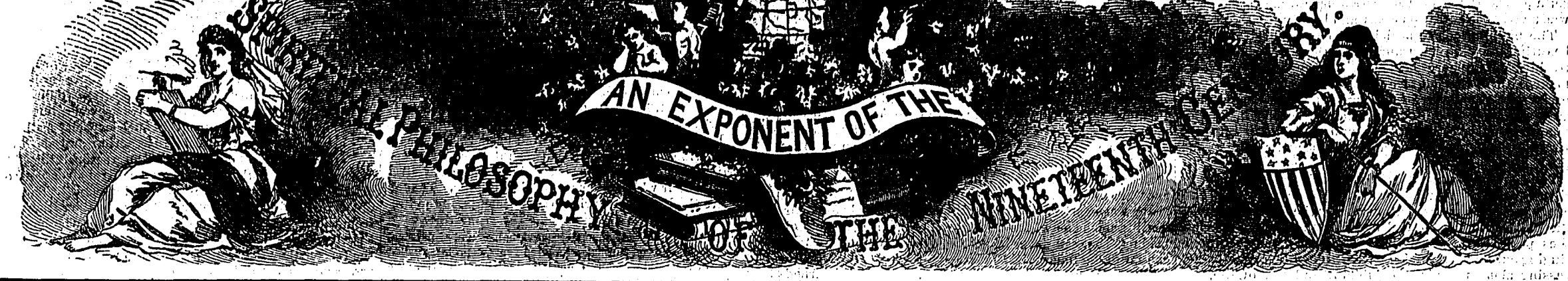


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. LXVII.

COLBY & BISHOP,
208 North St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1890.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 2.

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RE-EMBODIMENT.

In an old-world temple two blocks of stone,
Where the sky of Athens burns hotly blue,
Have been standing stately, and still, and lone,
Dreaming together the ages through.
There were two pearls hid in the self same shell
(Like sweet sea tears that for Venus weep);
They have withered, and the pearls dissolve—
Side by side in the heart of the deep.
When Boabdil ruled in the land of Spain,
Two roses grew in a garden rare;
They drank of the fountain's silver rain,
And mingled their scents in the drowsy air.
In Venice, to rest on a golden dome,
Two doves came floating on pinions white;
And they loved each other, and made their home
Under the stars on a still May night.
But the changeless laws that our lives involve,
Are the laws of death and cold decay;
So the temple falls, and the pearls dissolve—
The birds and the roses must pass away.
Yet each, by a strange metamorphosis,
Is born anew in some fairer form;
So the rose may live in red lips that kiss—
The marble in limbs that are white and warm.
And in hearts of lovers once more may greet
Those doves who dwell on the dome of gold;
And in mouths of velvet the pearls may meet
To gleam more white than those pearls of old.
For how otherwise grew the wondrous birth
Of the strange and sweet affinity,
That wars two souls in this desert of earth,
They must claim each other where'er they be?
They recall, in a new-found ecstasy,
The dreams of their mystic long-ago;
By the marble temple, or stormy sea,
Or Moorish garden where roses blow.
And they feel the flutter of snowy wings
On the golden dome of a stately fane;
And the faithful atoms the wild wind brings
Must find each other and love again!
So, my heart that within me burns and glows,
Would read your heart, and as you whisper
You were pearl, or marble, or dove, or rose,
In that fairer world, when we were together?

Veto of a Doctors' Plot Law in the New State of Washington; Full Text of Gov. Ferry's Message; A Strong Document which will bear Reading Elsewhere.

The following is a verbatim report of the veto message of Gov. Ferry, sent to the House of Representatives of that State, in session at Olympia, Feb. 26th, and which effectually killed the bill referred to. The italics are our own:

To the Honorable the House of Representatives of the State of Washington, Gentlemen: I herewith return House Bill Number 27, entitled: "An act to regulate the practice of medicine and surgery in the State of Washington, and to license physicians and surgeons, to punish all persons violating the provisions of this act, and to repeal all laws in conflict therewith," with my objections thereto.

The enactment of laws for the protection and preservation of human life and health is both commendable and necessary. The Constitution imposes upon the Legislature the enactment of laws to regulate the practice of medicine and surgery.

On a former occasion I directed the attention of the Legislature to this subject, and I renew the recommendation that I then made.

The laws to be enacted, however, should not contravene the plain provisions of the Constitution. They should not confer upon a small body of persons unbridled, and autocratic powers, under which certain classes of our fellow-citizens might be made to suffer irreparable injury, and a still larger class be deprived of the right to employ such medical advice and assistance as may, to them, seem proper and advisable; a right which they have always regarded as sacred and constitutional.

The Legislature undoubtedly has the power to provide for a Board of Medical Examiners, but it cannot confer upon such Board unconstitutional powers.

The Legislature can create inferior courts, but it cannot confer upon such courts legislative powers. This principle has been declared by our Supreme Court during its present term.

The most serious objections to this bill are contained in Section 3, which is as follows:

"All persons hereafter commencing the practice of medicine and surgery, in any of its branches in this State, shall apply to said board for a license so to do, and such applicant, at the regular meeting of said board, shall submit to an examination in the following branches, to wit: Anatomy, physiology, chemistry, histology, materia medica, therapeutics, preventive medicine, practice of medicine, surgery, obstetrics, diseases of women and children, diseases of the nervous system, diseases of the eye and ear, medical jurisprudence, and such other branches as the board shall deem advisable. Said board shall cause such examination to be both scientific and practical, and of sufficient severity to test the candidate's fitness to practice medicine and surgery. After examination, if the same be satisfactory, said board shall grant a license to such applicant to practice medicine and surgery in the State of Washington; which said license can only be granted by the consent of not less than five (5) members of said board, and which said license shall be signed by the president and secretary and attested by the seal thereof. The fee for such examination shall be ten (\$10) dollars, and shall be paid by the applicant to the treasurer of said board toward defraying the expense thereof; and such board may refuse or revoke a license for unprofessional or dishonorable conduct. In all such cases of refusal or revocation the applicant may appeal to the appointing power of said board."

Under this section a majority of the State Board of Medical Examiners may refuse to grant a license to any applicant merely by saying, "We are not satisfied with your examination."

The language of the bill is: "After examination, if the same be satisfactory, said Board shall grant a license, etc." From this it will readily be seen that a physician may come to

this State to reside and practice his profession. His reputation may be national, and his private and professional character may be immaculate. He may be examined by the board upon all the subjects prescribed, and his proficiency may be perfect, yet five members of the board have only to say, "Your examination is not satisfactory," and refuse to grant him a license. He has no remedy. There is no appeal from this decision. The bill gives no appeal, except in case where the board refuses or revokes a license for unprofessional or dishonorable conduct. The applicant for license is compelled to leave the State and go where such arbitrary powers are not conferred upon a board of medical examiners.

If the board can thus decide in one case it can in all, and therefore it would be within the power of the Board to refuse a license to every physician whose views in regard to the practice of medicine were not in consonance with a majority of the board.

It may be said that it is not probable that this course will ever be pursued by any board which may be appointed. This is a mere matter of opinion, and cannot be demonstrated. No law should ever be enacted under which it would be possible that the citizens could suffer injustice and wrong. History teaches that autocratic and unlimited powers have almost universally been abused. Human nature has been the same in all ages. Selfishness and self-interest are as predominant traits of character to-day as they have ever been in the past.

Justice Matthews, in a case decided in the supreme court of the United States, 118 U. S. 356, uses this language: "When we consider the nature and the theory of our institutions of government, the principles upon which they are supposed to rest, and review the history of their development, we are constrained to conclude that they do not mean to leave room for the play and action of purely personal and arbitrary power."

Another objection to the bill arises under Section 12 of the declaration of rights, which is as follows: "No law shall be passed granting to any citizen, class of citizens, or corporation other than municipal, privileges and immunities which upon the same terms shall not equally belong to all citizens or corporations."

The bill, although not in express terms, yet by clear implication, permits every citizen who is engaged in the practice of medicine at the time the bill should become a law, to continue such practice without examination. Yet another class who desire to commence the practice after the law takes effect, must submit to certain conditions which are not imposed upon the other class. The bill, therefore, confers upon one class of citizens important privileges which cannot, upon the same terms, be enjoyed by another class, and is therefore in conflict with the Constitution. In addition to this, Section 7 of the bill expressly excepts from its operation a certain class, which cannot constitutionally be done.

Another objection to the bill is that it confers legislative power upon the Board of Examiners. The Constitution, Section 2, Article 20, is as follows: "The Legislature shall enact laws to regulate the practice of medicine and surgery, and the sale of drugs and medicines." The bill provides that the Board may refuse or revoke a license for unprofessional or dishonorable conduct, but it does not prescribe what acts shall constitute unprofessional or dishonorable conduct.

There is no recognized standard or code of medical ethics defining what is unprofessional or dishonorable conduct, which will control the Board in their action; hence the Board has unlimited power to adopt such rules and regulations upon this subject as they may deem proper. These rules and regulations when adopted will have the force and effect of laws, and will regulate the practice of medicine and surgery.

Judge Cooley, in his article upon Constitutional Limitations, says:

"One of the settled maxims in constitutional law is, that the power conferred upon the Legislature to make laws cannot be delegated by that department to any other body or authority. Where the sovereign power of the State has located the authority, there it must remain; and by the constitutional agency alone the laws must be made until the Constitution itself is changed. The power to make laws is a trust which cannot be delegated to any other body, and the Legislature is not relieved of its responsibility by choosing other agencies upon which the power shall be delegated, nor can it substitute the judgment, wisdom and patriotism of any other body for those to which alone the people have seen fit to confide this sovereign trust."

The unlimited power given to the Board to revoke the license of any physician in this State at any time for a violation of what the Board may declare, or think, to be a dishonorable or unprofessional act is in conflict with the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. This declares that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law.

When a physician has complied with every requirement of the law, has received a license and is engaged in the practice of his profession, this practice is of value to him; it is in one sense property, and he cannot be deprived of it without due process of law.

The whim or caprice of a board which is not even required to take an oath to discharge the duties devolved upon them cannot be regarded as due process of law.

In the case of Dent versus State of West Virginia, decided in the Supreme Court of the United States, Jan. 14th, 1889, Justice Fields, referring to a question whether a right to practice medicine under a license is property, says: "It is undoubtedly the right of every citizen of the United States to follow any lawful calling, business or profession he may choose, subject only to such restrictions as are imposed upon all persons of like age, sex and condition. This right may in many respects be considered as a distinguishing feature of our republican institutions. Here all vocations are open to every one on like condition. All may be pursued as sources of livelihood, some requiring years of study and great learning for their successful prosecution. The interest, or, as it is sometimes termed, the estate acquired in them, that is, the right to continue their prosecution, is often of great value to the possessors, and cannot be arbitrarily taken from them, any more than their real or personal property can be thus taken."

From the above it will be apparent that under this bill a person may be deprived by this Board of what is regarded under the Constitution as property. No trial is provided for; no notice is required to be given to him, and if, after his license is revoked, he continues to practice, he may be fined in the sum of one hundred (\$100) dollars, or imprisoned in the county jail for ninety days, and all this result merely because he differs with five men in what they may regard as unprofessional or dishonorable conduct.

It is true that in a case of a revocation of license an appeal may be taken to the Governor. It is a serious question whether this is not unconstitutional, as conferring judicial power upon the executive branch of the government.

A very serious question arises whether the power given to the Board to revoke a license is not judicial in its character. If this is the case,

we have the anomaly of one body clothed with both legislative and judicial functions.

It may be said that the power conferred upon the Board of Examiners is similar to the power possessed by courts to disbar attorneys. There are several answers to this. The power to disbar attorneys is exercised by recognized judicial tribunals. An attorney is an officer of the court. The laws of Washington in express terms declare what the duties devolving upon an attorney are, and a violation of any of these laws constitutes dishonorable or unprofessional conduct, for which the court can exercise its power of disbarment.

A few States have adopted laws for the regulation of the practice of medicine and surgery, but I have been unable to find any law where the power given to the Board of Medical Examiners is so unlimited and so liable to abuse as the power given to the Board under the present bill. While it is apparently copied from a law enacted by one of our sister States, it is very dissimilar in the important point that it affords no appeal where the Board refuses to grant a license after examination.

It is eminently proper that in the enactment of laws we should look to those enacted by our sister States which are sound, wholesome and free from constitutional objections, but it certainly cannot be good policy to follow the example of a sister State in the enactment of a law to which there are serious constitutional objections; which confers arbitrary and despotic power, and which will not receive the sanction of a large number of our fellow-citizens.

E. W. FERRY.

Reminiscences of Alaska.

Two Hundred Beavers Chopping Trees—A Grizzly Bear Fishing for Salmon.

"Alaska is a curious country, truly," said a former Government employe who was for several years in that far-away Territory. "In one day, out there, I was treated to some of the rarest sights any traveler or sojourner in Alaska can ever hope to see. One of these was the watching from behind a rock of a family of beavers at work felling timbers and building dams. I saw a family, but there must have been two hundred of them, and every one working like mad. I had been making a trip to view some of the country back from the sea, and was surprised to find how heavily wooded it was. I was guided by a Kenaite Indian, and long before we reached the lake where I saw the beavers I was puzzled at the crashing of timbers, as if some great whirlwind were playing havoc among the trees. I could hardly believe the Indian when he said the trees were being felled by beavers.

When we came in sight of the water and the hills about it I could no longer doubt. Scores of the busy animals were gnawing down the trees; others were trimming the branches off as neatly as it could have been done with an axe; others were chopping the timber into proper lengths for use; others rolled the pieces into the water and floated them down stream on their way to the points where their dams were to be constructed. We watched the beavers at work for a long time.

Then my guide said he would show me the strangest thing of all. He rose suddenly from his hiding place, and jumped out in full view, shouting as he jumped. In less than ten seconds there was not a single beaver of that big army to be seen. They glided away and slid beneath the surface of the water so quickly that the change in the scene was startling. That night I had beaver meat for supper, went to bed on beaver fur, and had beaver fur for my covering, and ate beaver meat again for breakfast. It was good.

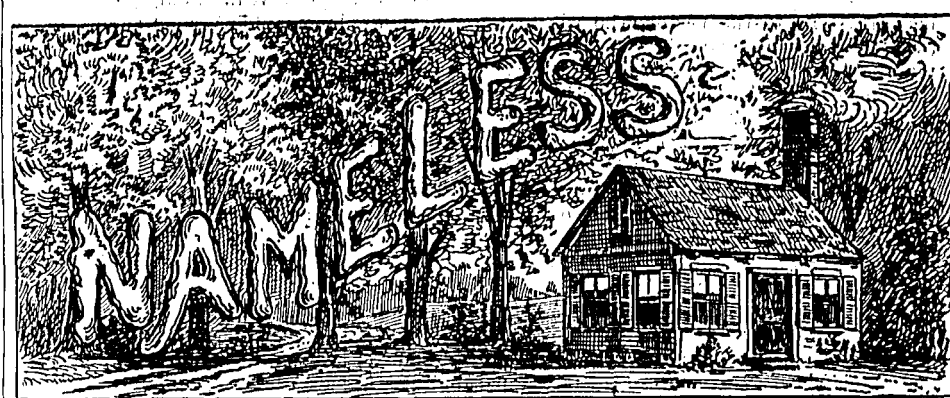
That lake, the guide told me, was one of a chain of seven which were made by the beavers damming up what had previously been but a small stream. The chain was a great Indian trapping-ground. The Indians trapped in one lake one year, in another the next, and so on, thus giving the beavers an opportunity to increase in the waters which were not disturbed.

One of the other curious sights I saw was a grizzly bear fishing for salmon. That was a funny sight, and no mistake. They have the common brown bear and the grizzly in Alaska, and I had never seen a grizzly before. I saw his brother of the Rockies. Long before we came to the spot where we saw the grizzly fishing, we saw his tracks in the soft margin of the river. The footprints were sixteen inches long and about half as wide. If Robinson Crusoe had seen a track like that in the sand he would have dropped dead. Suddenly my guide motioned to me, and quickly and quietly dragged down flat behind a rock. I did the same. Peering around the rock, I saw the biggest wild beast I had ever gazed upon outside of a menagerie. The animal was not more than three rods away, and I didn't need any one to tell me what it was. It was a grizzly, and a monster. The great brute was lying on the top of the bank, which sloped at a sharp angle to the water, and was fifteen feet high at least. In the face of the bank the grizzly had scooped out a chute from the top to the water. He lay at the upper end of the chute, with his eyes intently fixed on the water, not less than twenty rods away. Presently he shot down that chute with astonishing velocity, and plunged head first in the water, half burying himself, as big as he was, in the stream. When he backed out of the water he had in one of his great paws a big salmon. He returned to the top of the bank with the fish, and proceeded to make a meal of it. He never finished the meal, though, for my guide and myself sent two rifle balls apiece into his gigantic body. He rose to his feet, snarling and snorting as only a grizzly bear can, turned about two or three times as if to see whence the deadly assault had come, and then fell to the ground dead. This fishing for salmon is a common method with both the grizzly and the brown bear for securing choice morsels of food."

The heat and light of the spiritual and natural worlds are as different as what is alive and what is dead; both the heat and light of the spiritual world if themselves are alive; but both the heat and light of the natural world in themselves are dead; for the heat and light of the spiritual world proceed from a sun which is pure love, and the heat and light of the natural world proceed from a sun which is pure fire; and love is alive, and the divine love is life itself; and fire is dead, and the fire of the sun is death itself; so it may be called, because it has nothing of life in it.—Swedenborg's Divine Love and Wisdom, 80.

We may well question the value of any immortality whose roots do not strike deep into the soul of the present life. Thoughts of heaven that crowd out present duties are vain and mischievous. The truest faith in the future life is fidelity to the life that now is. They are parts of one continued existence, the quality and tendency of which, in the future, will be the natural result of the life now lived.

Literary Department.



Written Especially for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

CHAPTER III.

Let the Wild Beasts Toil for a Passing Soul on Its Upward Way to Heaven.

The little town of Trent, boasting its manufactures, and other business interests and industrial activities, was in a large measure owned and influenced by George Trenton, a prosperous and popular manufacturer. For a hundred years the Trentons, fathers and sons, had possessed much of the land thereabouts. Formerly they were farmers and stock-raisers, men of means and ability, who had the power to produce their own crops and stock according to the most approved methods; but in the march of industrial growth the farm-lands and hills of the district had been converted into sites for great factories and mills, or into homestead tracts where little homes had been erected for his working-people by George Trenton, the present survivor of the old name.

The people who dwell in these cottages belonged to the mills and the factories; hard-working, honest souls, who respected and looked up to their employer as to a beloved helper and friend. And well they might; for he was no hard task-master, driving his servants at a rapid pace, for all the labor and time he could get from them. On the contrary, George Trenton was a most kind and protective friend to the people in his employ, paying them a fair wage for their toil each week, and declaring dividends from the financial returns of the year, which were distributed among his people according to their length of service, and the efforts they made to render their work of value to the concern. In this way the man had drawn to his place a class of people whose greatest desire was to enhance the interests and worth of the business in which they were employed, and who really wished to please and to win the approval of the man who had done so much for them.

Trenton, realizing that his working-people had minds and souls to be cared for, had encouraged them to eschew idle talk and senseless gossip in their social gatherings, and to spend the time in discussing books, in talking over the current news of the day, and even in making simple little experiments with the various elements, that they might gain information regarding scientific laws and studies. To this end the philanthropic man had erected a large, substantial brick building in the centre of the town, containing a reading-room, in which could be found newspapers and magazines, with shelves of books, and also machines and various implements for the experiments which might be made. Above the reading-room was a large hall fitted up as a place of social assembly, as well as concert and lecture-room; and still above that, a well-lighted gymnasium afforded facilities for those who wished to develop their muscles and vital energy by practicing with dumb-bell and bar. Each evening this building was well lighted and thrown open freely to the townspeople, where all who wished might gather for social recreation or study; once a week, either a concert or a lecture was given in the hall alluded to, and tri-weekly an evening school convened, where instruction in the various elementary studies, beside special tuition in the branches of physiology, anatomy and anthropology, was given.

For fifty years a neat white meeting-house had stood a little beyond the town, where the people were wont to congregate upon the Sabbath day to listen to the word of God. This church had been established by the elder Trentons, and its walls had in the olden time resounded to the exhortations of earnest preachers, who urged their hearers to flee from the wrath of God, and to turn to Christ for salvation. But during the last ten years a more mild and persuasive and loving gospel had been defined from the modernized pulpit of the old structure. A liberal, humanitarian teacher of the more progressive age had been introduced within its sanctuary, from whose lips each week the people heard more of the love of the Father, and of his relationship to and life in humanity, and less of the wrath and vindictiveness of divine justice, than their fathers had done before them. This was mainly due to the influence of the great man of the town; for George Trenton possessed a liberal mind, one that thought and reasoned for itself. He had traveled extensively, and had come in contact with cultivated and intelligent minds; while the best literary and intellectual books of the age had found their way into his hands; therefore, he could not accept the dogmas and assumptions of the old theological schools, nor could he rest content to have them poured into

the breasts of the people whom he considered under his charge.

As we have seen, the best intellectual as well as religious influence that could be had was provided the common people of Trent; and in addition to these advantages, they possessed—most of them—in their own names, the little dwellings and tracts of land which they occupied; for their employer impressed upon the heads of families the importance of possessing homes of their own for themselves and those dependent upon them, enforcing his advice in each case with an offer to the man or woman by which a little home might be secured on easy terms, and encouraging each one to cultivate habits of thrift and frugality, that independent comfort and peace might be attained.

George Trenton himself occupied a handsome residence in the outskirts of the town—a large and roomy dwelling, furnished and fitted with all that wealth and taste could devise for comfort and convenience, and surrounded by spacious grounds, laid out in groves of trees, winding walks, and gardens of beauty fair to see. The immediate family consisted of himself—now a tall, rather massive-looking man of five and fifty years, whose kindly gray eyes and abundant dark hair and beard bore but little trace of the march of time or of the world's wear and tear; his wife—a comely little woman, cultured and refined, gentle and kindly by nature, but delicate in health, and sometimes morbid in spirits; and his daughter, Viola Trenton, a tall and graceful girl of twenty summers, the pride and admiration of her parents and of all the town.

Viola Trenton had been reared in the lap of luxury and of refinement. No pains had been spared to give her the education and cultivation of mind and body that her position in life would demand; and the end of all this care and attention justified the means employed, for one could see that a rare mind, and a spirit unspoiled by flattery or admiration, looked out from the clear blue eyes and sat upon the brow of that finely-molded, sunny-haired, shapely head.

Viola Trenton had been taken abroad by her parents soon after she had entered her teens, and in foreign lands, under the strictest surveillance of competent instructors, her education had been pursued. The last year of her stay in Europe the girl had traveled considerably with a party of friends, and while in the valley of the Mediterranean they had met with another party of American travelers. Howard Stockton, a rising and cultivated young merchant, snatching a brief holiday from the press of business activity, was a member of this latter company, and here upon the shores of the beautiful sea a friendship was formed under the most pleasant auspices. During that season the friendship ripened into a more tender sentiment between Howard and Viola, and when the party turned reluctant feet back toward their own homes, it was understood that an engagement of marriage existed between the lovers.

The home of Howard Stockton was but fifty miles from the town of Trent, and the young couple contrived to see a good deal of each other after their return to their own land. Everything passed pleasantly in connection with their betrothal, and the subsequent preparations for their marriage. The young lover had proven, both in person and in prospects, all that the parents of such a rare treasure as Viola Trenton might demand for their child, and the wedding had at last been announced to take place upon the twenty-eighth of October, in the little church of which we have spoken, at an early hour of the new day.

On the Trenton estate there stood an old tower, used as an observatory, from which a fine view of the surrounding country could be had. High up in this tower swung a large and sonorous bell, which had many times during the years of its presence there awakened the echoes of the surrounding place with its thrilling tones, as they recorded the birth, or tolled the death, or heralded the home-coming from afar, or chanted the wedding peals, or marked some festive occasion in the history of the Trenton family. It had been the custom to ring this bell whenever one of the race was united in the bands of wedlock, and it had been arranged now that the gardener's son should pull the rope, and make the bell ring out its cheerful peals from the minute that the bridal cortege should start from the house until it entered the sanctuary and stood before the altar. The twenty-eighth of October was to be a holiday, in commemoration of the happy

event; and the whole town had made preparation to enjoy it to their heart's content. The best dresses of the women folk were laid out the night before, and everything about their homes made as tidy as possible, that no time might be lost in the morning, for every one wished to be out to get a peep at the bride, whose wedding costume, it was said, was a marvelous creation of art and beauty.

The morning of the anticipated day dawned crisp and beautiful. A blue haze hung over the hills, while the refreshing atmosphere held just enough of sharpness to make it thrill like vintage wine through the veins of the early riser who looked forth upon it. Men and women, girls and boys hastened with their cares, and in hurried eagerness put on their finery and sallied out into the streets, which presented an appearance of festivity and life.

The hour had come when the bridal procession of carriages should be starting from the Trenton estate, and every ear in town was waiting to hear the familiar tones of the old bell as they pealed o'er hill and dale. Five minutes passed—never had the bell been so tardy before in ringing out its notes of joy—when suddenly it was heard, passing along the air, not jubilant and full of life, but wailing, sad, as if struck with death and gloom. Surely these were not the strains of wedding bells; the one who rung must be mad to give the stroke in such a slow and broken manner. It was too bad! And how it must affect the bride, they said to each other with indignant voice. But the bell went wailing on, as if tolling the requiem of departed souls; and when no bridal party began to appear over the road it should have come, the tones of indignation changed to those of fear and dread and anxious inquiry.

Presently a servant appeared from the Trenton estate, bearing a note to the pastor, who within the church was awaiting the pair whom he expected to make one. The man paid no heed to the knots of eager faces about him, but pushed on into the church with an air of desolation and grief. "Something must have happened!" "The wedding is put off!" "The lady's mother, Mrs. Trenton, must be dead!" "She was always so delicate, the excitement has been too much for her!" were the whispers that ran through the crowd. But no one dreamed of the truth; and when the report went forth that lovely Viola Trenton, the sweet and beautiful maiden who was to have become a bride that very hour, was dead—found dead in her room by those who went to arouse her from her supposed slumbers—the people refused to believe or to credit it. But at last, when the truth of the report impressed itself, horror and pain and grief settled upon the faces and sank into the breasts of all who had come to do honor to one whom they loved so well.

CHAPTER IV. Mystery!

Yes, Viola Trenton was dead; found half reclining in a large easy chair, before the open grate of her handsome dressing room, which was situated between her dainty sleeping apartment and the luxurious bath. She had retired early the night before, and after her maid had assisted her in the bath, and had arranged the beautiful sunny hair of her mistress for the night, the lady had dismissed her, gently saying: "You may go now, Martha; I shall retire soon; but first I think I shall try on my entire wardrobe that I am to wear to-morrow, to be certain that the garments are as I wish them."

"Oh! Miss, do not do that; it's unlucky, they say, to dress for a wedding before it comes; something might happen; do not do it!" "Nonsense, Martha; nothing will happen; I am not quite sure that I will do it, but if I should you need not fear; nothing in the world can come between me and my happiness to-morrow. Good night. You need not wait; I can do for myself to-night; I wish to be alone." And the maid, who was about to offer her services, found herself quietly dismissed, and so went off to her own quarters with a troubled face, and a feeling of uneasiness in her superstitious breast.

In the morning, Martha, rapping at the door of her mistress, and receiving no response, turned the handle of the lock, and entered the room. There was no one in the apartment, and no impress of dainty head upon the snowy pillow of the bed. The coverlet lay turned down just as the maid had arranged it for the lady the night before. Evidently the bed had not been disturbed. With anxious heart and fearful step, the maid pushed on to the room beyond, pausing upon the threshold of the lovely boudoir to gaze upon what she supposed to be the sleeping form of Miss Viola, recumbent amid the velvet cushions of her capacious chair. She was clothed in the snowy satin folds and priceless laces of her bridal robe, with silken hose and delicate white slippers upon her feet. A string of costly pearls wound itself amid the shining meshes of hair, which she must have arranged in that becoming fashion herself after her maid had retired at night, and the sleeper presented a fascinating picture to the faithful girl who thus came upon her. But something in the poise of the head, something in the droop of the hand, and in the still form of her mistress, startled the girl, and, after a moment's gaze, she stepped forward, calling: "Miss Viola! Miss Viola! it is time to wake up!" But no answer came from the pale and pulseless lips, and Martha laid her hand upon the sleeper's brow, recoiling from the touch, and giving vent to a shriek that went ringing through the house, as the chill from that prostrate figure fell upon her.

In a moment all was excitement; there was a rush, a murmur, a hurried inquiry throughout the place. The maid ran shrieking the name of her mistress in terrified tones from room to room, and could give no satisfactory reply to those who questioned her; and so George Trenton went to see for himself, coming upon his idolized daughter in her beautiful but unbroken sleep with a suddenness that sent a shock of pain and despair to the very centre of his strong heart. He lifted her shapely head, but it fell backward. He clasped the nerveless hand that hung by her side, but its chill sent a corresponding one through his own warm fingers. He raised her marble form in his arms and bore it to the bed in the adjoining room, but no pulsation of life responded to his touch. The grief-stricken father did not lose his presence of mind in the horror of his discovery. He gave orders at once that a physician should be sent for, but on no account was his wife to be disturbed or alarmed at present; some plausible excuse for the uproar must be invented for her until the medical man should arrive. The doctor, however, brought no relief to the stricken household, for, on his examination, he pronounced the patient dead from the loss of heart-action, giving it as his opinion that the lady had been dead for several hours.

When it was learned that there was no hope of restoring Viola to life, the darkest gloom settled over the homestead and upon the family. By this time Mrs. Trenton had been made aware of the calamity which had come to them, and that lady lay prostrate upon her couch, overwhelmed by the great bereavement; while Howard Stockton, who had reached the place by an early train, was almost beside himself with sorrow and rebellion at the loss of his beautiful bride.

And thus it was that the old bell rang out the sad and direful tale of death and mystery, when it was expected to give forth only sounds of gladness and joy.

They decided at last to keep the remains of their darling four days, and then to lay them in the old vault upon the estate, where reposed the bodies of the Trentons who had gone before. She looked so lovely in her last sleep, so natural and beautiful, that they had no heart to disturb her, and the stricken father gave orders that no one should molest her form or desecrate it with unhallowed touch. "She is just as she robed herself," said he to his wife, when alone by her side; "our darling dressed in her bridal robes; she shall wear them when laid away. She has gone sweet and clean in spirit into the presence of her Maker; she needs no added touch to make her beautiful in His sight. We will place the orange blossoms on her breast, and leave her to rest and eternal calm."

"Oh! George, George," wailed his wife in heart-broken tones, "she is lost to us; our darling has gone forever!" "Not forever, Mary; we shall meet above!" solemnly answered the man, placing a tender hand upon his wife.

They had found a mass of tiny bits of paper clinched in one hand of the dead girl; bits covered with writing, but torn into such tiny scraps that nothing could be made out of them. When he told his wife of this, George Trenton was startled by the pallor of her face and by the trembling which seized her form. Presently, however, the lady conquered her emotion sufficiently to explain that two days before her death Viola had received a sealed writing from her mother, with the request that she read it before her wedding day. "I don't know its contents, George," whispered the lady, "but I fear it held bad news. Helena gave it to me just before her death, and implored me to place it in Viola's hands if she should live to become the betrothed wife of any man. I could not refuse my darling sister's dying appeal, and so I took the packet and consented to do with it as she wished. I fear it contained something concerning the mystery of Helena's life during the two years she was away from us. What could it have been? My poor sister was nearly wild when she came to me before her death, and she may have written something in a moment of madness that can never be known, and the wrong of which can never be undone!"

"Do you suppose it possible, dear, that Viola learned from that writing the secret which we alone know, that which none should have revealed to her but yourself—you who have been so much to our child, mother, companion, friend, everything?"

"No, George, I do not think Helena could have written that for our darling's eyes. She did not feel that she had the right; and you remember how anxious she was that none of our race should ever know."

"Ah! well, my wife, it is a mystery that only eternity will reveal. I only pray that our precious daughter's last moments were not embittered by any fatal words of a mad-dened brain. Let us trust, dear Mary, that she came to her end quietly, painlessly, and secure in the anticipated happiness she so soon hoped to attain. Any other thought of her death is too intolerable to bear."

On the morning of the fifth day they bore the lifeless form of their beloved and cherished child to the little church that only such a short time before had been opened for the bridal party that never came. The flowers and evergreens that had been hung and festooned around its walls to grace that anticipated event still held their place, but the blossoms drooped, and the green had lost its freshness. A hushed and expectant crowd fled into the sanctuary, and occupied its pews. There was no merriment, no eager whispering now, but every head was bowed, and each eye of that silent company was bedewed with tears, as the white-draped casket was placed upon the dais, with the magnificent floral pieces that had been brought arranged around it, and close at hand.

The service was not long or elaborate, but it was a most impressive one. There was a solemn voluntary by the organist; the rendition of a chant by the choir; the reading of an exquisite poem; an invocation; and a brief discourse by the minister. "The grass withereth," said he, "and the flower fadeeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever; though we are cut down in a night, and the world shall know us no more, yet shall our voices be raised to grander praise, and our tuneful lyre be awakened to nobler melodies upon some fairer shore. It must be in the goodness and providence of Divine Wisdom, that they who walk in the valley and the shadow of death are sustained, and at length uplifted by the hand of perfect Love. The dear child who has been taken from our midst went alone into the valley, so far as we can see; but who shall say what heavenly company did not journey with her? What radiant beings did not give her welcome? She has fled from the body corruptible to the form spiritual, that can know no sickness nor decay. She is not the bride of death, but of life—eternal life! Too pure and lovely to longer dwell amid the shadows of earth, your treasure has been removed to a more safe and sunny clime, where she will await your coming in the by-and-by. You had planned for her happiness and joy on earth, but the Heavenly Father has raised her to his glorious kingdom, where peace and perfect bliss forever reign. We must mourn for her early departure, for the beauty of form and grace of mind that have gone out from among us; we are but human; and the tears of the parents, who will miss her hallowed presence, of the lover, whose cup of joy has been dashed from him, and who mourns the loss of his cherished bride, and of the friends who have smiled at her lightest word, will flow, as they vainly seek the dear one who has gone before; but in the midst of your grief, and doubt, and pain, do not forget that with her it is well; that as an angel of light she now pursues her lofty way, and seeks to do her heaven-appointed tasks in the land where all is everlasting calm."

The preacher, waxing eloquent, went on with his theme, speaking of the glories that lie beyond, glimpses of which may sometimes be vouchsafed the sorrowing hearts of earth, and repeating his hope and conviction that God's choicest gift to man is the continuance of love and memory and intelligence, with reunion in the life to come. He dwelt upon the virtues and graces of Viola Trenton, and bade his hearers emulate the lovely career so early closed, that her life might prove to have been a shining and a useful example in their path; and he spoke tenderly to the bereaved parents, and to the unhappy lover, bidding them look up for their beloved—not in the silent tomb, but amid the shining ones who watch over and care for the lonely and sad of earth, and whose tender, silent influences are ever exercised in holy blessing upon those whose dear to them in mortal form.

At the close of the pastor's remarks there was another solemn chant by the choir, after which those who wished were given an opportunity to view the remains, while the organ discoursed soft music under the sympathetic touch of a musician's hand. The form of Viola Trenton lay in its white casket half imbedded in roses. It was clad in the shimmering satin and showy laces that had been designed for her bridal robe, and which she had donned on the last night of her stay on earth. A cluster of orange blossoms was fastened across her breast, and another had been placed in the hand that fell by her side. There was a sweet, placid look on the marble face, and an ineffable smile of peace around the quiet lips. Whatever shock had come to the girl in her last hour, whatever of agony or pain had mastered her life, wrenching away the hold of the spirit upon the outward form, there was no trace of anguish now upon the marble brow or pallid face, but all was restful, tranquil and most engagingly serene.

They laid the body away toward noon in the family vault just outside the town, and all that was mortal of sweet Viola Trenton was left to the unbroken solitude and peace of the silent tomb.

Her mother, who had nerved herself to attend the ceremony, and to view the disposition of her beloved daughter's remains, returned home completely worn and exhausted, and was obliged to withdraw to her own apartments, where she reclined in listless apathy for many weeks. Howard Stockton remained as the guest of Mr. Trenton for the night, and then departed to his own home, where he plunged into the whirlpool of a business life, seeking to drown the memory and to overcome the agony that burned within his breast, by ceaseless toil and an exciting pursuit of wealth; while George Trenton busied himself in arranging his material affairs at Trent so that they might safely be left in an agent's hands, and at the end of two months, when the Christmas holidays had come, that gentleman with his invalid wife set sail for the sunny skies and more beautiful fields of Southern Europe—not, however, before he had given orders that an exquisite memorial window, in commemoration of his daughter's sainted life, should be placed in the little church that had held her remains.

[To be continued.]

The BANNER OF LIGHT commenced its LXVIIIth volume March 15th. It is a high-toned exponent of Spiritualism, and besides takes a firm stand in behalf of what every one endorses as progressive ideas. It advocates the cause of Indians, opposes capital punishment, and favors personal liberty, even upon the question of vaccination. Typographically it is a model publication. The price of THE BANNER is \$3.00 per year, but the publishers will send it for three months for 50 cents to those who want to make a trial subscription. Colby & Rich, publishers, Boston—Gardner (Mc) Home Journal.

DR. W. T. HARRIS ON NATIONALISM.

A Paper Read by A. Hildreth before the Second Nationalist Club of Boston, March 24, 1890.



DR. WILLIAM T. HARRIS spoke against Nationalism at the last annual meeting of the National Woman Suffrage Association of Massachusetts. His speech was reported at great length in the *Boston Transcript* of May 31st, 1889. He explained the nature of God, showed why he had created the world, and what his wishes were. He showed what the Christian ideal is, and that it favors individualism. We will not go into the metaphysical portion of the Professor's speech, but confine ourselves to that part of it which seems to us intelligible. The following are the Professor's principal sentiments, in the Professor's own language, as reported in *The Transcript*:

"Our age proclaims itself an age of individualism and of personal freedom. We have been through a hundred years of protest against all manner of restraints and trammels on individual liberty. We have demanded that each citizen shall have his chance for a career, and that each shall be left to carve out for himself the niche which he shall fill. We are now in the full tide of this emancipation. We insist that the negro shall vote, that the common laborer shall be free to choose his field of labor, free to make a contract with his employer, free to work or not work; and further, we insist that woman shall also have the freedom to choose any field of labor, receive equal wages with man for equal service, and finally have the vote. This world is not the place for human beings with arrested development. Men are not born to be finished off—manufactured, as it were—into laborers of various kinds to fill various ordained niches in the world. How astonished, then, may we be to find ourselves suddenly in the presence of a movement in the exact opposite; a reactionary movement which proclaims that it is not freedom that we want, but equality. Such a movement is before us and upon us. What is the meaning of this movement, which looks backward to the rudimentary state of human society, wherein the status of the individual is fixed for him in advance, wherein he must accept external restrictions without helping to make them? The system of free individuality which our present trend upholds is called the principle of free competition—each man shall reap what he sows; each one shall have the five freedoms: the freedom to choose a trade, the freedom to labor wherever he pleases, the freedom of partnership, the freedom of buying and selling to the best advantage, and the freedom to lend money at rates of interest agreed upon."

"Let all the productive industry of man be under the control of the State, and there will be no sphere of individual freedom left; the private citizen will have no career for himself, and no control over his own labor or the labor of others; there is nothing for which he can be responsible, but he has to work in the place prescribed for him by the State; this would circumscribe the play-room of free individuality, and produce arrested development at a very rudimentary stage of the human soul."

"For a hundred years," says Prof. Harris, "we have protested against all manner of restraints." Is not the Professor squinting at history with one eye shut? Is it not rather true that for thousands of years the race has been gradually imposing restraints upon individuals in order the better to secure freedom for the rest? Have not the desires of individuals to slay, rob and enslave their fellows, whether in the character of private citizens or in that of kings and nobles, been constantly more and more restrained? Is our boasted freedom anything but the safety of the masses from the power of individuals able and willing to damage them for private gain? We have freed the negro. True. But it was brought about by restraining individuals from enslaving him. The common laborer is free in a small measure to choose his field of labor. That freedom, such as it is, was obtained by restraining individuals from holding him as a serf bound to the soil. The freedom of the masses to engage in all sorts of business was obtained by repressing the power of individuals, who, supported by kings, held monopolies contrary to the public weal. When in the course of time the mutual play of freely contending individuals has resulted in massing the wealth in a few hands so that the masses are again subject to the power of monopolies, is it not reasonable to take one more step in that very direction in which mankind has always been traveling, and again restraining individuals from private greed, once more to free the masses from the oppression of monopolies? We are indeed, to use the Professor's words, in the full tide of this emancipation. What more reasonable, what more righteous, than society conducting its own business; all men working together for the common good? Or has benevolence been defiled in vain, and is the moral development of man a fad of dreamers never capable of being worked out in common life?"

Each man, cries Prof. Harris, shall reap what he sows. But does he? Ask of the millions sowing that others may reap. We have demanded, says the Professor, that each citizen shall have his chance for a career. But has he? Ask the millions who, held down to protracted labor by ignorance and poverty, can rise no more than through mill-stones were round their necks. What the Professor really says is this: "Those who have a chance for a career should have the right to use it without pity and without remorse; while those who are crushed by the career of others have only themselves to blame; they should be stronger, or more lucky, or more unscrupulous. Shall we now take the next step forward and root monopolies out of the land, or with Prof. Harris shall we step backward, and again subject ourselves to them, bawling out, 'Liberty! Liberty! Let those who have much go on taking from those who have little'?" The Professor seems to think that individuals have the right in the name of freedom to harm society, whereas no one is free to do evil, but is free only to do good. Equality the Professor scoffs at. Freedom he longs for. As though where great inequalities of wealth and knowledge exist, there could be any freedom except for the few! As though there was any other way to secure the general happiness of mankind, but to render them as nearly as possible equal in wealth and knowledge! Instead, however, of joining with those who are endeavoring to bring about this noble result, Prof. Harris has no better use for his heart and head than to join the enemies of the human race, decry equality, the watchword of the spirit of progress, and uphold inequality, the watchword of the unrighteous of all ages. For inequality is of necessity brought about, as the Professor says, by allowing "intellect, skill and powers of combination to reap the results of their own deeds." But have intellect, skill and combination a special right to freedom? Why should not physical strength, skill and combination also reap the results of their deeds? The Professor will tell us next that a knot of strong men ought everywhere to have the right to take away the dinners of weak men by threats of knocking them down. To restrain them would be to put a trammel on freedom, against which we have protested for a hundred years.

If intellect, skill and combination could reap the results of their deeds without harming society, no fault would be found. We should be glad to hear of noble men. But the result of leaving these powerful forces unchecked is to crush all spiritual and intellectual life from the majority of mankind, and demoralize the minority, by selfishness, vanity, arrogance and scorn of their fellow-citizens.

We have considered the Professor's ideas respecting the nature of liberty. Let us now consider his notion of Nationalism.

He has the notion that if the people control their own business they will become slaves. It is hard for any one not a metaphysician to see how men can become slaves to themselves. If they become such slaves in proportion as they obey laws of their own making, it is plain that we have already gone far toward slavery without knowing it. The Professor says that under Nationalism man must accept external restrictions without helping to make them. As long, however, as Republican institutions survive, there seems but little danger of this. The Professor, however, is undoubtedly sincere in his belief, though utterly uninformed concerning the doctrines which he attacks. The Professor says that under Nationalism the status of the individual is to be fixed for him in advance; that a man must work in the place prescribed for him by the State. But from Fourier to Bellamy the freedom of the individual to choose his own work has been one of the central doctrines of socialism. Fourier said that men should do the work they loved: in this way they would be happier, and accomplish more than by doing work they did not love. This idea is one of the

central principles of Nationalism. To say that Nationalism would fix the status of individuals in advance is precisely like saying that wheat bread is made of rye. It is precisely like saying that the object of Republics is to subject men to kings; that if you make a knife you must hold it by the blade, and cut with the handle. The Professor says that if all the productive industry is under the control of the State, the private citizen will have no career for himself. He thinks it would seem that the vastly increased number of honorable government positions open to the talented would not be open to anybody. As for laborers and others not competent for official position, to hire themselves to private individuals is to have a career, but to hire themselves to the government in such capacity as they desire after thorough technical instruction suited to their powers is to have "no career," "no responsibility," "no sphere of individual freedom," "no control over their own labor," nothing but "arrested development." The post-office, for instance, has never had its official positions filled from the ranks of private citizens. As for the employes, they have become stunted in body and mind, and that is the reason they like their positions so well. As for inventors, sculptors, painters, composers, authors, they also would have no career. The reasons are three: First, such persons would have much more time and opportunity to develop their genius than at present. Second, owing to the universal education of the people these talents would meet with far greater appreciation and honor than now. Third, whenever genius manifested itself its possessor would leave the ranks of physical industry, and be enabled to devote himself to the cultivation of his talents. These causes would circumscribe the play-room of free individuality, and produce arrested development in artists, inventors and authors at a very rudimentary stage of their souls.

When we reflect upon Prof. Harris's speech, we have cause for much satisfaction. If this is the worst that can be said against Nationalism by our most intellectual and well-equipped enemies, we may believe that we are on the road to victory. It is evident that these same arguments could have been used at any stage of human history to uphold the existing order and prevent further progress.

On this point the recent discoveries of the Massachusetts Society for Asiatic Research throw a great deal of interesting light. That Society has been rummaging in Central Asia, and has, as it seems, come upon and identified the very tract where the ancestors of the principal European nations lived when in a state of savagery rather below that of the North American Indians. From certain scratches on the rocks made by these savages, the Massachusetts Society has recovered much important history. It appears that at that time government was unknown, and the different savages wandered about doing pretty much as they pleased, in a state of complete natural freedom. It seems that a young savage of more than ordinary insight began to dream of a better social existence, and once when many of his brethren had assembled together he arose and addressed them. He showed what misery they all suffered by the anarchistic condition of society under which they lived; how the strong were preying on the weak, robbing, killing and enslaving them. He said: Let us establish a government which shall oblige men to curb these destructive propensities, and the result will be safety and happiness to all. He further pointed out that at present there was a frightful amount of strength wasted in hostile acts against each other; that if peace was enforced by a government, this strength could be applied to industries. In an eloquent close he described the splendid state of existence, as he imagined it, which might fall to the lot of humanity by the development of peaceful industries and the suppression of private war.

No sooner had he ended than an old savage arose to reply. It appears from the rock-scratches that this man was known as "Old Harry," and in the opinion of some doctors he was the lineal ancestor of our present Prof. Harris. Other critics insist that he was Prof. Harris himself in a previous incarnation. His speech, carefully translated from the rock-scratches, ran as follows:

"Fellow Savages: Our age proclaims itself an age of individualism, and of personal freedom. For hundreds of years, yea, from the time our tribes developed from the apes, we have been free from all manner of restraints and trammels on individual liberty; to rob and murder just as we pleased or dared has been our right. We have demanded that each savage shall have his chance for a career, and that each shall be left to carve out with his own tomahawk and scalping-knife the niche which he shall fill. We are now in the full enjoyment of this liberty; we insist that even the negro, that lowest of savages, shall have an equal chance to kill, and that even the squaws shall be encouraged to enter the free fight with warriors, and take as many scalps as they can. These trackless deserts, these pathless forests, are not the place for human beings with arrested development. Men were not made to be finished off, manufactured, as it were, into laborers of various kinds."

"How astonished, then, may we well be to find ourselves in the presence of a movement in the exact opposite; a reactionary movement which proclaims that it is not freedom to do as they please that 'savages want, but peace and equality; that a chief who could take his hundred scalps is to be prevented from developing his free individuality in this direction, and must sit still like a squaw, because, forsooth, the majority of savages cannot get so many scalps; they are jealous of his honors, and, besides, object to be victims of the strong—as though such men were born for any other purpose than to be scalped and eaten by their superiors. Such a movement is before us, and upon us. What is the meaning of this movement which looks backward to the rudimentary state of society, which would turn us all into papposes, not daring even to slap each other's faces for fear of government, which would force us to accept external restrictions? External restrictions! Up to the present we have none of us been subjected to them. The principle of free individuality which our present trend upholds is called the principle of free competition. Each savage shall reap what he sows. I mean that when by my conquering tomahawk I take a slave, that slave shall not only sow my corn, but shall reap it also. At present every savage glories in the five great freedoms: the freedom to choose what kind of weapons he will fight with; the freedom to kill his fellowmen wherever he pleases; the freedom of partnership—that is, the right to join with any one or more savages, and go off on a killing expedition together; the freedom of killing to the best advantage, whether by open fight, by strength of muscle, or by sneaking up in the dark and tomahawking one's adversaries asleep by the camp-fire; and finally, the freedom to lend our weapons, for a share in the spoil, to any savage who wishes to kill, but is without the means."

"On these five freedoms, fellow savages, rests our present astonishing civilization. We have arisen from dumb and stupid monkeys to our present apex of intellect by having full freedom to kill each other. Think you, then, to take away this freedom is to benefit the race? Let a government be introduced and the private savage will have no career for himself. No longer can he become famous over the land by the number of enemies he has slain. He must sit at home and lose his virtues. His muscular strength, his endurance, his keenness in tracking his foe by a bent blade of grass, his fierceness, his ruthlessness, his revenge, the highest attribute of man, would all decay and we should sink to the condition of hopeless idiots. Establish government, and perhaps the very first thing they would do would be to prohibit us from eating our enemies! No. Establish government, and it would circumscribe the play-room of free individuality, and produce arrested development at a very rudimentary stage of the savage soul. Would you all rather be tadpoles than to develop into those majestic bullfrogs that nature intended; animals which feed upon the young of their own species just as readily as on any other kind of food?"

"Now one word more: In this new vision of peace I take but little interest. Take away the right of scalping your neighbors, and the spice of life would be taken away also. Think of the pleasures of excitement and success! Think of the glorious feeling with which, after a successful expedition, the warrior comes back to the village bearing the scalps of his adversaries upon poles, amid the squeaking and jumping of the admiring squaws and papposes! Will you forego this pleasure for the sake of cowardly peace? No! and against this cry for peace I will raise my yell to the last day of my life!"

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1890.

(Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.)

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE.

Bowdoin St. (formerly Montgomery Place), corner Province Street (Lower Floor).

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:

THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, 14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

COLBY & RICH,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

JOHN W. DAY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Business Letters must be addressed to Isaac B. Rich. All other letters and communications must be forwarded to the Editor.

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It affords us sincere gratification to note any inclination on the part of the occupants of pulpits to confess the obvious truths of Spiritualism, even though they take such pains to deny all sympathy with the acknowledged work of Spiritualism is effecting, and even to deny all cognition of its potency in the regeneration of human beings.

Another such instance of the public confession of the reality and merit of our sacred Cause and profession has recently been furnished us in a discourse preached by Rev. M. A. Dougherty in Leadville, Colorado, from a text in Matthew, as follows: "And His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light." The preacher opened his discourse with the reflection that, in respect to any interpretation of the story of the transfiguration, there are certain underlying truths which we cannot escape. Not only this particular incident, but the whole drift of Scripture, and especially of Christ's teachings, go to show that there is a "supernal" as well as a lower or earthly world; that we are living in the midst of influences the larger part of which are unseen and unknown; and that the point at which the higher life touches the subordinate, or lower, is unknown likewise.

Also, that the immaterial exists all about us, which our obtuse, carnal, fleshly sense cannot discern; that we are surrounded by innumerable spirit existences; of this the preacher said he had no doubt. He further acknowledged that he could see no reason in nature against the belief that the minds of disembodied spirits play about us and influence us, and he affirmed that the Scriptures seem to teach such a belief. It is palpably true in every instance that while the coarser things in this world of life are plainly perceptible, the finer and more delicate things are unseen or hidden. For example, the petal, stamen and leaves of a flower are visible, but not its perfume, which has no palpable, material existence. We do not feel the body of our friend so much as we do his inner spirit; that is the very thing about him which affects us most. It is truly marvelous how little of that which we see is really the thing which gives us pleasure or influences us. It is the spiritual, even in this lower sphere of ours—it is the immaterial, that affects us most. It is, so to speak, what is not there that is suggested by what is there. In the case of the noble statue of Liberty at Plymouth, to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims, for an illustration, it is not the material of the huge block of granite that excites the emotion of the visitor; it is the thought of the artist thrown around the material, which makes it glow and undergo a transformation.

The very lower things among which we mingle, continued the speaker, should teach us that we are part of great invisible influences—powerful, penetrating, most wonderful in their effects; and that the world of matter is but a small part of the universe, or world of spirit, in which we dwell. I hold it to be self-evident, said he, that the future is not far off; nor heaven remote; that we are already in the land of spirits; that if our eyes were opened, our

spiritual senses keen, we would see sights similar to those the young man saw when Elijah prayed that his eyes might be uncovered; that there is life all around and about us which we might touch, and do touch in some measure, when we come into our higher and more exalted states.

So far, well; there is at least no chance for taking back the meaning of utterances like these. Here is a "regular" pulpit discourse by a "regular" preacher, such as any intelligent Spiritualist would himself give forth, if he were to make utterance. It is full of ideas not obtained from the creed professed by the preacher, or to be found in it by himself or anybody else. It is wholly borrowed from Spiritualism—made up of the truths which Spiritualism so distinctly teaches. And now attend a moment and observe the eager haste its author shows to disown and deny its paternity, and to kick away the ladder by which he has successfully climbed to the perception of these higher truths. We prefer to quote his language as he uttered it:

"I am no believer in Modern Spiritualism," said he, turning square about, "for Modern Spiritualism is nothing more than modern materialism. It, like a great many other things in this world, is sailing under false colors. All table tipplings and rappings and flaming hands are, most of them, not only the rankest materialism but the most deceptive frauds. The only way in which I sympathize with so-called Spiritualism is in the fact that they do believe in a super-sensual, spiritual life; that this life is not all, and is but a small part of the life we are living, and of which we are a part."

Then how is it, we inquire, that Spiritualism is identical with Materialism, which believes only in matter, or nature, and utterly denies the possibility of demonstrating any life beyond the present? Here the reverend speaker has evidently involved himself in the meshes of a hopeless dilemma. In proceeding to the close of his discourse he only went on to announce the familiar truths of Spiritualism; as, for example, that we are continually making the bodies we are to inhabit forever; that every thought and purpose, every disposition and passion inevitably leaves its mark upon us; that good, noble thoughts, sweet dispositions, a clear conscience and noble purpose are surer than all cosmetics to clear the skin, brighten the body and change the form; that we live in every part of our body, and our food goes to every part; that we are plastic as clay; that gold and silver take not more perfectly the stamp of the die than our bodies take the impress of higher divine qualities; that we are living organisms, and although avarice may throw its lines into our countenance, generosity or benevolence soon coming after may wholly efface them; that to grow, and get strong, we must not fear the light, or contact with the world, and that we grow to right proportions, not in a hot-house but in a universe, where truth alone can change the fashion of our countenance; and, in fine, that we come by a gradual approach to our glorified bodies, and are daily being wrought upon. All this is Spiritualism, and nothing less.

And well knowing it, this preacher, thinking to appease the prejudices of those who still adhere to creeds and dogmas rather than open their natures wide to the advent of the living and larger truth, turns aside to denounce and decry the Spiritualism which contains and cherishes all the spiritual truths he has uttered, and more. It only proves that he is still in blind bondage to that which is not spiritual but is the essence of unsupported authority. It shows that he has not yet emerged from the Egypt of his mind and spirit. Even in citing the recent tergiversation of the Fox sisters, he neglected to cite also their still more recent but no less public recantation of their previous confession, and their occupying just the opposite ground from that which he ascribes to them. Nevertheless, Spiritualism as a cause is wholly competent to proceed on its resistless way without paying any heed to this two-headed episode whatever.

To sum the matter up, and extract the lesson it obviously contains: here is a professed Christian minister who preaches the best of Spiritualism, and instantly recoils in fear at the thought of what he has done, trying to placate popular prejudices, wherever it exists, by crying out against it that it is a "most deceptive fraud," no matter if he has just been preaching the living truths it teaches! We do not question the sincerity of his belief in these priestly truths; what we openly rebuke is his hasty renunciation of his belief as soon as he has announced it, lest it should be said of him that he had embraced Spiritualism. Why does he deem it necessary thus to denounce Spiritualism almost in the same breath with the rest of his discourse, if he were not so well aware of the fact that Spiritualism not only professed to include but actually does include all the divine truths he utters, and came so close to his highest speech that he found himself unable to separate one from the other.

The real spiritualistic ideas he has well and truly presented, for which he deserves all praise and commendation. Then why was he not content to stop there? If Spiritualism had nothing to do with them, and in no sense impinges on them, why does he go straight out of his way to fling his denunciations at it, or to pay any attention to it whatever? Ah, but this very eagerness to attack it, immediately after the utterance of such high spiritual truths, is the plainest proof of the close connection of the one with the other. No better is asked for, certainly not from him. And can a man be indeed spiritually-minded, adequately furnished to teach others in spiritual things, who is so ready, like Peter of old, to deny his master who exists only in and by and through these living truths? We throw not the French proverb, signifying that to excuse is to accuse, applies to all such as this preacher with a plain impressiveness; in excusing himself for being taken for a Spiritualist, he accuses himself of being just that and nothing else.

We recently stated, in a brief paragraph, that we should be compelled to curtail in a measure the free list of THE BANNER, etc.—meaning copies sent as exchanges, also to some people who could well afford to subscribe; yet some hypercritical individual with an exceedingly irate disposition calls our paragraph in question, and deals us a long lecture, arraigning our motives, that no gentleman would indite. This is but another instance where our disinterested, unselfish action, in aiding those in need, have been misconstrued. We still continue to mail free of expense our paper to the destitute poor whose names are on our list.

Harvey D. Mott, for nearly a score of years, a materializing medium (most of the time at Memphis, Mo.), passed to spirit-life March 1st from Kansas City, Mo.

Growth of Nationalism.

It is reported that Nationalism has made surprising advance in California, and that ten thousand copies of Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" have been sold in Los Angeles alone. A Convention is called to meet in San Francisco, at which delegates from Nationalist Clubs throughout the State will meet to discuss methods to make known to the people the basic principles of Nationalism, and consider the expediency of political action in their behalf. Of the true Nationalist a recent speaker said:

"It is his high privilege and duty to make the music of the march of life swell in full accord with that grand strain, anthem to which the shepherds on the Chaldean Hills listened with such rapture, 'Peace on earth, good will to man.' It is for him in all his social and business relations to make practical application of these basic principles taught by the gentle Nazarene, whom so many invoke with their lips and rarely in their acts."

At Los Angeles the meetings of the First Nationalist Club frequently have an attendance of one thousand or more. Some of the speakers have been or are to be Hon. L. F. Sheldon, Ex-Governor of New Mexico, on the "Government Ownership of Railroads and Telegraphs"; Hon. Albert Kinney, of Pasadena, on "Ballot Reform"; Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, of Boston, on "The Principles of Cooperation," and Hon. H. C. Dillon, formerly of Los Angeles a Club No. 2, and a German Club, and fully-attended meetings have been held for the purpose of organizing Clubs Nos. 4 and 5. Clubs are also established at Ventura, San José, Santa Monica, and other places in California.

Nationalism is invading our political, religious and social life, and largely our literature. Of Mark Twain's new book, a notice of which appeared in these columns last week, "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," *The Nationalist* says: "It ruthlessly slaughters the shams of all artificial pretensions. Eloquent in its plea for the true equality of man, it takes occasion to attack some of our modern encroachments on the rights of the people. Its allegorical illustrations will do good Nationalistic service."

Every State of the Union now has its Club of Nationalists, instituted and sustained by the most intelligent and progressive classes. This is a pretty fair showing for a campaign that is not expected to attain its end until the year 2000.

Western Mortgage Companies.

The business of supplying mortgages on Western farm lands to Eastern investors has clearly been overdone, as is shown by the unexpected failure of more than one of these companies to pay their promised dividends to investors through their agency. A very recent investigation of these corporations by the United States Government produces the report that their returns of the real character of their assets are misleading. A good many confiding people, who can ill afford to lose the amounts thus invested by them, have in fact been worse swindled by these companies, in spite of their profuse "guarantees," than they ever could have been by lotteries and bucket-shops. It is all because of their trusting to pledges which those who made them really knew they could never fulfill. Such companies are got up to fleece a confiding public, and offer as a bait unusually large rates of interest as dividends. They are without either capital or experience, and richly deserve to be proceeded against with the utmost energy of the law. It is neither more nor less than obtaining money under false pretences, which is a crime punishable by imprisonment for long terms.

Despoiling the Indians.

The wild stampede of would-be boomers for lots in the Cherokee outlet has been met by the power of the government—the President having warned such parties that their action is premature, and that their entrance into the strip is unlawful.

In a recent speech in the U. S. House of Representatives, Hon. James Buchanan, of New Jersey, protested against the course of the current legislation leveled against the Indian Territory—concluding his eloquent remarks with the following succinct and incontrovertible statement of facts:

"The Indian Territory was set apart as a home for certain tribes of Indians. They gave value for that Territory, yielding up rich lands—now populous States. These tribes have become civilized; they merit our protection; yet, year by year, legislation creeps in, and year by year the white man gets a firmer foothold in this Territory. We are false to our trust if we do not protect and defend them, as by solemn treaty we have agreed to do."

Mr. Hudson Tuttle of Berlin Heights, Ohio, has an article in the last number of *The Progressive Thinker* of Chicago, from which we make the following extract:

"Mediumship presupposes an exceedingly sensitive condition, and the latter the medium the higher this tension of susceptibility. In this exalted state, disagreeable objects, opposing words and antagonisms, which ordinarily would pass unnoticed, strike with bare hand the quivering nerves, and produce excruciating torture. The presence of a person or object may be sufficient to destroy the more ethereal influence of spirits, and leave the medium in an exhausted and deplorable condition. I know of nothing which will compare with the acute depression of the mind to which the medium is subjected after such an experience, or after a prolonged period of overwrought impressibility."

We shall place before our readers next week "DIVES AND LAZARUS; OR, THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PARABLE, 'THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS,'" a trance discourse delivered in England by E. W. Wallis.

We have on file for early publication, "EVOLUTION FROM ORTHODOXY TO SPIRITUALISM," an address read before the American Spiritualist Alliance by Mr. L. O. Robertson.

THE THEOSOPHIST for February is received and for sale by Colby & Rich, 9 Bowdoin Street. Its leading article is entitled "Tearing Off the 'Sheep's Clothing.'" In "The Goddess of Wealth" is considered the problem, why are some men richer than others? "Elohist Teachings" are resumed, as also is "The Visit of Apollonius to the Mahatmas of India." Correspondence follows the main contents, and to this is added a supplement. Madras, India.

A friend in New York writes to us a very strong letter in favor of the magnetic healer, Dr. J. Edwin Briggs, who is located at No. 111 West Thirty-third Street, in that city. The doctor, the writer says, is also a practical physician, and of twenty years' experience as a pharmaceutical chemist.

Bishop Shanley's Awful Tale—Chippewas Perishing by Hundreds.

Rev. John Shanley, D. D., bishop of North Dakota, occupied the pulpit of the cathedral in Philadelphia March 16th, and told a sad story of the privations and sufferings of the Chippewa Indians occupying the reservation at the extreme northern part of his diocese. His object was to secure assistance for their relief.

The bishop described most vividly the condition of these Indians as witnessed by himself during the recent cold weather, when the thermometer marked forty degrees below zero. He charged the government with having stolen the eleven million acres of land this tribe possessed when Dakota Territory was divided between the Sioux and Chippewa Indians, "eleven million acres stolen boldly, and not one cent paid in return for it," said his grace, "and the owners sent to the northern borders of the State, the coldest and bleakest spot in the country, where two townships were organized with five thousand acres of land. This is filled with bad timber forests and lakes, swamps and rocks. On these five thousand acres were put one thousand nine hundred and thirty Indians, who are trying to make their living; these wards of the United States living where one hundred white men could scarcely raise enough to keep them alive."

His grace then described a personal visit to these townships, where, he said, he witnessed scenes that would have disgraced Siberia. He spoke of visiting where the people with the thermometer registering 40° and sometimes 42° below zero. The Indian houses are log huts, constructed by the Indians themselves, without flooring, and with sheets and quilts covering the windows and doorways. The crevices between the logs are filled with mud, that cracks and falls out by the summer heat and is blown out by the northern winter blasts, so that the occupants might almost as well be sleeping outside. In these huts it is not infrequent to find six families living.

These nineteen hundred and thirty Indians cannot make their own living there. They have never been supplied with proper agricultural implements. Last spring the director of the Catholic Indian bureau sent twenty-four plows to these Indians, and with these they managed to break eight hundred acres of this virgin soil. But there was no rain, and to-day they are absolutely destitute.

"When visiting where these people I entered the house of an old Indian. There was no food in the house that day, but there were tears and desperation. A poor old Indian woman had a puny, sickly child in her arms. She wept for joy when she saw me, thinking God had sent relief to her children. She showed me her child. There was not a pound of flesh on its bones. I am sure that child is dead. I am not easily moved, used as I am to scenes of misery in large cities, but I could not but cry on that occasion. In one corner of the room there was a boy six years of age. Another was crying by the chimney-place, trying to warm his shivering form, while an old Indian was kneeling by the fire-place muttering, probably vowing vengeance on the white race."

At another hovel a poor old man was lying on the frozen ground, dying of consumption, no one near him but his poor old wife, who knelt over him with a rosary in her hands, praying for God to take her husband. Night was setting in, no light, no candle, no one to say a kind word to the poor old couple.

"In another hovel I found the children, without clothing, gathered around the fire-place, plucking out the charred sticks that they might roll in the warm ashes."

"The United States appropriates \$5,000 to these Indians, about \$2.50 to each one. This amount is spent in flour and fat pork and distributed among them. The pork is sickening. I myself have believed the truth of the story if I had not witnessed these things. During the eighteen months previous to the 1st of January, 1890, out of fourteen hundred Indians, one hundred died. During the month of January twenty-seven died. These deaths are almost invariably of starvation. The women are almost universally clad in one garment—a calico dress—to protect them."

Detrimental Local Conditions.

Soon after Mr. Blaine's domestic afflictions an article reflecting upon the peculiarly unfavorable conditions attached to the house in which he resided in Washington, as one of the leading causes of his sad experiences, appeared in many papers of this country. On the steps of that house Gen. Sickles killed Philip Barton Key. It was in that house an attempt was made to take the life of Mr. Seward on the night of Lincoln's assassination. President Grant's Secretary of War, Gen. Belknap, had occupied the house scarcely a season when his wife expired after a short and sudden illness, and Gen. B. himself became implicated in scandals so serious that he was removed from office and narrowly escaped impeachment. The house, which is built on the site of an old graveyard, next became a boarding establishment, and landed its lessee in bankruptcy. For some time after it remained unoccupied. Mr. Blaine took possession last January. During the first week Mrs. Blaine's sister died. A few days later Mr. Blaine's brother died, the following week his son, and soon after his eldest daughter.

Reprinting the article we have above referred to, and commenting upon it, the *London Medium and Daybreak* says: "We have frequently called attention to the dangers arising from erecting dwellings or other buildings on polluted sites. The evil extends to ground made with rubbish, as well as to graveyards. Low spirits have great power in the air blown off from such places; besides, there is the physical poison emitted from the decay of animal matter. Some time ago we published an article giving experiences of some herdsman in clearing a site on a steep native burying-ground in Australia. They were disturbed by skeletons being thrown at them, and other travelers who used the same place met with similar treatment. Much of the immorality that exists in the world proceeds from the fact that the houses are untenable because of the evil deeds which have been committed in them. There is a necessity for psychical and spiritual sanitation as well as that which is merely physical, which is really the lesser duty, and is included in the greater of the three."

Victory in Washington.

On our first page will be found Gov. Ferry's outspoken veto message, wherein he returned—with his compliments (?)—to the House of Representatives of this new State, the bill for a "Doctors' Plot Law" which had just passed amid a vast agitation of medical pin-feathers.

All the readers of THE BANNER should peruse this able document, and make a point to call to it the attention of their neighbors, for the position taken in it in favor of medical freedom is incontrovertible. Well says the *Tacoma (Wash.) Globe*, in printing this sturdy declaration of the rights of citizens: "The Governor's veto of the medical bill is exactly what *The Globe* and nearly all the other journals of the city, as well as almost every citizen who was not personally interested in behalf of the 'regular' doctors, expected. Governor Ferry is a wise and patriotic man, clear-sighted and just, and attempts to mislead him in matters connected with the liberties, rights and welfare of the people will fail every time. The Governor most truthfully says that the medical bill as presented, for its signature would contravene the plain provisions of the constitution. He exhibits the fact that the medical bill partakes of the character of class-legislation; that it confers legislative powers; that it is in conflict with the fifth amendment to the constitution of the United States. Thus ends the most reprehensible piece of work that the Legislature has performed since it was organized."

In Arthur John Booth's "Chapter in the History of Socialism in France" reference is made to Claude Henri de Rouvray, Comte de Saint Simon, who did effective service in the wars of the American Revolution, serving through five campaigns. He was present at the siege of Yorktown, and a witness of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. Upon the Count's return to Paris he was thrown into prison. During his stay there, says this author, his ancestor, Charlemagne, appeared, and, addressing him, said: "My son, thy successes in philosophy will equal those which I obtained as a warrior and a student." The prediction thus made became literally fulfilled.

Mrs. OLARA FIELD-COMANT can be found at 210 4th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., where she will give private sittings daily, and answer calls to lecture for the season of 1890-91. Correspondents should address her as above.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

THE NEWS MAKERS.

The man who tries to cross the track in front of flying trains.
His name is in the papers every day.
Think it, if his acquaintances distinguish his remains, His name is in the papers every day.
The careless hired girl who, when the kindling's wet and green,
Would hurry up the fire with a little kerosene,
And give the corner a chance his jury to convene—
Her name is in the papers every day.

Massachusetts dogs can go unmuzzled. The canophs of the State have been shown the door by the Legislature—as they deserve—while all true friends of the dog in this old Commonwealth are offering up thanks to the Committee for their just action in condemning the proposed "annual muzzle" law. Now let the Legislature win for itself yet greater renown, by preserving to all methods of healing within the State the constitutional right of being used for the benefit of its citizens, minus an Allopatic muzzle.

A nickel in the hand beats two in the slot.—N. O. Picayune.

To a congregation recently assembled in Gloucester (Eng.) Cathedral, Archdeacon Sherrington said that a clergyman, who lived in the North of England, was called up late at night to visit a sick woman, and in crossing a lonely moor by himself he was suddenly seized as if with paralysis. He prayed to God, and his strength and nerves returned, upon which he proceeded on his journey and saw the sick woman, and then returned home. About two years afterward he was sent for to see a man on his dying bed. On going, the man told him he had a confession to make, and asked him if he remembered going across the moor late at night to visit the sick woman. The clergyman replied that he did. The dying man then continued: "Sir, I had a mood against you, and I lay in wait that night on the moor to murder you, but I was prevented from doing so because I saw some one walking by your side."

Three Louisville, Ky., physicians, with assistants, were detected while in the act of robbing graves at New Albany. Two of the physicians and two assistants were arrested, and one assistant was killed.—*Saratoga, N. Y. Eagle.*

This life is too short to notice vile calumniators. Such people will get their just deserts when they pass to spirit-life, as Divine Justice never sleeps.

March 17th, Bowen, Merrill & Co.'s extensive book house was burned at Indianapolis, Ind. It was the largest in the State, and contained \$125,000 worth of stock. After the conflagration was thought to be under control the roof of the building collapsed, and over a score of firemen were thrown into a gulf of flame. Ten were killed outright, and some fifteen more or less injured.

In Slam you can get good board for forty-five cents a week, and this includes washing, the use of two servants to run errands, tickets to shows, three slaves, and all the cigars you can smoke.

A SPRING POEM.

Mary had a little lamb,
And did not try to get her;
But when the time for green peas came,
Marletta!

The New York dailies call Chicago "a windy city." So it is, in more senses than one.

The Hon. Sidney Dean, late pastor, editor and critic, has addressed the Norwich Spiritualist Union for the past two Sundays. Although over seventy years of age, he has lost none of his powers as an acute thinker and a bold and logical advocate. He was listened to by good-sized audiences.—*The Bulletin, (Norwich, Ct.) March 10th.*

Yes, Bro. Dean is one of our ablest platform-speakers; therefore it behooves spiritual societies all over the country to keep him at work enlightening the ignorant, gratifying the educated, and demonstrating a knowledge of immortality to both.

A CONUNDRUM.—A New York correspondent asks: "Can you tell me the difference between getting money by false materializations, and getting it for worthless stock, such as must be known to be worthless?" We give it up.

By a break in the levee near Raleigh, Miss., the northern Louisiana bottoms are being flooded, and great loss of stock, etc., is apprehended.

Mrs. DePew—"You seem to be tired, Mr. Cheese-cream." "Conceded. Young man!—Yes, I have just finished preaching to a congregation of asses." "Mrs. DePew—"And did you call them 'beloved brethren'?"—*Illustrated American.*

On Friday last, while on their way to Rome, six Italian brigands in broad daylight captured Baron Zulo and his son. The rascals held the son as a hostage, and sent the father back to seek for a ransom of one hundred thousand francs. He got together forty-six thousand, returned to their camp, when the brigands, professing themselves satisfied, gave the prisoners a big dinner, and then released them.

IN THE MEMBER OF THE LAW.—"Lawyer—"Good-morning, doctor! I wish you would come around to the court room to testify against that faith-cure crank who refused to get a physician for his sick child. You see our case is somewhat weakened by the fact that his child has got well." *Great Physician (sorrowful).—"I can't possibly come. One of my children has just died."*—*New York Weekly.*

"Curbed be the muzzle," writes the French Secretary of the *Courier de la Presse*—"It arrests free perspiration through the tongue—prevents the dog from drinking when he otherwise would—renders him helpless against fleas and other insects—and subjects him to attack without means of defense."

Where a man and his wife are lost at sea the law always supposes that he, being the stronger, survived her by some minutes or hours. In seven different cases followed up in the French courts within the last ten years it was found that the wife outlived her husband, and the practice of the law had to be reversed.

If Bismarck, the German Chancellor, has resigned, as is rumored, there will soon be rough political troubles in the "Fatherland."

New Music.—We have received from White, Smith & Co., 32 West Street, Boston, the following: Vocal: "Evening" words by Adelaide A. Proctor, music by F. La Villa; "Only Thine" by C. A. White; "Easter Cantata" (for Sunday schools), by C. G. Stearns. Instrumental: "Sounds from the Old Home," a solo, and "Greeting the Grand March," a duet, by Frederick E. White; "McGuffey's First Love," a schottische for four hands, by George Thorne; "Early Dawn," by Heinrich Lichner; "Le Secret," by Leonard Gautier; "La Clochette," for the guitar, by Frederic Suizer.—The same publishers send us a musical magazine, *The Note*, for March, which contains, beside a full-page lithograph of L. F. Maguire, Manager of the New York Branch of the Company, much professional miscellany of interest, and twenty-three pages of selections—instrumental and vocal.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH in its opening article, "Recasting the Creed," remarks that it sees wholesome signs of progression in the most conservative of all denominational bodies, but tantalizes it by asking what the grave and reverend gentlemen of that order have to say of the absolute folly, not to say wickedness, of enjoining upon converts for nearly four hundred years as articles of faith the wretched doctrines they now disavow. Sure enough. "A Hopeless Dyspeptic" is given good advice; the superiority of wheat meal over white flour is shown by Dr. Childs, and other matters in mental and physical health are ably dealt with. Mr. Taylor: 200 Broadway.

We would inform our philanthropic friend of New York—who recently wrote to us that Mrs. Holmes, the materializing medium of Philadelphia, was ill and in destitute circumstances—that previous to the receipt of his letter we sent Mrs. H. ten dollars from our "God's Poor Fund." Hadn't New Yorkers better do likewise?

Do not omit perusing the interesting remarks of the guide of Mrs. Lake, delivered at the First Spiritualist Temple last Sunday afternoon, which may be found on another page.

