in lands afar,  
Was I suddenly transported  
To "Borbooola Gha"?

Ah, lo! the poor and wretched  
Were close behind the door,  
And I had passed them heedless  
A thousand times before,  
Alas! for the cold and hungry,  
The shivering and the poor,  
While all my tears were given  
To the suffering far away!  
There's work enough for Christians  
If history we but know,  
Our Lord commands his servants  
Through all the world to go,  
Not only for the heathen,  
This was the charge to them:  
"Go, preach the Word, beginning  
First at Jerusalem."

O Christian! God has promised,  
Who'er to thee has given  
A cup of pure cold water,  
Shall find reward in Heaven.  
Would you secure the blessing,  
You need not seek it far:  
You find it everywhere,  
A "Borbooola Gha."

THE AGE OF THE WORLD.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, April 13, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

INVOCATION.

Supreme Ruler, thou who hast known no time past, and will know no time future, but who art eternity, Jehovah, we adore and praise thy name. Our hearts, like the universe itself, are overflowing with praise, and as the sun, radiant with light and refuge, pours out its tide of light upon the universe, giving it splendor and beauty, so thy love fills all our hearts with gratitude and praise. God, thy presence and power pervade us as the life of creation, or as light and harmony and music fill all the atmosphere of space. We praise thee that thou art God, and that life itself is thy divinity; but when we tread upon the sanctuary of that temple reared by thee, and approach the altar and sanctuary of thy devotion, we know not what words or thoughts to employ in praising thee; but this thou knowest, that every heart which lives in the consciousness of being can but know and acknowledge thee as God, and throughout all these worlds that deck all space, thou still dost hear the reverberation of thine own voice, and feel the throbbing, pulsating life of thine own being. God, receive our prayers, grant that we may know more of thee, and that thy children here assembled, even though they be but atoms in the infinite universe of matter, are each the special object of thy care, and that each thought of the human soul, each aspiration toward thee, is received and acknowledged at thy throne. Oh God, bless thou thy children with the consciousness of thy presence; may they feel thy all pervading power, thy love, thy grace, thy mercy, and thy gifts, thy gratitude, thy blessings and providence, and when they ask thee for favors, may they know, oh God, that in thy boundless love they are already bestowed, and that thine infinite mercy and munificence has filled the universe with blessings for thy children; so may they praise thee without ceasing, and their hearts be attuned to perfect harmony; and to thee, Creator, Ruler, and Guide of the universe, of the world, of nations and of men, shall be thanks and unceasing praise, forevermore.

Our subject, on this occasion, is the Age of the World. It may be necessary for us to explain that, last Sunday evening, we called attention to the subject of creation, in which we stated, as our opinion, comparing various theories, that there never could have been a time when the universe, as a whole, was created, but that, at all times, as well the present moment as heretofore, creation is continually being made, and the universe is slowly emerging an infinite variety of changes, which always constituted, and always will constitute, the process of creation. In connection with this subject, and more immediately interesting the inhabitants of earth, is that of the age of the present world—the periods, in other words, in which it is supposed the earth has existed. It will be necessary to make our lecture metaphysical, and, in order to understand it, you will have to follow us closely. We will endeavor to do so, but we must not lose sight of the main object of our lecture, which is to connect with motion and matter. Outside of matter, there is no time. If we suppose a material body in space, without motion, there would be no process by which any person, on that body, could measure time. Past, present and future would to him be one eternal now. Therefore, it is only in connection with motion that time is measured at all. And as motion applies strictly to material substances, time is a relative term used to signify the period during which motion transpires; as, for instance, the earth revolves on its own axis once in twenty-four hours, or a day and a night; around the sun once in a year, or during a period of three hundred and sixty-five days; now the only way this is arrived at is from the fact that the sun is seen at certain hours, varying according to the seasons, in the morning, and seems to disappear in the evening. This gave rise to the notion of time, and the sun itself, and not the motion of which the earth revolves, and thereby changes its position in reference to that luminary.

The only reason for the changes of seasons, and other divisions of time, is that the earth changes its position in reference to the sun, producing variations of temperature, &c. All this is owing to motion, and without motion there would be no measure of time, no day or night, or change of seasons—nothing to mark the lapse of time, or to designate an individual variety of changes, which always constituted, or any being, plain enough—that is, how many revolutions has the earth made upon its axis, and around the sun?—this giving, definitely the period of time in which the earth has been created. Now, these revolutions occur regularly, constantly, consecutively, producing the various modifications of the earth's surface, which have been discovered by science; or any means have yet been discovered by which we can measure the time which has elapsed since the earth was first created. Theologians have endeavored to maintain the statement of the Old Testament, that the earth is but a little more than six thousand years

old, and that, in the period of a few thousand more years it will be destroyed, and some even go so far as to assert that the end of the world is very near, and that the immediate destruction is imminent. The theories entered upon the subject by various theologians, and engrained in many beliefs, and even in universities, and heralded forth from pulpit and rostrum, are, however, brought to a standstill by the discoveries of science, under the name of geology, and instead of the few thousands of years which have been believed to measure the age of the world, it has been discovered that there exist in the soil and strata of the earth, evidences of a vast number of thousands of years anterior to the supposed creation; and that, instead of creation having been effected almost instantaneously, it is positively going on, and that many thousands of centuries have passed away since earth had a beginning. No man of science, however profound, ventures to affirm how many thousands of years it has existed. It is not our purpose to do so, for we frankly admit we do not know. We say that the earth, instead of having existed for a limited number of years, has been positively ascertained to have existed for an immense number of ages beyond all computation—startling, perhaps, as it may sound, never commenced at all! The universe of matter must have been coeval with the universe of mind, and it is an affirmative proposition, sustained by argument, that the earth never had a beginning, was not created as a whole, and, consequently, can never cease to be.

But to return to our legitimate sphere of argument. We will attempt to show that not only is the geological period of the end of the world, but even the geological falls very far short of our requirements on this subject. History, outside of the Bible, gives evidence that, instead of the earth having been created only six thousand years ago, there now exist nations who can trace back their annals for sixteen thousand or twenty thousand years, as, for instance, the Chinese and Indians. This effectually disposes of the idea that earth was created only six thousand years ago, and, so far, removes the superficial obstructions in the way.

Moreover, there are on the earth's surface other evidences in the shape of monuments, remains of vast edifices, which must have required certainly almost six thousand years for their construction. Geology is the key which unlocks the mystery, and which, with a few simple propositions, leads to a new realm for investigation. We begin upon the earth's surface, landmarks, by which the wild man, the native of the forest, are accustomed to judge of the age of forest trees, viz., by the layers of stratification which they contain. Thus, if the tree be one hundred years old, it will present evidences of one hundred new layers, one above another, till the centre is reached. This is one of the external evidences.

Upon the same principle can we remove the external form of the earth, which is composed of various substances—sandstone, granite, mountains, rocks, rivers and trees. Having removed the external surface of vegetation, we observe another; may be, a combination, an upheaval, evidences of turmoil, succeeded by a calm; mountains piled majestically, their tops crowned with never melting ice, and valleys teaming with vegetation; rocks heaped in vast masses, layers of iron, gold, silver; may be, perchance, of coal, all in one vast mass. Geologists understand these indications.

Carrying our survey still deeper, we find that while upon the surface there seems to be superficial harmony, beneath, there are certain layers—these in geological parlance called stratification. These are composed of different kinds of soil, which represent various periods, or systems, of the geological era, and by comparison with previous periods, we find they correspond with certain periods in the earth's development.

For example, each, like the alurian or carboniferous strata, represents a certain period in the earth's history, and shows that, according to the deposits therein, which give evidence of large remains of animals, it was certainly further remote than any historic epoch, for fossil remains are found of animals not known even to tradition, of fishes, upon dry land, and of various kinds of plants, which the records of history. These various stratifications number six, and represent the various geologic periods of what is supposed to compose the earth's crust. These, in their successive periods, require for the conception of each period, before the time for vegetation, at least twelve thousand, and sometimes twenty thousand years, showing by what slow and gradual processes Nature develops her productions; and when we arrive at the formation of the earth's development, and extended over thousands of years, each being an era when the earth took on a new form and stratification. It was a mighty effort, but unavailing; for he could not cause the six days to extend over a sufficient length of time. This being insufficient, there was another resource.

As we ascend in the scale of geologic development, we find that the distance of the period of earth's supposed birth, is removed far beyond our conception, and after all; geologists can only say that these are only representations of what is seen at present, while the period anterior to all this is entirely unknown. It is a vast mystery, and it is only to tell you of what is visible at the present day; as to what is anterior, it leaves you entirely in the dark, if, as is the case with some, they try to render the six days and nights elastic, in order to extend them over the period required to create the world.

Hugh Miller, who, in making the sacred traditions elastic, caused his own brain almost to be exhausted, tried to show that the six days and nights represented six periods of the earth's development, and extended over thousands of years, each being an era when the earth took on a new form and stratification. It was a mighty effort, but unavailing; for he could not cause the six days to extend over a sufficient length of time. This being insufficient, there was another resource.

Geology upon land, gives sufficient testimony of the immense period which must have been required in the formation of one of these systems. Compare the work with us, however, to the ocean. Dive beneath its waters, where there are innumerable forms of life, monsters, tiny beings, floating around; there you will perceive what are commonly known as corals. These are in various forms, some projecting out like the branches of trees, and in combined masses, seeming to represent immense forests. Now science discovers to us that these, instead of growing, are the result of a tiny insect, which lives upon the surface of the ocean, and which deposits these structures, but they are the remains of an inconceivable number that have lived and died, and accumulated together.

Now science, moreover, proves to us that perchance islands, and nobody knows but continents, have been erected by the slow, gradual and silent process of coral remains. She proves to us that to produce one inch in thickness of these reefs or rocks, requires the formation of years, and to produce such immense deposits as are found, and of the thickness and extent, perceived in many islands of the ocean, must require many millions.

Who shall say when the world began? These accumulated evidences show that, instead of a period within the limited conception of humanity, could even be emptied of all its waters, human eyes would perceive these deposits, which would open ages of antiquity far beyond the capacity of man to calculate or comprehend. It would demonstrate that, step by step, island by island, continent by continent, tiny insects have erected the structure of what now constitutes the solid basis of land; and that subsequently to this, by various changes, or processes, in connection with the atmosphere, have been developed the various minerals, together with the animal, vegetable and human kingdoms, which seems to be the last.

The book of Geology which has opened before us, represents the truth in it, and each of the layers, in reference to us, seems one of the leaves in the history of the world's age and growth. What the preceding page has been, no one can tell; what the next may be, no one can determine; we only know that the present one is rife with every kind of knowledge and instruction, and revealing the fact that not only is the process of Nature in the development of the finest products, slow, constant and gradual, but even the creation of a world like your own, which is but an atom in the vast immensity of the universe, may be accomplished by a slow and most gradual process, like the accumulation of corals beneath the waters of the ocean.

This being the divine law, which shows us so much wisdom, and works with so much consistency, who shall say that earth, which reveals such antiquity and remoteness as do all these products, could have had a beginning; even supposing the world had a beginning, as regards its present formation, which we know is true, just as human beings are said to change their structures once in seven years; in other words, as there is not one particle in your bodies to-day, which was seven years ago, a new conformation being taken on gradually which assumes the present form. Now what we claim, is not that the earth was always what it now is—for by a process slow, but sure, it may have changed many thousands of times; but that each period has revealed, new forms of life, new evidences of the infinite variety of the Divine nature, although

the earth, as a whole, never could have been created, composed as it is, of parts constantly changing their position with reference to each other, and, for ought we know, with reference to other worlds.

For who shall say the earth is not giving forth matter which forms other planets—who shall say there is not a secret agency by which the earth receives nourishment as to man, and that the refuse of the earth, the refuse to form the germ of other worlds, as it finds accelerated power and attraction sufficient to condense the vapors? And who shall say these evidences do not prove that the earth, as such, could never have had a beginning, and that there are no means by which the human mind, however great its acquired knowledge, can arrive at the positive age of the world, i. e., the number of revolutions it has performed, around the sun? That it is impossible to arrive at the point, is evident from the fact that, even if one occupied a place where he could examine every portion of the earth, as it now exists, he could not perceive the causes which produced it; therefore while we may understand the world as it is, no one is so profound as to determine the causes of its being, and those causes, in their nature, have been preceded by other causes, and, therefore, it is quite impossible to arrive at a definitive decision concerning them. For while, by mighty labors and fortunate discoveries we may determine the causes of single events, on portions of the earth, it is quite impossible to reach the causes of those causes, and all things constantly changing their relative positions to each other, and to the universe, produce such a variety of changes and combinations as to defy calculation.

If we travel throughout the remote periods into the great arena of eternity, we shall find, not that the world had a beginning, not that it has any age especially, save with reference to the individuals and things on its surface. Now we can count the number of years in which a tree has grown, but we cannot compute the number of years required for the development of the remote causes of that growth. You can count the number of years in which you have existed as an individual, but not the number of years which preceded and will follow you, and these are but a breath as compared with the endless duration of the world. Why, upon the surface, human beings are but as the tiniest insect that you see in the sunshine of a Summer's day, and wonder whence it came, whither it is going, and why it is there—the being of an hour, gone with the setting sun. And so it is with human beings; they are actually fleas, and their lives on the earth moves on with its great upheaving tides of life, un mindful of the many thousands spiraling on its boom.

This, in our opinion, is the truth with respect to all things which at present exist on the earth. Though change is gradual, though thousands of years may elapse before there is any apparent alteration on the earth's surface, still countries are varying a little in their form, and the time is limited by the operations of man, until at last an entire new world, and new development is produced, and the beings of to-day will be swept into oblivion, while earth wears a new garment as fresh, smiling and young as though just born.

It were useless for us to enter into detailed arguments in order to prove this position with regard to the supposed age of the earth. After the utmost industry of research, we find that the records of the earth, unrecorded, and if we had an entire record, from the first man down to the present day, they would still form only a portion of the age of the earth, and all the preceding portion would be left undeveloped and unrevealed. Therefore, while we have shown that the age of the world, as regards man's cognition, is far anterior to the records of sacred revelation, still a further and more remote period is left unrevealed, though there are stratifications, like so many thousand leaves in a volume, unfold one after another to the student's astonished gaze. So perfectly does Nature preserve her work, that each of us may, if he will, understand it, and we are only astonished at the blindness of human beings, who imagine that the age of the world can in any way correspond with their own brief date of existence.

Like a child born in the obscurity of a country town, who suddenly finds himself surrounded by the markets of an ancient and splendid city, and fancies that the novel objects around him must have been created for his special advantage and enjoyment, so each passing generation of mankind looks upon its temporary home as something called into being with special reference to its requirements, and can hardly believe that earth's destined period has no relation to its own.

Somebody, in antiquity, it is imagined, men knew that the world would last a certain number of years, and must have possessed the secret, when in truth they knew just as much about the matter as you and no more, and had the same tradition of the first creation, and the introduction of sin by the first pair. No nation on earth has any conception of the original cause of its being, of the first parents, or of the period during which human beings have actually inhabited the earth. Generations will come and go, and yet you and we, your descendants will imagine that, in this present age, these Christians must have known something about the creation, and when man was made, but they concealed their knowledge. Scientific men of the present day, when questioned on the subject, will tell you that ancient nations kept back what they knew. 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THE NEW CHURCH.

An Address by Miss Lizzie Doten, at Lyceum Hall, Sunday Evening, April 20th, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The lectures spoke in the afternoon from the text, "Follow thou me." The lecture was brief, but original and pointed.

In the evening the spirit of Swedenborg purported to control, and said: As men of old sought the Delphic oracle; and as long pilgrimages were made to the shrine where the strange prophetic stood up and declared her message to mankind, so through the past and present do men come to the altar of immortality, and consult the oracle there. Jesus of Nazareth himself taught that salvation was to be found through works. We cannot find a refuge in the bosom of the Church of Christ. That has satisfied those in the past, but it is not enough for the living soul of to-day. It has been a bed of sweet repose for the weary souls in the past; but man has waked up and made a demand for a religion which brings him nearer to the head of the Infinite. The old Church has decayed away—rotted out of the hearts of the people, and is finding its place among the stunted ruins of the past. This is because some souls are growing stronger than the souls of the past. Those who look into men are apt to be scoffers; but those who look through them, are not prone to sit in judgment upon humanity. There is no doubt no fear in the minds of those who can look through the disguises of clay and see the great possibilities that lie around every soul.

There never was a Church instituted upon earth, but the seed was planted on high—dropped by angels in the living souls who were its pioneers. They weep in the garden of Gethsemane, and are crucified on Calvary, long before the external act takes place on the earth. The ancient Christians stood nearer to the angel-world than the modern teachers, even as truth and heaven lie closer to the unsullied soul. True, you profit by the varied experiences of life; for innocence and ignorance are twin born. But man is too prone to let go the hands of the angels, as he breathes in the life of wisdom.

Moses of old was an instrument of the Almighty, and through him the law of the Almighty was given on Sinai, in the ten commandments; yet before Moses was, they were written in the hearts of mankind. Before the great minds of the past taught of God, his presence was incorporated into man's being, and the great church of God was laid from the beginning, and his messages entrusted to the care of the angels for safe delivery unto man. We would not be understood as saying man will return to a state of innocence, but to a state of virtue achieved. Innocence, we have said, is ignorance, but virtue is the strong man, toned by discipline.

Now, as one faith is developed from another, in the past, so another faith is the pioneer of another, in the present. It takes all that is great, good and holy for the present church, or rather, the church of the future, which the present is building. The church of the past has never had the mediumship of Jesus the Nazarene. The eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since he dwelt among men, have lessened the knowledge of his nature and his mission; but the same great power is at the head of the Spiritual Church, and the communion of the angelic and seraphic is realized.

Far be it from us, however, to condemn the church of the past. We owe all to the Christian Church. It has led the unfolding mind up through the ages of undevelopment, to behold the glorious spiritual light of the present day. It has opened our vision and stimulated our civilization. If you will not accept Christianity for its truth, accept it for the good it has done. Poor as it is, it has been the best man has ever had bestowed upon him from the heavens above. You are taught that at the coming of Jesus upon earth, there would be a general judgment, when each should be sent to the place most fitted to his nature—most harmonious to his soul. Man is beginning to understand this truth now, and, stripped of its crudities and misstatements, to accept it, as it was taught through the inspired life of the child born in the manger. What the past understood to be state of utter darkness, desolation and woe, to-day unfolds as the seed which is planted in the earth. It is placed beneath the sod, and from its decay springs forth a newer and a nobler life, but of which the poor seed could have no conception or thought. Is it asking too much to believe that from the lowest forms of social life will be born as noble results? Through the dark age of the world, when vice usurped the throne of virtue and truth, and crime was legalized over Church and State, the Promethean fire still burned, and the truth shone through the rubbish of externality, slowly purging it from the hearts of humanity. Even as the little child holds its breath till it can do so longer, so error had its momentary rule, while truth seemed to hold its breath. But it burst forth, and life was renewed, and man could no more return to the age of darkness than a man can clothe himself in the garments of his infancy, or assume its stature. The Christian Church is mother of the Church yet to be.

The doctrine of fatality has been a bugbear to frighten your children. They love to be made afraid; to tremble and shudder at the mysteries or wonders of the unknown, and as they will gather around the vendors of stories and gossips; and man has been prone to put an uncharitable construction upon the kind purposes of the Deity. But, as children of God, you all inherit his attributes. He is imminent in all things—in all he has created—in man no more in degree than the lichen and the oak; and he rules each by the law of each. If a man makes a steam engine, or a wheelbarrow, he must use each according to the law governing each. He cannot make a wheelbarrow and bid it fly on the wheels of steam, nor trundle the massive iron engine on before him. He has made a law for each, and cannot transgress it. So with the creations of the human race. God has made man, but there must be an individual norm which God himself cannot transgress. God knows this as well of you, as you know it of the things of your creation. He cannot say to man, rise up and be perfect. He can be no more than he is. But there is the difference in the machine God creates and man creates. When man makes a machine, he must be there to guide it; there must be the intelligence which created it to control it. But in the human creations of the Almighty, he has implanted a portion of its own divine character; and according to its capacity, so will it live, develop and progress.

Now each individual is a member of the great Church of God, and his law is written in his heart. This church comes down to man just as he is. There are no common men—no poor men in its ranks, for its standards are unlike those of earth, and God has made all men useful, and all men rich in some bounty of his blessings. It is open for the penniless and for the millionaire. There is a Church to be instituted or organized, where shall be a fund for the support of those unable to work, to labor. It must have no creed save to do good to all humanity; to minister not only to the spiritual, but the temporal wants of mankind. And to do this, there must be associative action. Even as you give of your earthly good, so you will receive the spiritual. Your penny given, will be capital laid up in the spiritual world—not that which is to come, but that which is, and if you are charitable from no other consideration, your selfishness will serve you an excellent purpose. Christianity is the foundation principle of this life. There has been too much authority.

He who shall be the bishop of the New Church, is one whose exceeding weight of glory shall bend him so low, that he will gird himself with a towel and wash the feet of his people. The individual is to be absorbed in the good of the whole. His earthly shall not be one to stand up proud. He is bishop, not a humble one kneeling in the midst of the sorrowing.

Human nature is more acute than man believes. Man may for a time be deceived, but upon the mask drops off, and the disguise fades, and the truth is plain. Some may feel that they receive more than they give. God grant that they may not feel selfishly so.

We have said it was necessary you should go into an organization. You are not called out merely for a show of hands, but to do an eternal work. Those seeking truth for their own sake, will find methods of action potent and worthy which will long lain dormant within them.

The church is not to be strictly an organization, but an order. You dread organizations, even as a burnt child dreads the fire; but who objects to order? The question comes home to your hearts, and you will be obliged to declare either for or against. You need those teachers who feel they must speak or die. You can tell the ring of the true metal—can understand the difference between inspiration and mere intellectual culture.

But last of all, in the new church will be freedom to think and act according to the highest convictions of right. Men now are cramped by the gyres the past has fastened them with. Oh, sheep of the kingdom, you all need a fold, but need not be driven to that fold. The good shepherd goes not behind to drive, but before, to lead his flock along. Toll on, then, in life; a brighter light than ever is burning in the cloud, to lead you heavenward.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1862.

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WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH, LUTHER COLBY, ISAAC H. CROWELL, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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William White & Co.

A Great Social Critic.

The fact has frequently been worked up in novels and romances, but does not so often come to light through a less sober medium, that interested relatives are in the habit of sending off their wealthier connections, from whom they expect to inherit, to the madhouse, where they are detained for months and years against their will, merely that the conspirator may enjoy in advance the fortune that is in store for them, or even put themselves in possession of property which they feel pretty certain would never otherwise be theirs. Such abuses are far more frequent than an unobservant public have any idea of. They do not appear in the columns of the daily press, although with the pitiful reports that are to be found in the place allotted to doings in police courts; they are not recorded among the accidents, the gossip, the tragedies, or the popular chat-chat that diverts and occupies so much of the public attention daily; but they are occurrences that lie further back in the realms of a profound domestic silence—a region of gloom and despair, far more infernal than that of dungeons, where hearts are scarred with wounds and finally break with cruellest despair.

We notice that the Legislature of Massachusetts has, during its present session, been petitioned by Mr. Sewall to appoint regular Commissioners of Lunacy, for the better protection of persons who are unfortunately exposed to such domestic and social conspiracies; whose duty it shall be, as in England, to examine all persons alleged to be insane, and thus prevent the monstrous evil of imprisoning those unjustly called insane, by relatives who desire to have them removed out of their way.

A cotemporary, running over the testimony adduced on this very point before the Legislature, says, with perfect truth, that some of the evidence taken before the committee appointed by that body, "has disclosed shocking abuses in an institution heretofore regarded as a model one by Bostonians." And the same cotemporary appends to its remarks, by way of illustration, the following pair of cases:

One lady, who sought a divorce for infidelity, was dragged to a madhouse by her husband, and, though brought before the Supreme Court by a writ, where her department was free from the least sign of mental derangement, and though her family physician and consulting physician, as well as all her near relations, testified to her perfect sanity, she was remanded on the single day, to the Superintendent of the Asylum, interested, of course, in her incarceration.

One lady, imprisoned by her nephew, was so well that even the Superintendent was compelled to acknowledge that he saw no sign of insanity about her. "But," he added, "it sometimes takes as long as two years in the Asylum to develop insanity, and I doubt not that, by that time, I shall see signs of it in her!" But the poor lady died before the experiment could be tried—as we should have expected.

Great Heaven! do we insist, with loud voice, that we are this day in the van of the ages, leading to shame a more exalted civilization, and putting to shame all the practices of a dead past, when deeds like these—cruel, remorseless beyond description—are done daily in the very blaze of all our social enlightenment, in the very heart of the churches, and even under the keen eye of the highest tribunals we have as yet instituted?

Do those who run out so wildly against the preaching and teaching of generous ideas, against the truly humane and soul elevating doctrines of a close spirit communion, and against all advances that is not made with their blind assent and by their torpid endurance, pretend that they are peculiarly qualified to enter upon judgment upon what is right and what is wrong, upon what should be done and what should not be done, upon what is, on the whole, safe for men to undertake

and what it will not do for them to touch—when they wink at, and practice among themselves, crimes so revolting, so thoroughly infernal, so subversive of all law, all order, and all human affection?

But let us not take counsel of Pharisees any longer. It has frequently been said that they who denounce certain bad habits in others the loudest, may as well be suspected of practicing them at times themselves; employing their accusations as cloaks, or covers, by the aid of which they hope to do with impunity what they are as fond of as those whom they denounce. We are willing to apply the same general rule of construction in the present case. More than half the reason why certain men, and certain bodies and organizations of men, do not like to see the progress of reform and enlightenment, is because they see, also, that their own pet habits and practices are to be stripped of their covering, and made to stand the rigid test of public criticism.

We look, above all things, to see a movement made by the Massachusetts Legislature, and, indeed, by all legislative bodies in the land, that shall forever put it out of the power, and, thus beyond the temptation, of conspiring men and women, to work the social destruction of relatives whom they should love and cherish to the end of their days. Even the clamor to so heinous a practice should be rooted up and destroyed; though it leaves a very small cause for fostering, to say that our social state has advanced no further than to a point where it is necessary to provide safeguards and restrictions against such practices. Money—love of shows—false reputation—the vanity of society—these are at the bottom of all. We must either be severely chastened, in order to get rid of them, or we must take our own selves in hand for instant and unremitting discipline.

Then and Now.

A few months ago, England was sneering at us as hard as she dared, for our incapacity to fight, for our folly in attempting to subdue the Southern States, and for our foregone fate as a nation just on the verge of falling to pieces. She could hardly get over the Bull Run affair, and delighted to argue that the occurrence was a fair and final illustration of the national, or Northern, courage and prowess. When Mason and Seward were seized, she threw jibes and insults at us almost without number, and began to pour her armed hosts into Canada, to let us see how well prepared she was for our aggressiveness, and never grew tired of prophesying the speedy disintegration of our governmental fabric. It did seem to all candid minds at the time, as if no great nation had ever been so insulted, in its temporary embarrassments and misfortunes, by another nation which gloried in the same. Then it was, if never before, that the rules of Great Britain betrayed their true animus toward our free institutions. We may forgive them, but it will be impossible ever to forget the occurrence.

Since last July, matters have changed round somewhat. Just now, they are discussing in Parliament the note and startling fact which we have brought to the notice of the civilized world, that iron-clad vessels, rams, and naval structures after those plans and patterns, are destined to supersede the use of stone forts and fortresses, and that "wooden walls" for a nation's defence will henceforth cease to be built. A panic has suddenly overtaken them. It is all about America now—the talk of Parliament and the Press is, and not in anything like a jeering or sneering tone, either. We have all at once waked them up from their old dreams of security. The United States have become of just importance again. Their Parliament is in a fever about us. The paper which they boast of as their "Thunderer," comparing it to Homer's Jupiter on Olympus, is struck with a panic that makes its strongest articles weak and watery in the extreme. There is a vast difference between then and now. There is a God that rules over our heads, and British Lords and proud Disbols have not yet quite taken supreme power out of his hands.

Dropped Off.

How they have dropped off, since the war began—the rebel leaders, we mean. Either by death or capture, they are got out of the way very fast indeed. Among the killed, there is Garnett, and Barton, and Bee, and Zollicoffer, and McCulloch, and McIntosh, and Sidney Johnston, and Buckner Johnson; and among the captured, we have Buhrner, and Tilghman, and Makall (who made nothing out of it, in fact), and Walker, and others. On our side, we have lost the noble Lyon, and Lander, and Gen. Prentiss as a prisoner. Now then, we have succeeded in separating Davis and Beauregard, so that they can neither shake hands nor compare opinions. If Corinth proves a success for the Union arms, and Yorktown is rendered a second time historic by the strategy of McClellan and the courage of his noble army, we may safely conclude that the rebellion is virtually at an end. There is hard fighting still to be done; but our men will never think of flinching, or of yielding after the gauge of battle is once accepted, while so many brilliant Western and Southern victories are looking them in the face with their powerful influence and bright example.

The Bereaved.

We are none of us to forget that the army of bereaved mothers is every week increasing, all over the country. These self-sacrificing women have given up their best offerings to the country they love, and it will be the rankest ingratitude if that country for a single moment forgets them. They do not come to us, or go before Congress, asking for public meetings in their honor, or the passage of fine-sounding resolutions in their praise; but they demand, as they deserve, the richest, sweetest, profoundest sympathy of every true and healthy heart. But for such as these, we should have nothing to dignify, or to love, with the name even of country. They are the ones who cement the very foundations of the Republic in their places. It is they who first inspire their valiant boys with the love of their native land, and then send them forth with their lives in their hands, to do or die for the cause that is dearest to us all. Let none of us forget these noble women, therefore, for even a day; they are to be first in remembrance continually, and cherished as the best and last hope of this great and growing Republic.

Anything for an Excuse.

It is amusing, to see how much ingenuity some persons will exercise to make their own case good, or to get their necks out of a tight place; also, to observe with what alacrity others will criticize what is going on around them, when they do not happen just then to fall in with, when, at another time, they will do exactly what they now criticize. In the course of a ride in the suburban horse-cars, the other day, we noticed a lady who got into the car and sat down next two lady friends, all of whom at once began talking to her coming May day. The new comer was decidedly opposed, in these sad times, to indulging in any May day festivities, such as their church society was then engaged in arranging for; and, spoke so strongly on the subject, as to leave a decided impression on the feelings of her two friends. Pretty soon she came to the end of her ride, and wished the others good-day. "And for all that," said one of the two who were left, to her companion, "it's only last week that Mrs. (calling her by name) gave a party at her house. Now she is suddenly opposed to everything like festivity!"

UNION.—The Louisville Journal says:—The Memphis Bulletin is reduced to the size of a sheet of foolscap; just the size of the editor's head.

The Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR MAY.—This Prince of Magazines comes out this month decked with new honors still. There are articles from a dozen star writers, and the publishers never tire in their efforts to bring out new lights to illuminate the world through which we challenge. Among the features in the present number which please our special attention, are an article on Spirits, (omnious, that this Magazine has opened its pages to the discussion of the facts Spiritually seen have been upholding against the world!) and a touching poem by the late Gen. Fred. W. Lander, entitled "Under the Snow." It describes a poor out-cast woman, from whom life ebbs away, in the winter's cold, and beneath the falling snow. We cannot forbear copying a few verses near the end of the poem; the last one is of surpassing beauty:

The storm stole out beyond the wood,  
She grew the vision of a cloud,  
Her dark hair was a misty hood,  
Her stark face shone as from a shroud.  
Bill sped the wild storm's rustling feet  
To martial music of the pine,  
And to her cold heart's muffled beat  
Wheel'd grandly into solemn line.  
And still, as if her secret's woe  
No mortal words had ever found,  
The dying slumber draped in snow  
Held up her prayer without a sound.  
But when the holy angel hands  
Saw this lone vigil, lonely kept,  
They gathered from her frozen hands  
The prayer thus uttered, and they wept.  
Some snow-flakes—wider than the rest—  
Soon fall'd o'er a thing of clay,  
First read the secret of her breast,  
Then tenderly robed her where she lay.

Let these gentle robes go home to your soul, reader friend, and then think of the gallant soldier who could touch so tenderly with the pen, or smite so boldly with the sword. His new made grave in old Essex the snow has kissed—robed in white, a fleeting sign of immortality. A few weeks ago bells tolled, flags floated at half mast, and thousands of hearts throbb'd a dirge. But Lander's soul still speaks, telling us "He is not dead, but born to never-ending fame."

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—This Magazine for April and May has been received. It has already, though not a half year old, achieved a good reputation, and proved successful beyond the publisher's expectations. Its articles are vigorous, earnest, often eloquent, and fully awake to the interests of the passing hour. Its political department preponderates decidedly; but the more purely literary is fine, and full of interest for the general reader. This magazine is edited by Charles G. Leland, Esq., formerly of Philadelphia, and one of the best educated men of America, and, albeit, one of the best sketched writers and essayists in the country.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY.—This, the one hundred and forty-fourth number of this popular magazine opens with a sketch of the American Historical Trees, illustrated with eighteen engravings. The second article is entitled "A Dangerous Journey," illustrated, detailing a traveler's experiences with a band of Chippewa in Central America. Then comes an illustrated "Chapter on Nerves," and various other stories and essays. This magazine is for sale in Boston, by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

THE KNICKERBOCKER NEW YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—OR THE OLD KNICKERBOCKER, simply—is filled with good things, as of yore. Its Editor's Table is its marked feature. A new and promising novel is commenced in the April number, entitled "Carl Almen-dinger's Office; or, the Mysteries of Chicago." Still another novel is commenced in the May number. The leading article by the Editor—"Sunshine in Thought,"—is full of striking suggestions and living thoughts. J. R. Gilmore & Co., 110 Tremont street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW.—This is a magazine devoted to disseminating a knowledge of the sentiments, operations and condition of American Odd Fellows, printed and published by John W. Orr, 75 Nassau street, N. Y. The April number is before us, and gives evidence of good taste in its conduct. An article from Prof. S. B. Brittan, (Past Grand Representative, Grand Lodge, United States,) leads the present number.

THE CALIFORNIA HESPERIAN FOR FEBRUARY has just made its appearance in this quarter. It still compares favorably with any similar Magazine in the United States, as to literary merit. Its leading article, "Sketches of the Dream-Land," is an excellent production. Its patterns for dresses are a prominent feature of its work.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, for May, is embellished with the modes, and some striking pictures. Its literary contributions are by our most popular lady writers, like Mrs. Ann B. Stephens, and a sprinkling of masculine wits, like Charles J. Peterson. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

Speech on the Rebellion.

Col. Moss, of Missouri, lately delivered before a public meeting in St. Louis, an eloquent speech on the present rebellion, from which we copy the following: "Let me beseech you, my fellow-citizens, to rise up and shake off this fatal delusion; pause and reflect when your heads rest upon your pillows at night; think it all over; think on the nature and objects of all Government; try and understand the philosophy of your own natures in connection with it, and learn to be wary of yourselves. Your hearts need purifying, and I would say to you, imitate the example of the pious Christian who ever and anon suffers his thoughts to travel back to Calvary and the Cross, that in the contemplation of the great sacrifice that has been made for him, his heart may be filled with renewed sentiments of love and devotion to that Saviour who died that he might live. I invite you, my fellow-citizens, to go back to the cradle of American freedom and stand amid the graves of your Revolutionary ancestors, and still the blood of your fathers, but the sentiments they uttered, whilst living, are immortal. Their bodies moulder in the dust, but their spirits live, and tend to, perhaps, are bending from their bright abode in the skies, in contemplation of the destruction of all they labored and died to accomplish. Let these holy memories come back to you, my friends, and unless you are made of stone, the fires of patriotism and love for the Union will burn once more pure and bright upon the altar of your hearts."

Spain in Mexico.

What the Spaniards want in Mexico passes popular comprehension. They now declare they are determined to abstain from any demonstration prejudicial to the independence of Mexico—but Spanish promises may be worth about as much in these times as "Pious faith" used to be in the old times. At any rate, England seems to be rather slack of her bargain, in the matter of that treaty with Spain and France relative to Mexico, and we should not be at all surprised if her sudden leave-taking of the whole concern resulted in more or less coldness, if not finally in an outright misunderstanding with her two allies. "When rogues fall out," the old proverb says, &c., &c., everybody knows what is going to follow. Poor Mexico through a sea of troubles, even like Italy, must she come to her true destiny at last.

Free Love.

We have repeatedly assured our readers and correspondents that we repudiate the "free love" doctrine in toto; but we are still in the receipt of communications upon the subject. The last is from a lady in a neighboring town. Once for all we repeat, we will not sell our columns with the abominable stuff, in whatever specious garb it may be presented. Fanatics of whatever ilk will please bear this in mind.

New Publications.

THE CHURCH IN THE ARMY: OR, THE FOUR CENTURIES. By Rev. Wm. A. Scott, D.D., of San Francisco. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale by J. E. Tilton & Co.

This volume, which is printed with open type for more valuable reading, is intended for the improvement of the soldiers in the present grand army of the Union. It is Orthodox to the backbone, and we do not think its author is either a profound thinker, or an extraordinarily acute observer. Yet, his style of expression, as well as his habit of feeling, is characterized with a sort of dash and brusquerie, that will make it attractive to many, and, no doubt, incline them to a certain degree of reflective seriousness. The sermons contained in the volume are upon practical topics, and, for the reader bringing of their contents to the minds of our soldiers, are based upon the recorded lives of the "Four Centurions" of the New Testament; in other words, the book is a commentary on the lives of the Centurions, illustrated by reference to the lives of pious men in the military profession of modern times. The author was, for a time, the pastor of Gen. Jackson, and many of his anecdotal reminiscences are of a highly interesting nature.

THRILLING AND INSTRUCTIVE DEVELOPMENTS: AN EXPERIENCE OF FIFTEEN YEARS AS ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGYMAN AND PRIEST. By M. B. Czochowski, minister of the Gospel. Price \$1. For sale by all booksellers. This title is the best index of its real character. The author gives a minute and vivid description of his past experience as a Roman Catholic priest, and his personal reasons for finally leaving the brotherhood—his motive being mainly to induce all who may read his book to make a full examination of the matter, and to show the best way of escape from Popery. The account of his treatment, amounting to persecution, which was dealt out to him by the "Infallible Church," will open the eyes of all who are not entirely blind to the nature of its creed and professions. It is an European experience, and possesses an interest that rises in many places to the tragical.

THE PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL FOR 1862.—This work, comprising an Almanac, a Spiritual Register, and a general calendar of Reform, is published by A. J. Davis & Co., at the office of the Herald of Progress, No. 274 Canal street, New York. It is an elaborate pamphlet of seventy pages, containing "The Platform of Progress," thirty pages of choice miscellany, a calendar for 1862; a list of writers, speakers, and workers in the different fields of human progress, literature, morals, and general education, Spiritualism, philosophy and reform; Traveling Lecturers; Local Speakers on Physiology, Psychology, Spiritualism, etc.; Prominent Foreign Spiritualists; Practicing Women Physicians, Practical Dress Reformers; Valuable Progressive Publications; Works on Spiritualism; Progressive Works by various Authors, &c. This work is well planned and executed, and though not free from trifling errors, is freer than any work of the kind could expect to be. The list of prominent foreign Spiritualists might with good taste have been omitted, since a flattering array of great names is poor evidence in favor of the truth of our philosophy, where every man thinks for himself, and since, perhaps the greatest minds the world has produced have been claimed as believing in the absurdities of old fashioned religion. We admit, however, there is a temptation to let the world know that Spiritualism is engrossing the attention of men of science and learning on the other side of the water, as well as here, and to pay back the taunts of weak-minded scoffers with such startling facts as the compiler gives.

"The Event of the Season."

This is what the ladies choose to style the long-anticipated Calico Ball, which is announced at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, Boston, Tuesday evening, April 29, 1862. The arrangements are in competent hands, and we are informed the music will be by a full instrumental band, under the direction of Prof. Alonzo Bond—a fact which needs no comment.

The Committee of Invitation consists of Mrs. A. Bond, Mrs. J. T. Gardner, Mrs. M. A. Marshall, Mrs. O. R. Hall, Miss Maria Merrill, Miss Mary Thompson, Miss Kittie Loring, Miss Maggie Wilson, Miss Emma F. Welch, Miss Nellie Brackett, Miss Carrie Newhall, Miss Annie J. Butler. We hardly dare speak of the married ladies, but a lovelier bevy of beauties than the balance of the committee one will rarely meet with. Tickets one dollar, may be obtained of the committee, or at the music stores.

The Freshets.

"Water, water, everywhere!" says Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. So here. All our streams, from Canada border to the Father of Waters himself, have been swollen to a threatening size, and freshets, inundations, floods, and what not, have occupied people's attention for a time, even to the exclusion of so exciting a topic as the war. The old Connecticut has been up to a point it rarely reaches, and old settlers in their very lives by its own motions, say that a bad will be plenty a good way up, this year, because the floods, which have been free from ice, will enable them to leap the great ease, and veils along the stream's course with very great ease. So mote it be; we are ready for that sort of a "broll," almost any day. The risen waters, on the whole, have greatly aided Government operations, and those who believe in and look for "special Providences," call this providential.

Spiritualism in California.

Our cause is progressing in California satisfactorily. Much interest is manifested in the subject all over the State. One of the most efficient lecturers in the field is Rev. J. M. Peebles. A late number of the *Napa Reporter* says:

Mr. Peebles has recently delivered several lectures in this city, to very large and respectable audiences. We had the pleasure of hearing his lecture of last Sunday evening, on the "Ministry of Angels," and must admit that while we could not agree with the spiritual theory of the speaker, we have never heard a more beautiful or eloquent discourse. As a speaker, Mr. Peebles is entitled to a high rank, while in his public life, and though, like many independent thinkers, he had been slandered by invidious foes and friends, still he had maintained the honor and integrity of his manhood, and all respectable, intelligent and liberal-minded Spiritualists honored and sustained him as among the earliest, ablest and most fearless of their champions. But, whatever regard he (Dr. M.) had for Mr. C., as a man, he considered his conduct, against Christianity all the more dangerous, and regarded Spiritualism as none the less abominable.

Discussion on Spiritualism.

A very interesting discussion has been going on of late in Binghamton, N. Y., on Spiritualism, between Bro. Uriah Clark and Dr. Morron. It is reported in full in the Republican. We copy the following paragraph, in order that our readers may know what sort of an opponent Bro. Clark had to contend with: "Dr. Morron, in his opening speech, paid the talents, character and reputation of Mr. Clark a handsome compliment. He had known Mr. Clark for years in his private habits and relations, and in his public life, and though, like many independent thinkers, he had been slandered by invidious foes and friends, still he had maintained the honor and integrity of his manhood, and all respectable, intelligent and liberal-minded Spiritualists honored and sustained him as among the earliest, ablest and most fearless of their champions. But, whatever regard he (Dr. M.) had for Mr. C., as a man, he considered his conduct, against Christianity all the more dangerous, and regarded Spiritualism as none the less abominable."

A lover sees his sweetheart in everything he looks at, just as a man, bitten by a mad dog, sees dogs in his meat, dogs in his drink, dogs all around him.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

An essay, from the pen of Dr. Horace Dresser, of New York, entitled "THE UNION A UNION OF THE PEOPLE IN PARLIAMENTS," will appear in our forthcoming issue.

Mr. Geo. S. Nelson, who is controlled by Philosophical and Scientific spirits, has just opened rooms at No. 12 Avon Place, Boston. Those interested in his phase of spirit manifestations, should not miss the opportunity of calling upon him.

Mr. Nelson will also make engagements to lecture on Sundays in any town in the vicinity of Boston.

"LITERARY INTELLIGENCE."—At a young ladies' seminary in Philadelphia, a few days since, during an examination in History, not one of the most promising pupils was thus interrogated: "Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the prompt reply; "he was excommunicated by a bull!"

AN AMERICAN POPE.—The Emperor Napoleon, if we are to believe the current gossip in the Paris correspondence of the London Journals, contemplates using his influence to make Archbishop Hughes, of New York, first cardinal, and then, when a vacancy occurs, Pope of Rome. It is very certain the Archbishop is in high favor at the Palais Royal, and there are many state reasons why Napoleon might wish to fill the Papal chair with some one outside of the influences that surround the Italian and French pretenses, which are known to be unanimously hostile to the present policy of Imperial France.

The vote of the new State of Western Virginia, on the adoption of the Constitution, was 6539 for, to 224 against; and the vote for emancipation was 6233 to 410. Rather significant.

Fort Pulaski was so badly injured by the bombardment of the Federal troops, as to be wholly unfit as a work of defence.

Counterfeit "tens" on the Prescott Bank, Lowell, are in circulation.

The winter was very severe in Oregon. Many persons lost their lives by exposure in the cold, and large numbers of cattle and horses perished.

"The clouds begin to break," said Harriet during yesterday's rain. She was impatient for an opportunity to go shopping. "Just so," was the answer, as the speaker glanced from the window, "they leak bad enough to be sure."

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a fine young farmer to his sweetheart. "No, indeed, you are not, John; you have never hugged me yet. You are more sheep than bear."

THE LAST MEXICAN PRO-CLAMATION.—The Boston Post of Friday last contains the following curious paragraph: "The Juarez Government will give every satisfaction to the allies in the matter of dams, but won't listen to the idea of a monarchy."

VARNISHED FURNITURE.—This may be finished off so as to look equal to the best French polished wood, in the following manner: Take two ounces of tripoli, powdered; put it in an earthen pot, with just enough water to cover it; then take a piece of white flannel, lay it over a piece of cork or rubber, and proceed to polish the varnish, always wetting it with the tripoli and water. It will be known when the process is finished, by wiping a part of the work with a sponge, and observing whether there is a fair even gloss.

The man who makes a boast of extraordinary shrewdness has not got a particle.

A farmer, a lawyer, or a doctor may be a very respectable individual, but a hotel-keeper is a whole host.

It is well for a man to get the start in a race, but bad for a ship's plank to start in a storm.

It is impossible to look at the sleepers in a church without being reminded that Sunday is a day of rest.

When the Government is afflicted, the political doctors generally apply leeches to its chest.

The following circumstance, says the Richmond Whig, recently occurred at Pensacola, and its truth is vouched for by an officer in the rebel army: "A soldier in the Confederate service fell into a long and protracted sleep, from which his comrades vainly essayed to arouse him. At last he woke up himself. He then stated that he should die on the next afternoon at four o'clock, for it was so revealed to him in his dream."

He said in the last week of the month of April would be fought the greatest and bloodiest battle of modern times, and that early in May peace would break upon the land more suddenly and unexpectedly than the war had done in the beginning. The first part of the prophetic dream has been realized, for the soldier died the next day at four o'clock, P. M. Will the rest be in April and May? Let believers in dreams wait and see."

The address of the Ladies' Repository says, "The nation wants a man"; and the Milford Journal asks if that lady has not "confounded her own personal want with that of the nation?"

Are there any reasons in the History of England why that country should be cautious about making war upon us? Yes, 1776 reasons in one place and 1812 reasons in another.

THE NEW CONNECTICUT NUTMEG.—A good anecdote is told of one of the Connecticut boys. While in conversation with a rebel, after the capture of Fort Pulaski, the latter said: "At least, with all our faults, we have never made wooden nutmegs." The Yankee, a very demure-looking specimen, innocently replied: "We do not make them of wood any longer," and pointing to one of the big projectiles lying near, which had breached the fort, added quietly, "We make them now of iron." Secesh subsided.

The new iron-clad steamer Galena has gone into commission. She is commanded by Capt. John Rodgers.

A FOUL TRANSACTIONS.—The henry of Mr. L. P. True, in South Malden, was robbed of about fifty hens on Tuesday night. The thieves coolly killed all the fowls before taking them away.

POOR BRECKINRIDGE!—Accounts from Pittsburg state that Breckinridge is denounced by the officers who were under him, but who are now prisoners, as a sneak and a coward. During the fight, he kept at a convenient distance in the rear.

MEXICO.—It is rumored that the relations between England, France and Spain, relative to Mexico, are unsatisfactory. Spain maintains the premises of the Convention. It is reported that France wishes to march against Mexico.

A. B. C., writing in the Post, says: "I see that the rebel Congress has adjourned until the month of Au-

gust. Will you have the kindness to state where they intend to meet when August comes?" We predict it will be at the head of "Salt River," the locality of which is well known to a large number of politicians of all ilk.

All the European nations, nearly, are to have iron plates for their ships. They have come to the conclusion that crockery won't stand the racket," since the Monitor has admonished them.

CHEMICAL RULE FOR MAKING ICE.—Take 4 oz. nitrate ammonia; 4 oz. sup. carb. soda; 4 oz. water. Put together in a tin pail, and ice will speedily be formed.

Lecturers. Miss Emma Hardinge will speak in Lynn Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, May 4th—afternoon and evening. This talented lady and eloquent speaker will be warmly welcomed by thousands of illumined souls and also by many on whose souls the rays of spiritual light have never shone.

Mrs. M. B. Kenney speaks in our neighboring city Charlestown next Sunday. Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, is to speak to the Spiritualists in Taunton next Sunday, the fourth of May.

Mrs. Augusta A. Carrier will speak in Chicopee the next two Sabbaths. Miss Lizzie Doten speaks in New Bedford the two next Sundays.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend speaks in West Randolph the two first Sunday in May. Miss Annie Ryder, a promising young lady medium, has been engaged, we understand, to speak in Great Falls, N. H., on the Sundays of the coming month.

Miss Emma Houston speaks in Bangor, Me., during the next three months.

To Correspondents. [We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] DR. B. W. H., INDIANAPOLIS.—If you had read the notices to correspondents in No. 22, Vol. 10, you would have known that we received the document. We then said we could not print it for some time to come, owing to the crowded state of our columns. We have to defer the publication of very many excellent articles, for the simple reason that, were the BANNER ten times its present size, we could not accommodate all our correspondents. Have patience, then, brother. We do the best we can, under the circumstances. We will print the messages soon, or return you the manuscript.

R. D. G., PHILADELPHIA.—Your manuscripts were rejected long ago. The military despotism you speak of went last long. Agitation may fan it into a flame; let it die out itself.

D. R. WALLACE, NEWMAN, ILL.—Mr. Anderson, the spirit artist, resides at present in Philadelphia, Pa. A letter will reach him at that place.

The Progressive Age is published monthly, at Hopedale, Mass., at fifty cents a year. Clubs of twenty names, \$5; ten names, \$3; and five names, \$2. Payments in advance. Friends of progress everywhere are invited to aid the subscribers in their efforts to extend the circulation of a FREE Journal, devoted to the interests of Man, in the highest departments of his career, independent of party, sect, or country, and in the spirit of Universal Fraternity. Address, B. J. BURN, Hopedale, 1862.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS. LYCORN HALL, TOWNSEND STREET, (opposite head of School street).—The regular course of lectures will continue through the season, and services will commence at 2:45 and 7:15 o'clock, P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—Miss Emma Hardinge, May 4, 11, 18 and 25; Rev. J. S. Leonard, June 1 and 8; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, June 22 and 29.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock. Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday; trance speaking at 10:15 A. M.; Conference meetings at 11:15 P. M.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall at 8 and 7 o'clock, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged: Mrs. M. B. Kenney, May 4 and 11.

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Basset's new Hall. Speakers engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, last three Sundays in June.

FOXBORO'.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged: H. P. Fairfield, May 4 and 11; Miss Emma Hardinge, July 6; Miss Lizzie Doten, July 13.

TAUNTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Dr. H. F. Gardner, May 4; Frank L. Wadsworth, June 1 and 8; Rev. Adin Ballou, June 15 and 22; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, June 22 and 29; Hon. Warren Chase, in December.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fannie B. Felton, May 18; Mr. Fannie Davis Smith, during June.

CHICOPPEE, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. A. Carrier, June 1 and 8; Mrs. Anne M. Middlebrook, June 15 and 22; Rev. J. S. Leonard, June 22 and 29; F. L. Wadsworth, during October.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Miss Emma Hardinge, June 15 and 22; Rev. J. S. Leonard, June 22 and 29; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, June 22 and 29; F. L. Wadsworth, during October.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Congress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2:15 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, June 15 and 22; Mrs. M. M. Macomber, Wood for June.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Frank L. Wadsworth in May; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in June.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 30th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10:15 A. M., 7:15 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

At Dodworth's Hall, 808 Broadway, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Lectures every Sunday at Bowman's Hall, Milwaukee street, commencing at 2:15 and 7:15 P. M. Lecturers desiring engagements please address Albert Morton, Sr., Louis, Mo.—Meetings are held in Mercantile Library Hall every Sunday at 10:15 o'clock A. M. and 7:15 P. M.

ADVERTISEMENTS. As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

LOVE AND MOCK LOVE; OR, HOW TO MARRY TO CONJUGAL SATISFACTION. This is the name of what the Boston Investigator calls "a very handsome little work," and of which the Boston Cultivator says, "a more unique, racy and practical essay has not often been written." Its leading topics are:— 1. Vulgar Concepts of Love. 2. The Pathology of Love's 3. What the Poets say of Love. 4. Characteristics of Mock Love. 5. When and Whom to Marry. 6. Characteristics of True Love. 7. Guide to Conjugal Harmony. 8. Nationality of True Love. 10. Wedding Without Wooing. Sent by mail for nine letter stamps. Address either The Publisher, BELLA MARSH, Boston, Mass., or The Author, GEORGE STEARNS, West Acton, Mass. May 5.

M. P. GOODBELL, M.D., MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN, cures permanently, almost all acute and chronic Diseases, speedily, by the Laying on of Hands. An experience of fourteen years has demonstrated the above facts. The sick and afflicted should come and be healed. Rooms No. 6 Leverage Place, Boston. May 5.

THE PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL FOR 1862.—Comprising an Almanac, a Spiritual Register, and a General Calendar of Reform. This is a valuable work just published at the office of the Herald of Progress, and is for sale by BELLA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. Price 15 cents single, or 100 copies for \$10.00. May 5.

REED'S CATARRH SNUFF. KNOWN to be a reliable cure for Catarrh, Cold in the head, and Hoarseness, etc., free by mail, for twenty cents. Liver, REED & CO., East Boston, box 132. 5m May 5.

MRS. E. D. STARKWEATHER, Repping, Writing, and Test Medium, No. 3 East Gate street. Terms 50 cents person. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. 5m May 5.

TRADE LIST OF CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY. Sent free, by addressing SALISBURY BRO. & CO. April 20. 5m

JUST PUBLISHED, THE PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL, FOR 1862. COMPRISING AN ALMANAC, A SPIRITUAL REGISTER, AND A GENERAL CALENDAR OF REFORM.

The publishers of the PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL take pleasure in announcing the appearance of this useful Handbook for Spiritualists and Reformers—the first of a yearly series—future numbers to be issued on the first of January, each year. "The object of this little Annual is neither to build up a sect, nor to herald the operations of a clique. It is designed to impart information concerning principal persons and important movements in the different departments of thought and reform; to afford ample proof of the world's progress, and suggesting, by a broad and catholic spirit, the real unity of all Progressive Movements—the true fraternity of all Reformers. "This, our Progressive Catalogue, is designed to be enough broad and impartial to include the names of the Leaders, Speakers, Writers, and Workers, in the several fields of Inspiration, Philanthropy, Science, and General Reform." The work contains an accurate monthly calendar, over twenty pages of valuable original and selected reading matter, including several pages of new Medical Directions, with important Rules of Health, by ANNE JACOBSON DAVIS; the value of all which may be inferred from the following partial Table of Contents:

Table of Contents: Harmonical Principles, Platform of Progress, A Welcome Religion, Better Day Dawning, Indian Summer Song, Physical Resurrection Impossible, Last Request of a True Man, Phrenological Examination, Churches and Reformers, Important Testimony, Not Devoted to One Idea, How to be Unhappy, The Gift of Clairvoyance, The Law of Conditions, Spiritual Superstitions, Veil Over the Face, The Way to Live, Sacred Hours and Consecrated Rooms, Sources of Inspiration, How to Approach the Spiritual, The Boundary of the Visible World, Marriage of Blood Relations, Our Confession of Faith, The Eternal Marriage, Natural Honesty Better than Conversion, The Rudiments of Metempsychosis, The Fraternity of Reformers, The Soul's Birthright, The Spirit of Brotherhood, Words for the Homeless, The Rudiments of Metempsychosis, Laws of Life and Health, Nino Rules of Health, An Alcohol Bath, Cure for Frost-Bite, How to Cure a Hemorrhage, Temperatures of Rooms, Cure for Poisonous Rites, Relations of Light to Health, Dyspepsia and Debility, Cholera and Cramp Remedy, Fruit and Vegetables not Allowed, Cause of Night Sweats, The Harbinger of Health, List of Writers, Speakers, and Workers, in the Different Fields of Human Progress, Also, a carefully compiled Catalogue of recent Progressive Publications—Books, Pamphlets, and Periodicals. And in addition, a list of Over Seven Hundred Names of Writers, Speakers, and Public Workers in the following departments of Progressive effort: In Literature, Morals, and General Education, Traveling Lecturers on Spiritualism, Philosophy, and Reform, Local Speakers, Laborers in the field of Physiology, Psychology, and Spiritualism, Prominent Foreign Spiritualists, Friends of Freedom, Socialistic Reformers, Temperance and Health Reformers, Advocates of Woman's Rights, Practical Dress Reformers, Practising Women Physicians: including the names and address, with the system of practice, of the regularly graduated Women Physicians now engaged in practice in the United States. This list includes more names, and more classes of progressive men and women than were ever before published in one volume. It will be found invaluable as a book of reference and frequent use.

THE PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL contains 70 pages 15mo. Price, postpaid, 15 cents each; ten copies for \$1. Postage stamps received—blue ones preferred. Published at the office of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, 274 Canal Street, New York. Orders should be addressed to May 3. 5m 274 Canal Street, New York.

PERUVIAN SYRUP; OR, PROTECTED SOLUTION OF THE PROTOXIDE OF IRON. THE SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND ALL DISEASES ORIGINATING IN A BAD STATE OF THE BLOOD. An invaluable TONIC and ALTERATIVE. Sold by all Druggists.

JEWETT & COMPANY, 87 353 Washington Street, April 19.

LANDS FOR SALE IN NEW JERSEY. NEW JERSEY LANDS FOR SALE, in large or small tracts. Also—Garden, or Fruit Farms, of five, ten, or twenty acres each, payable in small instalments. Also—Cranberry Lands. Address, with stamp, B. FRANKLIN OLARK, Chetwood, (formerly Martha Furnace,) New Greens, P. O., Burlington Co., N. J. April 19.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS. DR. L. L. FAHNSWORTH, Writing Medium for answering sealed letters, may be addressed 75 Beach Street, Boston. Persons enclosing sealed letters, \$1, and 8 three-cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply. Office hours from 9 to 6 P. M. April 19.

PROF. J. EDWIN CHURCHILL, PHYSIOLOGIST, AND MADAM JENNIE CHURCHILL, CLAIRVOYANT.

At a prepared to answer calls to speak, examine and prescribe for the sick (whether in body or mind.) Address at BATAVIA, N. Y., until the first of July. 6m April 20.

JUST PUBLISHED. "AMERICA AND HER DESTINY," INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE, given extemporaneously, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, on Sunday Evening, Aug. 26, 1861, through ELMA HARDINGE, by THE SPIRITS. Price \$3 per hundred, or 5 cents single copy; when sent by mail, one cent additional.

Just published and for sale wholesale and retail at the Banner of Light office, 138 Washington street. 4m Nov. 2.

THE UNVEILING; OR, WHAT I THINK OF SPIRITUALISM. By Dr. F. R. Randolph. Price, 25c.

IT ISN'T ALL RIGHT; BEING A Rejoinder to Dr. Child's celebrated work "What- ever is Right, is Right in the Temple." Price 10c. The above named works have just been received and are for sale at the Banner of Light Office. 4m Mar. 8.

PLEASANT ROOMS WITH GOOD BOARD may be had at No. 11 Ashland place. Any one desiring a pleasant home would do well to call. Terms reasonable. April 19.

ARCANA OF NATURE. BY HUDSON TUTTLE. THIRD EDITION—THIS DAY ISSUED! CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.

Contents: PART I. CHAP. I. A General Survey of Matter.—Chapter II. The Origin of the World.—Chapter III. The Theory of the Origin of the World.—Chapter IV. History of the Earth, from the Gaseous Ocean to the Cambrian.—Part II. Chapter V. Life and Organization.—Chapter VI. Plan of Organic Beings.—Chapter VII. History of Conditions.—Chapter VIII. Dawn of Life.—Chapter IX. The History of Life through the Silurian Formation.—Chapter X. The Old Red Sandstone Series.—Chapter XI. Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XII. Permian and Trias Periods.—Chapter XIII. Cretaceous.—Chapter XIV. The Cretaceous or Chalk Period.—Chapter XV. The Tertiary.—Chapter XVI. A Chapter of Inferences. Chapter XVII. Origin of Man.—Part III. Chapter XVIII. The Human Brain.—Chapter XIX. Structure and Functions of the Brain and Nervous System, Studied with reference to the Origin of Thought.—Chapter XX. The Source of Thought Studied from a Philosophical Standpoint. Chapter XXI. Retrospect of the Theory of Development, as herein advanced; Conclusions; Factors derived from their Source to their Legitimate Results.—Appendix. An Explanation of some of the Laws of Nature, their Effects, &c. Published at this Office, Sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of One Dollar. April 20.

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This is one of the most entertaining works of its world-renowned author, and will be read by Spiritualists and others with great satisfaction. We will mail the work to any part of the United States on receipt of the price and postage. Address WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 138 Washington Street, Boston. April 20. 4m

A PLEA FOR FARMING AND FARMING CORPORATIONS. BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

THIS BOOK clearly shows the advantages of Farming over Trade, both morally and financially. It tells where the best place is for successful farming. It shows the practicability of Farming Corporations, or Copartnerships. It gives some account of the Census, and how beginning in a new township adjoining Kinderhook, Mo., with suggestions to those who think favorably of such schemes. And, also, has reports from Henry D. Huston and Charles E. Canedy, who are now residing at Kinderhook, Mo., and are the agents of the Corporation, and will act as agents for other corporations desiring to locate in that vicinity. The whole book is valuable for every one to read, for it is filled with useful suggestions that pertain to our daily wants, to our earthly well-being. It is a straight-forward, unselfish treatise, sent, post-paid, from the Banner of Light Office, for 25 cts. April 20.

LECTURES ON Science, Politics, Morals & Society. BY EDWARD LAWTON, M. D.

Contents: Natural Philosophy; Philosophy of Language; Varieties of Races; Public Morals; Political Economy; Spirits and Ghosts; Slavery and Rebellion; Education, Friendship, and Marriage. This volume is designed by the author as an appeal to the good sense of the American people, to take a step toward the education of their children, especially in the Political, Moral, and Social spheres of life, and to promote in the youth of the country a taste for a higher degree of literary excellence, and a more extended and useful education, than has heretofore characterized the scholars of our schools and academies. It appeared to me that this would be most readily accomplished by thoroughly investigating and compendiously arranging the most useful and interesting knowledge pertaining to these subjects, and exhibiting it in the most attractive form possible for the study and perusal of old and young. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 138 Washington street, and at A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston. Price thirty-eight cents, post-paid. 4m April 19.

THE NEW ENGLAND CLAIRVOYANT INSTITUTE

It is established for the purpose of affording individuals the best and most reliable means of availing themselves of the benefits of clairvoyance in all its phases. Its transactions are conducted with strict regard to truth and integrity, and in a manner that will be honest, secure for all the full confidence of the public. In order to remunerate those whose services are employed, the following rates of charges are adopted: A Medical Examination, comprising a written synopsis of the disease and description of its symptoms, together with a prescription of Remedies to be employed, and specific directions respecting a course of treatment, \$1. Prophetic Letters comprising a general summary of the leading events and characteristics of the future earthly-life of the applicant, \$1. Sealed Letters to Spirit-friends answered, including such messages as they may give, questions answered, or incidents related in proof of their identity, \$1. Psychological Delineations of Character, written out in full, \$1. Requests on the application of the above must be made in the handwriting of the applicant, and foreign Publications relating to Clairvoyance, and kindred subjects, supplied at publisher's price. A complete list of those comprising many rare works, will be issued. All communications accompanied with the price as above specified, will be promptly attended to if addressed to the NEW ENGLAND CLAIRVOYANT INSTITUTE, JOHN S. ADAMS, This Institute has the pleasure of referring to Hon. WARREN CHASE, and Dr. A. B. Child.

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THE wonderful potency of this compound is without a parallel in the history of Therapeutics at the present day. The virtues of a remedial agent peculiarly adapted to disease of the surfaces on all the interior organs of the structure, opens at once a new and interesting feature in the Science of Medicine, especially when presented by a Band of eminent Physicians of the higher spheres, ministering through this agent effects and results which carry to the suffering in this life "NATURE'S OWN CURS." Information beyond the ken of the human understanding has been revealed with an accuracy and definiteness in words, and illustration of the virtues of the Wild Forest Balsam, which cannot be made its prominent as a restorative. It is healing and cleansing, soothing and invigorating to every irritated surface, thus allaying pain and removing disease. Nervous debility in a manner scarcely creditable, only as its application is made to confirm the truth. In Coughs and Lungular Irritations, it is valuable as well as that which refers to other and more delicate organs. Price for one bottle, \$1; four bottles, \$3; six bottles, \$4. Sent to any part of the United States and the Provinces, by express. Persons sending will please mention what express they would have it delivered to. For sale by Mrs. J. V. MANFIELD, 133 Chestnut street, Chelsea, Mass. April 19.

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New Books. SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED BY Moral and Religious Stories, FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. BY MRS. M. L. WILLIS.

Contents:—The Little Peacemaker, Child's Prayer, The Desire to be Good, Little Mary, Harry Marshall, Wishes, The Golden Rule, Let me Hear the Great, Foolish Willful Duty, Unfading Flowers, The Dream, Evening Hymn. For sale at the Banner of Light office, 138 Washington st. Price 10c. Postage 4c. 4m March 8.

A GUIDE OF WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE TO THE SPIRIT-WORLD. Just published by Almond J. Packard. For sale, wholesale and retail, at this office. Single copies, 25 cents. 4m Feb. 15.

WHO IS GOD? A Few Thoughts on Nature and Nature's God, and Man's Relations thereto. By A. P. McCombs. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 138 Washington street, Boston. Price per hundred, \$7; single copies sent by mail, 10 cents. 4m Feb. 15.

A B C OF LIFE. BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

Author of "Whatever is, is Right," etc. IS NOW READY, and will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the country for 25 cents. This book, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains a more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 138 Washington street, Boston. 4m Dec. 21.

THE GREAT CONFLICT! OR, Cause and Cure of Secession.

BY LEO MILLER, ESQ., delivered at Fruit's Hall, Providence, R. I., on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 8, 1861, and repeated by universal request at the same place, on Tuesday evening of the following week, at the same place, on Tuesday evening of the following week. Single copies 12 cents; ten copies \$1, mailed free; one hundred copies \$8. All orders addressed to BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass., will be promptly supplied. 4m Feb. 22.

English Works on Spiritualism.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; OR, GHOSTS AND GHOST-STORIES. By Catherine Crowe. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price 80 cents. LIGHT IN THE VALLEY. BY Mrs. NEWTON Crowe. Illustrated with twenty plain and colored engravings. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price \$1.00 Dec. 21. 4m

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EVERY ONE'S BOOK. JUST WHAT IS NEEDED IN THESE TIMES!

A New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH! CONTAINING MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE Human Body and Mind.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. How to repel disease, regain health, live as one ought, treat disease of every conceivable kind, recuperate the energies, recruit the worn and exhausted system, go through the world with the least wear and tear and in the truest conditions of harmony—this is what is distinctly taught in this volume, both by prescriptions and principles. There are to be found more than 300 Prescriptions for more than 100 forms of Disease.

Such a mass of information, coming through such a source makes this book one of Indispensable Value for Family Reference, and it ought to be found in every household in the land. There are no cases of disease which its directions and rules do not reach. All climates, and all states of the climate come equally within its range. Those who have known the former volumes of the author, will be rejoiced to know that, in the latest one Mr. DAVIS announces the whole rack, and is freely lending himself to a work of the largest value to the human family. It should be in the hands of every Man and Woman, for all are as much interested in its success as they are in their own Health and Happiness. Here is the Plain Road to Home!

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A NEW BOOK. AN EXTRAORDINARY book has made its appearance, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The following is the title: AN EYE-OPENER; OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED. BY A CATHOLIC FRIEND.

Containing—"Doubts of Infidels," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Close Questions to the Doctors of Divinity; by ZEPH; a curious and interesting work, entitled, LA DAME, and much other matter, both amusing and instructive. This book will cause a greater excitement than anything of the kind ever printed in the English language. When the "Eye Opener" first appeared, its effects were so unprecedently electrical and astounding, that the Clergy, in consequence, proposed buying the copyright and first edition for the purpose of suppressing this extraordinary revelation. The work was finally submitted to the Rev. Mr. West, for his opinion, who returned for answer, that the Book should be published, for his examination, threatened, it was true, the demolition of all creeds, nevertheless, in his opinion, nothing would be gained by its suppression. Said he, let truth and error grapple.

The "Eye-Opener" should be in the hands of all who desire to be free from the influence of the Pope and his hierarchy. Price, 40 cents, postpaid. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT Office, No. 138 Washington st., Boston. 4m Sept. 14.

STANDARD WORKS.

THE following Standard Works have been added to our already extensive assortment of Books, and will be sent by mail to any part of the United States, at the prices annexed. All orders must be addressed "Banner of Light, Boston, Mass." Letters on the Law of Man's Nature and Development, by Henry George Alington, F. G. S., and Harriet Martineau. Price, cloth, \$1

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through the medium of the spirit who is called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether of evil or good. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 125 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs) every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course: Tuesday, April 8.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: Alex. Zollinger, a rebel general; Mary Louisa Hawkins to her children, in New York City; Helen, once, to her father, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Invocation.

Nightly Sovereign of the universe and the atom, thou eternal principle of life, whom men call God, we would know something of thee and thy glorious works. And though thou hast written that we shall know thee, oh Divine One, yet do thy children fail to comprehend and understand thee as thou fain wouldst have them. Thy power, oh Lord of Hosts, is without depth. We cannot fathom thee, Jehovah, yet we can approach thee as thy children, and draw from thy parental fountains enough of wisdom and understanding to last us while we sojourn here below.

Miscellaneous Questions.

Ques.—What is meant by sinning against the Holy Ghost? Ans.—To sin against the Holy Ghost would be to rob the Infinite Jehovah of his power—of his infinitude. Therefore, to us there is no such thing as sinning against the Holy Ghost. The law of God is one that none can sin against, none can infringe upon.

Q.—Has the Millennium passed, or is it to come? A.—It is here with you. Q.—What is meant by the record of Christ's coming in the clouds, to be seen of all men? A.—It is a mere figurative expression, meaning a something more than the figure conveys, for God is a spirit, and none can view a spirit with the outward eye.

Uncertainty of Spiritual Manifestations.

We now propose to speak for a few minutes upon the following question: Ques.—Why are honest seekers after truth so often deceived at spiritual circles, or seances? Ans.—It would be impossible, in the short time allowed us for answering questions, to fully speak upon a subject which is of such vital importance, not only to Spiritualists themselves, but more especially to such persons as are novices in the new belief, and who, having admitted into their hitherto dark souls a few rays of light from the great spiritual lamp, earnestly seek for more light by which to dissipate the Egyptian darkness which has so long enveloped them.

Q.—What is the meaning of Millennium? A.—A new era, a return of thoughts given in the past, and spread out upon the page of the present; a fulfillment of a cycle of ideas or thoughts. For instance, Jesus gave forth certain ideas, implanted in his soul during his life upon earth. They did their work in that time, and passed round in the cycles of time until the fulfillment, which is to-day. April 1.

Q.—How are we to understand the command of Christ to his disciples, "To preach to all the people that he was ordained of God to be the judge of quick and dead?" Ans.—You are to understand him in this way: That he was ordained by God to be the judge of both quick and dead; that whether in our or of the body, man was to be the judge of himself. His judge was within himself, yours is within yourself. You go not up to a general tribunal to receive sentence, but to the tribunal of your own conscience. This is doubtless what Jesus meant to convey to the minds of his hearers.

Q.—How are we to understand this passage of Scriptures—"That through his name (Christ) whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins?" A.—Through the practical life of Jesus, the Christ, all men receive remission of sins, but when we step so far down from the spiritual pedestal as to believe that our sins are to be forgiven through the material Christ, or in his name, we deny our own divinity; we virtually cut ourselves off from the inheritance of the Kingdom of Heaven. All sins are to be forgiven through our own selves—that is, through our own understanding of God. "Believe in me and you shall be saved," the record says; believe in Nature, and thereby you shall be saved, for nature will open to you a plain highway in which all shall walk; none are excluded. April 7.

pronounce a humbug, and a spiritual delusion. They want to believe it, but have not the moral courage to disavow their belief in the old religion and embrace the new. Oh, in the name of God, bring all of your own common sense to bear upon this important subject! Criticize it carefully, ere you swallow it. Question even Jehovah; it is your right, your duty, a duty you owe to posterity. Remember that it is for you to rear the most beautiful spiritual temple the world has ever known; it is for you to leave to future generations an edifice devoted only to the worship of the true God. Oh, build it not upon the sand, but upon the granite of your own common sense, and though the winds and waves dash over it, yet shall it stand firm forever. If you fall to do this, you will find yourself covered in a sea of delusion, with no guide or pilot to lead you back to shore, save that common sense which you have rejected and laid by. April 1.

Mary Augusta Rollins. I lived eleven years only upon earth. I was born in Andover, Massachusetts, and died in Buffalo, New York. It is seven years since I left my home upon earth. Four years of that time I have tried to open communication with my friends. I have a mother, father, and one sister. My sister was three years older than myself. My name was Mary Augusta Rollins. My disease was said to be lung fever.

My father is an agent connected with the railroad, but how I am unable to perfectly tell you. My mother has many times desired I would come, and I wanted very much to, but I thought I would until able to say at least half what I wished to. I wish to tell my mother something about my leaving the earth. I suffered nothing in dying; I thought it was the most beautiful sensation—that of passing slowly upward—that I had ever experienced. I first thought I was being rocked to sleep by the angels, the air was so soft and balmy. They said I was then losing hold of earthly things, and getting hold of spiritual things. When entirely free from my body, my first sensation was one of sorrow, but I was told that my sorrow was caused by the grief of my friends, who mourned my departure from earth. My next sensation was that of the wildest delight. Oh, I seemed to be filled with such a wondrous feeling of delight, and I seemed to be connected both with earth and the world above. I suffered nothing like what people are said to suffer, in dying.

The first person I met and recognized in the spirit-world was a little brother, who had been taken from us some two years before I died. The next one was an aunt of mine, who had died when it would seem I was too young to remember her, but there was something about her that told me who she was. She told me that I was free from earth, done with all sickness and death, and could follow her and my brother. But for a time I lingered near the friends I loved on earth, for it seemed as if their sorrow was blinding me to earth, and that I could not leave until it was lessened. I want my mother to know about these things, because I know she has an intense desire to do so. [What was your father's name?] Richard. If I find any way by which I can talk to my father, mother, or sister, I shall do so, but not until I find a good way. [A medium.] That's easier thought of than done. They tell us we should try our mediums and see if they are adapted to our use, and that we may be obliged to wait for weeks, months and years, before we can approach near enough, to see if they are adapted to our wants. I'm going now. April 1.

Benjamin Quigley.

It is five years since I had the good fortune to lay aside one body and take up another; or in other words, since I died. About two years previous to my death, it was my ill-fortune to fall in with a set of persons at Oberlin, Ohio, who were but little better than infidels. At that time I think, in fact I know, I had an earnest desire to know something about the hereafter. If spirits could return, I wanted to know it. If spirits could converse with their friends, I wanted to know it. But, as I said before, it was my ill-fortune to become acquainted with a set of beings in Oberlin, Ohio, who profess to act in accordance with God's laws, but who are, in fact, a set of individuals—who, having no order or system among themselves, do not recognize the existence of any such thing in others. They ignore all government rules, set aside all forms and customs of society, and seem determined to go to hell upon their own account, as fast as possible. Excuse me for talking so, sir, but I'm accustomed to speaking just what I think. The result of my acquaintance with this class of persons, was to change my whole course of thought and action. I threw up all my desire to investigate beyond the tomb, consequently, went out of this world in ignorance and darkness, and entered the other a fool.

I remember that one of that class before spoken of, said something like this to me: "Benjamin, if you go to the spirit-world before we do, you'll return, telling us that we were right, and you were wrong. But that I believe them to be wholly right, and myself wrong, is another thing, and instead of being a blessing to the community, they are a curse, and one of the greatest curses the world ever knew. It's not for me to set up any code of laws, or rules, for them to live by, and I do not mean to do it. But this much I will say to them, and that is, that while some of them suppose they are doing their duty, and are living up to the highest laws of the universe, they are in reality casting aside all law and order as individuals, and consequently do not recognize it in others; and as soon as they abandon their way of living, and begin to live decently and orderly, instead of communing with demons, they'll have angels to talk with.

I may owe a something to them, and if I do, I'm willing to accord them my first 'due' to them. To be sure they gave me my first ideas of the spirit-world, but then they gave me so many hellish ideas right upon the back of it, that that idea was driven by me into insignificance, and to me it was buried, so much so that I could not have found it out, if I had tried a thousand years to, when on earth. There is no necessity for my coming back to hew out a path for them, there are enough already hewn out, if they choose to walk in them. I have a brother out in that section of the country, who is somewhat of a believer in some of their fanaticisms. One thing that draws me here to-day, is to ask the privilege of talking to my brother, personally and privately. It may be my duty to set him right, if it is not my duty to set the multitude right.

Now you want my name, I suppose. [Yes, if you please.] Benjamin Quigley. I died in Wisconsin. [Did you live there?] Well, no. I claim Ohio as the place of my residence, though I was born in Chester, New Hampshire. [We only ask these questions, that your brother may know you.] He'll easily recognize me. Good-day. April 1.

Walter Goodno.

I just been gone about six months. I lived in Danversville, Georgia. [What caused you to pass on?] I do not know. I took sick. I was ten years old—most ten. My name was Walter Goodno. My father used to live here in Boston. He was a doctor, and lived here fifteen or sixteen years ago. [Have you any brothers or sisters?] I've got two, Henry and Lucy. [Is your father in Danversville?] My father is not in Georgia, he's in St. Louis, now. [Is your mother there?] Yes, and I want to send a letter there, or go there. [We will print your letter in the BANNER OF LIGHT, and send it there as soon as possible.] My grandfather says my father don't do right, and he'll never be happy till he does do right. I thought he did right. [Which grandfather is this, of whom you speak?] His mother. [Is your father a secessionist?] No, sir, they do not tell me what he does, but they told me to say that. [What is your father's name?] His name is Henry. My mother's name is Ellen, and she belongs in New

York city. Will you ask my father to let me talk with him? [Yes. Were your father and mother in Danversville with you, when you died?] No, I was with Aunt Betty; she is n't an aunt, but she's a colored woman? [Yes. My father travels—does n't stay at home much. Will you take me to him?] [We can't do that.] Will you give him my letter? [We'll send him the paper in which it's printed.] He do n't like Boston. I've heard him say he did n't like Boston. Will you send him my letter and tell him Walter wants to come? [Yes.] And I do n't want to wait. [Are you sure that you have given me the correct spelling of your last name?] Any way, it was on our trunks so. Shall I go? [When you please.] April 1.

Invocation.

Thou Mighty Fashioner and Finisher of Life, thou from whose boundless soul all life is born, we approach thee with adoration through prayer. We approach thy Divine centre, through that which thou hast implanted within us. Thou hast taught us to pray, and we thank thee, oh Lord, for the blessed knowledge bestowed upon thy children, in the flesh, as well as in the spirit. We ask at this time, our Father and Mother, a blessing upon all thy children; may they receive daily new spiritual light; may the bright blossom of truth be showered upon them from heaven, that they may weave in the future fair coronets worthy thy imperial brow. We ask it in thy name, oh Lord; we expect it, through Nature. Amen. April 7.

"The New Heaven."

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away." We have been asked to speak upon this passage of Scripture by one of the material believers in the second coming of Christ. The record informs us that the revelator uttered these words, or of him was born this passage. It also informs us that the revelator was thrown into a superior condition, or, in other words, was especially gifted of God, and did come into rapport with the angels. They did open up to him the so-called mysteries of Deity, and through him unfolded the beauties of the invisible world to man.

Materialism has lived, and is dying; Spiritualism has lived, and is still living. We mean to convey to our questioner thus much: That the material God, the material life is dying, and things are being understood by spiritual light. In answer to this inquiry, we would say that the angel, in revealing these strange sights to John the Divine, wished to convey to him the idea that all matter and spirit were progressive; that God desired to do away with that which had become rooted and grounded with the nation, namely—materialism. Hence the expression, "behold I make all things new." Thus the angel presented to John's gaze a panorama of the future. He perceived the two spheres mingling with each other. Our questioner, John the revelator, looked upon the future with his clairvoyant eye; he looked upon the future simply that he might learn that great lesson, that all matter and spirit are progressive.

There is no such thing as remaining stationary or ever retrograding, and future ages and sciences will unfold to the minds of men that they live only in the moment; that the past is dead, and that the present is theirs also; but the future, which is before them, is theirs forever and ever. All things are changing, yea, even God himself is changing. Our questioner, we would not refer you to any written record to prove the truth of our assertions, save that which is written everywhere in nature. All things in the material world are continually changing; each particle of matter has the power of reorganizing; of being born anew, or in other words, of casting off its old dress for a new and purer one. If these changes are daily, ay, hourly going on in the external or objective world, shall the higher stand still? No; but a new heaven and a new earth shall be in process of creation, not only that which was shown to John the revelator by the angel, but one which may be seen by all men who worship God in the spirit.

Miscellaneous Questions.

Ques.—How are we to understand the command of Christ to his disciples, "To preach to all the people that he was ordained of God to be the judge of quick and dead?" Ans.—You are to understand him in this way: That he was ordained by God to be the judge of both quick and dead; that whether in our or of the body, man was to be the judge of himself. His judge was within himself, yours is within yourself. You go not up to a general tribunal to receive sentence, but to the tribunal of your own conscience. This is doubtless what Jesus meant to convey to the minds of his hearers.

Mary Lucille Taylor.

Tell my mother I came as soon as I could. I have been here a year ago this month. I lived in Augusta, Maine. My name was Mary Lucille Taylor. I was thirteen years old. I died of diphtheria, they said. My mother had wished that I would come back, but she is n't a Spiritualist, she's a Christian, and she hoped if I came back that I'd come to her alone, that no one else might receive what I had to say. I could n't come in that way. I've waited a year, and looked all around everywhere, but found no one to speak to unless I came here.

My grandfather says, "Tell your mother, for me, to love God more, and fear the world less, and in so doing she will be more happier and better fitted to enjoy the spiritual life when she shall have joined us." [Whose father was this?] My mother's father; he was a minister; his name was Smith—Nehemiah Smith. [Is your father living?] Yes, but he's away. [Do you know where?] No. [Have you any brothers or sisters?] I have one brother; he's in the war. His name is Daniel Taylor. I have more here than me. I have two sisters and one brother with me. [Can you give their names?] There's one by the same name as mine—Mary—I was named for her. The names of the other two are Anne and William Henry. I was the youngest. [Do you have a good place to live in?] Yes. [Is it like the home you left?] No, sir, there's nothing on earth like it. I do n't know how to describe it. My grandfather says, "Tell them our home is filled with intellectual buds and blossoms, that are fit food for the young spirit to grow upon."

My grandfather wishes to talk with my mother. Shall I go now? [When you please.] I'd say more if my mother was here alone. April 7.

Oliver Plimpton.

Well, stranger, how do you do? [I'm very well, I thank you; how are you?] I'm well, and then I ain't well, for I feel mighty sort of strange here. You talk about its being such a long road or big river to

cross, this Jordan, but if I'm to be allowed to judge, I should say it was a short one, and an easy one, too. Your ferry-boats here are out of tune, or I do n't know how to run them. This is my first trial round here, but I'm blowed if I'm going to be behind anybody. I'm dead, I know, but none the less I'm here to-day and can talk.

I did n't believe much in these things, but as the old saying goes, "the proof of the pudding is in eating the bag." I reckon I've ate the bag. I've lost my body and borrowed another one, rigged up in female uniform for the occasion. Now, stranger, what I want to do is to send some kind of a message or letter to my wife. [If you can give us your wife's address, we will print your letter in our paper, and send it to her.] That I can do.

Little girl, there, say I got over on this side all right. In the next place, say that I did feel mighty bad when I found I'd got to step out without a chance to say good-bye to any one. [How came you to step out so suddenly?] You get one bullet through the shoulder, and another through the head, and I reckon you'd step out. I hung on for two or three hours. Some fellows would have stepped out immediately.

Allow me to ask you a few questions? [Certainly.] One is, do you ever get a second chance here? [If you wish it; but you want your wife to call you in some other place, where you can speak privately with her. This will open the way for her to do so, if she chooses.] I understand that to be private? [Yes.] Now you want my name? [Can you tell us where you died?] Oh, my God! I can't tell you where I died! They might have carried me leagues after I was wounded; how in the world was I to know? [No matter, I thought you might remember where you were at the time of your death.]

My name was Oliver Plimpton. I originally hailed from Pennsylvania. I was not Irish, by any means, if I did belong to Owen's regiment. I was a private in Company C. If I remember right, our fight took place in the night, and a very dark night, it was, too; I could n't see a friend from a foe. I've been told queer stories about it since I got here—that instead of fighting our enemies, we fought our friends; but I do n't know. I got shot, and stepped out. As I did so, I thought I had the satisfaction of killing two of our enemies, but I was told afterwards that they were Federals, instead of rebels. It's bad business, stranger, this killing one's own comrades; but then I do n't see as I am to blame for it.

We were stationed at Fall's Church, and were ordered to charge, and charge we did, and did it well, too! I know I did my part of the business well, anyhow. Now, they say it's easy enough to fight well after you get learned, but the trouble is, in getting killed before you're fairly learned. One thing is certain; I gave up my body in the service of my country.

I've no advice to give about what little I left in the way of truck, but I hope my wife will make herself as comfortable and happy as possible. I can't say that I was the best kind of a husband, but I do n't know but that I was as good as the average. I was born and reared in Pennsylvania, but I struck a line for Missouri about six years ago. I had been married a few months, and went out there with a fair prospect of getting a good living. [Is your wife in Missouri?] Yes, and I want you to send my letter to Hydesville, Missouri. Her name is Mary Elizabeth Plimpton. I do n't know but that she'll be rather afraid of this ghostly business, but I'll venture to send her a letter, anyhow. I do n't see but that we are as afraid of ghosts as they were in olden time. [Have you no word to send to your children?] I've nothing to say; if I should send them any word, they would n't understand it. What I would say, I'll make up in doing for them, if it's a true story, they'll tell here about our being able to watch over and guide aright those friends we have left behind us on earth.

Now I've done with my own affairs, how goes the battle, stranger? [It seems to be in our favor, just now, and success seems almost certain.] It goes on your side, does it? When is it going to wind up? [About three months will straighten the whole affair, I think.] You think so, do you? [Yes.] I guess your three months will stretch out to six months. But you've worked d—d smart since I left, if you hope to finish this matter in a few months. [We have done a good deal already, but much more remains to be done, before this war is thoroughly ended.] I know there's a mighty sight to do, but Yankee caution moves slow. Do n't be disappointed if this war business is not over in six months? [No, I shan't be disappointed, but then I think that matters will be all right by the first of July.] And you'll celebrate the Fourth of July? I hope so, stranger, but it do n't look probable to me.

They told me I should come into—what do you call it?—[rapport]—with my brother soldiers. I do n't know what the devil it means. [It means that you will be put into communication with the soldiers; that you will be with them on the battlefield.] Not with sword and musket, I take it? [No, in spirit. You can advise them how to act, and give them your own ideas of matters and things.] My God! stranger, some of their skulls are so thick, that not even a bullet could pierce them, much less one of my ideas. And you've got mighty block-heads for leaders! If you had n't, they would n't, make so many blunders!

Why do n't you send efficient surgeons to war? [Government probably selects as good ones as are to be found in the country.] My God, I pity those that are left behind, then. The best of them are d—d cowardly, and stay at home. They told us that they admitted none into the ranks but allpaths. Now, I would as soon sell my body to a horse-jockey, stranger, if I could, as to give it up to the treatment of one of those allpaths. If the book says out of a head to-day, and put it on to-morrow, they'll do it. The book is their brains, and all the common sense they've got. I thought, before I died, if I ever had a chance to blow my bladders about the surgeons the government provides, I'd do so. [It may be that many surgeons go to war for the sake of practice.] Yes, they do practice on poor devils, like myself. But they say "it's a mighty poor wind that do n't blow some one some good," and it's barely possible that those poor fellows who get shot after us, may receive the benefit of the surgery practiced upon poor fellows like myself.

Well, stranger, I'm going. If whoever controls this business will allow me to march this way again, I'll do it. Do you go out easy here, or is it a long pull and a strong one? [Just wish yourself off—the will takes you away.] April 7.

Henry T. Walchester.

I wish to convey proof to my friends of the immortality of the spirit, and its capability to return and hold communion with those it has left behind on earth. I told my physician, Dr. Kinley, of St. Louis, yesterday, some time between the hours of nine and twelve, that I would return; that I would come to this place, and speak his name, and prove, as far as I could, the truth of the spiritual phenomena. This morning, a little past two o'clock, I left my body in St. Louis. To-day, between the hours of four and five in the afternoon, I am here among strangers—here to thank God, to chant praises, and to thank him for freedom—freedom, such as mortals know nothing of.

I was in my twenty-second year. My disease was called internal tumor, but proved, I believe, to be an abnormal swelling, commencing in the esophagus, or passage leading to the stomach, and finally obstructing that passage. My death was caused by rupture of the various arteries, and decided to be internal hemorrhage. My name was Henry T. Walchester. I've no power to remain longer; I have kept my promise, and I will receive my blessing. Good day, sir. Date my letter carefully. April 7.

Women govern us—let us make them perfect, but be careful that their education renders them more feminine, and not more masculine. The rights they are enlightened, the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SONG.

BY EMMA TUTTLE. World strife or love-life—Which is the best? One is mad action, One is sweet rest. Armored with dollars, One is a man; Wearing love's lily-white, Be if you can. Tinselled without, Or golden within? Truth is the trump-up; What can you win?

Scientific Department.

LIGHT AS MATTER.

BY JAMES LEWIS.

In your issue for March 1st, 1862, page seventh, first column, I find an article by L. K. Coonley, in relation to a matter which I have taken occasion heretofore to write about for the columns of the BANNER.

It is a very common thing for people to theorize in regard to the phenomena of Nature, and to endeavor to refer them to certain principles which shall satisfactorily explain the origin of phenomena. There will naturally be various classes of theorists, some of which will begin early to generalize; another class will get a few more facts before they lay the foundation of a theory, and other classes will very strenuously insist upon exhausting the subject and every fact it will yield, before commencing to theorize. Beyond this, a small conservative class will admit all the facts, but refuse to theorize; seeing how incompatible human theories are with each other, we may consider this latter class as embodying more wisdom than the others.

In regard to the question as to the character of light, whether a material substance or a force (or effect), it is entirely too much to inflict upon the readers of the BANNER to endeavor to point out in its columns the various facts which have led to the following generalizations, which are the present accepted views of scientific bodies, wherever science (or knowledge) is cultivated.

There are two different kinds of heat: First, that of low intensity, which is given off by non-luminous bodies, and which will not pass by radiation through glass and certain other substances. Second, heat of high intensity, which is given off by bodies in a state of intensely luminous incandescence, which form of heat is transmitted by glass and certain other bodies, when radiated in the direction of those bodies.

Light is a third modification of this same force, and, like heat in either of its two forms, it has its media of transmission and of opacity. Another force assumes the character ascribed to the atomic or chemical force of light. And this is the fourth modification of the original force which, in its lowest intensity, was such heat as one feels from a warm but not glowing stove.

Scientific men without being very well able to demonstrate so intangible a substance, are forced to admit the existence of a something which, by reasoning alone, they conclude fills all space and couples the interstices between the atoms of ponderable matter, if such interstices as those be. Perhaps this ethereal substance, which is supposed to form the limit of physical investigation, is the "unparticle matter" of our modern seers; but it is not necessary to inquire if it be. Now, as sound has been demonstrated to be a simple vibration of the air—the propagation of a force from one elastic atom to another, and the different successive tones of the musical scale have been demonstrated to be simply variations of intensity in the vibrations—or in other words, variations in the length of the waves or impulses; very similar or analogous reasoning has been applied to the various phenomena of heat and light. The theory of light is, that a force acting in matter communicates vibratory impulses to the surrounding "luminiferous ether" which conveys those impulses as a force which will assume a visible form when it is again communicated to matter.

We do not know in what manner forces originate. That is a question which would take us back to Deity, but there are excellent reasons for believing that the light which reaches us from the sun, is an embodiment of a portion of the physical force which has collected together the atoms which form the solid portion of the sun.

Mr. Coonley presents a statement, and asks some questions, as follows: "Philosophy proves that light is not a material substance, but undulation of ether, or atmosphere, caused by some luminous body." He then asks: "First. Can that be and travel which has not a substance? (1) Is force or motion the result of nothing acting on and through something? (2) Second. Is eight more instant to perceive than light to disclose? (3) or, Can the sight by aid of the telescope, perceive an object in two seconds which it takes light 60,000 years to accomplish? (4)

Third. Can a "luminous body" cause undulations without contact, and so produce motion without matter? (5) or, an immateriality have sufficient "force" to put matter in motion "luminiferous ether." (6)

(1) We know that a force can travel, or in other words, we know that one body of matter will influence another, and that so far as this can be demonstrated the amount of influence that will pass between two bodies will be according to the square of the distance. The question to which this applies has so slight a foundation for an answer to be based on which shall be consistent with the induction of science, that the answer will probably be called evasive.

(2) The answer, to be consistent with the "Laws of Physical Movements" would be "no." (3) The eye will discover only that which is impressed upon it; the eye is not so organized as to reach out into space to make discoveries; if it were so, it would be capable of seeing without the aid of light.

(4) The telescope as an aid to the eye, may be compared to the lever, as an aid to the hand. The telescope merely gathers a larger bundle of rays of light than the eye unaided can take in, and presents



Pearls.

And quoted odes, and stanzas five words long, That on the stretched fore-finger of all time Sparkle forever.

ROSES FOR THE GRAVE.

Why should the mournful willow weep O'er the quiet rest of the dreamless sleep? Weep for life with its toil and care.

Plant the green sod with the crimson rose. Let my friends rejoice o'er my calm repose;

They will be done! In devout way The hurrying stream of life may run;

They will be done! If o'er us shine, A gladdening and a prosperous sun.

They will be done! Though shrouded o'er Our path with gloom, one comfort—

It is by troubles Heaven drags us to itself. If you would not have trouble, do not wait to be dragged.

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on, but in his giant bosom. To become a fully developed Spiritist, a man must give up his individuality, ignore his reason, and throw himself into a complete passivity; and one must be a believer before he can have communion.

The best method of becoming familiar with East Indian Spiritism, is to close up all the senses and pronounce the sacred word oom; this brings you into the closest possible communion with Brahma. Spiritists, like the Hindus, believe in fasting, diet, &c. Spirit rappings were known in China and Tartary in the thirteenth century.

From their teachings one might judge that the more a man resembled a dog, the truer he was to his nature. Their theology makes God a vast machine, and man a spoke in its principal wheel, and all the horrid dogmas the mind can conceive of, they call sacred truths.

The speaker quoted from several spiritual authors, in the different parts of his lecture—from Davis, Linton, Edmonds, Hare, and others, sometimes correctly, but most generally garbled extracts, and very generally took his Catholic broom and swept Protestants, Infidels and Spiritualists all into hell together, using Davis's sarcasms and truthful picture of the sectarian gods as a club wherewith to belabor his protestant toadies; this was done up most effectively.

For assumption and braggadocio, his reverence fully equaled his illustrious predecessors of other days, who were wont (by way of innocent amusement) to torture with rack and fire all who disbelieved their dogmas, and whenever they have had the power, ruled the people with a rod of iron, having both "brass and cruelty" to accomplish their base designs.

By extraordinary care and attention under the direction of an agricultural chemist, one corn-field of forty acres, in Missouri, produced last season five thousand bushels of corn, which is one hundred and twenty-five bushels to the acre.

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PROFITS OF FARMING OVER TRADE.

We make the following extract from Dr. Child's new book, "A Plea for Farming and Farming Corporations."

There is a superficial impression that farming is an unprofitable business, and that trading is a profitable business. But experience and facts show that these impressions are not correct. It is estimated that in a long run, sooner or later, nearly all, say ninety-nine in a hundred, tradesmen meet with reverses and fall in business, while not one farmer in a hundred, who tends solely and faithfully to his business, not entering into speculations, ever meets with reverses and falls in business.

The business of agriculture needs less of isolated, neglected interest; needs more attention than it now has; more science, more life, more love, and more business energy carried into it, and also a better soil than New England affords. Let the agriculture of our country be invigorated by these elements, and business men will begin to see the profitable advantages that farming possesses over trade.

From facts gathered from State agricultural reports in the West, one may hesitate to set the annual net profit per acre, on prairie land, at sixteen dollars and a half. And by choosing more profitable crops, the profit is much larger.

There is no business in trade that will produce a steady, large profit, above all expenses of carrying it on. Farming is sure; trade is not sure for profitable results.

One acre of land in Northern Missouri, set out with grapes, and come to bearing condition, produced four hundred gallons of wine, which, at one dollar a gallon, amounted to four hundred dollars.

One hundred acres, at one hundred and twenty-five bushels to the acre, would produce twelve thousand five hundred bushels of corn, which, at one dollar a bushel, would amount to twelve thousand five hundred dollars.

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average net profit of raising hemp, in their own experience, to be twenty-three dollars and six cents per acre; and of raising tobacco, the net profit is shown to be forty-seven dollars and fifty-four cents per acre, each year.

The profit of stock growing, all through the western and southern prairie ranches, is estimated to be thirty-three per cent net profit above all loss and cost. There is but little chance to realize this amount of net profit in any kind of unproductive trade.

By the aid of science, with careful and judicious management, farming may be carried on so profitably that the object of the money that is to be made. But these financial advantages, however large they may be, are not the greatest advantages that must result from agricultural pursuits.

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in Weymouth, Mass., April 12th, passed to the higher life. HOWARD, son of OLYVIA and ABELIA HOUGHTON, aged four years.

Departed from her earthly form, at Plato, Ill., ELIA, daughter of NATHANIEL and MARY LADD, March 28, 1862, aged five years, six months, and fifteen days.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT offer for sale the following list of works at the prices set against them. We take this opportunity to put these works before our patrons, most of them at reduced prices, in consequence of the scarcity of money, and it is our intention to place, as far as in our power, reading matter in the hands of our friends as cheap as we possibly can, in justice to ourselves.

By A. B. Child, M. D. Price \$1.00. Contents:—Good and Evil. Questions and Answers. Truth. The Pursuits of Happiness. Nature. Nature Rules. What Appears to be Evil is not Evil. A Spiritual Communication. Causes of what we call Evil. Evil does not exist. Unhappiness is Necessary. Harmony and Imbalance. The Soul's Progress. Intuition. Beligion: What is it? Spiritualism. The Soul is Real. Self-Righteousness. Self-Excellence. Vision of Mrs. Adams. Human Distinctions. Extremes are Balanced by Extremes. The Ties of Sympathy. All Men are Immortal. There are no Evil Spirits. Harmony of Soul that All Right Doctrine Produces. Objection. The Views of this book are in perfect harmony with the Precepts and Sayings of Christ. What Effect will the Doctrine of this book have upon most?

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