

# BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### LIFE IN EARNEST.

#### A Thrilling Domestic Tale.

BY KATE CARROLL.

#### CHAPTER I.

"We've scotched the snake, not killed it!"

"Is it possible?" cried Mrs. Pemberton, at length

aroused from her fabled security. These words

burst from her lips, with terrible force. She had

been an innocent listener to a passionate declaration

of love from her daughter's former lover, to another,

and that other one on whom she had bestowed all her

partial glances as something, unluckily, she had been

kind to the lonely girl, had given her position,

friends, confidence, and unquestionable hospitality.

"What shall I do?" was her next exclamation.

"I do not know," and in utter helplessness, and

perplexity she crept from the garden, stole noiselessly

into her chamber, when, throwing herself upon

the bed, she gave vent to a flood of bitter tears. She

felt reproached for the delay these scolding drops

gave her. Something must be done, at once. She

had not dared to stop for Miss Powell's answer, for

fear of lowering herself by indulging in reproaches

to an inferior. There it was again—the old, foolish

pride! It was a gloomy day. As she lay on her bed

weeping and striving for power to act the wind

moaned, and the dry leaves rustled against her win-

dows, like the motions of impatient spirits.

"To think that woman can so desolate the soul of

man, and make him barren of all moral sentiments!

fill it like a furnace with the fires of unholy passion;

and deaden him to a sense of every tie of better,

purger, truer hours! But let me master myself, and

not! The mother in my soul must, and shall, strive

to regain the peace of her child!"

Springing at once to the door, she rang her bell.

While waiting for her servant, she hastily restored

her face and dress to a semblance of composure.

Dinah came running up.

"I'll Miss Powell I wish to see her a few mo-

ments in this room!"

Dinah did not ask where the young lady might be

found, nor did she stir, but stood in painful hesita-

tion at the threshold, twirling her apron strings.

"What is it, Dinah?" asked Mrs. Pemberton,

tuning in some impatience and surprise.

"I might as well speak out now. Are yer eyes

open?" and Dinah drew earnestly near her mistress.

"If that lady's eyes had never been open before,

they were now."

"Why! You cannot know anything of this—

Flora's danger!"

"I have all along. So's Venus."

"Why did you not tell me?"

"Yer would not believe Miss Layne," said Dinah,

with a loss of her usual straightforwardness, and

feeling agonizingly culpable in not having spoken

before.

"Very true. Oh, my pride! my foolish, sinful

pride!"

"What shall yer do? Don't lose time!" pleaded

Dinah.

This young lady, tapped on the door of Mrs. Pem-

berton's chamber, lingering yet a moment before she

tapped, to bid Dinah go about her work.

"Miss Powell," said Mrs. Pemberton, after having

politely greeted her visitor, and herself handed her

a chair, "Miss Powell, I need scarcely say more in

explanation of my request that you would see me

here, than that I was in the garden a short time

since, and—"

She hesitated, almost unable to say more. For

the cool, insistent gaze of Miss Powell, was on her—a

gaze that told the scorn and defiance in store for

her.

"Well, madam, I am all attention."

"I see it, and also the behavior I am to expect."

"How?" "I do not understand you."

A gleam of hope shot across the darkness. Mrs.

Pemberton seized it, and, as it was, and proceeded

in a lighter tone.

"I thought your attachment to Miss Pemberton

would never permit you to take advantage of a weak

moment of Fred's. I thought it could not. For you

must see that a life-long attachment (as his is) for

an object (how the mother's face kindled) like Flora,

so noble, beautiful and good! could not be over-

thrown in a moment as it were, and a new one spring

up! No; not even if the object of the new one is

so charming a person as yourself." She paused, and

as Miss Powell did not reply, but sat quietly and

respectfully, with an incomprehensible face, she con-

tinued:

"You must be aware of the sensation you have

made here; indeed, next to seeing my own child

happily married, is my desire to have you. Mr.

Parkes, I hear, is quite in the market. He is an excel-

lent man, my dear."

"Quite too old, and characterless for me, madam."

"Ah! Some young ladies would not disdain him

for those faults."

"Would you wish your daughter to marry him?"

"Why, no," said Mrs. Pemberton, as if her

daughter and Miss Powell were two entirely differ-

ent beings, and with, of course, as entirely different

expectations and fates.

"I see you feel that what is good enough for Miss

Powell, is not good enough for Miss Pemberton, and

vice versa."

"Just so," very courteously and complacently said

Mrs. Pemberton, deceived by the calm tones, and

frank speech of her visitor. "Just so, and being thus,

I should think some one of the real lovers you have

here might be suitable. It would be very pleasant

to have you settled here."

"I like this part of the country very much,"

grinned Miss Powell.

"Will you not, then, make us happy by staying

among us? Fred need trouble you no more with idle

protestations. A word of yours in kindness and firm-

ness will stop him. He will then see the folly of his

conduct, and be more faithful to Flora, dear girl!"

"I dare say," said Miss Powell, ironically, rising,

and adding:

"Am I to understand that your interview is end-

ed?"

"Yes; thank you for being so frank and kind.

Flora, nor Fred, you know, need not be informed of

"Did you send her off?" asked Dinah, bringing

in a lunch to her mistress.

"No. The girl means no harm."

"Oh, mistress, how yer eyes shined! She's with

Mr. Fred again! I saw her hanging on his arm,

and calling him sweet names."

Mrs. Pemberton started.

"How long since?"

"An hour."

"It was about two hours ago, that we had the

talk. She is only breaking her disapprobation of

his conduct in the gentlest manner. Are you sure

you heard aright?"

"If ever my ears served me!" replied Dinah,

veiled at the bluntness of her mistress.

"I do not know," (reflecting) if they did, she is

not true to me. You say she has been mistaken!"

(Hopefully.) "Her conduct seemed to imply a dif-

ferent course."

"She do not know what she is! When is she going

back to school? I wish she'd start now! Miss

Flora was crying, I saw her, as I came by. She

did not ride with yer?"

Dinah had touched the right strain. Flora's tears

not often came without cause. Mrs. Pemberton

went to Flora.

"My dear," she said to her husband in the eve-

ning, "does it never strike you that Fred is growing

too fond of Miss Powell? We all think so; yet, we

would not be unjust to either."

Mr. Pemberton's face was first deep red, then

deadly pale, as he listened. Mastering the cause of

this, he answered:

"My dear, Fred is perfectly attentive—nothing

more."

"You are mistaken," said him this morning

make her a matrimonial offer."

"You did? The reason?"

"Do not be so excited. Our child's happiness is

safe, if we only send Miss Powell away."

"What?"

"Send Miss Powell home. I talked with her this

morning about Fred's attentions."

"Mrs. Pemberton, you did not treat that defence-

less young creature unkindly," cried Mr. Pem-

berton, facing his wife so angrily, that she burst into

tears.

"Certainly not," she sobbed, "but it would seem

that our child is entitled to some consideration; and

if Miss Powell does not discourage Fred at once, she

must, ay, and shall take her departure."

"Mrs. Pemberton, you speak with very unfeeling

spirit. Your fears, which I venture to say are

unfounded, lead you into this extravagance. If you

stop and reason a few moments, you will find Miss

Powell innocent of the charges that I see you are

willing to lay upon her."

"Still, she must leave."

"Is Flora jealous of her?" with a smile of in-

credulity.

"She has reason, if she is," said Mrs. Pem-

berton, very uncomfortable.

"She may be sure that if Fred (which I won't

admit) has conceived a penchant for Miss Powell, that

the young lady will not encourage it."

"She does. You are the mistaken one, Mr. Pem-

"Oh, Heavenly Power, direct me what to do!"

cried Venus, sinking upon her knees.

"I suppose being, what are yer asking? Do yer

desire Flora to be more miserable, than she is? Has

she no claims upon yer?"

Again Dinah held Venus fast, as she questioned

her. Thus governed, Venus could only relapse into

tears and submission, and broken murmurs of her

unhappy condition, and ignorant of the best course

to be pursued.

Soon, violent altercation was heard.

"Mistress has gone to Miss Powell," said Dinah,

softly opening the door to listen.

"I must not catch a word that is said. It will

not be safe for me to. Close, oh, close the door in-

stantly!" cried Venus, writhing from the excess of

her emotion.

The door closed, yet the voices reached the listen-

er. Venus' head was buried in the pillows. Loud-

er and more angry grew the tones.

"Depart immediately!" Strange words for a guest

to hear, said the silvery tones of Miss Powell,

whose whole appearance indicated wounded inno-

cence.

"Not when ingratitude is her name!" retorted Mrs.

Pemberton, more and more excited, and in this ex-

ultion, forgetting what was due to her own charac-

ter for refinement and hospitality.

"Ingrate!" and Miss Powell clasped her hands

in deepest astonishment.

"You disgust me! Do not add pretended innocency

to your other sins! You know why I appear the

reverse of what you have previously seen me. There

is no need of enlarging upon the subject. As before,

I say again, go at once!"

"You are so incomprehensible that you force

me to require of Mr. Pemberton an explanation of

this treatment," said Miss Powell, rising, and with

her usual graceful abandon, ringing a bell.

"Ah! I see you would work upon my unhappy

passion! Would you enlist him against his wife! Try,

foolish girl! You'll find I'm mistress here!" cried

Mrs. Pemberton.

The servant who answered the bell, was never-

theless told by Miss Powell to ask Mr. Pemberton

to come to her instantly.

"In this room?" asked the surprised servant.

"I have no other. This is doubtless mine, till I

leave it," said Miss Powell, in tones of anguish.

Mr. Pemberton obeyed the summons. He expect-

ed a scene, for he knew his wife had been with Miss

Powell, although forbidden by him to leave his pres-

ence; but he was not prepared to meet the sweet

forbearance, angelic mercy and tender forgiveness

depicted on the face of her rival. He could not help

taking that outstretched, velvet hand, nor could he

help standing like a protector at the side of the

grieved, yet merciful girl.

Nothing more was needed to complete Mrs. Pem-

berton's wrath. Like a volcano burned the fire

within her. With lava force and heat came her

mad words. All contained in the vocabulary ex-

pressive of contempt, unending hatred and revenge,

were poured forth upon the delinquents.

"Do we merit this?" warbled sadly Miss Powell,

lifting her tearful eyes to her companion's face.

"Oh mamma, mamma, what shall we do?" and

here every attempt at firmness broke down, and

Flora showed most painfully her feelings.

"Do?" cried Mrs. Pemberton, frowning at

witnessing her child's distress, "hunt them beyond

peace in this world! Hunt them to destruc-

tion!"

"The way of the transgressor is hard," absently

sighed Dinah, not wholly in reference to the departed

erring.

Her mistress glanced sharply at her a single mo-

ment. A chord had been struck that echoed pain-

fully through a hidden chamber of her proud and

stricken heart.

CHAPTER XI.

Many Strings.

"He sees with other eyes than theirs."

From his window, Fred had seen Miss Powell de-

part, accompanied by Mr. Pemberton. She had

seemed unhappy, as nearly as he could judge by the

languid tones of her voice and slow step.

She had not mentioned when last with him an

intended absence, although there had been time enough

for the communication. For the absence of Mrs.

Pemberton on the ride, to which she had in vain so-

lited him and Flora to accompany her, had given

him ample time to indulge in the society of his an-

chorents, to the exclusion of a single notion of the



nor companions of conscience, but to a display of hearing the former management held up as one that must be done. This old promise had been given to him by Venus, as for the last time he, gazing reading the note now lying close against his breast, heart. She had seen him depart in great haste, and rightly surmising he would not remain at Allyn Hall because of the present conflicting state of things, had gone out and waited on the road for him. He saw her watching, and conjecturing who was the object of such attention, endeavored to evade her. Finding her determined, he halted and bade her approach.

In a few words she asked him if he knew how surely his unkindness was breaking Flora's heart.

"Women's hearts are not so easily broken," he sneeringly replied, and then demanded if she had anything else to offer.

"Yes; only consider, Master Fred, what you are calling from you, and for whom?"

Venus could not help the look of hatred and contempt that accompanied her words. But it incensed Fred. He raised his whip and laid it on her thinly covered shoulders, that long after bore a deep mark. No anger burned in the sad eyes that Venus bent in one long gaze upon him, when, as if gathering up her shocked faculties, she slowly turned toward Briar Grove.

"Ugh! How familiar her expression was in that look! Where have I seen such? No—yes—it must be! It was Flora's own when she wished, but dared not ask me to stay with her to-day! Strange! strange!"

And he mused on the resemblance, as he bent his course toward his own home. But only for a few moments; affairs of intense importance, nearly connected with his own happiness, occupied his mind. By the time he had reached Lillade, he had argued himself into the belief that nothing but an union with Miss Powell could save him from ruin.

All news travel fast, it is said. At Lillade the servants were in possession of his interest in Miss Powell and consequent desertion of Flora. One, the housekeeper, by virtue of her age and faithfulness, commenced a remonstrance. But he cut it short by a promise to sell into Alabama every servant that dared meddle with him in matters not immediately connected with his plantation, volunteering the additional information that his hand, eye, and heart, too, were his own. Beside, doubting the evidence of her senses, had to be thrice treated to the above information before she could really believe that her boy was talking in such a strain, and to her!

"I don't want to see no more of de girl! She can't be much!" He was a gentleman before he knew her! He thought Beale, as she retreated dismayed, to her appropriate sphere.

The absence of Fred and her husband from Briar Grove still further incensed Mrs. Pemberton. Early the ensuing morning, utterly disregarding Flora's wishes to the contrary, she prepared to leave for Allyn Hall.

"Oh, who a disgrace to me!" sighed Flora.

"A greater, if we allow that plebeian to carry off the match in the country!" replied Mrs. Pemberton, drawing on her gauntlets.

"Can I do nothing to induce you to remain at home, dear mother?"

"Nothing," came from compressed lips.

"Then, dear mother, I hope you will not beg Fred to return to me," said Flora with all the gentleness and firmness she could command, "because," she continued in the same manner, yet with perhaps more humid eyes, "because I will not accept him if you do."

"Think what you are saying," said Mrs. Pemberton.

"She has resolved rightly," interposed Venus, leaving her mistress's bonnet strings to tie themselves, while she crossed the room to lay Flora's throbbing head upon her sympathizing bosom, and assure her by an approving smile that her chosen course was the better.

"Everybody against me, servants and all! No wonder when the head of the house goes astray, that all the rest follow! I expected better things of you, Venus; but now, very likely, when Powell wants your services, you'll fly to perform them! And poor Mrs. Pemberton, in the midst of her hurry and preparations, sat down in tears. But this mood was of short endurance. In a moment more she was on her way to Allyn Hall.

Miss Powell met her at once, hoping by this promptness and daring to subdue the angry woman. But she had reckoned without her host. A meeting of unparalleled acrimony followed; Miss Powell through all, though terribly sarcastic and aggravating, managing to preserve the air and voice of a deeply injured woman. At length Mrs. Allyn entered. She was not prepared, by reason of her illness of the preceding evening, for such disclosures as Mrs. Pemberton immediately made. Delighted at the arrival of Miss Powell, she could not lament sufficiently her inability to entertain her as she ought.

"Is this true?" she asked the young lady, with a trifle of sternness in her voice.

"Did you ever think me one who would stoop to practise the deception Mrs. Pemberton complains of?" asked Miss Powell, raising an angelic glance at the hard scrutiny of her questioner.

"Had I, you would not so often have been my guest," replied Mrs. Allyn, taking the hand of the injured girl affectionately within her own, and assuring her she had one friend, if no more. Most touching were the thanks and tears of Miss Powell for this, and terrible the threats and rage of Mrs. Pemberton, who instantly demanded the whereabouts of her husband. He came at that moment, and (having been cloistered for the last hour with Colonel Allyn) ignorant of the explosion awaiting him.

"Look at him—look at the gully wreck!" were the words of his greeting. His surprise caused him to look as criminal as his incensed wife could have desired.

"Why, Mrs. Pemberton?"

"But the lady did not cease at that cry, nor its accompanying look of warning. She declared herself independent of his whims and wishes, and asked him when he intended to leave with his new choice."

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked Colonel Allyn, in this moment thrusting his ponderous person upon the group, and regarding things with immense astonishment.

Before her husband had found voice to reply, Mrs. Pemberton proceeded to make an explanation that convinced him with confusion, and compelled Miss Powell to look and listen that only so unfortunate as herself could ever think.

"My good child," interposed Colonel Allyn, giving to Miss Powell, "do not be so distressed. I am confident you are innocent of these charges, and so will

be. Pemberton before long, depend upon it, if he is the same, and the same, has taken a fancy to you, do wonder! I've almost done that myself, hey, wife? I have, by Jove!"

But "wife" did not respond. She had, unperceived, caught that magnetic gleam of Miss Powell's as it was leveled at the sympathizing Colonel. She had seen him start, color with pleasure, then take a chair by the owner of those dangerous eyes, and the language of that gleam she could not misunderstand. It pleaded for protection and love—love as freely returned as had been given. She saw all this with some misgivings, and resolved to have the story she had incredulously listened to repeated again. She began to think, and with sorrow for former doubts, Mrs. Pemberton told the mad woman she had been ready to call her. Instantly resolving to hear the story apart from its subjects, she said:

"I will see you in another room, Mrs. Pemberton. If you are indeed injured by my young and hereto for welcome guest, I will befriend you, as indeed I have previously promised her, though I sincerely hope there is a mistake."

Thus speaking, with a glance of deep affection upon the Colonel, whom she was leaving in such strange companionship, Mrs. Allyn led the way to another apartment. She had scarcely gone ere the trampling of a horse was heard. Miss Powell's eyes brightened at the sound. Yet with a sigh of seeming regret and a lingering pressure of the hand she held, she allowed the really reluctant Colonel to go to the door to meet this fresh guest.

Taking advantage of the moment, Mr. Pemberton crossed the room to assure Miss Powell that he would provide her a better home than any she had yet entered. She heard this promise with a severe, unseen, internal shudder; still she said, brokenly, "She could not thank him sufficiently, should ever feel grateful, but would not for the world make him more miserable by accepting the offer. Probably the drudgery of *teacher* was ever to be her lot."

Burying her face in her hands, she seemed the impersonation of hopeless grief as she ceased speaking. Mr. Pemberton paced the room in an agony of doubt, hope and fear, until the entrance of the Colonel, accompanied by Fred, who, rushing to the corner where Miss Powell sat weeping, declared he had come to claim her as his wife; that nothing should prevent her being such!

"How?" demanded Mr. Pemberton. "I thought you and my daughter pledged to some such thing?"

"We were," stammered Fred, vehemently regretting his precipitancy, as his former guardian had overheard his words.

"I desire an explanation of these strange words," fumed Mr. Pemberton, alarmingly red in the face.

"Of course you do!" said the Colonel, hotly. "Of you mean to insult this young lady (taking her hand again and seating himself beside her) by propositions you cannot carry out?" he continued, turning to Fred.

"My intentions I shall make known to Mr. Pemberton at any hour he wishes. I do not feel called upon to give an account of them to you, sir," said Fred, stationing himself protectively at Miss Powell's other side.

"Pretty well, pretty well, well!" But Miss Powell knows her own worth too well (with a warm glance at her downcast face), to take oaths of fidelity from the self-perjured!"

Here the three gentlemen grew more angry and eloquent, until rising, Miss Powell was about to leave the trio, when the door opened and Mrs. Allyn and Mrs. Pemberton entered.

"I read my fate," said Miss Powell, scanning hastily and a right the forbidding countenances approaching her. "But," drawing herself proudly and insolently up, "I care to burden you with my presence no longer! I have remained among you till I myself am weary, and wish to leave. But I dare you to crush me!"

Then turning to Fred, she added:

"My kind young friend, I will permit you, as the other gentlemen present are married, to convey me away!"

The Colonel and Mr. Pemberton looked the chagrin they felt. Said the latter boldly:

"Miss Powell, most injured young creature, remember my promise!"

"I will," and she pressed the hand he extended.

"Also remember me in any emergency," said the Colonel, who, growing frantic at thoughts of separation from one he was finding he had all along adored, added: "May I be forgiven, but I could give my soul to perdition for your sake!"

"Dear Colonel! It is hard to tear myself from two such true friends; but may we hope to meet again?"

"Friends!" murmured Mr. Pemberton, reproachfully.

The smile she gave him was a wonderful reassurance! But it made the Colonel angry. She saw this by the deepening flush mounting to the very top of his head.

"I hope you may some time be sensible of the emotions my heart bears toward you," she said, in a low, liquid murmur, to the Colonel.

"How dangerous!" thought both the injured ladies, awaiting with indescribable feelings the termination of this tantalizing, parting scene.

Fred, happy in being allowed the privilege of conducting Miss Powell away from Allyn Hall, saw nothing to murmur at in her manner toward the elderly gentlemen, both of whom felt secretly soothed and flattered by the preference she had apparently shown each.

Mrs. Pemberton went into violent hysterics when Fred and Miss Powell drove away together, for the latter had whispered:

"I go, because my mission is accomplished!"

But her husband, firm in the fondness Miss Powell had evinced privately for him, feared nothing from Fred's vehement declarations of affection; and privately laughed at the presumptuous advances the rash boy had dared make to one so superior to him.

"I have friends enough," thought Miss Powell, in the midst of her attentions to Fred as they rode on; "if one fails, another will serve the end. I have in view!"

And this end was scarcely more than a resolve to And a drudge no more.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Rev. Dr. Storrs, in his address at the anniversary exercises at Mount Holyoke Seminary, said that a returned prisoner lately remarked that while at the South he could easily endure the torments of the men, but that he had never before realized what was how terrible was the believing tale of women, no less, bitter, and beyond all belief, and he had come back with one additional reason for which to thank God—that the devil was not a woman!

Written for the *Litchfield Light*.

THE FLOWERS.

Let me we sing of the flowers

That perfume the summer air.

That deck the greenwood bowers

And shine in Matilda's hair.

Flowers, sweet flowers!

They dispense sorrow and care.

When the wreath are entwining

Or tying the fragrant bouquet.

Can we indulge in repining

Or wishing the time away?

Flowers, sweet flowers!

What more charming than they?

Their graceful forms unfolding

Soothed lovely tints disclose.

Ah! who can tire beholding

The Lily or the Rose?

Flowers, sweet flowers!

What's fairer than the Rose?

Their presence ever cheering

In our gayest or saddest hours.

We welcome, where'er appearing

The fragrant, beautiful flowers.

Flowers, sweet flowers!

We welcome the beautiful flowers!

MATILDA.

But, sister, they are feeble.

They last but a summer's day.

Scarcely our footsteps greeting

They fade and wither away.

Flowers, sweet flowers!

Emblems of change and decay.

The flowers are oft deceiving

Of the sweetest poison is born.

The fairest no fragrance yielding

And even the Rose has a thorn.

Flowers, sweet flowers!

But even the Rose has a thorn.

So all our earthly pleasures

Deceiving and fleeting as they.

Reflect but a transient beam.

Then fade and are passing away.

Flowers, sweet flowers!

Fading and passing away.

THEY TELL OF THE INFINITE POWER.

Their goodness and skill display

Who fashioned their fragile beauty.

And measured their little day.

Flowers, sweet flowers!

What gentle messengers they!

Fair messengers like the rainbow

In its sunny hues above.

Signaling to earth's children

Promises of Mercy and Love.

Flowers, sweet flowers!

Tokens of Mercy and Love.

Northfield, Mass., 1862. E. F.

Original Essays.

WHAT IS GOD AND WORSHIP?

BY J. COVERT.

The prevailing opinion of the world is, that God is "Incomprehensible and past finding out." This opinion is strengthened by the religious education of man, which teaches that any attempt to solve the operations of nature is the greatest indignity the race can bestow on the Deity.

But if we assume ignorance to be the chief cause of the infirmities and miseries of the race, as experience and observation have proved, the real religious element of our nature consists in the endeavor to fathom the operations of nature, that, by an intimate knowledge of them, man's happiness may be increased. It is written, God is Spirit, and also Truth. As the finite spirit is a portion of the Divine, it must partake of its nature, and manifest itself unlimitably, as man's does limitably. The attributes of the spirit here, and in the spirit-world, are well defined, and man must have from analogy, some conception of the character of the source from which he springs.

Take a case. Electricity or magnetism is discovered to be an agent so ethereal in composition, that it pervades the grossest, as well as the most refined elements of the universe. There is no obstruction to its presence whatever. The opinion formerly entertained, that organized matter was impenetrable, has been by science exploded.

Matter exists in such various shapes and forms, and consists of such diversity of composition, that of its intimate nature the human mind cannot take cognizance, nor can any data be furnished, by observation or experiment, on which to found an investigation of it. All that we can know of it is by the sensible properties it exhibits.

Notwithstanding electricity pervades all atoms of matter, it is known to be material substance. So is spirit material substance, and so does it pervade the universe. But spirit substance is found to be indubitably more ethereal than electricity, therefore the mind can conceive the method in which spirit, like electricity, invests or pervades all substances.

Man's spirit must have affinity with the original source from which it is taken, and possess the same, or more, attachment to its origin than children feel toward their earthly parents. What child of humanity is there in being, whose circumstances or friends have proposed their departure from the parental care and roof, when wandering over the earth, whose heart does not warm with the glow of affection when it contemplates the endearments of home? Such is the case of the finite spirit. It seems from the nature of spirit and the imperative command to worship in it, that all external forms of worship are inadmissible. But God is declared to be truth as well as spirit, and the requirement to worship Him in this, is as necessary as in the spirit.

Here the query naturally arises, what is truth? Without its proper conception, it appears to be impossible to render admissible worship, and obtain the witnesses and evidences of it that were delivered to its possessors of old. The prevailing religious sentiment applies it solely to God's veracity and faithfulness. As the evidence of the truth is found wanting in this received sentiment, some error must be the foundation on which it is withheld.

Let us see. The sacred record declares that "God do live, move, and have his being." Therefore, as all is God, it must be incumbent on us to worship him in exact conformity to what has been, is, and shall be. In other words, it is necessary, in order to find out God, to acquaint ourselves with the laws on which "he" organizes the nature and matter of all matter as far as possible. "AND GOD IS TRUTH, AND GOD IS ALL IN ALL, literally defined, truth is the knowledge of all things.

Thus, simply, for a page to comprehend the whole of the universe, and comprehend the infinite. But the finite spirit, by the peculiar composition of its nature, never rests satisfied with its attainments, but is forever aspiring to reach its highest course, but never arriving at it. This is the steep incline throughout all present and future time.

The revealed truths in the Bible, which correspond to the facts or developments of science, as they are misunderstood, for the written law of God, cannot conflict with the certain discovered method in which his laws operate. To obtain the truth, requires the constant exertion of our powers through all the courses afforded us. It connects with the attributes of the spirit, that it may be happy through all eternity, with the form in the knowledge of its laws, and in the wisdom to apply them successfully to maintain health, and in the laws of all matter, that we can discover the unity of design in the workings of Deity in one harmonious whole.

In this endeavor after the truth, if sincere, it will be seen that cherished opinions formerly entertained, will vanish away, and newer ones, based on immaculate truth, will usurp their vacant places.

The object of the race is happiness, and the evidence of it is in the marvelous works that attended the Christians of old. Departure from the truth is a departure of power. The departure of power is an acknowledged fact, and converse reasoning shows departure from the truth. The embracement of untruth, and the assumption of that doing as well as one knows how, will not fulfill the demands of the law, for, if God is a spirit and is truth, and requires worship in accordance with them, these will produce failure of acceptable worship, and unhappiness will inevitably result. Our happiness is in exact proportion to the quantity of truth received and applied. The highest summit of love, joy, and peace, is not yet attained; for Christ declares it possible for man to do greater works than He, which shows the possibility of becoming more like the Infinite Father than he was.

It is true, that Christ's standard of excellence has not been equalled, that we know of, but the bare possibility that it can be equalled or exceeded, is a fruitful source of joy to man.

To conclude, God is spirit, and God is truth. The forms of these pervade the universe as electricity. The first is the life of all things; the second is composition and laws of all things; and to worship acceptably, is to worship in the former according to the latter.

PERSONALITY, VERSUS OMNIPRESENCE OF DEITY.

NUMBER TWO.

It is a great thought that, literally speaking, "God is our Father." To fully realize its magnitude, we must both intuitively feel and intellectually accept that "God is a Spirit"—that is, a living, conscious Identity. A great obstacle to adopting this belief, is His supposed omnipresence; for reason teaches that space is endless. And if God is omnipresent, then he must be co-extensive therewith in the volume of his being, which conclusion conflicts with all our ideas of organized individuality. Spirits are now concluding that "God is a Principle," and Spiritualists, generally, seem disposed to adopt this idea.

This new doctrine rests mainly on his assumed omnipresence, and on the declarations of spirits that they have never seen him except as he is manifested in his creation. The fact that they have not met him "face to face" is but negative testimony, and does not determine the question. Spirits believe and teach that the universe is an organized structure, a unit composed of innumerable parts, but I believe none have yet ventured to define where its centre is, or claim to have found the same. When they have discovered its boundary lines, and learned the condition of endless space, exterior thereto, or found and fully comprehended the nature and condition of its centre, it will be time enough to assume the authoritative decision of the question "Where and what is God?" Until then I claim that each branch of this question is open to our careful thought and study. Let us, then, examine this assumption of omnipresence, testing it by their and our philosophy of creation.

They believe and teach that the organization of our sun preceded that of the several members of the system of which it is the centre. If this is true, analogy will teach it is equally true of all other suns and systems. They recognize our solar system as an organized structure, and analogy will teach that this is equally true of all others. They say the several innumerable suns and systems, composing the universe, collectively constitute a unit, which logically leads us to this conclusion: That space, or so much of it as the universe may occupy, is divided into localities corresponding in number with the suns and systems of which the universe is composed. The question then arises whether all of endless space is thus divided into localities, each being occupied by an organized solar system, or whether the organized universe, being a structure, is not limited in the volume of its being, and, therefore, bounded on all sides by unoccupied, unoccupied and endless space.

We accept that our solar system fills a part of space, hence, if the organization of our sun preceded that of the several members of our solar system, the inference follows that there was a time in the eternity of the past when this part of space now so filled, was then unoccupied by planetary organizations. If this be true, then analogy will teach it is equally true of all other parts of space now occupied by suns and systems, leading us logically to this conclusion, that there was a time in the past eternity when all space was thus destitute of any material or planetary organizations—a time which preceded the beginning of creation.

To conceive of "creation" as an effect, we must recognize a pre-existing something to act, and a pre-existing something to be acted on. Analogous to this was "a beginning of Creation," we may still recognize that the existence of both God and space preceded it, but reason will fail to suggest the then existence of aught else besides, unless as a postulate, that some matter is both self-existent and eternal in its own words, matter is both God and space. We thus find a justification and a necessity for accepting the self-existence of the source or sources of physical nature, presenting no solution of the question whether Deity is a self-existent something distinct in essence of being from another self-existent something termed space; and if so, what would be the difference, and what are their inherent mutual relations?

Believing, as I do, that God is a living, organized Spirit, Identity and Entity, and as such, the source of all things.

of all those individuals being spirit identity, I believe that "God is a Spirit" is the question in harmony with the proposition that he is not, strictly speaking, omnipresent, but is literally the central soul of the universe, being located between him and self-existent space exterior thereto. July 24, 1862. PHILADELPHIA.

COMETS ARE WORLDS IN PROCESS OF FORMATION.

BY DAVID THORNDIKE.

That the uses of comets in the system of the universe are not understood, is most assuredly the case; but some very rational conjectures have, within a few years grown up, particularly among Spiritualists, or in general, those liberal-minded inquirers, who are weary of wounding the old religion, by the old philosophy. They begin to think that old truth respecting world-making was not given by "express revelation" in that book of doubtful origin—the Bible.

There seems to be some probability that comets are worlds in process of formation. I purpose here of giving some facts that will go to show that may be the case. More than half a century ago Sir William Herschel came to the conclusion that there exists, scattered throughout the realms of space, a rare, nebulous, or cloudy appearing matter, yet unformed into worlds, but being the material from which worlds are made. This conclusion may be regarded as the origin of that theory of astronomers known as the Nebular Hypothesis. The hypothesis of Sir William Herschel in the hands of the celebrated French astronomer, La Place, received a definite molding, so as to account for nearly all the observed phenomena of the solar system. It may now be said to be pretty well established in the minds of a large class of physical inquirers of the present day.

According to this theory, all the bodies composing the solar system, (and in short, all the systems scattered throughout the realms of the universe) were once in a state comparing with the nebulous state of Sir William Herschel's theory above referred to. This matter was in a heated, vapory state, (according to the hypothesis) but during millions of years its surface was exposed to surrounding cold space, the temperature of which is about eighty degrees below zero of our common thermometer, and the consequence would be that there would be great radiation of heat going on continually, and the vaporous matter would hence be condensed. This contraction of the mass would give rise to a rotatory motion, in consequence of the heterogeneity of the materials. As the cooling process went on, the mass would continue to contract, and the rotatory motion would increase, till finally it would become so much increased, that the cohesion of the outer portions would not be equal to the tendency to fly away from the centre of attraction, and thus a separation would take place, and the separated body would be left in the form of a ring. As the cooling continued, other rings would separate. After one ring had separated, its attraction would exert an influence on the separation of the other rings, until we arrive at a point that is comparatively near the centre of attraction; (as for instance, the place of Mars, the Earth, Venus and Mercury in succession) when the outer rings would exert so strong an attractive influence as to cause the remaining rings to separate sooner than they otherwise would, and thus those planets near the sun should be smaller, as is known to be the case.

After the rings had separated from the parent mass, the contracting process would still go on; and as the ring could not move toward the original centre of attraction, since the tendency to fly away from it would equal the force of attraction toward it; the contraction of the ring would shorten its length, and it would separate in the weaker parts. The attractive influence of the interior rings would exert a perturbative influence on the breaking up of the exterior ring, and hasten the process. The outer bodies, either in the form of rings, or of planets, would also exercise their disturbing influence over the breaking up of the interior rings. I have not space to give a further explanation of this part of the process.

From what we know of the material universe, we have reason to think that those principles which rule in one part of it, also rule in another; and what can be demonstrated as having taken place in one part, may, in a general sense, be considered as having also taken place in another. Hence, since the rings of Saturn are a living example of the process of ring-making, we may conclude that all the planets were thus formed. Prof. Peirce says that the system of Saturn is the only one within the limits of the solar system, that is capable of sustaining rings. He found that the "sustaining" power resides in the satellites, or moons. He further says, that the only place in the solar system where we might expect a ring is just within the orbit of Jupiter; while the asteroids (more than seventy in number) exist. The ancient ring was here sustained for a long time, but was finally destroyed, and the small planets called asteroids, were the result of the breaking up.

Comets, with some probability, may be regarded as the remains of the primitive rings, that have broken up, and formed the planets. They were formed of the lighter (that is less dense) portions of the matter that formed the rings, and by the willing motion of the ring in its rotation, and breaking up, the portions of the ring that formed comets, were projected with greater or less velocity, and in such a manner as to cause a great difficulty to exist in the orbit. That the eccentricity is dependent on the angle of the projection, as it is called, the reader can see demonstrated mathematically in *Banville's Mathematical Monthly*, Vol. 2, p. 100.

And further, if the comets were thus formed, we should expect to see those that were thrown from the larger rings to be the larger comets, as a greater amount of material would be thrown off as one, and a portion of them being thrown off ages before those from the inner rings, they would have a longer time to condense in, and hence they should appear brighter, and more splendid, which is the case.

Again, besides those comets of short period, being less bright, and of less appearance, and of less density, we should not expect to find any of most, very few comets of a period so short as that of the planets Mars, the Earth, Venus and Mercury. For the rings which formed these planets would become more dense, and smaller parts would not be so likely to be thrown off, and those that were thrown off would find it but a small portion of the vaporous material that would not so easily condense into planets, and this might exist as mete



Written for the Banner of Light.  
**LINES**  
 FROM A FRIEND OF MISS SPRAGUE  
 BY MATTIE G. V. SMITH.

"Welcome, welcome to our sister!"  
 Caroled forth the angels bright;  
 "We have waited for thy coming,  
 To these realms of love and light."

Sister, loved one, pure and true,  
 Faithful servant, hast thou been;  
 Thou hast saved from want and woe  
 Many a sorrowing child of sin;

Comforted the lost and lonely,  
 With the words of heavenly truth;  
 Soothed the sad and broken-hearted

By thy precept and example,  
 Thou hast guided in the way.  
 Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission,  
 Thou hast left a brilliant ray.  
 On this little earth of ours,  
 And our tribute we would bring;  
 We would join our heavenly sisters,  
 And with joy thy praises sing.  
 We would echo back the anthem,  
 We would chant our sweetest strain  
 Lovely sister, we would fondly

ropes to the snowy floor,

**SONS OF DIRIGO.**

Sons of Dirigo! we joyfully greet you,  
Clad in the armor of justice and truth;  
Firm as the pine tree when foeman shall meet,  
Stand by the Banner you've loved from of yore,  
Soon may that Banner wave,  
Over each traitor's grave;  
Crushed be the treason—triumphant the right,  
While the whole land shall ring,  
Praise to Jehovah—King,  
Who moves the arm and heart for the fight.  
Sons of Dirigo! march onward to glory!  
Green be your laurels and safe your return.

Proudly your kindred shall list to your story  
Proud, though in sorrow, your loss they may  
Free as the ocean wind,  
Still may your country find  
Each to his duty—swift to obey;  
Thus shall the sons of Maine  
Honor and victory gain;  
While the whole world owns Columbia's sw

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**A TEST.**  
Many thanks to you, Mr. Editor, for the  
tion of Dr. Samuel Curtis's message, re  
written out by Dr. S. W. Howard, of In  
Indiana.

### Comments on the St. Charles Meeting

More than eighteen years since, I bade my now spirit-husband, as I then thought, "mortal should put on immortality," and was enshrined in my heart of hearts, remembered by his relatives and past friends in these places—only alluded to as one far removed from earth and all its occupants.

Imagine my surprise on being written to by a sister, that he had manifested himself to her in Indianapolis, and was, through him, doing in curing all forms of disease, not only what was afflicted were present, but by their pleasure of their hair; that the medium was whole

of Medicine and Anatomy, only as derivative of Spirit-Instructor, (Dr. S. Curtis), but, guided by him, he could examine and describe any case of racy and precision, giving the proper terms with ease and correctness.

Being desirous of knowing for myself if Dr. Howard, telling him I had heard of him as a healing medium, and sending him a photograph of myself, he returned to me, though not one of myself—intending, I thought, to send me a photograph of himself. I had written him two letters previously, sending the picture, and had withheld my name, except the Initial, to lead him to believe I belonged to the masculine gender. This

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he addressed me as Mr.; but when I sent him for examination and prescription, the case was perfectly and minutely. The medicine was prescribed by Dr. Howard and lady has benefited more than I can describe. With the picture of my physical condition, the following case, recalling to mind an incident that occurred two or three years previous to the departure of my loved one from my sight :

" But I will give you a little test. Think of me when I was in the maternal form, to which you and I were settling in the office. I was coughing; and you thought somewhat of me in the left lung, and you said to me, if I

I sometimes broke and ran down in the left  
 I told you it was the reaction of the blood  
 lung to the heart—it strove to make it  
 from the heart to the lung through the  
 arteries, but failed, and reacted back to  
 Now think of this.  
 Yours, beloved one, forever,  
 SAMUEL  
 At the time the above was sent me by  
 ing, he had not the least idea to whom  
 it, but supposed me to be a man  
 signed my name merely, F. F. Sperry.  
 With respect, FANNY F. CURTIS  
 Columbus, Ohio, July 31, 1862.

WHAT IS AN OLD MAID?—Never be a coming an old maid, fair reader. An far more honorable than a heartless single blessedness is greatly superior, in piety, to wedded life without wedded love, not in love, dear girls, beware," says the we do not agree with the said song on the contrary, we hold that it is a good fall in love, if the loved object be a worth fall in love with an honorable man is as fall for an honorable man to fall in love with one and amiable woman; and what could confining, ascetic-like away to the angels.

small, and, as the same name; that and we, 4, &c., list, un- corners him on HYA. one of

your reward in an approving conscience  
paratively peaceof life.

Most modern authors lard their lean  
the fat of older works; and so their  
laid before them.



Moutin, and indulged in the gentle amusement of turning him. A member of police came to the cage, and the unruly squawking, after considerable delay, were finally secured.—*Delin, July 22d.*

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A clear conscience is sometimes sold for money, never bought with it.

tion which a good cause never fails to give him at the instant of trial. All history teaches us that great empires are ruled by a wise Providence, and we are but units in the great plan. It is n't that true, as it can be? Truth utters itself, whether we will help it or not.

As we. She will soon perceive, if she does not already, that two parts of one nation or even two coterminal nations, can never again exist in amity on this continent, one slave and the other free. She cannot but see that fugitive slave law difficulties, if no others existed, would suffice to prevent this. *Willay* followed. It is not the question whether a paper declaration, easily issued, will or will not be followed by a thou-

...Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" for the low sum of ten cents. This work had, an extensive, run in times past, and the great author, has been "run" avarice: but the time is fast approaching when we shall need just such men as Paine to save "the ship of State."

**The Davenport Boys.**







Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Conway, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens 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 the professor has more.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER or LION OFFICE, No. 135 Washington Street, Room No. 5, (over stairs) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and no one is admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Tuesday, July 15.—Col. Jones, of Montgomery, Ala.; Jas. Sheehan, of Company C, 8th N. Y. Regt., to his wife in New York; Emma Augusta Brown, of South Boston, to her parents, in Newton, Mass.

Thursday, July 17.—Invocations; Questions and Answers; Thomas Hunt, of Dublin, Ireland; Charles W. Harris, of Lexington, Kentucky; Amette Phillips Hurde to her mother in Montreal, Canada; John Williams of the ship Alabama, to his wife Charlotte in Liverpool, England; Samuel Mather, of Hamburg, Conn.; Invocations; Questions and Answers; Charles Gordon, of the 2nd Mass. Regiment, Company A; Daniel Williams, of the 5th Mass. Regiment, Company G; Sophia Dalton, of Baltimore, Md., to her uncle, William Helmsman, of Baltimore.

Thursday, July 24.—Invocations; Apostrophe to America; Questions and Answers; Mary Elizabeth Sawyer to her son; John R. Ochoate, 22d Regt., Co. A; J. C. Ochoate to his father in Baltimore; Caleb McAllister of Montgomery, Ala.

Invocation.

Our Father, we would bring to the shrine of thy love all thoughts and desires of thy children who are gathered here to-day. Our Father, they have each and all a purpose to attain while here on earth; they are all seeking for happiness in their own way; and, O Father, we do not ask thee to bestow upon thy children mere earthly gifts, but to obtain happiness, but we would ask, O Lord, that thou lift their souls above the plane of earth and unto the hills of wisdom. Our Father give unto them that truth which shall enable them to grow spiritually in thy favor each hour of their lives. Our Father, bless them according to their own way, and give them, O Lord, to see that they are thy children, and as such, are the daily recipients of thy love and bounty. O Lord, may they hear thy voice in all things, calling them upward and onward, ever to thy throne of grace. O Lord, we would invoke thy aid in behalf of the fallen ones of earth, thy whose souls are bowed down with sin and misery. Oh God, they are sending up their cries to thee each hour of their lives, for love and forgiveness, and the two ascend in spiral waves unto thee. Oh, our Father, send unto them thy angels of mercy, that they may commune with these fallen and sin-stained children of earth, and whisper hope and forgiveness unto their troubled souls. Then shall their wounds be healed; then shall they lift up their grateful hearts unto thee in prayer and thanksgiving; then shall the kingdom of Heaven be opened to them, and the kingdom of hell be forever closed. Receive our thanks for all the past, for the present, and for the future. Amen. July 14.

God's Gifts to Man.

The equal distribution of God's gifts to man. This is the theme for our consideration this afternoon. The question which hath been sent to us by the Thought-Telegraph, is as follows:

"Why is it that the gifts of God are so unequally distributed?"

Ans.—We are pleased to perceive that the present age is more the age of Materialism, than of Spiritualism. We are pained to perceive you dwelling more in the kingdom of material things, than of spiritual things. Now, if mankind lived more in the spiritual than in the material, they would be able to perceive more clearly the hand of God in all things; they would be able to perceive that that hand was ever fraught with wisdom, and dispensed its gifts equally to all humanity.

"Why are the gifts of God so unequally distributed?"

They are not, or at least not as some suppose them to be. Let us consider what is here meant by the gifts of God. The things of earth; that by which you can gain the applause of Materialism, the friendship of mankind, and the luxuries of earthly life. That our friend and questioner conceives to be some of the special gifts of God. On the contrary, we perceive it to be a child of evil, something which hath been begotten out of your sensuality. A few conceive the special gifts of God to be the world's homage, which is the voice of public opinion; gold and silver, or what you call the precious things of earth. Every degree and condition of society are in some way the recipient of God's gifts. Would you be rich in intellect? No. Would you be rich in wisdom, righteousness, goodness and purity? No. What then would you be rich in? In the vain pomp and display of material things. Gold, silver, and the precious stones of earth will build for you a temple, but it will be as unstable as the house which the foolish men built upon the sand, and which the wind and rain swept away.

Let us consider the condition of the rich man for a moment. We who stand upon the other side, and are blessed with spiritual eyes, know to a positive certainty that the rich man sees little happiness. To-day, when stocks are up, and he can move with ease in a certain direction, he is conscious of feeling of satisfaction, and for the time being imagines himself a happy man. But when his financial affairs take a downward turn, then he is most wretched, and is more to be pitied than he who begs his crust from door to door. Oh, these things destroy the happiness and rack the peace of mind of the rich man who aspires only to worldly riches, and sends such to hell—sent there by too much of this world's goods.

Are the gifts of God, then, unequally distributed? Is there not wisdom in all the gifts of God? Poverty brings trials and blessings. It gathers around its possessor purity and contentment, while riches bring bodily comfort and imaginary happiness to those who have known no God but Mammon. So much you have from gold and silver—no more; and while you strive to amass such worthless dross in the earth-life, it brings you hell with all its attendant evils. Then, make not for yourselves earthly palaces, in which to enshrine your God; for know you, within that poor homely exterior dwells the Angel of the Almighty. Our good Father hath displayed wisdom in all his gifts. It is only because we in our short-sightedness fail to recognize the hand of God in all things, that we thus murmur at the dispensations of Providence. Were we better acquainted with God, we should not question his love for us, or fail to perceive that he deals impartially with all his earthly children. We contend that our Father "doeth all things well," and in time each individual child of his will reach his words.

Oh ye who worship at the shrine of Mammon, ye who hug so closely to your hearts your earthly idols, allow us to inform you in the name of thousands who have walked over the road and entered the City of the Dead, that you have too long bowed down to the golden calf, too long worshipped the God of your own creation, instead of the true God. Allow us to inform you that the Great Eternal is continually sending you messengers from heaven, to urge you to renounce the society and companionship of Mammon; for the two, again we tell you, cannot dwell together in the kingdom of God. Then lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth; and if it is your misfortune to be the possessor of great worldly wealth, cast it to the four winds of earth; give it to those who seek for it, and who are not spiritual enough to see their folly in coveting the riches of earth; praying at the same time that they may soon see that they are in error, that their desires are of the body and not of the spirit.

Oh, may God in his infinite mercy give you power to discern wisdom in all he does; power to turn from the evil which environs you upon all sides, and to gather unto yourselves those bright gems of the spirit that shall well adorn you as a spirit in the realms celestial. July 14.

Robert Garrett.

I am exceedingly anxious with regard to my family who are living in Mobile. I have been told much of the use of returning in this way, but I know little or nothing of it. [Have you been long absent from earth?] Since the year 1847. I met my change very unexpectedly, and had no opportunity of saying even a word of farewell to my family and friends.

I was going from Mobile to Tuscaloosa, on business. When we were some ten or thirteen miles out, there was an explosion on board the steamer, and some forty odd souls were sent into the spirit world, and I was among the number. This happened in February, 1847, on board the steamer Tuscaloosa, bound to Tuscaloosa.

My name is Robert Garrett, of Mobile; my age was fifty-four years. I have two sons that I am exceedingly anxious about, for they have seen fit to use their energies against the Government of the United States. I regret this exceedingly, the more because I am no longer with them in body; but I think if they are as considerate of my views as a spirit, as they were while I was in the flesh, I could soon convince them that they are wrong. I have a wife also on earth, with whom I would like to speak, if it were possible so to do. I hardly expect it, but it is of small consequence, as I shall soon meet her here in the world of spirits. But I have strong hopes of reaching my sons, and though I may not be able to overthrow their prejudices entirely, I hope to modify them, and to show them that they are somewhat in the wrong in this matter of war, as well as their so-called enemies.

I ask that my sons seek out some one of these subjects, [mediums], and call upon me to return and speak with them. They may call through the medium of curiosity. I admit it; and if I've not power to dispel their skepticism, I shall at least hope to warn them of the danger which is in store for them in the future, should they continue the career they have already entered upon. I am tolerably well informed with regard to the condition of the United States, or more properly speaking, the Disunited States, and I see that a great evil will fall upon those who even seek to withdraw from the Government which has already granted them so many rights and privileges. You'll find, certainly, if you are divided; for you've hardly been able to stand united, and God alone knows what you'd do if divided.

I never found any great difficulty in getting along with the North. I endeavored to do right, and I think that, generally speaking, when persons try to do right themselves, they are not apt to find so much of wrong in others; and I want to tell my sons that that which seems to be so large a wrong upon the part of the North, would not look so great in their eyes, if they were not somewhat in the wrong themselves. I used to teach my children to govern themselves, and when they had succeeded in doing that, to carefully criticize themselves, and if they found nothing that was wrong, then they might with safety assume the government of others.

Now, I always contended, when on earth, that all reforms commenced with that little word, self; or, in other words, at home; for if you begin a reformation of any evil in the world, it will not be like a house built upon the sand, which the first high wind and tide will overthrow. I see that my sons are stepping in prejudice against the North; and the pressing voice of the Southern Confederacy has closed the book and sealed it. But I want to break the seal. I pity the condition in which my southern brethren now find themselves at the present day. That's all a result of looking too far off, and of straining your forces to gain other ground than that which belongs to you instead of looking upon the ground you stand upon yourselves. For, if you know not self, how shall you judge wisely of your neighbor? I think you can't.

[Were you a merchant?] I was. I acquired a fair property, or what I considered a fair property, while I was upon earth; but I am compelled to confess, it's been a curse to me. I would have left the earth without a dollar. I would have been far happier in the spirit-world, if I had never known what it was to possess riches while here below. You'd better seek for poverty, as the good brother who came here a few moments ago told you, if you would be rich in spiritual things hereafter; for gold and silver chain the spirit to earth, and prevent its rise to the celestial world.

I must confess, I never could see the justice of it. The body of one of the American officers was on board the same steamer with me. When it was carried on board, I remained standing upon the landing, buried in thoughts like these: "I wonder if it is possible for the spirit to be cognizant of what is transpiring upon earth? I wonder if the vital part of that poor soldier still hovers round the body, and knows my thoughts?"

Shortly after my entrance into the spirit-world, I met his spirit, and he told me that at the time I was occupied with the thoughts I have just mentioned, he was very near me, and read my thoughts, and oh, he would to God he could have said to me, "Garrett, if I were to live my life over again, I'd take up arms against no one." Here you perceive that this officer, though he had served his country faithfully for years, was far from being satisfied with the course of conduct he had pursued while upon earth. I speak of Lieutenant Ingo. Perhaps you know, or have heard of him. Good day. July 14.

Oscill Buck.

I want to go where I can speak with my father. I been here almost two years. I hurt my foot in a gin-house, where I sometimes went to play, and had the looklaw. [Where did you die?] In Buysville, Alabama. My name was Oscill Buck. My father's name was William. [Had you any brothers or sisters?] Yes, two: William and Laura. They were both older than me. [Is your mother alive?] She's here in the spirit-world. I hurt my foot in the gin-house. The screw came down and went through my foot.

I want to see my father. I want to tell him what my mother wants. I was once here in Boston. [When?] Most four years since. [Do you remember Boston?] I do. [Where did you stay?] At the American House. [Was your mother with you then?] Yes, my father, too, and Tilly came as far as Baltimore. [Was Tilly your servant?] Yes.

My mother's very unhappy about my father. [Is he at home?] No, sir; he's away. [In the army?] Yes. [Is he an officer?] I don't know; he's in the army. [I suppose your mother desires to speak with him?] My mother does so much, and she don't want to speak so far off. My grandfather has talked to him. Will you say for my mother, she wants to talk to Tilly, say for her. He's her boy. He's here with me. [We'll print your message in our paper, and it may reach your mother.] I was never here at this place before. Good-day to you. July 14.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who art the only wise and perfect God, we would come to thee like little children, with all our weakness and our frailties with all the darkness that clusters around us, feeling sure that thou wilt forgive our frailties, and that thou wilt call unto that spiritual part of our being which must sooner or later return to its parent source, and that part shall answer thee, though it dwell in hell. Oh, our Father, this hour we thank thee for all those aspirations which lie within the callous of thy being, and are implanted within the hearts of thine earthly children. We need not ask that thou wilt hear us, for thine ears are ever open; we need not ask thee to defend us, for thy strong arm is ever around thy children to sustain and protect them from all evil. We need not ask thee to love us, for thine every act is freighted with kindness and affection. Receive our thanks, receive our adoration, O Holy Spirit of the Universe, not only in the moment, but throughout all eternity. Amen. July 16.

The Spirit's Opinion of Right and Wrong.

Quæ.—What do the spirits think of that class of individuals who profess to know the right, and yet persist in doing wrong?

Ans.—He who questions us refers, doubtless, to some of the delinquent members of the Spiritualistic sect. What do we think of them? We think of them with pity, for we know they are weak and often fall in the way of life. Although we do not countenance their actions, and would not have you follow in their path, yet, at the same time, we would extend to them the hand of brotherly friendship and sympathy, at all times and under all circumstances. What do we think of those individuals who profess to know the right, and yet persist in doing wrong? Again we say, we think of them with pity. We cannot censure them, for we are not sure that we know the right ourselves. If, therefore, we still walk in darkness, we may not with safety become their guides and attempt to lead them out of the midnight darkness of evil, into the grand and glorious sunlight of God's wisdom.

Go where we will, we shall find more or less of these weak ones of earth. But we should remember that while they stumble and fall in the way of life, we have perhaps somewhat of strength within ourselves to raise them up, and with words of kindness and hope to start them toward their journey anew. It is the duty of all to live holy lives, as far as possible. It is the duty of all, whether Spiritualists, Universalists or Atheists, to live as near God as possible in their brief sojourn upon the earth.

It is of more importance that the Spiritual community especially lead holy lives, because they stand upon the bill with the lights of the Almighty burning all around them, and the multitude below gazing at them and criticizing their every act. Therefore it is of vital importance that they, above all others, should lead holy lives, for example's sake. Nevertheless, we would enjoin it upon those who have strayed away from the shepherd's fold to follow the dictates of their own earthly passions, to return from the glided haunts of pleasure to walk in holier and pleasanter paths, and thus rise triumphant over all sin and evil.

They who know the right have not always the power to do right, because of the overpowering influences which oftentimes surround them. We would inform those weak ones that God has in no way forgotten them, nor will he ever cast them off, even though they should continue to live at variance with his laws, but is ever ready to listen to their prayers for mercy and forgiveness, and will cheerfully impart to them that strength of soul which shall enable them to resist the evil which surrounds them, whenever they may see fit to improve his aid.

What do we think of them? Oh, our questioner, what do you think of them? We stand apart from mortality, and can see those who do right, as well as those who do wrong. We worship the one; we pity the other. Oh, in the name of your Maker, forget not to extend to these fallen ones of earth your sympathy and friendship; and if the robe of Righteousness is upon thy shoulders, take it off and place it upon the form of thy erring brother, who hath more need of it than thou; and the angels will reward the eulogy of well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, thy God will make thee ruler over many. July 16.

Questions and Answers.

There are friends present who desire to know if the spirits are cognizant of the affairs of this country at the present time.

In reply to those friends' inquiries we would say that their deep solicitude in your behalf has opened your vision to the perils of your position, as well as to the cause of this rebellion; but your country politically, socially and religiously is laboring under the yoke of Satan, and to touch upon even one of these would take more time than we have at present at our disposal. Nevertheless, we will briefly answer such questions concerning the present war as the friends present may choose to offer in the few minutes we have to devote to that purpose.

Quæ.—Can you tell us the two armies stand?

Ans.—We behold two contending forces. Each feels that they are right, and from each point there ascends to the spirit-land earnest prayers for Divine aid and for strength to subdue their enemies. And in answer to the prayers of these contending armies there comes many a class of attendant spirits to minister to their wants, and succor them. The Confederate army waits for power. The Federal army

waits for power also. The conflict will be great, and longer than you suppose it will be, and many a spirit will be hurried into eternity unheeded and unprepared to meet its God. You ask, will the Confederate or Federal army be victorious in the end? If the most of right rest with you at the North, the Great Eternal gathers you to himself in closest bonds of sympathy and love, and will turn the tide of victory upon your side. If with your enemies, then the victory shall be theirs, for the right shall conquer the wrong. See to it, then, that you pursue the right and avoid the wrong; that you, as individuals, be all in your power to court the company of the angels, and insure for yourselves hereafter a place in heaven. See to it that you cultivate the good within yourselves, that the army of the Eternal may dwell with you.

Q.—Does the spirit recognize the body?

A.—Sometimes the condition of your atmosphere renders it impossible for us to see your external forms clearly. "At other times we are enabled to see both the body and spirit. However, we are told that there are many in the spirit-world who are able to see the body much more clearly than the spirit. How to account for this we know not. At present we only know that this is a law of life. A part of those who are gathered here in form to-day we see in spirit and body; a part in spirit only. July 16.

William Gilman.

I have a wife and family. What would my wife think to know I am not dead? I lived on Hunne-man street, Roxbury, was a painter by trade; died of typhoid fever at Fair Oaks Hospital; was sick two weeks. I want to talk with my wife about her getting the money belonging to me. Tell her to go to some medium. This spirit came July 28th.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

John C. Calhoun.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., JULY 22, 1862.

The following message, which is full of emotional regret, purport to be from our departed, misguided brother, John C. Calhoun, and it is desired from the inner life that you give it a place in the BANNER; and, to this end, I enclose it just as it was originally written—not taking the pains to copy it. Whether it be from our departed "Southern Rights" brother, or not, I feel that it was not the result of any deception on the part of the medium; and if it be truly the utterance of a sorrowing, repentant mind, shall we withhold from him our forgiveness and sympathy? Shall we not bid him be happy, and thereby inspire him in his efforts to overcome the evil with the good? Surely, that is what our beautiful philosophy teaches us. Here is his humble message:

"My Friends—I wish to say a word to you all. My name is John C. Calhoun, of which you are all familiar. I wish to say to you, that I am, and ever have been since I entered spirit-life, very unhappy, because of the ruinous course I pursued relative to this best and noblest of Republics; and to-day could I renew my physical body to walk among the men of America, I should never again raise my voice against the Union. NO—NO—NO! Oh, what would I not give had I never raised my voice against this beautiful country! But to lament the past, may seem unwise in me; yet a profound sense of the wrong I have done so many others, both in and out of the body, calls forth these lamentable regrets. And in thus openly making so great a confession, I fervently pray that humanity everywhere will forgive me. And oh, may I be enabled to work out the evil I have done, by devoting my highest energies to the entire freedom and complete restoration of this great and blessed Republic; may I, in thus performing an act of justice, due alike to all mankind and my own unworthy nature, become purer and more Godlike. And oh, may my efforts to restore peace and tranquility to this dearest of lands, be blessed by all of infinity, throughout the vast realm of immensity.

Oh, my friends, you cannot conceive how distressed and unhappy I feel at pursuing so unwise and ruinous a course as I did relative to this hallowed Union. Oh, my friends, let your prayers go out for me; and while I am laboring to bring about a peaceful solution of this unhallowed war, speak of me more as an object of pity than of hate; for thereby you may help me on in my truly earnest and sincere endeavors to retrieve and retrace my misdirected and unhallowed work in behalf of Disunion and "Southern Rights." Oh, friends—for so I feel I must call you—think kindly of me, pray for me, and believe me grown humble, and truly penitent for all past misdeeds. In spirit, JOHN C. CALHOUN. New Orleans, July 11, 1862.

Daniel Webster.

Just as the medium was about at the close of the message, it was asked by him (there being another medium present, the company consisting of three only with himself) if there were any doubts felt as to its true purport—whether it was truly from Mr. Calhoun?—to which it was answered, quickly, that it was really Mr. Calhoun who was communicating, or that, in substance. And ere the words had passed from their lips, as to its real source and genuineness, the medium was influenced to write, and the following, which was signed—"In Spirit, Daniel Webster," was written, affirmative of its true source.

You need have no misgivings with regard to this communication. It is really from the spirit of Mr. Calhoun. He is a most unhappy spirit, and what he has given you is only a partial expression of what he feels and would like to say. But you will, I know, let your hearts' deepest sympathies and compassions go out in his behalf. Oh, that he had lived a different life in relation to his political aspirations and efforts! He would not to day be pleading thus, and your lovely country would not now, in all probability, be groaning under the weight of war and distress. But let us not dwell upon the past. Rather let us help him to overcome all evil with good, and thus work out the ultimate destiny of this great and beneficent Republic. In spirit, DANIEL WEBSTER. New Orleans, July 11, 1862.

John Tyler.

But here is another brother and statesman, who prays to be forgiven, that he, too, may grow in goodness, and progress toward the Eternal Mind. This is from the spirit of John Tyler. And will you not open the door to him? Shall he, too, not tell his own sorrowful, repentant story, and be forgiven by the world and you?

This message, written three days previous, came through the same channel as that of Mr. Calhoun, and notwithstanding the disturbed condition of the elements, and the great uncertainty of our messages from spirit-life through mediums residing here and in the South, for many months past, having actually been in the midst of a veritable pandemonium for almost a year, as the medium through whom these messages come can too well affirm, and he rather philosophically concludes that even pandemoniums are not to be laid aside when a great and glorious Republic like that of America is to be "kissed and purified." Yes, I repeat, notwithstanding all unfavorable conditions, this message may be truly from the spirit of John Tyler. And this is his prayer, his confession, his desire:

"My name is John Tyler, once President of these

great States. My visit to you this morning is to inform the inhabitants of America that I feel a profound sorrow at the course I pursued during my term of office, and especially at my latest conduct in uniting with the rebellious, mind in its efforts to dissolve and overthrow this most liberal and beneficent Union. I now see clearly the foul error into which I had permitted myself to be drawn in every case where I have combated the interests of America, and labored to overthrow its magnificent foundation. Oh, may I be forgiven—may heaven forgive me—may all the world forgive me, as my unceasing, fervent prayer. And may the bonds of this hallowed Union become so firmly united as to set, at defiance all powers and combined efforts of the entire globe, for all time to come. May I be forgiven, that I may be better enabled to labor unceasingly for its speedy restoration and everlasting safety and advancement in purity and greatness. And may I be forgiven by all—all—all! And above all, may I be forgiven for the sins I have committed against Heaven and Humanity in my recent efforts to overthrow the American Republic. New Orleans, Tuesday morning, July 8, 1862.

How beautiful is this! A departed statesman, president, and brother, returning to ask the world's forgiveness, that he may be enabled the better to labor for the restoration and peace of this great land, that he was endeavoring so recently to break up. And shall we not bid him be of good cheer, and labor on? But why does he thus return to be forgiven? Why does he thus come sorrowing to ask Humanity to look with compassion upon him? Was it because of his superior intelligence? Had his light been under a bushel?

Almeda M. Goodell.

A short time ago I penned a few thoughts connected with the Dial operation, which in many places is eliciting quite an interest. Since that time I have received many communications through this instrument, from a sainted companion, who bade us an earthly adieu the 31st day of last March, and went to live among angels and glorified spirits. Thinking the following may interest many of your numerous readers now investigating this peculiar phase of spiritual manifestation, I send you a communication recently received, subject to such disposition as you may make of it. JOHN GOODSELL. Cleveland, O., July 27, 1862.

TO MY DEAR HUSBAND, AND FRIENDS LEFT BEHIND.—Presuming a few facts touching my departure from your earth-sphere, entrance into my new mode of existence, beatitudes and enjoyments of my spirit home, and employment since leaving my earthly habitation may not be uninteresting to you, I therefore will attempt through the "Dial," by which I am so often permitted to commune with you, to address you very briefly upon the several particulars named. Twelve or fifteen hours before taking my earthly leave of you, my physical suffering and earthly griefs, but my mental excitement rose to a high pitch, not in view of death alone, but seeing weeping friends anxiously watching around my bedside very much enhanced the agitation and perturbation of mind during my last remaining hours in the earth form. Oh, had I then known what I now know by happy experience, how joyfully should I have welcomed death, or the change that ushered me into a blissful state of existence. However, the trying ordeal was passed with greater composure and resignation than is generally the case. Let me say to you, dear friends, when you come to Jordan's swelling tide, be not afraid to launch out into the stream, for you will be safely borne to the other shore amidst the happy greeting and welcome of dear friends, who stand with extended arms to embrace you in that happy home.

In the last happy home, of my physical vision, there was, as near as I can describe, a sleepy, dreamy, unconscious state, then all was over; bright and clear as the noonday sun. My earthly form, so recently inhabited, lay in the cold embrace of death; those eyes, once so animated and sparkling with delight, were forever closed. But why dwell upon the inanimate tenement of clay? On it my freed, disincarnated spirit looked with mingled emotions of wonder, surprise and delight. Wonder and surprise at the tenacity with which we stick and cling to the earth form, delight to think I was a freed spirit.

The first thing to greet and embrace me in my new home was a sainted brother. So my angel sister took me by the hand, and introduced me to many bright spirits, whom I recognized as having been my friends in the earth sphere.

Till my body was committed to its mother earth I lingered night. Weeping friends, and looks, and all the solemn preparations for interring my thrown-off form were before me, and as visible as though I had been one of the unhappy group. Here are things on which I could dwell with profit to the living, but I cannot now. After my body was decently buried, I took my flight from earth, and in company with bright angels soared away, and amidst scenes and beauties that dazzled the eye, glories and splendors surpassing the power of language to describe, we revealed amidst heavenly delights, fully (and never till then) realizing the import and spirit of the saying, "Ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath reserved for them that love him." From that transcendent height of infinite splendor of light and glory, I looked down upon this little earthly ball floating in ethereal space, surprised at the thought that I was once an inhabitant of its green-clad hills and flowing vales. But to tell you of the beauties and enjoyment of my spirit-home would be beyond the power of language to describe, or your feeble ken to conceive. Permit me to say that not among the least of my enjoyments is the privilege of oft returning to earth to hold sweet and endearing converse with those I so dearly love. Deprive me of this, and heaven would be shorn of much of its bliss.

You may be curious to know what, in my employment here, for all are active and busy—no drones or idlers here. Teaching is my employment; children and infants, early ushered into spirit life, are my pupils. Sweet employment, too, is directing eternal pure minds to look up the shining path of eternal progression. Hoping oft to come to you by aid of the so-called Spiritoscope, and fearing I may too much weary you now, I will bid you adieu for the present, promising again to greet you with my presence! Farewell. ALMEDA M. GOODSELL.

THE LADIES.—Dr. Hale was very partial to the society of ladies; with whom he was generally a great favorite, and kept up a continual correspondence with several. He expressed great value for the great character of the sex. It was his opinion that women, generally, much excel men in common sense, and that they would be, in several respects, superior to men, if they had the same advantages of education. He disliked sentimental young ladies; and remarked that they had generally few real merits, and those who made no formal professions of piety, but who were really good. The discipline of our life is "purified" out by no unloving hand. It is just what we need, although we may not always realize it. It is designed to make us strong and wise, and humble. Bitter indeed are some of the draughts we drink, but most of them are bitter, and therefore good. If we do not resist them, the hidden trials are often the most difficult to bear. How the soul starts back with a fearful shudder from the memory of them. But heaven this agony of remembrance will be given. No sorrow, and no remembrance of sorrow, will enter there. It is a state of perfect peace and joy, and a state of perfect knowledge.







Mr. [Name] [Address]  
[City], [State]