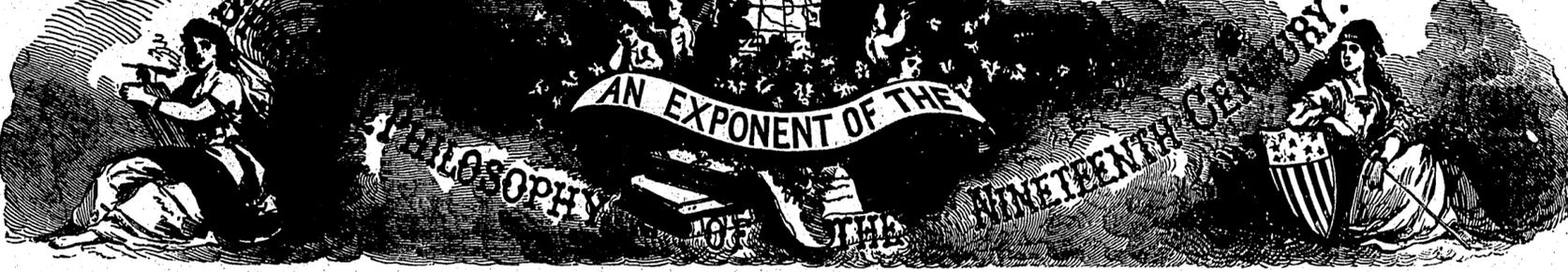


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 9.

TRIBUTE TO ALICE CARY.

BY CORA L. V. TAPPAN.

Because the broken lyre-string hath no sound,
The faded rose distills no dewy gem,
Because in stranded shells no pearls are found,
The shatter'd casnet holds no diadem,
We will not weep!
But the lily-bell,
In the dewy dell,
Chimes a mournful knell.

Because the autumn leaf grows brown and sere,
And summer splendors crimson to dull gray,
Because the spring returns but once a year,
And purple fruitage crowns the bloom of May,
We will not weep!
But the violet,
With blue eyes still wet,
Must thy loss regret.

Because the lowly creeping worm can die
And be forgotten, in the mould and rust,
While, Iris-winged, upsprings the butterfly,
To feed on honey-dew instead of dust,
We will not weep!
But the buds of spring
Must their flowers bring,
On thy bed to fling.

Because the shattered shell prisons no bird,
We look in vain for last year's dear delight;
Above our heads the rustling wings are heard—
The skylark singeth sweetest out of sight—
We will not weep!
When the night is still,
Sings the whippoorwill,
With mournfullest trill.

Happy were they who dwell anear thy heart,
Baptized and blest by friendship pure as thine;
Who drank thy love's clear waters whence they start,
From fountains that flow near the spirits' shrine.
We will not weep!
In the willow vale,
The lone nightingale
Will thy flight bewail.

Thy songs fly after thee like white-winged doves,
Clearing the higher air where thou dost roam;
Then, slow returning, like thine early loves,
Within the hearts that bless thee find a home.
We will not weep!
But in Love's pure urn
The heart-fires will burn,
For thy sweet return.

Now is thy harp attuned to sweeter lays
Than ever thou couldst chant in human speech;
To symphonies of rapture, sounds of praise,
We strive in vain with earthly sense to reach.
We will not weep!
For a lily white
Swings downward to-night,
To chime thy delight.

Thy kindred poets greet thee with a song
Olympus and Parnassus never won.
Drink—drink the glad nepenthe, and grow strong!
We follow thee when earth's dark night is done—
We will not weep!
For an asphodel
Flaeth earthward to tell
It is well—'t is well!

IN MEMORY OF THOMAS T. GREENWOOD.

BY W. W. THOMPSON.

Thou hast gone, we sadly miss thee,
Dearest brother—cherished friend!
Life's sharp sorrows all are over—
Life's stern cares are at an end.
May thy slumbers o'er be peaceful,
And untroubled be thy rest
In that home among the loved ones—
In that land supremely blest.

Still in memory's glass we see thee
As thou wert in days gone by.
When another was in trouble,
Thou, a sweet friend, woe and sigh,
And thy words and deeds of kindness
Made full many a heart rejoice,
Giving hope to spirits stricken—
Opening ears to wisdom's voice.

Oh, we miss thee not how to prize thee
When with us thou journeyedst here;
We but only knew we loved thee
As a friend most kind and dear.
But, as called by change to sever
All the ties of kindred love,
Thou hast gone, our hearts shall ever
Bless thee in thy home above.

Oh, we miss thee from our circle,
And yet, wherefore should we sigh?
Unto thee to live was sickness,
But 'twas happiness to die.
Frolic with joy must be that meeting
With the loved thou longest to see,
When thy fragile body perished,
And thy deathless soul was free!

May we, o'er like thee, be ready
When we too are called to go;
Glad to greet the ransoming hour—
Glad to quit this world below.
Speeding on to join our loved ones
Where fall sorrow is no more,
We shall meet, nor part forever
On a bright, celestial shore.

Soon, dear brother, we will join thee
In that radiant world of light,
Where within one happy circle
Will each cherished soul unite;
There no'er cometh woe nor sorrow—
Pain to rack the troubled breast—
For, Life's tollsome journey ended,
Each shall find the promised rest.

"That you believe you have a call to preach is all very well as far as it goes," said an old doctor of divinity to a theological student; "but," he added, "we must wait and see whether people think they have a call to hear you."

Literary Department.

Translated from the German.

DR. BERNARD'S COMPACT.

"Dear Madame Bernard! how she loved to talk about her son and extol his many virtues! "He was the most skillful doctor in all Germany," she would say, "and he was charitable and good as well."

He was the physician of the poor, and consequently was very poor himself. He would rise at daybreak to visit his patients, scores of whom could not afford to pay him a fee; and he was continually restoring health and strength to others, all the while utterly regardless of his own.

Poorer and yet poorer they had become—this widow and her good son, and now need was upon their hearth, and actually staring them in the face. The widow murmured not, but looked trustfully into Paul's eyes, and breathed a whispered blessing on his name.

One morning he went out with the expectation of receiving some money—a mere trifle, and he returned home without a single coin. His mother, who was far from strong, needed nourishing food and wine, and he had not the means of procuring her either one or the other. Paul was in utter despair.

While he was sitting with his face buried in his hands, his best friend, Karl, presented himself, and bade the doctor a "Good day."

"I am come to invite you to join myself and some friends in a little merry-making," said Karl.

"Yes, you, my dear fellow."

"Still, as ever, devoted to your pleasures!"

"Of course; though, to confess the truth, I often find them falling. But what would you have me do? It is true that I am of a great and noble family; the Counts of Steinberg have ever held a most exalted rank; but what of that? Rank alone does not constitute a man's happiness."

"But you are living such a useless life, Karl!" Paul observed; "away from your friends, too!"

"Heaven has taken my mother away from me, else I should be a very different man. I could have wished to dwell always with my father and my sister—I love them very dearly—but I could not brook my father's authority."

"I understand; and it is he, perchance, who, by too strongly insisting on your prudence and wisdom, has hunted you into a wholly different course?"

"Yes, something of that sort, my friend," returned the other with a deep sigh. "Yet there was a still graver matter—one affecting my darling sister, Marguerite, and which some day I may relate to you. I am a student, but I shall never become a physician—never! I lack application; yet something one must apply oneself to, you know."

"Persevere, then, and the science which it is mine to follow shall give you secrets which are reserved for the industrious alone to become acquainted with."

"Well, we will talk upon that subject some other day; I have no time to do so now," Karl rejoined. "We have selected for our fête the 'Mermaid' upon the Meer; there we will feast and smoke and sing, and over our sparkling draughts, praise our own Fatherland. Come!"

"Thou art a careless fellow, Karl. No, go and enjoy thyself, and leave me here," the young doctor replied, looking around at the old walls of his dwelling, which dwelling had been bequeathed to him by his father. Those walls were neither rich nor smiling, but they afforded his mother and himself shelter, and, amidst all their poverty, happy were the hours which they passed together beneath them.

"Ah, Paul, thou art too good!" his companion cried, with a burst of honest emotion. "I revere thee, for thou dost merit my reverence, and the love of all the world beside. I have influence, and doubt not but I will gather round thee a host of excellent friends—people who will appreciate thee for thy worth, and who will understand thee thoroughly; to begin with, the Count de Steinberg, and his daughter, my pretty sister. Oh, I have talked of thee to her so frequently that I am beginning to fear that she will grow weary of hearing thy name."

The young doctor smiled faintly, and his friend gaily rattled on.

"But, as yet, she has shown no signs of the kind, for it is she who now always speaks to me of Paul Bernard, the learned and great physician."

Here Paul started. He thought he heard some one at the street door, so he rose to open it, when he discovered a bill fixed on the outside of it.

"Oh, this is the saddest stroke of all!" he exclaimed, and, staggering backward, he leaned against the wall.

"What is it?" Karl asked, rushing to the door, and reading the bill affixed to it. "A bill announcing the sale of this house!" cried he. "What on earth does it mean, Paul?"

"It means that I have not paid my taxes," he returned, wringing his hands with quiet despair.

"Ah, my dear friend!"

"Ay, Karl; I am indeed to be pitied, since I cannot preserve to my dear mother a shelter for her declining years."

"And you, who have worked so diligently—who are so learned and clever!"

"Clever! And what do my labors and my skill bring to me?" Paul impatiently broke forth. "Why am I not rich, to prove what you assert? Ah, why, indeed! I will tell you. There is in Munich a physician, named Bospach, who, whilst I have been laboring early and late, has published cures which he never performed. Wherever I saw that man reap the harvest. The rewards which I, for the last five years, have earned, Bospach has received a hundred-fold. The city was



THE VISION APPEARS TO PAUL BERNARD.

threatened by an epidemic—I was summoned to the hospital, to be driven thence by the charlatan, Bospach, that he might receive thanks, honors, praises, and rewards for the lives which I, under Heaven, had saved. So, you perceive, while this man is celebrated, I am unknown to the city which gave me birth; while he dashes along in his carriage, to kill the wealthy, whose heirs most gladly and liberally repay him, I make my way on foot, to snatch from death poor creatures, who can only recompense me with their gratitude and their blessings. Even now, this Doctor Bospach is erecting for himself a palace; while I, in bitter need, must lose this, the home of my ancestors, the shelter for my mother's head!"

"Ten thousand curses! Well, keep up a brave heart, friend Paul," rejoined Karl. "Ere to-morrow these arrears of taxes must be paid. I have no money at this moment; but I have an idea, which shall bring me some. But Madame Bernard must not see this," he added, impetuously tearing the bill from the portal, twisting it up, and flinging it aside.

"No, no, Karl," the young physician answered. "It is my place to act, and I will leave no effort unattempted."

At this instant, Madame Bernard appeared.

"What, my son, are you going out again?" she asked, seeing the door wide open.

"Yes, my beloved mother," Paul returned, affectionately. "Business must be attended to, you know; but wait patiently, and remember me only with kindness until I return."

And with those words, spoken excitedly, the young doctor and Karl hurried out and disappeared, one going one way, the other another.

Madame went to the door and looked after her son, wondering whether he was going so hurriedly, and in such seeming agitation. She wished she could recall or follow him.

With a sigh, she watched until he was lost to her view. She was just about to close the door, when her kinsman, old Herr Peckmann, appeared on his threshold.

She retreated, in amazement.

"What you are surprised to see me?" said the wealthy citizen at once, and without ceremony, making his way into the house.

"I am, indeed, Herr Peckmann!" she coldly rejoined.

"Nay, Madame Bernard; call me uncle, unless you have ceased to remember that you are my niece."

"Away!" she cried indignantly. "What seek you under my poor roof?—you who, by your cruel machinations, and for your own aggrandizement, caused our only relatives to disinherit my dear son!"

"Ah, nobody is perfect," he responded very calmly; "I, no more than the rest of mankind. But the notice has not yet been posted," he observed, pointing to the door with his stick.

"Notice! I do not comprehend you."

"And yet the matter is simple enough, madame. Your son not having paid his taxes, this house will be sold to-morrow," Herr Peckmann said, in a heartless manner.

The widow uttered not a sound, but sank into a chair.

"Oho! I perceive," pursued the citizen, going to the door, which was still extended wide. "Exactly; it has been up, but is now torn down. See where it is. Pick it up, Catherine; your back is younger than mine."

Madame started from her chair, snatched up the paper, and examined it tremblingly. "And you were aware of this cruel blow—you, who could so easily have averted it—and are come to rejoice over our misfortunes?"

"Rejoice! Tush! what nonsense. This boy owes for taxes a hundred florins; I have brought him that amount."

Madame Bernard looked at the man in contempt.

"Most generous of men!" she exclaimed.

"Ah, to be sure, you say truly, niece. He who

bringeth money to him who hath none, is decidedly a generous man."

"Enjoy your own opinion, and allow me to enjoy mine. All you look upon as your own is rightfully the property of my son, Paul Bernard."

"Quite correct, Catherine, since Paul is my sole heir," Herr Peckmann replied in the calmest and oldest of syllables. "But I have not the slightest desire to force my money upon you. If you have a wish that this house should be sold, why, I can have no objection," he added, making toward the street door as he spoke.

"Stay! stay!" she cried, almost driven distracted with her own feelings and the man's glib words. "Paul is absent—but—"

"Well, seek him, then, seek him instantly!" rejoined the old man. "Say your uncle—your loving uncle would see him."

Just as poor Madame was about to reply that she knew not where to find her son, the figure of a gentleman filled up the doorway. "Have the goodness to let Doctor Bernard know that Baron Lienstein would speak to him," the stranger said to the widow in a dictatorial manner.

Scarcely had he finished speaking the above, when another male figure stood on the threshold. The new-comer acknowledged the Baron with a bow, then addressed Madame:

"Kindly make known to your son, Madame Bernard, that he is visited by his celebrated brother."

"Doctor Bospach," put in the Baron with sarcasm.

"He would not have required my name to recognize me," was the other one's lofty reply.

The widow invited the gentlemen to enter the house; and, after placing their chairs, she left them and went in quest of her son.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Baron, seeing Herr Peckmann, "here is our good townsman here!"

"Quite charmed to meet you, Baron," returned the old man.

"Pleased to see you, my dear patient," added Doctor Bospach.

"A strange meeting this, gentlemen," the nobleman remarked, "three such men as we are! Noble, indicating himself, 'wealthy,' pointing to Peckmann, and '—looking at Bospach."

"Celebrated, Baron," was the Doctor's reply.

"Ay, celebrated, if you please—here in the dwelling of a poor fellow whom generally we pass without the slightest recognition."

"Oh, parson me, Baron, but he's a brother physician," Bospach returned.

"And my nephew, Baron," put in Peckmann.

"A nephew who interests you but very little; for he is miserably poor," said the Baron, with a shrug; "a brother whom you should hate, Bospach, for it is said, and I believe it, that he is wondrously clever."

Bospach winced; he did not like to hear Paul Bernard praised.

"And how's your patient, Doctor, the Count de Steinberg?" Herr Peckmann inquired.

"Tolerably well; however, you must not be astonished to hear to-morrow, or on the day following, that he has fallen seriously ill. You see, the peculiar organization of the human frame causes the principal and most vital functions to engage in an incessant struggle with the morbid and contradictory influences, which generally and essentially, and oftentimes actually, yield before the powerful enemy; and that's why the Count is always in danger."

The Baron curled his lips scornfully, and Peckmann looked full of awe.

"The Count in danger!—always, did you say, Doctor?" exclaimed the former.

"Yes, Baron."

"You must cure him, then."

"But how, Baron?"

"Cease to attend him," was the other's brief but cutting reply.

Bospach opened his mouth, ready with a retort, but, altering his mind, he prudently remained silent.

"I believe you are interested in the Count's health," the Baron continued, turning and addressing the old man.

"I am—a little," was his answer.

"Say considerably, Herr Peckmann," the Baron said. Then, turning to Bospach, he continued, "I will tell you, Doctor, wherefore he is so, and increase your importance by showing you what immense affairs you hold in your hands. I had a father, Doctor, who died—although never a patient of yours. He lived merrily, and his constant companions were the Count de Steinberg and Herr Peckmann. Well, Doctor, these three—"

"But really, Baron," interrupted the old man, uneasily, "there is no necessity at all to—"

"On the contrary, there is great necessity; it will amuse. Well, Doctor, these three imagined and executed a contract, by which the first who died left, to be divided between the two others, a very large sum of money; but by the terms of the said contract, he of the two others who next should die, was bound to leave his share to the survivor. What occurs now? Why, that Herr Peckmann would rather he should be the survivor, and not the Count de Steinberg? Is not such a desire on the part of a friend almost incredible?"

"Perhaps, Baron, you'd think it natural that I myself should wish to die first?" the old man snarled.

"Assuredly not; and therefore, to my thinking, you should be quite pleased that the Count's physician is the celebrated Doctor Bospach. But, to change the subject, gentlemen; wherefore are we three here—for no good, I fancy?"

"Pon my word, Baron—"

"Amiable Herr Peckmann, you cannot agree with me, eh? For myself, I freely avow that I am come hither to purchase Doctor Bernard; and it is to put him into evil service, since I wish to take him into mine."

"Really, my dear Baron, I don't comprehend you," said Bospach; it pleases you to say that you are wicked, and—"

"Do not seek to make me pass for an idiot. I have called myself wicked because I am so, and because I desire that all should know it."

At this juncture the door opened, and Paul Bernard showed himself. He was looking the picture of despair. He started in great surprise when he perceived the apartment occupied by visitors.

Bospach was the first to speak.

"Doctor Bernard, I have not, perhaps, the honor to be personally known to you."

"I know you well, Doctor Bospach; and you, likewise, Herr Peckmann," Paul answered, stiffly. Then, turning toward the Baron, he added, "But this gentleman I do not know."

"Baron Everard Lienstein," the Baron returned, with a slight inclination of his head.

Paul started, and looked at the speaker with marked attention.

"You, at least, know my name, I see," pursued the nobleman. "Well, Doctor, it happens that we have each of us a request to make, or a bargain to propose to you. I hardly know which to call it. Who shall speak first, gentlemen?"

"Yourself, Baron," answered Bospach; "to every rank, every honor."

"Thanks! As what I have to say is exceedingly simple, I shall be very brief. I am rich, and I am irritable, violent and quarrelsome; and, to occasionally break men's legs, or arms, or backs. For my own part, I place but little faith in medical science—or, rather, I have no need of it; it is sufficient that I know myself to be very cool, stern and implacable, and that I feel certain I shall live to a ripe old age. I wish, then, to attach a physician to my house, who shall charge himself, at my pleasure, with—how shall I express it?—with the reparation of the people whom, within or without, I shall have injured. If you accept, I shall, in the first place, pay all your debts; then I will give you three thousand florins a year. A handsome offer, is it not?"

Paul tried to answer, but, overpowered by his emotions, he turned away, and threw himself into a chair.

"Well, you make me no reply?" the Baron added.

"Let him not do so until he has heard me," said Bospach, with considerable importance. "Are you listening, young man?"

"Oh, yes; pray go on!" Paul rejoined, resolutely controlling his feelings.

"I am establishing an emporium of medicine of colossal magnitude," Bospach went on, in a boastful tone. "I shall place about a hundred thousand florins in the business. As it would be quite impossible that I myself could attend to so gigantic a concern, I purpose placing at the head of it a man at once learned and industrious, and I have thought of you. In return, I will guarantee a comfortable living for yourself and for your mother, especially if she will attend to the shop. Now, what say you?"

"Say!" laughed Paul, bitterly; "I shall never be able to express to you the gratitude I feel, therefore I will not attempt to do so. But my uncle—what, in his goodness, has he to propose to me?"

"I am growing old," whined the old man; "Doctor Bospach is my physician, but he never saves me from a single fit of indigestion. I desire, then, that you should reside with me, to watch over and take care of me day and night. But the great business of your life must be my health; you must live only for me."

"And my mother—what of her?" asked Paul, with difficulty restraining his indignation. "Good Herr Bospach thought of her."

"Oh, your mother does not concern me!" rejoined the selfish, horrible old man. "Now, listen! It will be to your interest to make me live a long time. Either you are skillful, or you are not. If you are, you could make me live until I am a hundred years old. Then I would leave you everything—you understand, everything?"

At this instant Paul seized hold of Peckmann's stick, grasped it with both hands, and suddenly broke it. Then he threw the street-door wide.

"Go—off of you!" he said, hoarse with suppressed anger. "I am in my own house, gentlemen, and would not abuse the rights it gives. Go, then—go!"

"But our proposals, young man!" said the Baron. "Go, I say—go!" cried Paul.

"Herr Bernard, I am one of those who never pardon. Good day," returned the Baron, between his set teeth. And he went his ways.

"Doctor Bernard, you will end your existence in a ditch," Bonapach remarked. And he likewise went his ways.

"Paul, you are a bad son, and a good-for-nothing nephew!" Herr Peckmann mumbled. And he, like the other two, went his ways.

The young Doctor, rid of his visitors, now closed the door, and, being alone, gave full vent to all his feelings.

After his indignation and anger had in some degree subsided, he began to review his painful position. He had not broken his fast during the whole of that day, and he had not a florin in the world. What was he to do?

He was seated in a chair, with his elbows resting on his knees, his face bowed upon his hands, when the door suddenly opened, and Karl showed his radiant features.

"The good fellow had brought with him a basket of provisions, a bottle of wine, the receipt of the taxes, and ten florins."

"And now, Doctor Paul, come with me to the 'Mermaid' on the Isar," said Karl, dragging his friend out of the house, and leaving the widow, who had just returned home, lost in surprise and gratitude.

Amongst the visitors at the "Mermaid" on the Isar were the Baron Lionstein, the Count de Steinberg, and Marguerite, his fair daughter, whom the wicked Baron was seeking to win for his wife.

But Marguerite would not listen to his suit, although it—for secret reasons of his own—was favored by her father. On this particular day, Marguerite had behaved more coldly than ever to the Baron, and her father reproved her for her conduct, and urged her to look more kindly on her admirer.

"Your prejudices against the Baron quite afflict me," he observed, as he walked about the gardens of the 'Mermaid' with his daughter, the noble lover lingering somewhat in the rear.

"Parlons me, father, but I never can love him; his presence ever fills me with an undefined terror."

"But my honor is engaged to him. I have promised that you shall be his wife."

"But why, father, have you promised?" the maiden asked, timidly.

"Ah, my child!" the father half groaned. "See, see! yonder is Karl, coming this way," Marguerite said, quite joyfully, as she pointed down the avenue before them.

"Enter, then, the house!" returned the Count. "I will presently rejoin you. Baron, will you conduct my daughter?" he added, as that gentleman drew near.

"Willingly" was the reply. "Will the Fraulein deign to take the arm of one who has been unable to obtain from her a smile?" the Baron continued, presenting his arm to Marguerite, who shudderingly took it, and was then led away.

Karl approached and recognized his father. "I heard you were here, Karl, and I came purposely to meet you," the Count said, taking his son's hand, and wringing it warmly.

"How proud and glad I am to see you, father!" "Yes, I am here to confess, Karl, that I have been rather too severe with you, and to beg you to return to your home."

"I will do so with joy, father, if you will promise me that the Baron Lionstein shall not be the husband of my sister Marguerite."

"I cannot promise that," was the Count's dejected rejoinder.

"Then I cannot return, father, to behold the sacrifice of my sister!" answered Karl.

"Farewell!" said the Count. "Farewell, father!"

And thus the two men separated, each going his own way.

In a distant part of the gardens the students were assembled, making merry to their hearts' content. Paul Bernard had been drinking deeply, endeavoring to drown all thought of his poverty and his troubles. In vain did his friend Karl try to check his imprudence, entreating him to drink no more; Paul's glass was filled again and again, and drained as quickly as it was filled. He said that he had sworn to be drunk, and so he would be.

snowy robes hanging like a cloud around her, encompassing her head and neck like a frame. "Paul Bernard!" spoke she.

"I am here! Who calls me? who art thou?" he gasped in great fear. "Speak! who art thou? I know thee not!"

"We have met before, Paul Bernard; but this is the first time it has been given to you to behold me," she answered, in low, distinct, but mournful syllables.

"I understand thee not. Once more, who art thou?"

"I am the Death Spirit."

"Say, rather, the Life Spirit, for thou art a woman!" Paul answered; and taking her hand, he was about to raise it to his lips, when its marble coldness chilled him, and he let it drop in shuddering terror.

"I have spoken truly; I am the Death Spirit."

"Then is my hour come?"

"No. I regret it, perhaps; but I have no more right to quench an existence than I have the right to quicken it. I only obey," she said, solemnly raising her eyes.

"What want you with me, then?"

"Paul Bernard," she went on, in lighter tones than before, "I am fully aware that those whom you save you cannot make immortal, and that, finally, they all must belong to me. But your science damages the order indicated; and when, on my arrival, I encounter you, I am compelled to return later; and when one has so much to do, one becomes tired. You understand?"

He listened as if in a dream. He felt as if he were being held by some potent charm—a power unknown, supreme. The voice of the stranger attracted and fascinated him. Even now he fancied that her hand was fanning his hot cheeks.

He no longer doubted. But, then, wherefore was she here?

"Come you to make some compact with my skill? Come you to ask me to abandon those whom I may have the power to save?" Paul demanded, earnestly.

"Yes," she replied.

"Go, go; I will not consent."

"Wherefore?" inquired the Spirit, mildly.

"Because I am the Apostle of Life; and you are Death, whom I abhor."

"Abhor!" echoed the Spirit. "Regard me—I am not so terrible as I am depicted; and assuredly I am not evil. If I am misunderstood on this side of the grave, on the other I am blessed. Ah! you are bold, indeed, to refuse that which I require of you—I, who, in exchange, could give you all that you desire, and, first, glory!"

"I will not be tempted."

"Glory and fortune?"

"I will not—I say, I will not."

"Fortune and love?"

"Love!" repeated Paul, starting.

"Yes; for that young maiden whom you saw an hour or two ago, exists. If you were wealthy and renowned, she might yet be yours; for she would love you—loves you already!"

"That young maiden—loved by her!" exclaimed Paul. "I refuse. I will not."

"You have still your mother," said the Spirit, with emphasis—"your mother, who, to-morrow, may be compelled to extend toward passers-by a soliciting hand, and have to bow before a cold refusal. And then, in her turn, she will invoke me, and I shall come. And that time I shall call myself Hunger."

Paul uttered a cry of anguish. "Oh, no more—no more!" he exclaimed. "I accept. Speak—speak quickly!"

Free Thought. ELDER KNAPP AND HIS CALIFORNIA DEVIL.

A TRUE VISION. EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I have been reading Elder Knapp's statement to a Boston audience of his experience with what he calls the devil's demonstrations at the house of Thomas Hook, at Stockton, Cal.

Without any desire to contradict the Elder, or to say that he has misstated or omitted any important fact concerning the affair, I will, briefly as possible, relate what was stated to me by Mr. Hook in person. I have known Mr. Hook for about sixteen years, and have known Mrs. Hook when she was Mrs. Greenfield. I also had some acquaintance with Mr. Greenfield in his lifetime.

A short time after these demonstrations had ceased, I met Mr. Hook in the city of Stockton, and, by his solicitation, I went to his residence to hear his story of the affair and to see the result of the demonstrations. He showed me a box of broken dishes, vases and spittoons, that he said had been dashed from shelves, tables, etc., and broken as I saw them.

After the water sprinkling on the bed of the child had ceased, the little girl (medium, an adopted daughter of the family) saw two men in her room, and described them so accurately that Mrs. Hook at once recognized her former husband, Mr. Greenfield, and Mr. Hook a deceased uncle, neither of whom had the child ever seen in their lifetime. Each of them gave his name, which confirmed them in the belief that the girl really saw what she pretended to see.

Mr. Hook was the sheriff of San Joaquin County, and Mr. Gates spoken of by the Elder was clerk of the county. On being questioned, these spirits stated to these gentlemen that an indictment for the crime of murder against a prominent man of the county would be stolen unless it was removed from the files of the clerk's office. It was so removed; and in a few evenings after, the office was broken into, and the entire files of indictments were rummaged and scattered over the office. So much for the Elder's devil. Several other things were done concerning that affair, but not worth relating here.

When the Elder arrived, he was invited to the house of Mrs. Hook (who was a member of the Baptist church). The Elder proclaimed, with confident air, that it was the devil making the disturbance, and he could lay him by prayer; but before the Elder had fairly got up steam, things began to fly about the house, and keep up such a clatter that the Elder soon weakened; and, just as he was on the eve of winding up, a spittoon started (without hands) from an adjoining room, and landed on the floor close to the Elder, and flew into several pieces. This was too much for the Elder. He cut short the "Amen," and left the house in hot haste. So much for the Elder's success in laying the devil!

Many strange things happened at the house of these parties that I cannot relate. I may mention one or two singular occurrences: one was the carrying by unseen hands, in open daylight, a large, heavy platter of beef from the well-house into the front yard, a distance of twenty paces, and then dropping it. At another time—and I think Elder Knapp was present—when the table being set with dishes, knives and forks, etc., the plates commenced to slide along on the table and hop up on to each other, and cups and saucers followed suit, until all the dishes were closely piled on the centre of the table. The corners of the tablecloth were then gathered up, as if by the human hand, and brought together, and the whole carried out of the house on the veranda and dropped.

Mr. Greenfield, the deceased husband of Mrs. Hook, was for a good many years a Baptist preacher; but, from some cause, he became dissatisfied or disgusted with the profession, and retired from the pulpit. Mrs. Hook related to me the conduct of the reputed spirit of Mr. Greenfield, who, it appears, was the principal actor in smashing things about the house, and who was a man of violent temper, and what occurred during these demonstrations was exactly characteristic of him when in anger. These exhibitions of temerity were common while he was a preacher of the gospel. This is one of Elder Knapp's devils. What a compliment to his deceased brother!

I do not know that I violate the confidence of Mrs. H. by stating these last-mentioned facts, as she freely and voluntarily made the statement here related. Nor would I slander the deceased; but, on the contrary, I will state that he was much respected in Stockton, and was understood to be a good, moral man, and at one time a justice of the peace. I state the facts as related to me by one who knew him best, to show how silly is the devilish conjecture of the Elder. If he really did turn devil at death, the Elder will find him a congenial companion when he gets over the river; for who so loves to roll the word "devil" under his tongue, as a sweet morsel, as this same Elder—who so familiar with the "devilish" doings of "the devil" as Elder Knapp? Did he ever speak in public ten minutes without referring in some way to his old companion and wayfaring traveler? He says "the devil had an eye on him, and knew he was coming to California." Certainly; and did not the Elder send him ahead as a missionary to open the way for his "hell-fire" and "devil's" doctrine?—and did not the Elder make use of this story in his own way, all over the State, to scare children, women and soft-headed men? There can be no doubt of the intimacy of the Elder and the "old deceiver," since they go hand in hand; and in part consideration of the old fellow's services, he makes him more powerful than the Almighty, and tickles his vanity by making his hearers believe that he is omnipotent and omnipresent, and can influence man where God and the powers of heaven have no earthly show.

R. B. H. San José, Cal., April 4, 1871.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH SCIENCE? EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—If scientific men fall to investigate and show to the world the cause of a rap upon a table as loud as if made with a hammer, in answer to questions, what shall we think of them and their scientific pretensions? It seems the time has almost come when science should solve this question, and show to an inquiring world the cause of this phenomenon, or back out of the field of scientific research and own itself vanquished. Here is an ordinary pine table; three persons form a circle, laying the palms of their hands upon it. A question is asked: "Are there any spirits present who once lived upon the earth?" Instantly three loud and distinct raps are heard on the table. Then other questions are asked and answered instantly—three raps signifying yes, two raps no. Then the question is asked: "Can the spirits lift the table?" Three raps answer in the affirmative, and the table commences to rise without the aid of human power. These are simple demonstrations, and can be witnessed any hour of the day. Will scientific minds come to our aid, and prove that it

is not the power of spirits? There are thousands waiting anxiously to have their minds set at rest on this simple question. Leaving all other forms of phenomena out of the question, let the world know how that rap is produced without human agency. H. L. BARTER. Milwaukee, Wis.

REV. MR. CUDWORTH CRITICISED. EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I read with great pleasure and satisfaction the lecture on Spiritualism, by Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, delivered in Music Hall, Jan. 29th, 1871. While I admire his independent, outspoken frankness, my highest esteem for truth and candor was intensified by the liberality of sentiment and talent so willingly bestowed on so deserving and important a subject, practically answering the question, "Have any of the rulers or Pharisees believed on him?"

Spiritualism is no longer infidel; but Phariseism [old theology] is added to it. True fidelity is to advocate and maintain all truth, natural and revealed; while infidelity is an inversion of it, dogmatically adhering to a false theory, forgetting that "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy"—a light shining ahead in the path of eternal progression.

When a locomotive becomes stationary on the track for want of that intelligence and motive power that once vitalized it with all its strength, power and beauty, it becomes motionless, and its adherents are pleased to bestow on it the order of infallibility—death. But this does not impede the element of life which still animates the world. By the light of "the testimony of Jesus" a new track is laid, and on it, with new machinery, Spiritualism, with full-fledged train of living souls, heretics all, goes speeding by, regardless of the sign, "Stop here!" And so long as it is energized with the elements of eternal life, it will proceed. Eccl. ix: 4—"For to him that is joined to all the living, there is hope; for a live dog is better than a dead lion." Strength without life is nothing.

Spiritualism has discovered many errors and truths, not the least among which is the real mission of Jesus, who was the medium for Christ, the dual spiritual principle. But yet there is an old phraseology upon which has been lavished so much veneration that the most discriminating have failed to discover or (better) correct. The compound name, Jesus-Christ, is applied to the individual Jesus, the definition of which is "saviour or deliverer"; while the word Christ signifies "anointed," baptized into—"Except Christ be in you, formed in you," etc., etc. It would be considered a subversion of language to apply the term or appellation to another individual, as Peter Christ, John Christ, Paul Christ, etc.; yet, if we look at the mists of custom, we find the analogy complete.

The first man Adam is of the earth, earthly; the last man Adam is the Lord from heaven. Here both man and Adam are used as synonymous terms for a race, a principle or element, implying both male and female. "Male and female created he them, and blessed them, and called their name Adam in the day when they were created."

I make neither criticism nor assertion, but simply inquiry, and, for brevity's sake, cite only a few from the many passages which clearly make the distinction between the man "Jesus" and "the Christ." From the words of Jesus and the record of the Evangelists, we almost invariably find the qualifications of distinction definitely used, viz: "the Christ—that Christ is Christ, and which is, etc. Understanding this, they used language which conveyed the correct meaning and distinction. "Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ"—that is, Jesus embodied—the Christ, as will appear hereafter. The passage that would seem to approximate nearest to affixing that dual name to Jesus is the following: Luke ii: 11—"For unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." The indefinite article is applied to Saviour, signifying any one, or many, while the definite article the and which is refer to Christ.

"His name shall be called Jesus, because he shall save his people from their sins." "He was the first-born among many brethren." All are born or become Saviours, who, like him, by obedience to the Christ-spirit, become anointed thereafter.

Paul fell into this error of confounding the dual Christ-element with the name of a person; and having once been entwined with religious sentiments, has descended from generation to generation, in consequence of which too much is bestowed on and expected of Jesus "the first-born," while the innumerable family who follow trust wholly to their Elder Brother for what they themselves are as legitimate heirs to as he. More-over, infinitely more importance is attached to this one expression, and the false meaning it conveys, than is or can be fully known till the spiritual understanding is enlightened and the real value of correct teaching realized.

Jesus was the culmination of physical perfection under the discipline of the Jewish physiological law, which was necessary to a favorable development as a medium for the Christ-spirit; and it is evident that all along through his childhood and youth he was under the guidance and tuition of that spirit, learning obedience to its silent teaching by what he suffered when disobedient to it. "He grew in favor with God and man." Christ, "the Lord from heaven," need not grow in "favor with God," (and received few favors from man when fully manifested through Jesus to the world) it was the fruits of obedience to that holy anointing manifested through him that won the favors. Man always loves good fruits, though he would destroy the tree that bears them.

After the protracted temptation of this young man, the concentration of prophecy, and promise of the long-expected and hoped-for deliverer—on that exceeding high mountain of selfish ambition of prospective power and glory a crown awaiting him—a coronation by acclamation by a more than willing people—I say, after this final conflict between self and Christ, where the triumph was complete, the surrender unconditional—it was then he became both Lord and Christ—here he yielded up his own life—death and the grave were swallowed up in this complete victory! This is the death and crucifixion to which the physical death bears no comparison.

Thus the great central idea, the promised Redeemer of the Jews from foreign power, lost his life of worldly ambition, to find that life which is eternal.

Then to take the humble attitude for humanity, truth and purity, to teach a spiritual philosophy, which the world were ill-prepared to understand—a sure mark for scoffs, ridicule, persecution and physical death—figures fall to compute the degree of moral courage necessary to such a decision.

Jesus, like you, was human; he was not by nature angelic, "but of the seed of Abraham;" but through obedience to divine teaching, for which he was a medium, he became "one with the Father," and prayed that his disciples might also "be one with the Father, even as he was one."

Leaving the question open: Was "Mary the mother of Jesus Christ?"—Christ the anointed,

the last man ADAM, the Lord from heaven, the quickening spirit?" "Then do not call him God while all can scan Page after page that prove him but a man; But rather call him by his chosen name: The 'Son of Man,' who sought no higher aim; Yet let us seek in all that 'good and great' His noble life of love to imitate. And though he was a man of favored birth—A mortal lighthouse on this darkened earth, Yet he, like other men, was once a boy. A helpless babe—his parents' hope and joy, Which is the path that angels all have trod, While we through Christ with them are sons of God."

The expression referred to is of so frequent occurrence, and is so habitually used without much thought, and is of so vital importance, that I have felt freedom to pen these remarks for the Banner. Jesus was a Saviour and embodied Christ. Let us be one with him; he will not object. ELIJAH MYRICK.

POWER OF THE PRESS. I have been traveling over the State considerably this winter, and generally find the Banner of Light and Religio-Philosophical Journal in the homes of Spiritualists. As a proof of the power of the press, I will only say that I hear those two papers cursed by credulists, and admired by believers in Spiritualism, in this manner: One party says, "They are doing more to unsettle the faith of the people in Orthodoxy now-a-days, than all the lecturers we have;" the other party says, "I don't know what I should do without the Banner or Journal (as the case may be); they are both meat and drink."

Our cause prospers in spite of opposition, and some who profess to be grounded in Orthodoxy are getting "shaky," and do want to know if Spiritualism is true. HARRIET E. POPE. Norristown, Minn., April 18th, 1871.

MRS. CORA L. V. TAPPAN'S LECTURE. MESSRS. EDITORS—Being one of many appreciative listeners to the words of eloquence and truth that fell from the lips of Mrs. Tappan on the morning of Sunday last, I endeavored, for my own satisfaction, on leaving the room, to note down a few of the thoughts presented, and so far as memory served, in the language used on the occasion.

On reading these few lines to a friend, it was suggested others might be interested in them, and some, perhaps, be thereby strengthened to bear more firmly and patiently their earthly trials.

As none know better than yourselves, Messrs. Editors, that a few trenchant thoughts from an inspirational source strike deeper into the heart and life than volumes of old theology, perhaps you may deem this sketch, brief and imperfect as it is, worthy a corner in your interesting and valuable journal.

In referring to the church ceremonies and observances of the period of the year now just passing, it was remarked, substantially, that it was the season when the whole Christian world had been excited and rejoicing in the thought of a Saviour resurrected. And it was well; but by the Christian world the occasion thus celebrated was, it is feared, but faintly comprehended in its fullest spiritual significance; for the spiritual was lost in the ceremonial, the shadow displacing the substance, thus falling to reach practically the life of mankind.

I say to you, if there is one among you who has put away evil and learned to do well, he is resurrected.

If there is one among you who has fought with and overcome some evil propensity, disposition or habit that has borne his spirit down in the past, he is resurrected.

If there is one among you who has learned to bear his cross better to-day than he could have borne it yesterday, he is resurrected.

If there are those among you who have overcome the fear and the dread of death, they are resurrected, and have already entered upon the heavenly life.

In alluding to the inestimable privilege enjoyed by Spiritualists of the "open vision" into the spirit-land, and that, in view of the promised blessings awaiting us there, some might be tempted to hasten thither their steps, it was in substance remarked:

If there are any among you who are ready to exclaim, "Oh, that I could now lay off this weary, over-taxed, aching body, and join the dear ones beyond, where is no more pain or sorrow or weariness!" let such remember, if they thus jump the river of death, they have not, therefore, fulfilled their mission here, have not accomplished all that belongs to this life; and thus leaving earth duties unperformed, they realize not the brightness of the spirit-world, but, being shrouded in the darkness and gloom they carry with them, they are not gainers but losers by going thus prematurely to spirit-life. Bear, therefore, your appointed burden; meet your labors, your duties, and, if need be, your trials, with a cheerful, uncomplaining spirit, remembering thus only can you live here or hereafter the true spiritual life. Begin, then, that spiritual life here and now. Live up to your high calling; and if you cannot, each one of you, move the world around you in your direction, you may give light to some one dark, groveling soul, and raise it to the light by your word of wisdom fitly spoken, and thus you may find, daily and hourly, that the sacred trust committed to you in your earth-life is being faithfully fulfilled, and you grow daily better prepared to pass on to the continuous duties of the life beyond.

Well may we say "continuous," for what in truth is man? His spirit is coexistent with the Spirit of the Universe. He is indeed greater and higher than the planetary system above and around us; for, may we not say to the stars, "You sing because you must—we sing because we choose to?"

I give you, Messrs. Editors, some faint idea of a discourse rich in beauty of language, truth of sentiment and felicity of illustration throughout, regretting very sincerely a stenographic report of the entire lecture could not have been prepared for your columns.

Respectfully yours, W. S. New York, 28th April, 1871.

PARENTS AT HOME.—Parents should be very sensitive in regard to the different dispositions of their children. The father should be the governor, but he should also be the friend and playmate of the children. Be elastic. Forget that you have got a backbone. Do not let yourself be stiffened with the rheumatism of dignity. Let your children be familiar with you. Let them pull your beard and moustaehs, if you have any. Cultivate wit and humor in children. It is a necessity. There is no wit like the wit of a child. In a family in which I am intimately acquainted—there are two little girls. One day they had a little brother—a new brother. Some foolish person had told them that angels brought little children. They went in to see their new brother. He had a red face. New brothers have a way of being red-faced. When they went out the younger of the girls said "Sister, did you see what a red face our little brother had?" The other replied, with great importance, "Silly child! don't you know that when the angel brought him down, as he passed the sun he got to put a veil over his face, and so he got red; but he will get over it."—Rep. Dr. Scudder.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE ANGELUS.

BY BRET HARTE.

Bells of the past, whose long forgotten music Still fills the wide expanse, Tinging the sober twilight of the present With color of romance.

I hear you call, and see the sun descending On rock, and wave, and sand, As down the coast the Mission voices blending Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation No blight or mildew falls; Nor forces are not lost, nor low ambition, Tastes these airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding, I touch the further past— I see the dying glow of Spanish glory, The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers, The white facade, not lost, nor low ambition, The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see old Portia's cross uplifting, Above the setting sun; And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting The freighted galleon.

Oh solemn bells! whose consecrated masses Recall the faith of old, and the olden times, Oh thinking bells! that lulled with willight music The spiritual soul!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness— Break, falter and are still; And veiled and mystic, like the host descending, The sun sinks from the hill!

Advice to Girls.

Somebody gives the following advice to girls. It is worth volumes of fiction and sentimentalism. Men who are worth having, want women for wives. A bundle of gawgaws, bound with string of flats and quivers, sprinkled with cologne and set in a carmine saucer—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on bread and meat. The piano and lace frames are good in their place, and so are ribbons, fiddle, and tin-sels; but you cannot make a dinner of the former nor a bed-blanket of the latter—and awful as such an idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed-blankets are necessary to domestic happiness. Life has its realities as well as its fancies; but you make it all decorations, remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a man of good sense, and, of course, good prospects, to be looking for a wife—what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him, or you may trap him; but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you? Render yourself worth catching, and you need no shrewd mother or brother to help you to find a market.

A clever repartee is attributed to the member from Mormondon in the new Congress. A brother member asked him how many wives he had.

"Enough to keep me from running after other people's," he promptly replied.

A fault concealed is but little better than one indulged in.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of...

Mrs. J. H. Conant. While in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life...

The Banner of Light Free Circles. These Circles are held at No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons...

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles. Since our last report the following sums have been received, for which the friends have our warmest thanks:

- Thou Judge of all the earth, thou Eternal Good, who occupiest all space, all form, and guideth all motion, we praise thee for the experience of babyhood, of childhood, of youth, of mature age, and finally for the frost that crack the shell and give us a glorious resurrection in the world which follows this...

Invocation. Thou Judge of all the earth, thou Eternal Good, who occupiest all space, all form, and guideth all motion, we praise thee for the experience of babyhood, of childhood, of youth, of mature age, and finally for the frost that crack the shell and give us a glorious resurrection in the world which follows this...

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to answer them.

QUEST.—What is the philosophy or theory by which spirits cause ponderable substances to pass through walls of buildings without disintegrating the substance through which they pass?

ANS.—Then they should have said so; that alters the question entirely, because it is a well-known fact in science that matter cannot pass through matter without disintegration of the particles composing the object.

QUEST.—I am here to warn my family against denying this Lord and Saviour of the human race; for so sure as they sin against the light which I have brought them to-day, so sure will they regret it when they come to the spirit-world...

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deemed, spiritualized, and if I mistake not, will return as a powerful auxiliary to modern Spiritualism.

Q.—Shall we ever have any stronger evidence of immortality of the soul than we have at present? A.—Not in this life. Jan. 16.

Deacon George Howland. Blessed be God, I say, for the power of returning. I lived in this life seventy-five years, and departed from it the Friday before Christmas, 1870, from my home in Topsham, Maine.

QUEST.—How is the spirit able to communicate so soon after death as it sometimes purports to, when it takes two or three days to become separated from the human body?

ANS.—Because spirit is superior to matter—under certain circumstances has absolute control over matter. Many spirits who are still dwelling in human bodies, who have not been subject to the chemical change of death even, leave those bodies at will, and communicate through spiritual media.

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Well, I have got an old mother living on Anderson street, and she wants me to come back and say something to cheer her up, as I died away from her. I had the small-pox, and was carried away down to the island, and she had no chance to see me or hear from me at all.

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Banner of Light.

Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor. Office at his Liberal, Spiritual and Reform Bookstore, 501 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

DEMOCRALIZING INFLUENCES.

Since the census-takers have reported St. Louis the largest city west of the Alleghanies, and the fourth in the nation, we have had an extraordinary influx of those demoralizing influences that have long infested and corrupted New York.

On the old Lindell Block, where the magnificent hotel was burned some years ago, is fitted up a permanent circus and "Paris Exhibition," and a few rods from it is another circus performing its dangerous feats of wild exploits to gaping crowds every night.

The gamblers, too, have made a raid on St. Louis, and it is yet an undivided contest between them and the police for mastery, even while the latter have the law to aid them.

The question is yet unsolved, whether a great city can be governed so as to be moral, orderly, temperate, industrious and peaceable in all classes of its citizens.

In connection with these changes in the social condition of the city is the effort of the authorities to register the courtesans, and by legalizing and taxing only the females, to regulate if not restrain the "social evil."

The tone, character and intellectual ability of the press of the city are subjects of daily comment by citizens and strangers, who generally estimate them unworthy a city of the size and importance of St. Louis.

SIGNIFICANT.

We clip the following from the Missouri Democrat:

"A convention of the distillers of the United States met in Chicago to-day. The call for the convention states that the distilling interest is more heavily depressed than any other branch of business, and that the cause of this is over-production and want of concert of action among distillers."

That to obviate this there should be a consolidation of interests and pooling of profit. That it is proposed to embrace in this movement the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin, which States last year paid taxes on seventy millions four hundred and twenty-seven thousand gallons of spirits, to the value of each distillery, according to its registered capacity.

Charles Fallman, of New York, was chosen president of the convention, which embraced delegates from Chicago and various other points in Illinois, from Indiana, Wisconsin, Ohio, Missouri and New York.

We are glad to see all of New England and Michigan and other States left out of this list of whiskey-making districts. The significant fact in the matter is the organization, cooperation, consolidation and monopoly of this most ruinous and morally destructive business carried on in this country, while its enemies are divided into little clans, or standing out as individuals, wrangling, disputing and scandalizing each other, giving the enemy all the advantage.

illeries and stop the nefarious practice of making the poison that causes half the crime and misery in the whole country, while the manufacturers can organize and secure Congressional legislation if they need it.

The fact is, the capital and speculators of the country are organizing, consolidating and monopolizing, and by it will utterly ruin the laborer, and more severely oppress the poor of every class, unless there is an effort properly carried out to organize labor and protect the poor.

Money, it seems, can be and is used to divide, distract and demoralize the poor and ignorant, especially at elections and through the ballot, the use of which ought to be sacred as any religious ceremony.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

A writer from this point in Southern California, whose letter we see in the Interior, advises pious families not to move to this El Dorado of the West, notwithstanding he gives the climate and country the highest praise, and says it is evident the Creator designed it for a great fruit-growing country, and not a country for raising cattle and grain, because the former run to horns and the latter dries up.

NOMINATING.

Through the press, which, when united, controls the sentiment of this country—but, fortunately, seldom can be united—names of distinguished individuals are being pushed out for our next President by both great political parties.

THE SLAVERY OF WOMAN.

The most complete evidence of the slavery of woman is furnished in the daily reports of murders, murderous assaults and legal prosecutions by husbands upon their fellow-men for intimacy with their wives, which in almost every case is encouraged, participated in, and often solicited by the wife, who always has the power in her own hands to defend her person if she chooses, or feels aggrieved or insulted.

Matters in Europe.

The wheel of fortune continues to revolve in France, but the Commune seems to be tending steadily to the under side. Fighting still goes on unceasingly, the firing being described as "fearful and apparently reckless," owing, perhaps, to the preponderance of ammunition over men in the army of the Communists.

The city is perfectly blockaded, as during the siege, and the prospects are that famine will soon begin to be a powerful aid to the Thiers government. On Wednesday, April 25, there was heavy fighting all along the whole line. Vanvres, Issy and Montrouge were furiously bombarded. The firing around Paris was heavy on Friday, April 28th, and a general attack was made, resulting in some success for the Versaillesists.

As we go to press it is announced that Cluseret, the Communist Minister of War, has been removed—the ever-changing public demanding it—and that M. Rossel is to succeed him.

SOUTHERN LOCALS, ETC., REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

We arrived in this city at six P. M., April 18th. Bro. W. Freeman, genial and full of enthusiasm, met us at the depot, and conducted us to his happy home, and proffered its generous hospitalities to us in that easy and whole-souled way, so characteristic of the Southern heart.

Nashville presents a very substantial appearance. There are many fine warehouses and bank buildings. The streets generally are narrow, but they are straight, and the city is well laid out.

THE STATE HOUSE.

Which the Tennesseans claim is the State House of the whole country. And we must agree with them, so far as our knowledge in that line is concerned. The building is situated on a high rise of ground, near the centre of the city, and it commands a splendid view of the surrounding country.

This region is the Italy of America—a beautiful territory, whose climate, both mild and invigorating, cannot be surpassed, and whose natural advantages are all that could be desired.

THE CRUMBERLAND RIVER.

A stream of no mean calibre, flows by the city. We took a walk along the "levee." Things looked like business. Several steamers were taking in cargoes, and yet there was not that hurry and bustle so characteristic of Northern docks.

FLOCK TO THE CITIES.

Business in Nashville and throughout the South generally is at a standstill. The cotton crop was large, but it commands a low price. The people are hopeful, though, and look for better days. They affirm that they are able to work out their own salvation in every particular.

THE PRESS.

Nashville has two daily papers—the Banner and the Union and American. We met the editors of the Banner, and found them to be generous and intelligent gentlemen, who are up with the times.

THE MAXWELL HOUSE.

The appointments of this hotel are superb. Mr. Keas, the proprietor, is a gentleman of fastidious tastes, and everything about his house serves to satisfy the requirements of those who love refinement and congenial surroundings.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

Orthodoxy reigns supreme in Nashville—that is, to all outward appearances. No heretic raises his voice steadily, before public audiences, to affirm the fundamental ideas of the new theology that has come to the world in this latter day.

Professional travelers always have an eye for good hotels. Nashville has one that would reflect credit on any city in the country. We are talking about

the Cumberland Presbyterian Church is the bon ton one. The Rev. Dr. A. J. Baird is pastor. He ranks A. No. 1 among Nashville preachers.

Rev. Mr. Kelley, of the Methodist church, has been delivering, of late, some very interesting scientific lectures. Rumor has it that this gentleman is predisposed to rationalism.

Religion, divested of supernaturalism, is the great need of the human soul. Spiritualism introduces the religious idea to the human mind in its normal beauty and grace.

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and liberals in Nashville who yearn for something that shall satisfy the demands of their spiritual natures. They want to see a permanent organization that shall reflect their ideas—and why not?

Some of the best minds in Nashville are favorable to rationalism. Order, cohesion, action, will soon bless these friends. They have had the "light." Yes, his blessed rays were turned full upon them, years ago, by the sainted

JESSE B. FERGUSON.

It was in Nashville that this brother, a few years subsequent to the "Rochester Knockings," while pastor of the "Christian" church, came out and avowed his convictions as to the divine truths of Spiritualism. Mr. Ferguson was the great preacher of the South. His wisdom, his eloquence and his purity were known throughout the land.

Mr. Ferguson's family reside about four miles from Nashville, at a delightful retreat called

"MOUNT HOPE."

We spent a night at this place. Most happy were we to form the acquaintance of Mrs. Ferguson and her family. Here, in seclusion, the wife and daughters of Bro. Ferguson live. The world should know more of Mr. Ferguson's sacrifices to Spiritualism.

We could mention the names of not a few of our able workers who have gone down to the grave in poverty, and have actually suffered for the necessities of life. And we could mention cases, also, of those who are indebted to earnest workers for all their popularity and usefulness, and yet who forget the by-gone time, and who act mean and contemptible toward those who were their early support.

"Mount Hope" is a charming spot. Our visit with Mrs. Ferguson was exceedingly pleasant.

To know Miss Mary Ferguson is to admire her. "Mount Hope" is admirably adapted for an educational institution. We understand that Mrs. Ferguson is ready to sell it.

NOTES.

The Crucible, of Baltimore, is on the high road to success. Moses Hull, the editor, deals with facts, and yet he has enough of the ideal to beautify and give a sort of spiritual halo to what he says.

Matters are lively in Memphis, Tenn. We have met Col. Eldridge, an enthusiastic Spiritualist of that place. He says the Brinkley College affair is a genuine thing.

Bro. Peebles, in his own winning and convincing way, has been preaching Spiritualism in New Orleans. During May he lectures in Baltimore, Md.

Judy Nicks is a colored girl. She lives in Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky. And she is a medium, too. Bro. Downs, of that place, tells us that she has remarkable manifestations, and that the interest in them is on the increase.

The Davenport Brothers are creating a great sensation through the South. Immense crowds greet them everywhere.

The population of Nashville approaches thirty thousand. That is as definite as we dare put it, after Mr. Riker's assertion that we were twelve thousand out of the way when speaking of the population of Kansas City.

Medical statistics establish two facts conclusively: Since the abandonment of stays the annual mortality among women has diminished eighteen per cent; and since the fair ones began overloading their heads with chignons, brain fevers among them have increased seventy-two and three-fourths per cent.

Indiana State Spiritual Association.

To the Spiritualists of Indiana. Greeting: We would announce to the friends of the harmonical philosophy throughout the State, and elsewhere, that the fifth annual Convention of the Indiana State Spiritual Association will be held at the Masonic Hall, in the city of Indianapolis, commencing Friday, June 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue in session over the following days.

Business of much importance is expected to be brought before the Convention. Good speakers will be procured for the occasion. A noted test medium is expected to be present, to add to the interest of the Convention.

Half fare arrangements will be effected with the railroads, as far as possible. Good meals will be arranged for at one dollar per day for all who may attend the Convention, provided they remain three full days.

Mediums and Speakers' Convention. A Quarterly Convention of Mediums, Speakers and others of Western New York will be held at Ridgewood, Orleans Co., N. Y., on Wednesday, May 25th and 27th, commencing at 10 o'clock each day.

The place of meeting is on the flower-embowered Ridge Road, three miles north of the railroad station at Medina. From whence friends engage to convey attendants to and from the Convention; also to entertain all who may come.

Massachusetts. A Convention of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists will be held on Thursday of Anniversary Week, Monday morning and evening, in Faneuil Hall, Boston. Full particulars in the next paper.

Uncomp Meeting Notice. We the undersigned give notice that the Second Mass State Spiritualists' Camp Meeting will be held at Walden Pond, Groves, Concord, Mass., commencing Tuesday, Aug. 15th, 1871.

On Wednesday, July 27th, there will be held a Grand Union Spiritualists' Picnic at the same Grove.

For sale Wholesale and Retail by William White & Co., at the Banner of Light Office, 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass. May 6.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE!

WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT

DR. STORER'S VALUABLE MEDICINE, THE NUTRITIVE COMPOUND!

As a FEMALE RESTORATIVE, As a BLOOD PURIFIER, As a TONIC AND STRENGTHENING AGENT, As a GENERAL RESTORATIVE.

POPULAR FAVOR.

The "NUTRITIVE COMPOUND" has already made its way into every State and Territory of the Union, and testimony from a large number of patients demonstrates that this excellent medicine supplies a great need, and is destined to become the

MOST POPULAR REMEDY IN AMERICA!

We shall not publish the names of our correspondents who send us their acknowledgments of the great benefit received, unless by their special permission or desire, as the names of many of the diseases cured is such as to render the publication of personal certificates undesirable; but a few fragmentary sentences from letters in our possession may show in what estimation the Nutritive is held:

A Physician's Testimony—"Panacea for all Female Complaints."

"Last Fall I sent for a few packages of your 'NUTRITIVE COMPOUND' which I used in my practice, and which I found to prove more than you claim for it. I consider it infinitely superior to all other medicines in the diseases for which it is recommended. In fact, I esteem it a complete panacea for ALL FEMALE COMPLAINTS."

"I have used one package, but my health is so much improved that I have recommended it to another lady, who is using it with beneficial results. I think it a very valuable medicine, and with every sick woman had it. Please send six packages."—Mrs. C. M. S., Minnesota.

"The Very Thing They Want." "My age is seventy-four, and I have been diseased from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. Your medicine has helped me very much, and I think it a very valuable medicine, and with every sick woman had it. Please send six packages."—Mrs. C. M. S., Minnesota.

"I Wish Every Sick Woman Had It!" "I have used one package, but my health is so much improved that I have recommended it to another lady, who is using it with beneficial results. I think it a very valuable medicine, and with every sick woman had it. Please send six packages."—Mrs. C. M. S., Minnesota.

"Superior to 'All the Doctors and all the Medicine.'" "This is a case of Chronic Protrusion of some twenty years' standing, such as there are but few to be found in all the medical records—with a great deal of enlargement, and, of course, a great deal of suffering. The medicine, which she has taken now about two weeks, is making quite a revolution in her general health—completely restoring the tendency to cold extremities, accelerating the circulation so as to produce a fair pulse at the wrist, where there has been scarcely any perceptible for years—and she says, with all the doctors and all the medicine she has taken for years, she has never found anything like this. In my practice I find a great many, especially females, who are troubled with diseases for which your medicine is recommended, and for which it recommends itself. The dozen you send me are all gone, and as I shall use them in my practice, send three dozen more by express."—W. T., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Forty External Ulcers Cured." "I am very much better, and shall take the Nutritive until I get entirely well. From the first of July until November I had forty ulcers. I used your medicine, and they were cured, and I have had but one. Surely it is worth more than its weight in gold to me."—Mrs. K. A. M., Litchfield County, Conn.

"All that it Claims to be." "This is the fourth package I have sent to you, and can truly say that the 'Nutritive Compound' is all that it claims to be."—J. L. S., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Just What I Need." "A distinguished author and lecturer writes, after using two packages: 'I send enclosed \$5, for which send me your Compound. I am convinced that it is just what I need. I recently met two ladies who have been taking the Compound, and both speak well of it. I have recommended it to three of my friends, who after a fair trial, are also greatly helped. I write this in justice to Dr. Storer, who deserves (with the good spirits) the thanks of suffering womanhood. If he wishes, he is at liberty to publish this.'—Letter to the Banner of Light."

"Your medicine has wrought a great change in me. My digestion is improved, and my hands and feet, which were always cold, are now warm and often perspire. My friends notice the change in my complexion for the better. I tell my friends that I think with one more package I could draw a blister with my hands."—Mrs. J. L. S., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"The 'Nutritive' agrees with me in every particular. Since using it I have had but very little pain or bad feeling in the bunches in my breast, which makes me hopeful that the Nature and wash will separate them. The medicine has a pleasant effect on my nervous system."—Mrs. J. L. S., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"My blessings and honor be awarded you for its discovery."—J. L. S., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"I have already used one of the packages for which I sent to you, and nearly the other, and have already received very great benefit. Many disagreeable complaints have been entirely cured by its use. I have recommended it to three of my friends, who after a fair trial, are also greatly helped. I write this in justice to Dr. Storer, who deserves (with the good spirits) the thanks of suffering womanhood. If he wishes, he is at liberty to publish this."—Letter to the Banner of Light.

"We have been troubled with the Erysipelas in our family this winter. We were induced to try it, and the result has been improved health."—J. L. S., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"I have used two boxes of your 'Nutritive' and it has helped me very much. I have not been so well for five years, and now I think I shall get well."—Mrs. J. L. S., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"The 'Nutritive Compound' which sent for is doing my wife good; more than six months with a clear countenance of good reputation. Send me six packages."—J. W. M., Wisconsin.

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