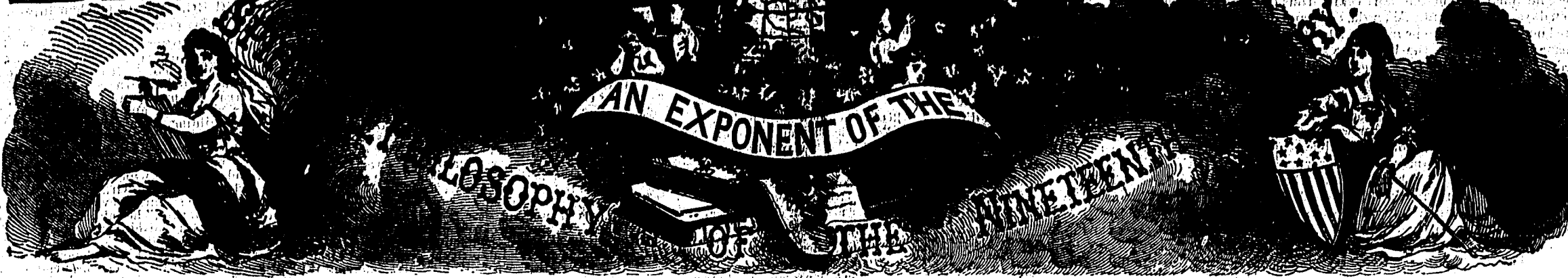


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Original Essay.

The Spiritual Facts of the Ages.

A Series by Dr. F. L. H. Wills.

NO. XVIII.—FROM THE THIRD CENTURY TO THE DAWN OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM. (CONTINUED.)

JOAN D'ARC.

IN this number of our series we wish to pay tribute to one of the fairest, the sweetest, the most fascinating, as well as most illustrious of all the many representatives of mediumship the world affords; one around whom lingers a halo of romance, of beauty and grace and child-like simplicity, that charms all hearts—Joan d'Arc, "The Maid of Orleans," "The Heroine and Martyr of France." With true French enthusiasm Michelet says of her: "She had the divine gift to remain soul and body a child."

But it is only in the light of her mediumship, in the character of one of the rarest instruments for spirit-control of which the ages bring us testimony, that we would call attention to her at the present time. Her history is so familiar that we need not dwell upon it longer than is necessary to prove her unique mediumship—a matter of both French and English history—one of the brightest links in that resplendent chain of spiritual facts that binds the ages together in one golden bond of unity in the divine or spiritual.

Joan d'Arc was born in the village of Domremy in Lorraine, France, the 6th of January, 1410. Her father and mother were peasants. So extreme was their poverty, they could give their children no educational advantages whatever. Joan was the third child. Her mother was a religious enthusiast. She had made the pilgrimage to Rome, the Mecca of the devout Catholic, and though she could not teach her child to read or write, she faithfully instructed her in the sacred lore of her church. From her, no doubt, she inherited the nature of a mystic, and from her she drank in her religion, not presented to her as a formality or as a routine of irksome duties, but in the form of simple fireside instructions.

At that time in Catholic France, every little village had its saint, or medium, who had visions and trances, and held converse with the Virgin Mother, the apostles and saints. The entire province in which Domremy was situated abounded in these things, and was also torn and convulsed with political excitement; and in order to fully understand the circumstances that were active agents in developing this marvelous mediumship, it becomes necessary briefly to refer to the history of the time.

Charles VI. was called to the throne of France when he was but eleven years old, and his uncles, the ambitious and powerful dukes of Anjou, Berry, Burgundy and Bourbon, usurped the reins of government. But they were so oppressive in their administration of affairs, that a general revolt ensued. After a time the young king declared himself competent to rule the kingdom, and for two years he gave to France a wise and good form of government. But the young monarch had always been weak of mind, and had manifested strong tendencies to insanity. One day while marching against the duke of Brittany, a maniac suddenly rushed in front of his horse, shouting: "Do not proceed further, noble king, you are betrayed." This so frightened him that his mind gave way, and he became hopelessly insane.

His powerful uncles again seized the government. Duke Louis of Orleans, who was brother to the king, attempted to wrest the power from their hands, and thus sprung into existence the famous factions of Orleansists and Burgundians that divided the nation, and unhappy France from one end to the other was a scene of pillage, murder, and all the other horrors of civil war.

In the midst of these horrors there appeared upon the scene of action a new enemy in the person of Henry V. of England. Landing on the coast of Normandy, he won the brilliant victory of Agincourt, and declared himself King of the French. But he died soon after, as did also the maniac King Charles of France, leaving the greater part of his kingdom in the hands of the English.

Six years before his death his fifth son, Charles, through the death of his elder brothers, became heir apparent to the throne. He was appointed lieutenant of the kingdom, and

two years after he assumed the title of regent. He was a mere tool in the hands of unprincipled favorites, and too weak and indolent to exert any authority.

On the death of his father and Henry V. in 1422, Henry VI. of England was proclaimed King of France at St. Denis. The majority of the French recognized his authority, while Charles, the rightful sovereign, was supported by only a small faction of central and southern France. So powerless was he that his enemies contemptuously styled him "Roi de Bourges," as if that one city was the whole of his monarchy.

The powerful Duke of Bedford reigned in the name of Henry VI., and just at this time he made a successful attack upon Charles, and concentrated his victorious troops around Orleans, which was the stronghold of the French king.

It was at this juncture of affairs, at this most critical and important crisis of a nation's destiny, that the guardian angels of that nation raised up a savior, a deliverer, in the form of a young girl not yet out of her teens.

The youthful Joan grew up strong and beautiful, thoroughly imbued with the fervor and spirit, the poetry and romance of her religion. The horrors of war—with all its fierce emotions, all its terrible passions—were sweeping over her beloved France. From time to time fugitives, wounded and destitute, sought refuge in her little village. With her whole heart and soul she assisted in sheltering them, gave up her bed to them, sleeping herself in the hay-loft. So near them at one time swept this simoom of destruction that she and her parents had to flee for life. After the danger was over they returned to find the village sacked, their cottage destroyed, and their church, so sacred, so dear to them, burnt to the ground.

Her sweet sympathetic nature was stirred to its depths, her patriotism was intensely aroused as she wept and prayed over the distracted condition of her country.

One summer day, a day spent in fasting, Joan was in her father's garden adjoining the little church. She had been praying fervently for her beloved country and her king. Suddenly a celestial radiance, more dazzling than the light of the noonday sun, shone around her, and from the midst of it came a voice, saying: "Joan, be a good and obedient child, and go often to church." She was excessively frightened, and the vision vanished.

From this day her mediumship developed rapidly. She soon again heard the voice emanating from the same glorious radiance, and suddenly her spirit sight was opened, and in the midst of the celestial effulgence she saw forms of wonderful majesty, beauty and grace. One of these noble figures, who seemed to occupy the position of a leader, addressed the frightened child, saying: "Joan, go to the succor of the King of France, and thou shalt restore his kingdom to him." "Alas!" cried the trembling child, "I am only a poor girl. I know not how to ride or lead men-at-arms."

Again came the celestial command: "Go to M. Baudricourt, Captain of Vaucouleurs, and he will conduct you to the king. St. Catherine and St. Marguerite will be thy aids."

Thus was the will of heaven most startlingly revealed to her. Overwhelmed, stupefied, and in tears, she trembled before the destiny thus made manifest. Afterward this majestic spirit, this "wise man," as Joan termed him, frequently appeared to her. He announced himself as St. Michael, reverend in the Catholic faith and legends as the mighty archangel of judgment and battles. These legends had been most carefully instilled into her young mind by her zealous mother. She had no doubt often seen among the grand old paintings of her church this stern warrior-saint, trampling under his feet the dragon of evil, and this controlling influence, doubtless one of the risen hero-souls of France, by appearing to her in this guise, could appeal more forcibly to her devout, religious nature, and through that move more deeply her sympathies for her beloved country.

"For the pity of the kingdom of France," was his constant appeal, and then in the halo of glory that surrounded him there appeared women saintly in their beauty, clothed in white, jeweled crowns upon their heads, and they with sweet, tender voices, joined in beseeching her to save her country. She wept bitterly when the vision faded from her sight. "I longed," she said, "for the angels to take me away, too."

Who can wonder that she wept? Radiant and glorious as were these visions, they predicted a startling change coming to her young life. In place of the tender, loving voice of her mother, she heard the powerful voice of the spirit, calling to her to quit all she loved best in life, her dear home, the mother she loved so tenderly, whose side she had never left, to associate with rough soldiers; to exchange the innocent joys of her simple home for the rude life of a camp. The struggle was a severe one, but the lofty heroism of her young soul triumphed over every obstacle, and faithful to her divine inspirers, she went forth for the salvation of her country.

Thus ever does the power of the spirit make itself felt. In no age have we found this power wanting; but seldom is one found who so readily yields to the divine afflatus as did this simple child of nature, and in whose spirit dwells so earnest a desire to fulfill the mission of heaven. It seems sometimes as if such cases revealed to us an exceptional, rather than a general law. Yet how can we doubt that the power of the spirit-world is equal in all time, and it is only the conditions of the human spirit that make its revelations exceptional?

This poor child had to pass through a severe

conflict, for parental authority was arrayed against what she deemed divine authority. Her father swore he would drown her with his own hands before he would permit her to go away with soldiers. Every obstacle was thrown in her way that could be devised, but she triumphed over them all.

She won over to her cause an uncle, who took her to his home under the pretext that he wanted her to care for his sick wife. Him she persuaded to go to the captain of Vaucouleurs, whose name had been given her by the spirit-voices, and appeal to him in her behalf.

His reply was: "Give her a good whipping and take her back to her father." This did not daunt her, and she decided to go in person. She reached the city, and attired in her little red peasant's dress, forced herself into the presence of Capt. Baudricourt, and said to him:

"I have come to you from the Lord, to the end that you may send the dauphin word to keep firm and to fix no battle with the enemy, for his succor will come in Mid-Lent. The realm is not the dauphin's; but the Lord's. Nevertheless, my Lord wills the dauphin to be king, and to hold the realm in trust. Despite the dauphin's enemies, he will be king, and I shall take him to be crowned."

Overwhelmed with astonishment, the captain thought she must be the devil, and sent for the Curé, who showed his crucifix and adjured her to depart if she was sent by the devil. The people, struck with admiration and awe, flocked in crowds to see her. Baudricourt refused to take her to the dauphin. A gentleman attracted to her by curiosity was moved by her piteous plights. She said to him:

"Before Mid-Lent I must be with the king, even were I to wear out my legs to the knees; for no one in the world, nor king nor dukes, nor the daughter of the king of Scotland, can recover the kingdom of France, and he has no other who can succor him save myself. Albeit I would prefer staying and spinning with my poor mother; but this is no work of my own. I must go to do it, for it is my Lord's will."

"And who is your Lord?" queried the gentleman.

"God," was the earnest reply.

Deeply moved, he pledged himself to conduct her to the king.

Soon after this she had an interview with the Duke of Lorraine. He could get nothing from her save advice to reconcile himself with his wife, with whom she perceived through her clairvoyance he was living at variance.

On her return from this interview, she found awaiting her a messenger from the king, who had heard of her, and who in despair at losing the battle of Herring, desired an interview with her. Joan had predicted this battle and its disastrous result before it took place, and the startling confirmation of these predictions so inspired the people of Vaucouleurs with trust in her mission that they equipped her and bought her a horse.

And now arose a terrible obstacle. Her parents heard of her departure, and were overwhelmed with anguish, and made the strongest efforts to prevent it. She withstood this last agonizing trial, and set out on her dangerous journey through a country overrun by soldiers, with neither roads nor bridges.

Think of it! Young and beautiful, with none of her sex near her, with but five or six soldiers as her escort! And yet there was a barrier about her strong as a wall of adamant—the barrier of her mediumship—which enabled her to take with her wherever she moved the holy, heavenly presence that encompassed her as a guard to protect her angelic innocence and purity.

With a heroism unparalleled, she pursued her way through a country either deserted or infested with rough soldiers. Several times her ignorant, superstitious escort were on the point of deserting her, fearing she was a witch. But her sweet voice rang out soft and clear: "Fear nothing. God guides me in my way. 'Tis for this I was born. My brothers in Paradise tell me what I am to do."

After her arrival at Orleans, it was two days before she obtained audience with the dauphin, so great was the opposition to her. At last, surrounded by all the glitter and splendor of his court, the dauphin granted her audience. With the evident purpose of disconcerting her, he received her surrounded by his court and three hundred knights in glittering array. The curiosity to see her was intense. By the most she was regarded as a sorceress or a witch. At this time she was but eighteen years old, and the old chronicles describe her as possessing a voice "heart-touching in its musical sweetness."

Timidly she entered the splendid circle. The dauphin had purposely hidden himself among his courtiers. At one glance, by no difference in his dress or appearance, but by her intuitive or mediumistic power, she signalled him out, and although he denied his identity, she fell down and embraced his knees. He had not yet been crowned, therefore she addressed him as dauphin.

"Gentle dauphin, my name is Jeanne la Pucelle. The King of Heaven sends you word by me that you shall be consecrated and crowned in the city of Rheims, and shall be lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is King of France."

The dauphin then took her aside, and he was observed to change countenance as if struck with astonishment and awe. She told him of a circumstance known to himself only, that occurred in his own oratory. He had prayed to God to restore the kingdom to him, if he were the lawful heir; but that if he were not, God would grant him the mercy not to

[Continued on third page.]

Literary Department.

THE ONWARD WAVE; OR, THE "LIFE-LINE" OF A SENSITIVE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS,

Of Clackamas, Ore., author of "Neva, The Orphan Girl," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"Stamped" at Gee Lush.

(Continued.)

Two others were ordered to immediately go over, and move up and down the stream for a quarter of a day's journey each way, and report in three days, if not compelled to do so sooner; but these had not been gone more than two hours when they, with the other two scouts, came rushing into camp in great haste, and reported that about one hundred Lucup Indians had crossed the Pecos that afternoon, and were halted on our side of the stream, evidently intending to attack the camp at a favorable moment.

The Lucup Indians, whose territory was on the west side the Pecos river, were the bitter enemies of the Comanches, and had given them many a hard-fought battle; consequently, the presence of their warriors on Comanche soil boded no good to the latter.

The order to move immediately was given by "Shaking Ground," and two trusty messengers were mounted on our best mustangs, and sent to the camps of "Hissing Serpent" and "White Hawk"—two other Comanche "chiefs of division"—for immediate aid, these camps being some thirty miles distant. Perfect silence was ordered to be observed by every one. The mustangs were brought in; some of them were hastily but securely packed with camp equipage, while on others were mounted men, women and children. All who were strong enough to draw a bow-string were mustered to defend the train, "Shaking Ground" taking the lead, while men and boys guarded the flanks and rear.

We had not proceeded more than three miles when the morning had dawned. Ours was a forced march, and we ate our breakfast as we moved along. It was about noon when we halted on the bank of a small stream for a short season to let the animals drink, and to give the children water. Suddenly our rear guard came rushing in, shouting that the Lucups were coming. We hastily crossed the stream, for on the other side was a thick grove of sycamore trees of about two acres in extent, in which we hoped to keep our animals from capture, and to shield our women and children and ourselves as much as possible from the arrows of our enemies. In front was the stream with steep banks, except at the ford where we crossed. The upward path from this we hastily filled with brush and poles, and our forces formed there to repel attack as best we could.

We waited about three hours, when, to our surprise, on the same bank of the stream with ourselves, came rushing and yelling from above and from below the Lucup warriors. We met them from behind the trees with our arrows, and checked their advance, but our mustangs stampeded and broke through our lines, carrying with them nearly all our provisions, camp equipage and clothing. This was a great gain for the Lucups. They drove the fleeing animals back across the stream, and paraded them on the plain in front of our camp. While a few of them guarded the plunder, the main body resumed the attack on us, extending their lines on three sides of the grove. Occasionally they discharged an arrow into our camp, taking good care not to come within easy range of ours. In this condition the day closed, and darkness set in. "Shaking Ground" rallied even the children and the aged of both sexes, and placed them in the ranks with the warriors for the final struggle. The bear dogs, of which we had twelve, were placed so as to be loosed on a moment's notice. These dogs were large and fierce, and would attack the enemies of their master—whether that enemy were man or brute—with all the ferocity of a cougar. The Lucups, however, made no attack through the night. Standing guard all around our camp, they seemed to fear we might try to steal away before morning. When the daylight came they did not renew the attack, nor yet through the day, hoping, as it seemed, that we would leave our hiding-place to meet them in open ground, or that they would starve us to surrender. Another night of darkness and of watching set in. Where were our men that were sent for aid? Had they been captured? Would not succor come to us, and save the babes, the children and the mothers from slavery or death? I was fatigued with watching and watching.

I leaned my head against a tree to rest, and took a retrospective view of my past and checked life—wondering what next the Fates had in store for me. All was still as death; not a warrior moved; not a babe cried; even the dogs seemed to understand the necessity of silence—or perhaps both the babes and the dogs were awed to stillness by the magnetic forces of caution that prevailed in camp. Yet, amid this stillness, I seemed to hear a mysterious rustling, and turning my eyes in the direction of the sound, I beheld once more the

radiant form of Minnie close by my side. She told me that in spirit she had felt my distress, and had been drawn to me with the hope of bringing some comfort.

I ventured to ask: "Minnie, can you not see, or cannot some one 'over there' tell you how this present difficulty will end?" She clasped her hands together as in joy, and was about to speak, when "Cuff" came forward and said: "Boy, you see to-morrow." But Minnie, who could stay no longer, bade me good-by. "Jackson," she said, "I regret much to leave you here, but I do feel that you will get out of this all right."

At length the day dawned, and the sun arose as on a world of innocence, instead of on a world of barbarous strife. The Lucups still kept their watchful guard; and our scanty allowance of dried meat, with water, was passed silently around to each man, woman and child of the camp. During the hours until noon many arrows, shot by the enemy, fell in among the trees behind which we were hid, but on a sudden they ceased thus to fall; the Lucups mounted their ponies and stood, seemingly, awaiting the developments of the next minute, but ere the minute had passed, a yell of human voices was heard, both above and below our camp. It was our help from the camps of "Hissing Serpent" and "White Hawk." The Lucups, in trying to escape the warriors coming up the little valley, were met by those coming down, and scattered in several directions; our provisions, our clothing and camp equipage in general were all recaptured and brought back to us, together with all the loose ponies and baggage of the enemy. A detachment was left to assist us to move onward toward the north, while the remainder of the warriors pressed the fleeing Lucups to the west shore of the Pecos river; nor did they return empty handed, as they brought several bloody scalps with them.

CHAPTER XII.

The War-Circle.

We journeyed on for two days, when those who came to our rescue said they must return to their homes. To show our thankfulness for their assistance, and as a parting "good-by," a war-dance was arranged for, in which all who felt inclined, or could find time to do so, were permitted to take part. A circle was formed of one hundred people or more of both men and women, inside of which circle all those who had taken a scalp, or wounded an enemy, or captured ponies, took seats on the ground. A kind of song was sung in by those composing the circle, while those inside would dance and move about, relating their deeds of daring, or success in cunning to deceive the enemy in the last engagement. This dance was kept up for about two hours, during which time many of those on the outside of the circle would dance forth and back, relating matters of interest to themselves and their hearers.

To the material eye these performances were all that was to be seen of the dance. But not so to the inner vision of the few clear-seeing persons present on that occasion. To my interior sight appeared many strange personages—persons not of earth-life; but I said nothing about it until "Cooing Dove" called my attention to the fact, after which we, with one or two others, were called upon to relate our observations in that direction.

There were shades of the dead there of such age as to be only known to the oldest inhabitant of the tribe then living; there were also others there of their remote ancestry. It was evident to my sight that when this war-dance was convened, the magnetic powers of the actors therein had the effect to draw even former enemies now in spirit-life to their presence—yet there was no animosity manifested between the different nationalities of the land of shades: All was peace on that side of life, and when the dance was over each returned to the abode of his choice. I must not forget to mention one little incident that occurred during these scenes: While the other Manitou and myself were describing the many shades that were there, "Tayme," or "Red Bird," the chief's little daughter spoken of before, came to me and said:

"Tell my papa his 'Red Bird' is here; I told him he would have to run if he went to Pecos." Next morning was "good-by morning." After dividing the spoils taken from the Lucups into three equal parts, and giving two parts to our allies, they mounted their mustangs, and yelling at the top of their voices darted away with the swiftness of the wind, and were soon out of sight, when "Shaking Ground" gave the order to his people to move northward.

The journeyings of these people, on such occasions, are very orderly. Four men were sent in advance to see that the way was clear of obstructions, and to capture such wild animals, either for food or for fur, as came in their way; while to the right and to the left

of the moving company, others were sent out to secure supplies of food, reserving the dried meats, etc., for times when the other could not be had.

We continued our march northward thus for ten days, passing Santa Fe on the east, and located our summer camp near the headwaters of many rivers, and on the bank of a stream called by the Indians, "Mu-ah-lush," or long river, near the center of the territory then claimed by the Comanche nation. We had now no fear of raids being made on our camp by foreign Indians. The summer was spent by us in hunting, fishing, sports and idleness; many grizzly bears and mountain elks were killed and brought into camp, while the small streams of this mountain region yielded to us fish in plentiful quantity; yet the sports, the games, and visits to other divisions of the nation, consumed so much of our time, that when the Fall season came we were scarce of provisions in camp. The Indian's harvest-time was, however, near at hand, when the wild buffalo, like the wild goose and crane, as the cooler days of early autumn appeared, would send their way to the warmer regions of the south. Taking advantage of this migration of these animals, the tribesmen met them on the plains and slew a sufficient number for their winter's food—the hides being used for bedding, clothing and traffic. Such bravery as was exhibited in the chase and capture of these animals! such skill in the use of the bow and the lance! such dexterity in riding as was shown by these people! giving much amusement to both old and young. Yet my soul was sad during all these days; the grand scenery of this mountain region, the pure air which came down from the snow-peaks of the north, and the clear waters that moved swiftly in the many streams, gave but a faint echo of the condition I so much craved. Winter was fast approaching, and Minnie, in her astral form, had invited me to be at her home on the 18th day of December, with one thousand miles of a trackless wilderness lying between her own and my present location; a region inhabited by Indians and wild animals; a region soon to be covered with snow and frozen by the cold winds! What could I do in a situation like this? How could I reach her home in two months' time, when the hand of Providence seemed scarcely long enough to accomplish the feat ere another summer should come?

While in deep distress at the prospect, and lying beneath my robes at night, I found myself standing outside my tent door. I looked within—there lay my form. I began to fear something was wrong. Just then I felt myself moved forward by an unseen force—a voice saying: "Be calm, no harm shall come to you." My path was eastward, on the main course of the Mu-ah-lush valley many weary miles, over mountains of snow, through storms of rain, through valleys where the water was over the banks of the streams, menaced by the wild wolf, and my mustangs suffering for food, until at length I came to a cabin where white people lived. But no sooner had I caught sight of the fire in the huge fire-place, than I was instantly hurled back beneath my robes in the tent!

The morning dawned, and I walked wearily all the day, to have the vision repeated the second night, and again on the third; but on the morning of the fourth day, ere I had taken my meal, and while thinking deeply whether I should try to steal away at night and attempt this perilous journey, "Cooing Dove" knocked at my tent door and said: "Americanos, get up, and go with me to the chief's tent!"

I arose, not knowing what her purpose might be, and followed her. We entered, and were invited to a seat on a robe on the ground, when "Cooing Dove's" form began to tremble, her breathing was difficult and short, then ceased for a minute; her countenance changed from a mild expression to one of commanding sternness, then she arose and addressed the chief:

"Shaking Ground," "Gray Pelican" stands before you, and demands your attention." "Shaking Ground" bowed low with respect, when "Gray Pelican" continued:

"Here is our adopted brother, Americanos. His heart is good. He is the favored of the mighty shades. Through him we have saved you and your people from capture, slavery and death. His 'White Flower' is calling for him. The Great Chief who moves the thunder and causes the winds to blow over the plains, who causes the grass to grow, and the buffalo to come within reach of your arrows, has other children than we. To them he has sent their Maniule. You give him mustangs; you give him food; you give him robes to keep him warm; send him away quickly, before the sun run half his course to-day."

The chief bowed his consent, then stepping forth from his tent called his people together and addressed them to the effect that the shade of "Gray Pelican" had ordered that I be allowed to return to my home. The chief directed that his favorite mustang, "Aloe," with saddle, be given me to ride; also another good mustang be given, supplied with packing facilities, on which should be placed sufficient dried meat for one man for forty days, two heavy robes, a grizzly bear-skin, also material for "catching" fire—and last but not least, a horn filled with a mineral substance, found only in these mountain regions, which, when mixed with bear's oil, and subjected to friction, will burn until consumed, though laid upon the water. Thus equipped, within three hours' time, with my bow and quiver at my back, and a steel knife under my belt, I mounted "Aloe," and in good Indian style, amid a succession of yells and a maze of swiftly flying mustangs, I bade farewell to the Comanche people!

CHAPTER XIII. Homeward Bound.

I had soon cleared the village, and ere long both it and its ascending smoke were lost to my view. A strange influence took possession of my being—a guiding and assuring influence which remained with me throughout the long wearisome journey on which I had just started, and without which I certainly would have perished on the plains. This influence guided, or I might say, impressed me to shape my course in the direction of a certain high butte in the distance eastward, passing to the south of which I struck the "Mu-ah-lush," down the valley of which I traveled for many days. Sometimes I would travel near the stream, then my course would diverge from it, and I would not see it again for days. At noon I would stop to graze my animals, and to partake of my food, and at the approach of night would seek the shelter and protection of timber as a camping-place—for in these regions, were wolves, many of which would follow my track almost every day, whining and howling, to at-

tack my animals for food. One day, after about two weeks' travel, these wolves followed me from early morning until noon, and coming to a small grove of cotton-wood trees at the eastern edge of a wide, grassy plain, I halted to graze my animals, standing guard the while with bow and arrow in hand. The wolves kept out of reach of my arrows, yet increased in number every moment until I feared exceedingly for my safety. Just then I heard a voice in the Comanche tongue, at the opposite side of the grove—whether Indian or not I did not know—saying: "Let the fire do its work." I set the prairie on fire as quickly as I could, mounted "Aloe," and sped my way on my journey. A strong east wind was blowing at the time, and eddying around the grove, carried the fire both north and south as well as swiftly to the west, the wolves moving before it to escape destruction.

My course for the next few days lay over a high table land, occasionally descending to the river, but soon to rise again; and to add to the perils and fatigue of the journey a heavy snow began to fall, which covered the country, seemingly, for hundreds of miles in every direction. The weather became intensely cold, and my mustangs grew weak for want of sufficient food, but they seemed to understand the necessities of the situation, for when I would halt where the tall grass grew, that they might paw the snow away to get at the green feed which remained at the roots, they would "whinny" their thankfulness in anticipation of the feast. Timber, through this region, was rather scarce. I would sometimes have to travel several hours after dark to reach a wooded place which would serve as a protection to my animals against the cold winds that so continuously blew in this section of the country, and underneath the boughs of which green feed could be found; also that I might kindle a fire to keep my body from freezing. On one occasion, the wolves had followed me for several hours. On reaching the timber, I hastily kindled two fires, between which, in case of last resort, I could place myself and animals for safety—wolves never daring to approach a fire; then tying the animals near by, underneath the trees, to feed on the green grass which stood within the radius of the length of their ropes, I prepared to stand guard until morning. But as the hours passed, the number of wolves increased around my camp; the howlings of one seemed to bring two to his side, until perhaps one hundred had gathered, each seeming to urge the others on to the attack. The animals appeared to be fully aware of the danger they were in, for they came as near the fires as the length of their ropes would bring them, and gave a low, peculiar cry, which speaks of danger and pleads for protection. I placed them between the fires, which seemed to disappoint the wolves a little at first, but soon their impatience, or the pangs of hunger, caused them to dare to come nearer; my supply of wood for the night was fast being consumed, and to leave the fires to seek more would have subjected me to be torn to pieces by these voracious animals. A crisis was fast approaching! Could I protect myself and mustangs from death until the day should come? It was true I had two dozen arrows in my quiver, with which I could kill as many wolves. But I had thought to reserve these to kill "game" for food, in case I lost my pack of provisions while swimming streams. Just then I thought of my horn of mineral fire, given me by "Shaking Ground." I seized the horn, smeared an arrow with its contents, and let fly at the nearest wolf. No sooner had the arrow left the bow than it was all aflame; piercing the side of the wolf it set his hairy coat on fire, which caused him to leap with fury against others, who were speedily in like case, and a general panic ensued, during which the whole pack fled from my camp, leaving me in safety.

No sooner had the wolves disappeared and ceased their howlings than the mustangs indicated by their actions that they knew the danger was over, and were willing to feed on the grass at a distance from the fires; so I placed them some fifty yards away, then gathering some more wood and taking my robes, lay down between the fires and slept until morning. My path lay over the highlands for yet another day, then descended to the immediate valley of the "Mu-ah-lush," where, at the roots of the tall grass of the bottom-lands, the mustangs, by still pawing away the snow, could get some green grass to eat. I traveled down on the immediate bank of this river for several days, crossing the small streams which came in from the mountain sides on the ice. But late one evening the south winds began to blow and the rain to fall; I sought the shelter of some timber near by, and turned the mustangs loose to seek their food as best they could. There being no wolves there, they were in no danger of being driven away. I built a fire under the long boughs of a tree, spread the bear-skin on the lower boughs as a tent-covering, and wrapped in my robes beneath, slept soundly until morning. The rain had fallen in torrents during the night, and the warm south wind was blowing a gale. The river was fast overflowing its banks; the snow had all disappeared, leaving the green grass in plenty, which the mustangs, notwithstanding the storm, were appropriating to their own use. The storm increased, the rain fell faster, and the mustangs began to drive before the wind; it was necessary to tie them up, which I did. I remained in camp all day; at night the storm had not abated, and the river had spread its waters for miles over the bottom-lands. What could I do but remain longer in camp?

[To be concluded.]

Hall's Hair Renewer enjoys a world-wide reputation for restoring the hair to bald heads and changing gray hair to the original color of youth.

New Music.—We have received from the White-Smith Music Publishing Co., the following: Instrumental: "Holmes's A's and Ditties," for violin and piano (2d set); Jos. L. W.'s "Practical Instruction in the art of Four-Hand Piano Playing"; "Sweet Remembrance March," Miss Kittie Allen; "White's Grand Triumphal March," S. Martin; "Song King Waltz," Louis V. Eckert; "La Jolie Waltz," G. E. W. Bachman, arranged for organ or piano by Chas. Koett; "Geraldine," Caprice Brilliant, Charles Drumheller; Orchestra Music, No. 13; "Thou art an Angel" (2nd set), soprano solo, C. A. White; "The Grenadiers" (Polka March), Theo. Bonhart; "Comrades," by Felix McGlenon, arranged as a waltz by Davidson; Vocal: "Oh Happy Day," C. G. Gitz; "Garden of Sleep," words by G. Scott, music, L. DeLara; "The Hostess's Daughter," (tenor) E. B. Felton; "On Venice Waters," O. Weber; "Ora Pro Nobis," Piccolomini; "The Sinking Ship," (Duet) and "Baby's Chasing Butterflies" (Song and Chorus), C. A. White; "The Stars in Heaven," Rheinberger; "Abide With Me," (Henry) Brown.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

The Indians.

For the Banner of Light. TOO LATE. BY MRS. MYRA WENTWORTH EMMERSON. Too late, when the camp is in ashes, When his white bones strew the plain, Come remorse and tender pity For the Indian brother slain. Remorse for words swift broken, For the brother hunted down; For, oh! he is still your brother, Though his skin is dusky brown. Ye came to his land a stranger— The red man a welcome gave. For his simple trust what answer Have ye given the forest brave? The camp-fire lies in ashes; No more o'er the waters blue Comes the happy song of the Indian As he floats in his birch canoe. In the Hunting Ground up yonder, There's a room for the forest brave. From the hunting-ground down lower Ye scarce could spare a grave! Knox Centre, Me.

Is this a Military Despotism?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: This question is suggested by the report which has been widely published by the press of the country, concerning the treatment of an American citizen—not in Russia or Persia, but in Dakota. The story is as follows: Dr. T. A. Bland, Corresponding Secretary of the National Indian Defense Association—a philanthropic organization composed of some of the best men and women in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and all parts of this country—visited the Sioux Indians recently to learn how they are getting on, and to advise with them about their affairs. His first point was Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota, the headquarters of the army during the recent military invasion of the Sioux country, and still under control of the military, Captain Penny, U. S. A., being agent, and Captain Bayley, U. S. A., commandant of the post. Dr. Bland spent some weeks at Pine Ridge and vicinity, and got the views of the military and the Indians, and also of the white citizens of Nebraska, who reside near the reservation line. He was at the hotel where Captain Bayley and his officers boarded, and he took notes of their table-talk. It was all about Indians and their friends in the East. The following is a fair sample: "Some thirty-five years ago," said Lieutenant No. 1, "there was an Indian rebellion in a country over which the British flag waved. At the close of the rebellion the leaders of the rebellion were sent to the happy hunting-grounds, or some other place, by being blown from the mouths of cannons. I told Red Cloud and all the other chiefs of the Sioux had been hung last winter the Sioux would have respected the government after that."

"If we could have another little brush with the reds," said Lieutenant No. 2, "and I could catch old Red Cloud out alone, I would hang him, and send him to the happy hunting-grounds." The whole party laughed boisterously at this witty suggestion. The mirth subsiding, Lieutenant No. 3 took up the parable by saying: "The Quakers of the East will visit 'Wounded Knee,' and snivel over the bones of some old buck or squaw who has not had a bath in ten years, but they have no tears to shed over the grave of the poor soldier who fell in that battle. Quakers who meddle with Indian matters could all hang, it would be a good thing for the country," said the fourth member of the staff. The captain said nothing, but his silence was guilt. That he did not approve his subordinates commits him to their sentiments.

In contrast with this, Dr. Bland reports that the Indian sentiment was eminently civilized. They said: "The agent and other military officers do not treat us and our white friends with the respect we think we are entitled to; but beside that, we have no complaint to make. They all earnestly say that the soldiers be taken away, and a good civil agent be sent to them. Leaving Pine Ridge he proceeded to Rosebud Agency, South Dakota, reaching there July 1st. Immediately on his arrival he was put under arrest by the clerk of the agency who was in charge, who said he had orders from the agent, then at Fort Niobrara, Nebraska, to arrest Dr. Bland, and confine him in the stock-ade during his stay."

The agency was full of Indians, all anxious to see Dr. Bland, whom they regard as a great friend of their race; but they were not permitted to see him. All the traders, employees, etc., visited him in his prison, and through these he sent messages to the Indians. There was great fear that the Indians would resent the indignity to their friend in a violent way, but the Doctor advised against this, and they heeded his counsel. He escaped from the stock-ade, and an Indian carried him to Valentine, Nebraska, a distance of forty miles, that night. On the following day he called on Agent Wright for his reason for arresting him. The agent said: "Capt. Ernest, Commandant of Fort Niobrara, said he thought you ought to be arrested, and I concurred in his opinion, and ordered my clerk by telephone to arrest you, unless you had special authority to visit the agency."

The Doctor interviewed Capt. Ernest, and the soldier said he offered for ordering his arrest was: "You are a newspaper man, and I don't want you around here." On reaching Washington, Dr. Bland submitted a written report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who at once called upon Agent Wright of Rosebud for his reasons for arresting Dr. Bland. He also asked the Secretary of the Interior to lay a copy of Dr. Bland's report before the Secretary of War, which was done. Agent Wright replied by first denying that Dr. Bland was arrested, and then by trying to justify his arrest on the ground of his holding radical views about Indians. The Commissioner gave Dr. B. a copy of Agent Wright's letter, and he replied to all its points. On receiving this reply of the Doctor, the Commissioner wrote Agent Wright the following terse letter:

[Copy.] DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, July 21st, 1891. J. GEORGE WRIGHT, Esq., U. S. Indian Agent, Rosebud Agency, S. D.: Sir: I am in receipt of your letter of the 30th inst., making report of your action in expelling from the reservation Dr. T. A. Bland. I enclose herewith a communication received from Dr. Bland, to which I ask your special attention, and upon which I wish a full and explicit report from you. Allow me to say that with the facts now before me, I regard your course in this matter as entirely reprehensible. I do not think you had any right whatever to treat Dr. Bland with the indignity with which he has been treated. (Signed) T. J. MORGAN, Commissioner.

In his letter to the Commissioner, Agent W. says: "I informed Dr. Bland that I had no personal objection to him or his visit, and if he would telegraph you and receive authority to visit the reserve, I would be pleased to receive him and extend every courtesy. He declined to do so, saying, 'I do not think he needed special permission to visit any part of my own country.' In his letter to the Commissioner, Dr. B. says: "I did decline, but in doing so I said: I have no doubt but that the Commissioner would reply favorably to such a telegram as you suggest. But I am equally sure that the Commissioner Morgan will concur in the view which I hold, that law-abiding, honorable American citizens do not need special permission to visit any portion of our common country." It is evident from his letter to Agent Wright that Commissioner Morgan does agree with Dr. Bland that this is a free country, and not a military despotism. ARCTIC.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Sick-Headache.

The Camps.

Sunapee Lake, N. H. To the Editor of the Banner of Light: The opening day at Sunapee Camp, Sunday, Aug. 2d, was favored with weather as delightful as could be desired. The sun shone with undimmed splendor, and a cool, invigorating breeze swept the bosom of the lake, making the day a perfect one. The exercises were held in the grove, Vice-President Cobb presiding. After the opening hymn, Mr. Cobb made a few earnest and eloquent remarks appropriate to the occasion. Miss H. E. Bailey rendered very sweetly and with true artistic expression, "The Angel at the Window." Mr. E. W. Emerson was then introduced as the speaker of the morning. The discourse was on "Spiritualism," which the gifted lecturer declared came not merely to excite interest in the phenomena, but was also intended to aid in spiritual growth. A number of fine texts were given by Mr. Emerson at the close of the lecture. At the afternoon service Mr. A. E. Tisdale occupied the platform. He prefaced his lecture by singing, "Only a Thin Veil Between Us," and an earnest invocation. The questions, "Where is the Spirit-World?" and "What do Spirits do?" were answered in a plain and logical manner. The plane we live in, he said, is determined by our capacity to perceive spiritually; for instance, without the organ of sight the beauty that light reveals is not seen; without the organ of hearing, the harmonious sound would not be heard; the fuller developed the faculties, the higher the sphere occupied. The spirit-world was a locality as well as a condition. The earth in its revolutions around the sun had ever been throwing off emanations in its path. In these emanations the spirit-world is located, but the spheres are the different degrees of unfoldment of the spirit. The home of the spirit is as each soul makes it. The lecture was highly instructive, and no doubt awakened new thoughts in the minds of many who were present. At the close Mr. Cobb again gave many and convincing proofs of spirit-presence, all of which were unhesitatingly recognized. At the close of the meeting he was surrounded by a host of eager inquirers, many of whom had never heard a test given, and were anxious to know more of the strange phenomena. The speakers' stand was tastefully decorated by that faithful worker, Mr. C. Carter, who was early in the woods and fields, gathering floral treasures for its adornment. The meeting was a grand success, the grove was well filled at both services, and there were more than pleased with the good things given them from the spirit-world. In the evening the National Developing Circle met at the Churchill Cottage, which was filled to its utmost capacity. Blackfoot, the grand old Indian, well known in connection with the N. D. C. and through his healing powers, was seen and described by Mr. Emerson. Lightfoot, another good Indian, controlled his medium and gave splendid tests. Others were more or less successful. A powerful and harmonious influence. The members of the choir who were present sang many sweet and soul-inspiring songs, which greatly aided the spirit-workers. After two hours pleasantly and profitably spent, the circle closed, and the services of the day and evening were ended at Sunapee Camp.

The hotel is kept this season by Mr. Geo. W. Blodgett, owner of the grounds. The guests report the table first-class. Mr. Geo. W. Morrill, one of Sunapee's managers, is at his cottage on the hotel, and is kept busy by those who need his services. Mr. J. E. Warren's photograph gallery is opened in his new cottage on the hill, and himself and his camera are in daily demand. His views of Lake Sunapee and surroundings, on exhibition at his studio, are most attractive. We are fortunate this season in having secured fine musical and dramatic talent, consisting of Prof. Edwin Thurston, Miss H. E. Bailey, and the Misses Maude and Bertha Davis, all of Boston.

JANE D. CHURCHILL, Sec'y.

Onset Bay, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: The first Musical of the season was given at the residence of Mrs. J. P. Ricker on the evening of Sunday, Aug. 2d. The large and appreciative audience present listened with much pleasure to the following programme:

- 1. Overture, Norma (Bellini), violin, flute and piano, by George Hosmer, S. J. Smith and Miss Ida F. Smith; 2. Song, "For You" (Millard), Mrs. Jennie H. Bowker; 3. Selections for piano (Sidney Smith), Miss Carrie Talbot; 4. Sonata, violin and piano (Mozart), H. L. Conant and Miss Virginia Rider; 5. Song, "London Bridge," W. D. Packard, tenor; 6. Louis Du Bal (Gillet), violin and piano, Mr. Hosmer and F. E. Crane; 7. Landler and Serenade (Bohm, Gounod), flute and piano, S. J. Smith and daughter; 8. Piano solo, waltz (Chopin), Miss Rider; 9. Rondo, two violins (Mayas), Mr. Hosmer and Mr. Conant; 10. Reading, "An English Sermon," Gen. F. J. Lippitt of Washington, D. C.; 11. Sonata, violin and piano (Schubert), Mr. Hosmer and Miss Smith; 12. Song, "O Fond Love" (Grieg), Mr. G. E. Russell, bass; 13. Sonata, violin and piano (Beethoven), Mr. Hosmer and Miss Rider; 14. Petit Symphonies, violin and piano (Dancia), Mr. Hosmer and Miss Mabel Piper of Lincoln, Me.; Quartette, Mrs. Bowker, Mrs. Adams, Messrs. Packard and Russell; F. E. Crane, accompanist.

The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association has just published a second volume of its "Who's Who," embracing the period from March, 1890, to the present time. In this history will be printed biographical notices of all members who died within that time, nearly eight hundred in number. Of those named by the association, justice to the deceased is done by more information. Members of the families of any of those named can probably render important assistance in the preparation of such notices by sending their address at once to ALFRED BICKNELL, Secretary of the Association, Mechanics Building, Huntington Avenue, Boston.

Name.	Occupation.	Joined.	Died.	Age.
Jesse Shaw.	Housewright.	1824	1861	76
William S. Drummond.	Printer.	1857	1861	40
Charles Hersey.	Housewright.	1825	1862	72
John W. Smith.	Housewright.	1828	"	"
Jesse Knapp.	Watchmaker.	1833	"	"
Geo. Klugman.	Sailmaker.	1841	"	55
John Staples.	Tailor.	1851	"	63
John Watson.	Leather Dresser.	1851	"	64
Charles Bullard.	Housewright.	1837	1864	"
Holland Blackmer.	Tailor.	1843	"	"
James Dyer.	Copper.	1822	1865	"
John H. Pitman.	Printer.	1834	"	"
Geo. Fassner.	Lead Manufac'r.	1849	"	"
John Sanford.	Carpenter.	1834	"	"
John Springer.	Housewright.	1832	1867	"
Thomas Ayer.	Carpenter.	1834	"	"
Edwin Payson.	Mason.	1837	1869	"
Edwin Hall, Jr.	Carpenter.	1838	"	"
Edward Haskell.	Type Founder.	1850	"	"
Geo. H. Foots.	Soapstone.	1850	1870	50
Peter Hubbell.	Brick Man'r.	1856	1871	67
Wm. A. Wheeler.	Iron Founder.	1838	1873	"
John Hunt.	Morocco.	1837	"	"
Abraham T. Bloch.	Presser.	1850	"	"
Geo. W. Goodrich.	Manufacturer.	1863	"	"
Wm. Heywood.	Stone Cutter.	1863	"	"
Henry Wright.	Manufacturer.	1848	1874	63
Edmund Wright.	Type Founder.	1829	"	72
John C. Gibson.	Printer.	1825	"	79
George Buss.	Painter.	1870	"	"
Oliver Downing.	Hatter.	1831	"	"
John Gilman.	Housewright.	1815	"	80
Jesse Osborne.	Stonecutter.	1859	1875	"
Artemus Hammond.	Blacksmith.	1838	1876	"
Thos. R. Jacobs.	Blacksmith.	1834	"	"
Edward Chamberlain.	Founder.	1842	"	"
Levi L. Cushing.	Carver.	1830	"	"
Simon A. Kins.	Printer.	1841	"	"
Hosier Bartlett.	Housewright.	1836	"	"
Wm. H. Wilson.	Tailor.	1833	"	"
Wm. P. Brown.	Housewright.	1835	1877	"
Daniel Miller.	Blacksmith.	1843	"	"
Jno. E. Warner.	Copper.	1837	"	"
Geo. C. Bird.	Manufac'r.	1875	"	"
Jos. Southey, Jr.	Clay.	1865	"	"
James G. Lovell.	Morocco.	1865	"	"
Chas. H. Laughlin.	Block Maker.	1860	1878	"
John T. Smith.	Mason.	1847	"	"
Geo. H. Gould.	Mason.	1872	"	"
Simon A. Kins.	Housewright.	1837	"	"
Geo. H. Cunningham.	Housewright.	1834	1879	"
Fredrick A. Henderson.	Tailor.	1857	"	"
Sam'l Adams.	Tin plate.	1815	"	64
	Worker.			

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts. FITCHBURG.—A correspondent informs us that on Sunday evening, Aug. 2d, the meeting of the Ladies' Progressive League was well attended. Mr. Gorham and Mrs. Ballou sang finely, and Mr. Goodrich read a poem replete with grand thoughts with good effect. Mrs. Martyn read a paper upon "Character." "Life's great aim and end," she said, "is character-building. Honor, wealth and all this life can bestow are but means to be used to that end. It should be our aim to build the very best possible character during this life as a foundation upon which to build again. Dr. Brigham followed with a thoughtful discourse upon the scientific evidences of life after death. 'Nature,' he said, 'never evolves a want without furnishing a supply. If it is proven that man wants a life after death, that very desire is a scientific evidence that God will supply that want. Does he need such a life? If it is proven that man during earthly life has not developed perfect hope, true charity, unswerving faith, complete benevolence and infinite wisdom, then he needs a future existence wherein these qualities may become perfect, for nature never leaves her work half finished. Because these attributes in human nature are crude and embryonic, their very incompleteness and weakness are the strength of his argument for, and a scientific evidence of, a life after the death of the body.' Mr. Davidson followed, and urged the necessity of closely following Christ, and very feelingly and earnestly spoke of the comfort and strength of his presence in all our daily walks and duties.

California.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Frank Perkins writes: "As a promoter of light and truth, you can take to yourself the assurance that the BANNER OF LIGHT has become the chief exponent of spiritual power of the nineteenth century. It is plainly teaching the difference between spiritual food and carnal poison; between bread and stone, fish and serpent; each number is more frequently in hand for perusal than any other weekly paper on the files of the reading room of the Mechanics' Library. I am in a position to know, also, that its coming is watched for, and its arrival warmly welcomed."

Florida.

MELROSE.—D. J. Richbourg writes: "I wish to recommend F. A. Heath, the blind medium of Detroit, Mich. Seeing his name in THE BANNER I wrote to him some time since, giving him no information whatever, and his reply not only gave me a correct account of the past, but such provisions of the future as will, I think, enable me to succeed in my undertakings."

August Magazines.

THE CENTURY.—This midsummer number is superb in all its departments. Portraits of the Emperor and Empress of Germany are followed by a eulogistic account of the first three years' reign of the new ruler, whose popularity with his people is ascribed by the writer, Poultony Bigelow, to his courage, his honesty, and the fact that he is a thorough German. The most desolate and dangerous station in the U. S. Lighthouse service is graphically described in "Life on the South Shoal Light-ship," by Gustave Kobbe, with nine illustrations. Mary Catherinewood gives an episode of Tonty's life in the Illinois country, in her thrilling narrative of "The Little Renait." The manager of the Associated Press describes the methods of news-gathering from the years when neither steamships, railroads nor telegraphs existed to the marvelous facilities of the present time. The hardships of early Californian adventures are vividly portrayed in "Cape Horn and Cooperative Mining in 49," "Orthodoxy and Liberty," treated as one of the "Topics of the Time," will find interested readers, and in "Open Letters," a London writer defends his previous arguments against vivisection from the attacks of a critic in the May number. New York: The Century Co.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—Vermont has an account of its past and present history told in an attractive manner by Col. Albert Clarke of this city. Thirty engravings are given in illustration, including the frontispiece—a view of Mt. Mansfield from Burlington, the Marble Quarry at Proctor, a Sugar Camp, and portraits of notable men and women of the State. "Bennington and Its Battle," by Edwin A. Start, is the subject of a paper profusely illustrated. The opening chapters of a serial story, "The Odor of Sanctity," by Ellen M. Heaton, and two short stories, "A Slide Issue of the Campaign," describing the trials of a country editor and his wife, by Mary E. Brush, and "Commonplace Carrie," by Eliza Orne White, comprise the fiction. A finely illustrated paper, "The Literature of the White Mountains," is contributed by W. H. Downes. Of the remaining contents are three Harvard Commencement Essays, "The Birthplace of Hannibal Hamlin," and several poems. Boston: 86 Federal street.

WIDE AWAKE.—New chapters of two serials and nearly half a dozen complete stories furnish a good supply of light and pleasing reading for midsummer days. Sarah Orne Jewett weaves a story about a reminiscence of Lafayette's last visit to this country. "The Bride's Bouquet," "The Silent Lie," "Pokeberry Juice and Mullein," will find many fascinated readers. Students of natural history will find much to interest and instruct in "Mr. Brown's Puff-blower," "Shells of Sea and Land," "The Poppy Bee" and "How to Dry Starfishes." In "Very Old Toys" Emma B. Day, with pen and pencil, illustrates the old adage, "There is nothing new under the sun." "What Seven Indian Boys Did" is a true account of the doings of Alaska boys. "Marletta's Good Times" are continued, as also are the drawing lessons for children. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Scrofula cannot resist the purifying powers of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by druggists.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Westmoreland, N. H., July 20th, 1891, Augustine G. Bryant, aged 41 years. Mr. Bryant was a man highly esteemed and beloved by all. His illness, commencing with the chest, terminated in fatal disease, the "grip." Seeing the change approaching, he made ready to meet it, carefully arranging for what must be, he left a large number of kind and loving friends, well: one brother and two sisters, a beautiful family of four children, who have sweet and tender memories of his devoted to their happiness and comfort. May the blessed influence of his ardent and true love, and the assurance that death cannot divide souls that love. Funeral services in the Universal Church were performed graciously to his request. From Henniker, N. H., July 22nd, 1891, Betsey Kimball, aged 94 years and 5 months. Mrs. Kimball was the oldest person in town. She was tenderly and faithfully cared for by her only daughter, who, with her kind husband, did everything possible for the dear old mother. As we looked upon the aged form quietly resting in the quiet, surrounded by sweet flowers loving hands had brought, we could but feel truly thankful for the knowledge given us that death smooths the forehead and worn body into peaceful repose, opening new fields of eternal youth and buoyancy to the spirit long fettered by weakness and pain. Many people gathered in the old home to listen for the first time to the comforting words of our loved ones who have passed to the life beyond. ADIE M. SWANSON.

On Sunday morning, July 20th, Fisher M. Clarke, at the ripe age of 77 years. He had been for many years a staunch and earnest advocate of the Cause, was a veteran in the spiritual ranks in New York City. His conscientious nature never permitted him to "hide his light under a bushel." He was a man of his motto; he was always ready to give of his means and of his knowledge; he never lost an opportunity to uplift the soul of a neighbor, and he was ever ready to befriend the poor, the orphan, the widow, and the distressed. He often spoke gratefully of the comfort he had derived from the beautiful friendship and inspiration of his patient and devoted wife, and during his protracted illness, and to the very instant of his translation, her ministrations comforted and sustained him as nothing else could. His last words were to his wife and to his loved ones: "As the splendor of spirit realms opened to the vision of his almost glorified spirit he exclaimed: 'Nellie, mother, how beautiful!'"

From Peabody, Manchester, England, Feb. 25th, 1891, Thomas Jones, aged 40 years. He left in earth-life his three motherless children. He recognized the reality of our true existence. A. R. [Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratis. When exceeding twenty lines, ten words or more for each additional line will be charged. Ten words or more for each additional line. No poetry admitted under this heading.]

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