

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

LYONEL HARRINGTON.

Translated from the German of Heinrich Zschokke, by Corn 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 upbraidings 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 Angel, 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 gambling 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 execution—of a 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, although 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, dearest. 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-droplet 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. "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 stormiest 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 exalt, 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 overpowering 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 transplanted 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 never, 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-communion. 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."

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 want, 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—"

"Ah, 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 at 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 savings there Cilly cannot weave lace or embroidery. 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 Miluster?"

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, adroitly. 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? Is it 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. Barabas 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 allured 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, mild the gleaming light, and the shadows that played over the oaks and beech trees; and he was pondering on the manner of securing the accounts 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 Alleghenies. 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 succeed 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 blest 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—your tranquillize—I?" 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 entreated her to speak.

She breathed a low, trembling "No!" then quickly withdrawing the imprisoned 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 tear-droplet 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 her 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 yet 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 eye, 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 encircling 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,
Bursting each fold into a flower,
We're ready now to welcome each new comer,
So things 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 dazling beauty, that its cheerful warning
May not behold one dreamy, 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 misunderstood!)
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 clouds 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 new-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 franks 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 cautious; 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 Thoutmoseis, 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 *Amphyctyony* 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 tribute upon seven foreign cities, as the fee of protection from nomadic foes.

Let us not imagine that these 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 Sensation, 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 discovered, 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 exodus 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 *Juvenis 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 ethnologies. 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

savage people, God of Abraham. Indeed, according to the written testimony of his own 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 hotcom, 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 as persistent as well as exorbitant in its exactions. 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 Gentile 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 essentials 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 Hearsay 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 untought 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 lapse 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 man. 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 *Panathenæa* 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 Sardanapalus, 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, Esarhaddon, Sossuduchin, 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 plaining 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 rational 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

arise another kingdom inferior to these, 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 be trampled in pieces and broken. 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 dictation 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 *Age of Reason*, 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 emit its giant antagonist upon the feet before the days of Luther, Huss, or Wickliffe, as long ago as at least 1315, 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 smiling has continued ever since, with unremitted earnestness and improving directness of stroke, to the occasional honor of some names as *Brice, 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 cog-noscible 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 purities of mystery; the present freedom of the truth-telling tongue and Press, as compared with the arbitrary constraints of both, in *old lang syne*; the startling rumors of impending revolution, which seem to threaten all the principles 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 plants of obnoxious caballiers 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 conventional world has ever known. Before two hundred years have elapsed 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 *Commonwealth 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 sent 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 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 Espy'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 opinion is an earnest of reality; it being impossible to conceive, and at the same time desire, an impossibility; and everything possible and desirable being to Man attainable. Did not Jesus say truly: "Every one that asketh, 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 Pileg 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 worshipped 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 *Hearthhood 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 untried 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 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 Reformation 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 Communion 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 it must, like all its perishing products, angels will walk with Heaven-aspiring mortals, and talk of higher worlds and fairer sons 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, "winded at the expense of the corporation."

BORROBOOLA 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 from hence,

Who live in a land of darkness,

Called "Borroboola Gha."

So well their wants he pictured

That when the service was passed,

Each listener felt his pockets,

And goodly sums were cast;

For all must lend a shoulder

To push the rolling car

That carries light and comfort

To "Borroboola 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 rage 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 sight before me,

The sad and sickening show—

Oh! I never had pictured

A scene so full of woe.

The famished and the naked,

The babes that pine for bread,

The squalid group that huddled

Around the dying bed—

All this distress and sorrow

Should be in lands afar,

Was I suddenly transported

To "Borroboola 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,

For the shivering and the dumb,

While all my tears were given

To the suffering far away!

There's work enough for Christians

Who stand and look on now,

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 in your heart,

A "Borroboola 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 wilt 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 life 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, may each soul here be filled with 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 praises, 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 undergoing 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 be brief and concise. The only manner of measuring time is in connection 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 ancient belief that the sun itself rose and set, instead 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, and all would be one eternal now. These propositions admitted, the question becomes simple and 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 climate, or any means have yet been devised by science, revelation, or any other source, which has led to an understanding of how long the earth has existed. 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 its immediate destruction imminent. The theories entered into the subject by various theologians, and engrafted in many beliefs, and even in universities, and heralded forth from pulpits 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, far beyond the capacity of man to calculate or comprehend. 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—namely, starting, 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 immovable, but geology 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 the earth was created only six thousand years ago, and, so far, removes the theological 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 notice upon the earth's surface, landmarks, by which the wild man, the natives 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 surface 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 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 levels, the surface, we find they correspond, and are believed to 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 far more remote than any historic epoch, for fossil remains are found of animals not known even to tradition, of fishes, upon dry land, where there has been no water within the remembrance 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 present level, which is visible, we find, instead of animals now prevalent, or known to history, as having been formerly prevalent, monsters, immense and gigantic in size, unknown to history, unheard of by naturalists. Consequently, it is inferred that not only must there have been time for earth to advance to a condition fitted to receive animals, but for the latter to live, die, and disappear from earth's surface, making a period far more remote than six thousand years.

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. We find, however, that the earth's development, and the life 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, or epochs, 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 even one of these systems. Compare 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, as it dies, leaves within the ocean, and the ocean does not deposit these structures, but they form their habitation and refuge, and 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 lapse of years, and that 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 ocean 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. The only manner of measuring time, 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 history of 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 present production, 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, 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 so much wisdom, and works with so much celerity, who shall say that earth, which reveals such antiquity and remoteness as do the deposits of the ocean, 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 same form as the old, but is not the old.

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 human beings, and that they give forth 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 this stupor mind, however great its acquired knowledge, can ever arrive at a positive age of the world, i.e., the number of revolutions it has performed around the sun? That it is impossible to decide the point, is evident from the fact that, even if one occupied a place whence 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 turn, have been produced by other causes, and, therefore, it is quite impossible to arrive at a positive, 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 equally fleeting and transient, and the earth moves on

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 PERPETUITY," will appear in our forthcoming issue.

Mr. Geo. S. Nelson, who is controlled by Philanthropic and Scientific spirits, has 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. We attended one of his sittings recently, and were agreeably entertained. His terms are moderate. Rooms open daily (Sundays excepted) from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 6 o'clock P. M. He will make engagements to hold sittings at private residences in Boston on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. On the other evenings of the week he will be found at his rooms.

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 prelates, which are known to be unanimously hostile to the present policy of Imperial France. Hence the rumor is not so improbable as it appears at first sight. If the Pope is to be saved in these revolutionary times, it must have more tact and ability at its head than it has had of late years. We may have an American Pope, after all.

The vote of the new State of Western Virginia, on the adoption of the Constitution, was 5233 for, to 224 against it; and the vote for emancipation was 5233 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. When this is the case, take a bit of mutton suet and fine flour, and clean the work. The above process is suitable to other varnished surfaces.

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 profound 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 NUTRICE.—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 FOWL 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 have 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 Harding will speak in Lyceum 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. BUTTS, Hopedale, 1862.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM 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 Harding, May 4, 11, 18 and 25; Rev. J. L. Lewis, 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 meeting at 1:15 P. M.; CHANCELOTOWN.—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 Bassett's new Hall. Speakers engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, last three Sundays in June.

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; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, June 22 and 29; N. Frank White, Sept. 21 and 28; Hon. Warren Chase, in December.

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

CHICOPPEE, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sunday, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 1 and 8; Mrs. Annie M. Middlebrook, June 15 and 22; and July 6; Miss Emma Harding, July 13, 20 and 27; Miss Laura D. Force, during August; 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 Lizzie Doten, June 1 and 8; F. L. Wadsworth, during July; Miss Emma Houston, Sept. 21 and 28.

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, for May; 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 20th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10:15 A. M., 2:15 P. M., 7:15 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

At Dotworth'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 1:15 and 7:15 P. M. Lecturers desiring engagements please address Albert Morton.

St. 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 useful medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE, 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—

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2. Rationale of True Love. 11. Guide to Conjugal Harmony. 12. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, for May; Mrs. M. M. Macomber, Wood for June.

THE PUBLISHER, BEILA MARSH, Boston, Mass.

May 5.

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TRADE LIST OF CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

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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; at once affording 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."

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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 J. JACKSON DAVIS; the value of all which may be inferred from the following partial 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, Phenological 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 Boundaries of the Spiritual World, Marriage of Blood Relations, Our Confession of Faith, The Eternal Marriage, Natural Honesty Better than Conversion, Good Alone is Good, 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, Nine Rules of Health, An Alcoholic Bath, Our Future Feet, How to Check a Hemorrhage, Temperatures of Rooms, Cure for Poisonous Rites, Relations of Light to Health, Diseases and Death, 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

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APRIL 19.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

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APRIL 19.

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

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APRIL 19

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. COVART, while in a condition 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 good or evil.

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 or LION'S OFFICE, No. 135 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 Louise Hawkins to her children, in New York City; Helen Ounce, to her father, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Thursday, April 10.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: Joshua Whitman, Bucksport, Me.; Charlie Higland, New York City; Sarah Adelaide W., New York City, to her mother.

Monday, April 14.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: Elias Lay, New York City; David Wheelock, Nashville, Tenn., to his wife in St. Charles, Texas; Bridget Maloney, to her children in Manchester, N. H.

Tuesday, April 15.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: Samuel Merritt, Gloucester, Mass.; Thomas S. Skelton, Montgomery, Ala., to his uncle, Caleb Brown, Cleveland, Ohio.

Thursday, April 17.—Invocation: Question and Answer: Minnie Dodge, to her mother in New York City; Michael Devine, of the New York Zouaves; Blome Pillsbury, Canton, Mass.

Invocation.

Mighty 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 fountain enough of wisdom and understanding to last us while we sojourn here below. Our God, we commit the desires and petitions of thy children here assembled to thy holy keeping at this hour, and in the eternal future they shall bear thee chapters of glory, fit for thine own brow of infinite wisdom. April 1.

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.

Q.—Please explain or analyze the philosophy of melancholy?

A.—It cometh to the individual through a thousand times ten thousand sources, and yet when spiritually defined, we find that melancholy has its rise from ignorance. Wisdom begets happiness, heaven, to such as possess it. Therefore, to get rid of melancholy, get rid of ignorance and become wise.

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.

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.

That many are willfully and shamefully deceived by mischievous unintelligences, we do not deny. That many are deceived because of their own incapability to discover the difference between right and wrong, truth and falsity, is no less certain.

We are not in favor of those promiscuous circles, for, in nine times out of ten, they are productive of more evil than good. There is a great want of order and sound judgment, both upon the part of the hearer and the giver. Again, it is almost always the case that the mediums found at such places are not true and perfectly developed ones. They are subjects forced upon humanity by unnatural means, and being artificial in themselves, cannot, of course, impart and disseminate seeds of truth to their auditors. For instance, this or that person desires to become a medium. Endowed with a material organization, and receiving no direct inspiration from God, our subject is at once put through an artificial course of training, with the view of becoming either a speaking or writing medium. The result of imposing such unnatural subjects upon the world, would be to promote falsehood and deception, instead of truth and faith in things spiritual.

There is nothing which a person can do to induce mediumistic power; and we at all times advise those who desire to come into rapport with higher intelligences, to live in accordance with God's laws, being content to await the Father's time for the development of spiritual power in the souls of his children.

We find, also, at these promiscuous gatherings a great want of spiritual harmony, there being no particular centre or guiding hand discoverable at these circles. Is it strange, then, that the few truths there presented fly off, only to return again, like Noah's dove, finding no place whereon to rest?

Now, in the name of God, if you attend Spiritual circles, carry with you that which God has given you, namely, reason. Again, it is your duty, as well as your privilege, to submit to the greatest material tests whatever ideas you may there hear advanced or promulgated. Do this, and there can be little possibility of your being deceived or imposed upon by others.

Old theology hath taught her followers to lay down individual knowledge, and use that of their priests or ministers. A priest, or prelate, declares to the people that such a thing is so; you must not question or dispute the truth of it, for it is a mystery, and if you open your mouth, it is only to swallow it down. Theology has demanded your entire belief in its teachings, and you as a disciple of the old religion, are forced to submit to its decrees, stern though they may be.

Many who attend these circles, are persons that have but just come out of the temple of old theology, and are slowly moving forward toward the spiritual temple, their eyes half blinded by the dazzling light of the new religion. They believe that the invisible and communications from the spirit-world to their friends on earth, but they question as to whether it is well for them to believe what many

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 fail 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 wait 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 sect 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 all that's 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 fanaticalisms. 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 don't 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 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 an old woman, and used to take care of me. [Is she 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? [He'll send him the paper in which it is printed.] He don'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 reorganization, 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? Not so; 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.

The great Infinite is continually, through various means, trying to impress upon the minds of his children that they are leaving death and entering upon life. April 7.

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 or out 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.

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 couldn'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 much 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 don'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 drill round here, but I'm blown 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 got 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 we 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 don'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 don'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 done 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 trunk, 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 don'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 don't know but that she'll be rather afraid of this ghostly business, but I'll venture to send her a letter, anyhow. I don'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 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. Don'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 don't look probable to me.

They told me I should come into—what do you call it?—[rapport]—with my brother soldiers. I don'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 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 cowards, 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 those allopaths. If the book says out of it 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 blast 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 don'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 more 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.

Tineed 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. Cooley, 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 to 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.

Those who desire examinations will please enclose \$1.00
look of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address
plainly written, and state sex and age.
Medicines carefully packed and sent by Express.
Dr. Main's Office hours are from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from
to 5 P. M.
Patients will be attended at their homes when it is desired.
Dr. CHARLES MAIN, No. 7 Davis street, Boston, Mass.
April 19.