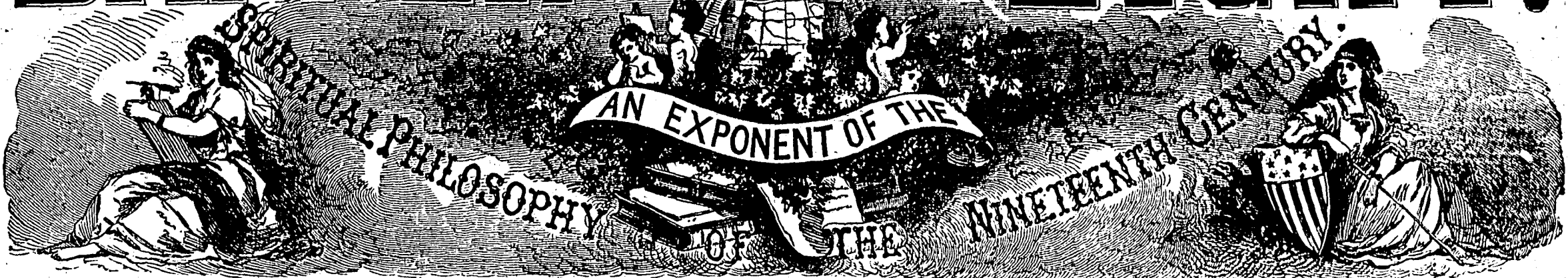


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IMMORTALITY PROVED BY THE TESTIMONY OF SENSE: In which is Contemplated the Doctrine of Spectres, and the Existence of a Particular Spectre.

Addressed to the Candor of this Enlightened Age.

BY ABRAHAM CUMMINGS.

SECTION I.—CONTINUED.

The Encyclopedias have related a wonderful artifice from Doctor Plot, performed undoubtedly by a number of persons at Woodstock, in England, soon after the death of King Charles the First, while certain commissioners, appointed to survey his property there, were engaged to accomplish their business. But in all that marvelous story we find no comparison with the events we are about to contemplate. The only apparition seen there was that of a dog; none of them observed the manner of his being introduced among them. They saw no changes of shape or magnitude, nor does it appear that any of them saw him vanish. They heard no articulate voice, much less any declaration of truth, unattainable by other means.

As to the Cocklane ghost, which produced so much noise and credit in London—there was neither articulate voice, nor any kind of apparition. All these artifices, and a thousand more which history commemorates, are swallowed up by the subsequent phenomena, as Aaron's rod swallowed up the rods of the magicians.

Pause, then, reader, and consider a few moments what evidence would convince you of the existence of a Spectre. Before you stand a creature encircled with radiance resembling that of the sun. Through the rays you behold a personal form as plainly as possible. This form speaks to you. The same is seen and heard by thirty others at the same time, and in the same manner, so that your experience and theirs are uniform; while two or three other persons, with the same ocular advantages, and looking in the same direction, hear the voice, but see nothing, having been previously told by the Spectre that they should only hear and not see.

With a voice distinct from that of the living, so that none of you can perceive the least manifestation of breathing, this personal form tells you not to be afraid; that nothing will hurt you; to stand as near as you please, and handle him, that you may know whether or not he is flesh and bones. You comply with the request, and find no material substance. Now what would be your conclusion? Would you feel sure that these matters were all the effect of your own fancy and that of others? Can you produce a single instance, out of all history, in which so many persons were thus impressed, while in reality they saw and heard nothing? But suppose further, that this Spectre informs you of events which you cannot possibly know by other means, what then would be the inference? "I make a distinction," says Dr. Johnson, "between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination, and what imagination cannot possibly produce. Thus, suppose I should think I saw a form and heard a voice cry, 'Johnson, you are very wicked, and, unless you repent, you will certainly be punished!' my own unworthiness is so deeply impressed on my mind, that I might imagine I thus saw and heard, and therefore I should not believe that an external communication had been made to me. But if a form should appear and a voice should tell me that a particular man had died at a particular place and at a particular hour—a fact which I had no apprehension of, nor any means of knowing, and this fact, with all its circumstances, should afterwards be unquestionably proved; I should, in that case, be persuaded that I had supernatural intelligence imparted to me." By this it appears, that had Dr. Johnson been an eye and ear witness of only a small part of what is now to be related, he would have believed that he had seen the form and heard the language of a Spectre. "He had a very philosophical mind," says Mr. Boswell, "and such a rational respect for testimony as to make him submit his understanding to what was authentically proved, though he could not comprehend why it was so." And the same will be the disposition of every pious and reasonable mind. But if you reject the evidence of experience, the evidence of substantial testimony and the evidence of predictions, where are you? On the billows of skepticism, without a helm, and your lee shore is infidelity.

It is frequently asserted, and that by multitudes, that the true origin of the following letters is a gross artifice. ASSERTED, I say, for that is all. Twenty-six years they have had to look round, search and prove that they are not mistaken. And for this purpose, means and pains have not been wanting. Nothing, however, has yet transpired to make good the assertion; but remarkable events have disproved it.

It is well known that some of the witnesses have been prosecuted for mountebanks; but nothing even to form an indictment could be found against them. Do I misrepresent? Do I mislead the credulous? Then let me be convinced; yes, let me be exposed. Let the cause be fully and fairly tried by friendly discussion; not in a future century, when we shall dwell in silence, but now, while the means of evidence are at hand—while the witnesses and their opponents are yet living.

If we love our neighbors, we prize their characters and forbear needless censure, especially in a case like this. "Judge not that ye be not judged," Mr. Addison and of Mr. Hartly are not impertinent; "I think a person who is terrified with the imagination of ghosts and Spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the report of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of Spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general

testimony, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I could not distrust in other matters of fact." "Certain it is," says Mr. Hartly, that Spirits can become visible and converse with us, as man with man; and so innumerable are the instances hereof, as also of their discoveries, warnings, predictions, &c., that I may venture to affirm, with an appeal to the public for the truth of it, that there are few ancient families in any county of Great-Britain, who are not possessed of records, or traditions of the same in their own houses, however the prevailing Sadducism of these times may have sunk the credit of them."—Preface to Swedenborg's Treatise of Heaven and Hell, p. 18.

His whole discussion of this topic demands our peculiar attention.

As the glorious descent of New Jerusalem is at hand, and perhaps already begun, it is not improbable that henceforth these phenomena will exceedingly multiply, and then destroy the wisdom of the wise. New Jerusalem will descend, i. e., the saints will descend from heaven and make visible their spiritual bodies, while those heavenly doctrines are inculcated which establish a church new and glorious; so that the old Christian church has no glory by reason of the glory which excelleth. Then Universalism, Socialism, Arianism, and the grossly absurd doctrine of Divine tri-personality, will deceive the nations no more for a thousand years.

SECTION II.

Recent proofs of the doctrine by the existence of a particular Apparition—in six letters.

LETTER I.

In reply to a friend, who has expressed his desire and that of others, that the account of the Spectre might not be made public.

My Dear Sir—In our last interview you favored me with the suspense of your judgment with regard to the Spectre which has produced so much alteration in this part of the land.

I am, therefore, encouraged to ask your further attention to this affair, contemptible as it must appear, if you believe but a part of the misrepresentations now propagated. These, with modern incredulity, now form the general opinion of the wise and unwise, the learned and the unlearned, that this whole affair is mischief and artifice, practiced by one or more of Mr. B.'s family, and particularly by the young woman whose marriage was responsive to the prediction and direction of the Spectre. Thus stands the vision of Hosea in the view of our Deists. They consider it a thousand times more probable that the good man was somehow or other deceived by those licentious women, than that he ever received such direction from the invisible world. Now while my own opinion is entirely the reverse—while I view that family and their neighbors who practiced this as unjustly censured, shall I appear the *sans froid* spectator? Perish rather my own reputation with theirs.

But this notwithstanding, dear sir, you will not fail to mention the ardent sensations of gratitude and esteem which I entertain for those pious and judicious persons who have expressed their generous anxiety for my character and usefulness.

It is not so much the matter or style of the pious discourse of the Spectre which demands our attention, as the inquiry whether there was any Spectre or not. She taught the same truth which we find in our Bible. She proclaimed no new doctrine. Had she done this, it would have occasioned a great objection against her. She exhorted the young people to read the Bible as their sure guide to eternal life. And her requirements were defended by the Scriptures, whenever the propriety of any of them was doubted, to show that her directions agreed with the law and the testimony.

In the style of her discourse there was nothing of elegance or sublimity, more or less than we observe among common people in that pious and familiar conversation in which passages of Scripture are frequently introduced.

This, they say, is a great objection; a person from the invisible state could never have conversed with the people in such an ordinary style. But had she excelled in the *eloquent* or *sublime*, objection would not have been silent. It would have been said that she was not the person she professed to be, for the employment of that person had never been the study of Sheridan or Longinus; on earth she was below it, in heaven above it. The Spectre came not with the excellency of speech which man's wisdom teaches, nor with the sublimity of those prophecies which describe the rise and ruin of empires, for empires were not her subject; and there was perfect propriety in her using such language as would subserve two of her designs—which were to manifest who she was, and to render herself as familiar as possible to those common people with whom she conversed. Accordingly her mention of certain articles of property which she had left was by no means an ultimate design, as she herself declared; but this, and her reasonable disposal of them, were more clearly to convince her family that she had been their daughter and sister. For the same reason, the features of her face were observed to be like those of the person she professed to be, by some who knew her in her life time; and though

* Spectator, No. 110.

† Since the Deity has assumed our nature, his being comprises Divine Intelligence and human intelligence. The former is intuitive; the latter reasons sometimes for the investigation of truth; yet being in a sense made divine, is the infallible source and medium of all our spiritual knowledge, grace and happiness. Now, as Intelligence is the very essence of personality, distinction of Intelligence must be the distinction of personality. Therefore the Divine Intelligence is the Divine Person, and the human intelligence is the human person. The Divine being, too, called the Holy Ghost, is a person in the figurative sense; several personal pronouns being applied to this Divine affluence in the Scriptures. Our meaning thus explained, we may truly say that there are three Persons in the Deity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, all comprised in our glorious Saviour, in whom dwells all the fullness of the Deity bodily. But the doctrine of there being literally three distinct, personal divinities in the Deity, has no foundation in the Scriptures.

‡ The personal pronouns she and her are here used with reference to the sex to which the ghost belonged in this world.

her voice had no indication of breath, and was imitatively distinct from any voice of the living, yet it had the same sound which she had uttered in her last hours, as they who attended her in her last sickness have testified. Sometimes a part of the company could understand her words without the least difficulty; while others, with advantages of hearing every way equal perceived only a sound, without the least articulation whatever. Thus the men who were with Paul at the time of his conversion, heard a voice, but saw no man; and they saw the light, but heard not the articulate voice of the speaker.

Such was the various experience of the people on these occasions. Some of them heard and understood plainly, but saw nothing; others heard a voice, but no speaking voice; others, again, saw a light, but no person, while they had no impediments natural or accidental; yet far the greater number heard the words distinctly, and clearly saw a personal form. And the very same persons, who could not see nor hear intelligibly at one time, would, at another time, and even at a greater distance, see, hear, and understand without the least difficulty; while others of the company, who had clearly seen and understood at the previous interview, could now only see a light and hear a sound.

It was to render herself familiar that she frequently introduced herself, as we do, by the token of knocking.

When Peter knocked at the house of Mary, the disciples thought it was his angel—that is to say, they thought that a Spirit might come to the house and knock. They more easily believed that a Spirit was at the door, than that Peter had escaped from prison. We should, in this age, more easily believe just the contrary. But the disciples were no philosophers.

For the same reason she endeavored to dispel the fears of those who conversed with her. "Do not be afraid," she would say; "I have not come to hurt you; you need not be afraid at all!" Utterly opposite, you observe, to the conduct of those who personate apparitions. They generally aim to keep their dupes in fear and at a convenient distance.

So the angel addressed the shepherds: "Fear not," "I do not stand too near you, do I?" said a person unobserved. "No," was the reply, "I stand as near as you please."

Hence, also, the reason why she did not commonly begin to speak till she was addressed. "I am commonly, for there were some exceptions. The voice of a Ghost responsive is not so unexpected and, of course, not so suddenly terrific as the same voice would be without previous address. This may serve to remove that objection of the Encyclopedias: "It is an odd circumstance," say they, "that ghosts have no power to speak till they are addressed." But this odd circumstance is not occasioned by their want of power, but by their tenderness for the persons who receive their messages. This was the very reason she once expressly gave for not speaking where she once appeared. Hence we may, if we choose, see one reason why she spoke so frequently in the cellar. It is easy to see, if we choose, that the idea of a Spectre coming into the room where the family commonly resided for labor, sleep, or other refreshment, was distressing to them; for this was their refuge, their place of retreat. Accordingly when, upon a certain day, she appeared among them in one of the lower rooms, they all left the house. The Spectre, therefore, out of tenderness to them, commonly, though not always, conversed in the cellar, that they might seem to have a place of retreat. The next question is, why then did she not commonly speak in one of the chambers or the open field? But the chambers were apartments of repose, and the field was inconvenient by the weather. She did, however, sometimes speak in the chambers and in the lower rooms, and in other houses of the neighborhood, and several times in the open field.

A cellar, such as that was, is a place where deceivers, imitating her realities, would find difficulty. A ventriloquist might indeed speak there. But how? Not so that a part of the company shall hear and understand distinctly, while the other part, with advantages of hearing every way equal, and giving equal attention, shall not understand a single word. If a ventriloquist could perform this, we should have known it before this time.

No white garments can appear white in a dark cellar at midnight, and suppose any lucid substance could have been used—then, when it first appeared a mere shapeless mass, who formed it, in a moment, into personal shape, face and features? Who caused it to speak and desire to be handled? and when this desire was complied with, why did not the hand undeceive the eyes? Now admit the possibility of a magic lantern, where did it move, and where stood the upright plane for the representation, when, by the order of the Spectre, the company of about twenty persons formed an ellipse within which she passed and repassed, from end to end, several times. You must inform me, too, how some eyes saw the form so clearly, while others, with advantages of sight every way equal, saw nothing.

However, it is not even pretended that any such mediums of delusion were ever seen here.

For an argument which vindicates this conduct of the Spectre still more, I am indebted to Prof. Stewart. "It appears to me to be no slight confirmation of these remarks," says he, "that, although in the dark, the illusions of imagination are much more liable to be mistaken for realities, than when their momentary effects on the belief are continually checked and corrected by the objects which the light of day presents to our perception; yet even total darkness is not so alarming to a person impressed with vulgar stories of apparitions, as a faint and doubtful twilight which

* &c., On the distinction between the original and required perceptions of sight.

affords to the conceptions an opportunity of fixing and prolonging their existence, by attaching themselves to something which is obscurely exhibited to the sight." Hence it follows, that in a dark cellar, at midnight, a person was not so much exposed to deception, either by his own imagination or by the artifice of others, as if there had been some degree of light. Had the ghost been wholly confined to a cellar, kitchen, or garret, or even to all these, the objection would appear more plausible; but this was by no means the case.

Accompanied by two persons, she walked, or rather moved in elevation from the ground, nearly two miles, discouraging with them as they went along. "For what purpose?" you ask. Doubtless an important one. But to what purpose could I tell you, while you reject the possibility of it for any purpose?

This little journey was soon published through the town, but was no more believed than this luminous age now believes the writer. What was the consequence? "Go," said the Spectre to one of those two persons, "collect all those in the neighborhood who give the best evidence of piety and veracity. Let them hear and see, for they will tell the truth." He complied, and fifty people were convened at the time and place appointed for the interview.

After conversing with them several hours on the most serious topics, by which they were exceedingly affected and delighted, she reminded them of their incredulity, and informed them that if they would walk on, two and two, in the solemn order observed at a funeral, she would walk with them, accompanied by one of those persons who had accompanied her before, for evidence that they might have declared the truth. The company complied, and walked with her about half a mile in the manner now described.

"But, after all," I hear you inquire, "admitting that the whole affair is genuine and free from illusion, how can the belief of it become beneficial to me and others?"

But certainly truth is better than error. And do we know that this truth will never be wanted hereafter, for purposes which do not at present appear? Do you know how soon your own or other families may suffer unjust reproach; like the family and vicinity who are now so liberally censured? Do we know the length and weight of the chain of which this link is a part?

The Scriptures teach the doctrine of the separate state, and oppose materialism. What then? Is the evidence of Scripture injured by other evidence, declaring the same truth and urging the study of the Scriptures, as our sure guide to eternal life? The ancient medals and other monuments of antiquity, which afford so much rational entertainment for the curious, never diminish, in their eyes, the evidence or value of the Roman, Grecian or Egyptian history. Why, then, should this medal before us diminish in our eyes the value of the Scriptures? What distinction of men are they who stand most secure from the peril of illusion by the superstitious belief of Spectres? Speak, ye illumined ye Palms who keep no Bible! With unvaried sentiments of esteem,

I continue yours.

LETTER II.

The circumstances of the marriage related in vindication of Mrs. Butler and others.

Dear Sir—To compare great things with small, the unbelieving Jews, who heard and saw the first Christian miracles to be really such, viewing them as the effects of magic or some secret influence of Satan—but modern infidels say they were no miracles at all—so the opponents of the Spectre, in this place, who have heard and seen, generally allow that the performances of the ghost were miraculous; but accomplished by evil agency; while distant opponents pronounce the whole an artifice.

Thus distance of place has occasioned the same variation among the opponents of the Spectre as distance of time among the opposers of Christianity. By this comparison you must not imagine that I have reference to criminality; but my design is to show that the friends and foes of the Spectre, in this place, are both opposed by those distant people who pronounce the whole an artifice. It is a mixture of supernatural agency and artifice in the view of the opponents here; not because the least motion of the latter was ever really discovered; but because they judge (and feel capable of judging) that no case of marriage, in any age of the world, since the first of the Scriptures, can possibly require the interposition of a heavenly messenger.

We, on the contrary, are so poorly qualified to determine how the world ought to be governed, that we know not what events should take place by ordinary means, or what by extraordinary means; and, therefore, we know not but there might be such a circumstance in some place or period of the world.

We are, too, as much at a loss to account for the advent of an evil angel singing alleluias, in order to join a couple mutually attached in a relation which is honorable in all, as to account for the advent of a holy angel for the same purpose.

It is necessary, without all doubt, that such an extraordinary dispensation should be connected with an important consequence and a special reason why it took place. But it is not necessary that this consequence and reason should at present be universally known, though they certainly will be known hereafter, and probably, in part, to many in this world. The performances of the ghost are so connected with other events of Providence as to form a connected whole, the beauty of which cannot be known, even in part, without much examination.

The Spectre had a number of extraordinary messages, of which the marriage was but one, and that a subordinate one; and accordingly did produce extraordinary credentials.

The very first notices of anything unaccountable were given at the time when Mrs. Butler, the supposed authoress of the whole delusion, was

at the point of death, by a disease which soon became external and proved its reality. Was that the time for her, or any person for her, to commence the enterprise for a husband, when she must have been under the greatest disadvantage for the prosecution of it, and when there was no rational expectation that she would ever need a husband?

About twenty-four hours after her marriage, the Spectre foretold that she would become the parent of one child and then die. For what purpose could she, or any person for her, contrive this prediction and its fulfillment? Her walk of two miles, in company with the Spectre and her father, was undertaken with great reluctance, if anything could be known by the correspondence of words and behaviour. But the small voice of one who had made the house tremble, informed them, by message, that lives were in danger if they refused. By the same voice the Scripture was quoted to show that her direction was not inconsistent with it. What could have been done in this case more than was done by the most pious or prudent on earth? The Scriptures were consulted. The family prayed together, that if there was deception in this extraordinary injunction, the Lord would make it known to them, and that, if the cause was of God, they might be preserved; for the storm, the evening, and especially the weakness of the tea, had rendered the way difficult and very perilous. When to these considerations we add, the grievous offence and explicit repulse which the whole family had that day received from the person to whom her father was, out of her hearing, to communicate the message, we cannot admit the idea of artifice in Mrs. Butler, without detaching from her all fear of danger, all sense of resentment, all respect due from a child to a parent, all rationality of conduct and all consistency of character.

But, further, the greatest and most conspicuous of these miracles appeared after the marriage. Could she, who said, or any person for her, perform these impossibilities to obtain a purpose which was obtained already? But, admitting the plea for a minute, and but a minute, that they were possible intended to establish the large and multiply dupes for the preservation of character—a question then urges incessantly: For what purpose was the child dug up and buried in another grave? This was not a mere accident, but a deliberate and public transaction, appropriated by no pretence of any reason, but the mere order of the Spectre. Eighty people from four different towns were assembled, and offered prayers to the Supreme Being on this occasion, and all by the direction of the ghost, declaring that this child would rise at her right hand at the last day. This was a horrible wickedness in the ghost if she was only such by profession! And our opponents must, for their own sakes, allow that she possessed a great degree of subtility, if not of wisdom; since, for twenty-six years past, they have, for the most part, scarcely ventured to conjecture, much less to prove, who she was; though, by their own acknowledgment, she has talked among twenty of them, from time to time, within a foot of their faces.

Doubtless, then, some special design was concocted in this rare transaction. What was it? The continuation and extension of the fraud? No; for she must have known that the least of those miracles already exhibited, would better answer this purpose; were it now presented only before a small part of these eighty people. But the reinforcement was not connected with even the pretence of miracle. What was the consequent impression on the minds of mankind? Just what any person with half an eye would easily foresee. It was such as rendered Mrs. Butler's character, in the eye of mankind, neither better nor worse. What could she think to gain or lose, in character or anything else, whether that other woman's child rested in its first grave or in another about thirty feet from it? The whole affair was considered, by mankind in general, as a solemn, mysterious parade, without any apparent consequence of injury or utility.

But this practical oath, as already shown, was not without design; what was it? Was it to convince the assembly, at that time, that Mr. Blaisdel and Capt. Butler, who acted the most distinguished and solemn part in it, believed the Spectre and her performance to be realities? No; for of this they were completely convinced already. The question, therefore, with our opponents, stands unresolved. When we consider, too, the imitable sound of the voice, most nearly resembling the dying voice of Capt. Butler's first wife, at certain times, and how often the ghost has appeared since Mrs. Butler's death, all suspicion of artifice must be utterly groundless, and cannot be indulged by those who love their neighbors as themselves, and exercise that constant tenderness for their characters which the gospel requires.

[To be continued in our next.]

Power of the Press.

Chapin says: "I love to hear the rumbling of the steam power press better than the rattle and roar of artillery. It is silently attacking and vanquishing the Malakoffs of vice and the bastions of evil; and its parallels and approaches cannot be resisted. I like the click of the type in the composing-stick of the compositor better than the click of the musket in the hand of the soldier. It bears a leaden messenger of deadlier power, of subtler force, and of a surer aim, which will hit its mark, though it is a thousand years ahead."

Mazzini leaves behind him this fine code of morals: Seek not to isolate yourself; imprison not your soul in sterile contemplation, in solitary prayer, in pretending to a grace which no faith not realized in works can enable you to deserve. You can only save yourself by saving others. God asks not, What have you done for your soul? but, What have you done with the brother souls I gave you? Think of these. Leave your own to God and his law. Labor unwearily for others' good. Such is the holiest prayer.

Biographical Sketches.

[Under this head we shall print, from time to time, brief accounts of the life experiences of prominent Spiritual Mediums.]

MRS. SARAH A. FLOYD.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY JOHN W. DAY.

There is on you, silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sunless treasures from affection's deep,
To pour on broken hearts—a wasted shower!

There is on you, to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain,
Meekly to bear life's trials—cheerfully,
And oh, to face through all things—therefore pray!

HER EARLY DAYS.

Sarah A. Phelps entered the sphere of earth's duties and experiences in Boston, on the 31st day of March, 1839. Her parents—who, together with their relatives, occupied a prominent social position among the citizens of her birth-place—were named respectively John B. and Julia. She was married at an early age.

Her pilgrimage lengthened into six years ere anything occurred in her experience which differed materially from that of ordinary children born and growing up amid the confusion and bustle of exciting metropolitan life. As the purpose of this narrative is rather to express to the reader the spiritual side of the medium's existence, this period—as well as many details of her after life—is rapidly passed over, with the casual remark that unlike many of our media, she has had the advantages of a kind and indulgent parent, a pleasant and congenial home, and the educational culture which those in comparatively affluent circumstances are wont to bestow upon their children.

A GHOST.

At the age of six, her much loved father was called by the mandate of physical change and decay beyond the ken of those who deeply missed his material presence. But though she knew his body had been borne away to that quiet house "prepared for all the living," to her surprise the little one was able to see him about her, to converse with him, and to feel so absolutely at home in his presence as to entertain no fear of the disembodied intelligence. She knew not how to account for the sight, which was so palpable to her, neither what name to attach to her mysterious visitant, so accepting the hypothesis of the popular nursery legend, she called him "a ghost." This was the first example she received of the action of that power of spirit seeing which has ever since constituted one of the strongest points in her mediumship. A little child, once a playmate of her's while in earth-life, also appeared to her frequently. Here, at the very outset, the spirit of bigotry, clothed in the garb of sanctity, stood before her to bar her further progress toward communion with the world of souls. Her strange conduct, when her father was present, attracted the attention of those around, and all her explanations proved utterly unsatisfactory. So the family clergyman was called in to expostulate with her. "My dear," he exclaimed, on hearing her description of what she saw, "you must not talk to that shape which you say assumes the form of your father;

IT IS THE DEVIL!

and you must say to it at once: 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' But the spirit seemed to care but little for the priestly denunciation. The family of invisible companions would sometimes be increased to a half-dozen—the spirit children producing in her no fear, though her conduct, on such occasions, earned for her in the family the reputation of being a "strange and unaccountable child."

Full-grown ghosts—men and women—now began to manifest themselves to her, and (even as in later years) she would exhibit signs of fear in their presence; but those around her, not understanding the case, would only laugh at what they supposed her foolish tendency to nervousness.

At the age of ten years, when the future medium, in company with her elder sister, would attend the Orthodox (the family) church on Sunday, a little spirit-child walked by her side—of course unseen by others—listened to the sermon, attended the Sabbath school in her class, and used repeatedly to tell her mortal companion with regard to what the minister taught, or the teacher said, concerning the certainty of eternal punishment: "It is n't true, Nannie—it is n't true!"

HER FIRST TRANCE.

About the same date she first experienced the state of trance. She seemed, on losing consciousness, to be admitted within the pale of the spirit-world, and beheld, as in a vision, her future home and different members of the family—including her father. But on her return, those around her, though unable to account for the comatose condition in which she had been, gave no credence to her recital of what she had beheld. She soon began to see sparkling showers of part-colored lights—invisible to others present; this phenomenon also frequently occurred when she lay in bed. She began to attract considerable attention in the family as a prophetic—having on several occasions communicated the intelligence of the decease of friends and relatives—by having seen them in spirit before the news reached her family through the usual channels. Her powers of hearing seemed to grow unnaturally acute—she not only being able to (clairaudiently) hear spirit-voices, but to detect and understand any conversation in other portions of the house which might be sustained. She could also tell (clairvoyantly) when asked what was going on in any part of the dwelling.

A VISION.

When she arrived at the age of twelve, the following remarkable vision was given to her: Passing into the trance condition, she entered the realm of spirit. Welcomed by her parent, and some others whom she failed to recognize, she was escorted through beautiful scenery much akin to that on earth; and above and beyond, and irradiating all, was a brilliant light, which her guides told her was the "All-seeing Eye"—the great Sun of Truth. She saw her former life, as in a panorama; her spirit appeared as it entered her physical form in babyhood; she beheld the old lady, Margaret—of French descent—who, at the time of her birth, was appointed her spirit guardian, and heard her father say to those around him: "She is yet but a young child; let us display to her her future earth-life, that she may understand it as it hereafter unfolds." She then beheld, with great astonishment, a large hall, which commenced making the most rapid revolutions. From a dome over her head, a mild light seemed to fall upon the revolving mass; through apertures in the sides of the hall, scenes in her after life (since fully experienced, but then but dimly understood and appreciated) became instantaneously visible, and then faded as quickly away. At times, all around her seemed sorrow and darkness—it appeared as if God had forsaken her; then light and peace would be sup-

plied, and the "garment of praise" would supplant "the spirit of heaviness." She seemed, in this celestial horoscope, to be yearning after something beyond her grasp. Finally, large groups of people, smitten with various maladies, appeared in the revolving disc, and the power seemed to be given her to heal them "of whatsoever disease they had." She next saw herself in the presence of a multitude, to whom she was expounding the laws of life and duty. From this vision of the future—fulfilled to the very letter in after life—she was violently aroused by the dashing of water upon her face—her friends discovering her, and concluding that she had fallen in a swoon. The pictures seen at that time—which no language could describe—have never been effaced from her memory.

HER MISSION IS MADE KNOWN.

Shortly after this, a circumstance occurred in her experience which produced a marked effect upon her, verifying, as it did, in some degree, the preceding vision. At that time, considerable interest was astir in community regarding mesmerism and its strange attendant phenomena, and her family shared in the excitement. A neighbor named Poland, a strong mesmerist operator, was invited to the house, with some friends, that its inmates might, in a semi-private way, witness for themselves the results of his experiments. He was eminently successful with the other members of the company, but when he arrived opposite where she sat—she having stolen into the room quietly, while all attention was fastened on him—he declared that he had lost his power—that there was some one in the room more powerful than himself. She instantly felt that she had the capability to control any one in the room. When she entered the place of meeting, she had distinctly seen attending her, two spirits, one on each side; and Mr. Poland—who was a medium and a believer in spirit return, it also appeared—immediately described them as they stood by the child. He also said that she was a very remarkable medium, and that the spirit-world was fitting her for a great work, which future events would unfold. He was unable to exercise any further influence upon the company till she left the room. This was the first occasion where, in the term "medium" had received an explanation in her hearing; and she was able, in a certain instinctive way, to couple it with the strange occurrences of her life.

HER DEVELOPMENT.

About the year 1864, there commenced a series of strange experiences and trials which resulted in her full mediumistic development. She awoke one morning with the sensation of a most severe pain in the pupil of her right eye. In fifteen minutes' time it had pervaded her entire system; and her sight rapidly failed, till she was unable to distinguish parties in the room with her. Hundreds of shadowy forms seemed to rise before and around her, and the colored lights which she had often seen apparently doubled in number. The family physician, a man of proved skill, examined her, but could find nothing amiss in her organs of vision, and so gave his opinion. His remedies failed, from some (to him) unexplained reason, to produce the usual effect; blisters applied fell off without accomplishing their object, and the stomach of the patient seemed utterly to refuse his administered potions. She continued in this distressing and annoying state of semi-blindness for two years. At length she began to see before her, as it were, scrolls upon which written characters appeared, which, on closer examination, proved to be sentences like the following: "Your development." "We can heal you, and we alone." "We are developing you for a sight seer;" all of which was very strange and—especially in the latter case—incomprehensible to her, she having no clear idea of what a "sight seer" was in a spiritual sense. Her father now made his appearance frequently, and seemed greatly interested in manipulating her eyes. Her sight gradually improved thereby, but her nervous system seemed still unsettled—so much so that often an article taken up by her would be dropped as suddenly. Her hands and arms were also often taken possession of by a power she did not understand. Remarkable occurrences now supervened. She would often, on seeking to enter any particular room in the house, hear the key turn in the lock, and thus be kept out, when she knew (as it was often demonstrated by strictest search) that no mortal was in the apartment at the time. Articles of food not best for her use would be taken away by her guides. Articles of apparel would unceremoniously disappear, and as mysteriously be found again. Pictures were turned, by no visible hand, face to the wall, and the furniture was roughly displaced on many occasions. These, and other manifestations of a similar or more startling character—such, for instance, as loud convulsions, etc.—continued till the family, alarmed at their violence, became seized with a panic, and declared that the house was haunted, and they must leave it.

HARWENEA.

One of the causes of all this disturbance at length found means to disclose his identity. Determined, if possible, to leave no stone unturned in her search for the interrupters of her household peace, the mother of the medium sent for a lady—Mrs. Baker, a resident of Dorchester, (now in Colorado)—who was gifted with "the power," to investigate, and reveal, if it might be, the nature of the difficulty. She came, was entranced by her Indian guide (or controlling spirit), who told the young lady that her father and brother were present, and said she belonged to the spirit-world—that she was wanted for her appointed work, to heal disease, and to proclaim a knowledge of spirit communion as a public speaker. This was the path before her—thorny at first, but leading to joy beyond. He said that Harwenea, who was in life a chief of the Mohegan tribe, had been appointed to be her guide, to assist her in carrying out the wishes of the spirit-world. Her mother was much troubled in spirit, and entered an energetic protest against her beloved daughter's becoming a public medium; but the current of circumstance set irresistibly onward, and finally brought about the event.

HER FIRST PATIENT.

Before she fully comprehended her power over disease, she was much surprised at discovering that under a treatment accidentally given to a cousin of hers, St. Vitus dance was immediately removed. The patient was the daughter of a Baptist clergyman, who, while not denying the cure, preferred to ascribe it directly to its fountain—God the source of all good—refusing credence to the existence of any intermediate agency. The medium, herself—who had been suffering from sickness, and had been in charge of a physician for a long time—was told by Harwenea that if she would give up medicine and obey orders, her spirit friends would heal her without its aid. They promised, if she acceded, to produce a marked improvement in her case in three weeks, and if she would sit daily between the hours of three and five o'clock, they would soon conclude her development. Though still much frightened at the sight of strange spirits who confined ever-

and anon to manifest themselves in her presence, she concluded to accept their proffered aid, and found the promises to be faithfully kept, her health being much benefited within the time specified, though not fully restored.

HER FIRST "SPEAKING" CONTROL.

It is most true that the darkness of one mind is the light of another; what appears a bald impossibility to one individual, may seem the living truth to his fellow. Therefore the skeptic reading this account has the door left open for the exercise of his incredulity if he chooses to make use of it, while the Spiritualist, who by earnest examination into the general phenomena has become convinced of the verity of spirit return, will recognize scattered throughout this sketch cases of experience parallel with his own, and hail them as confirmatory evidence that he has not been deceived. Judgment must be exercised in all things spiritual as well as mundane, and each spirit manifesting must be judged by his fruits, whether in reality he be the person he claims or not. The first disembodied intelligence who controlled Mrs. Floyd, for the purpose of making anything like an extended address, gave the name of Rev. T. Starr King, and offered much good counsel to the patient, both in a theological sense, and in regard to the proper mental surroundings for the medium. The same influence—together with one giving the name of Rufus Choate—has since frequently, through her organism, addressed the audiences regularly congregating at John A. Andrew Hall, Boston.

HOW SHE WAS FINALLY HEALED.

In the early part of 1866, she suddenly awoke at night with an impression that her chamber was on fire, from the brilliancy of the light which seemed to pervade it, and which brooded over her as she lay there waiting in trembling expectation for something, she knew not what. She then heard a voice which said: "Fear not; the word of the Lord is upon you; do the work that is given unto you to do, and you shall reap the reward in the hereafter!" The vision passed—the room grew dark again, but the hushed soul, feeling that it had indeed drawn nearer the Infinite than ever before, was fain to bow in reverence and exclaim: "How beautiful!"

From that time she began to grow stronger till fully restored. The physical manifestations which had so amazed and troubled her began to disappear, and her organism was controlled for purposes of healing. She also began to speak, in small circles, upon subjects either given her by her auditors or introduced by the spirits, upon which her own mind had never definitely rested. She also began, through her Indian control, to show a wonderful aptitude for business, many mercantile gentlemen—among whom may be mentioned the names of L. A. Bigelow, Col. S. G. Tripp, and Samuel Carter—having for the last two years been governed almost entirely in their enterprises by the advice of Harwenea, who has given them some very remarkable proofs of his foresight, which they stand ready to verify. Her mediumistic labors in this field have, however, of late, closed, save an occasional private sitting under urgent circumstances, for the accommodation of personal friends.

AS A HEALER.

She is particularly noted, her patients being among the most fashionable and wealthy of the city—most of them not being believers in the philosophy, in the slightest degree, but willing to acknowledge that she has a strange power over disease obtained from somewhere, and which they are happy to reap the benefits of, in spite of their preconceived notions. Her cures among those who have been given up to die by the regular medical profession have been wonderful, and so numerous that an attempt to cite them would unduly extend the limits of this article. Many prominent citizens in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York and other States, stand ready to give cheerful acknowledgments of the help they have received in hours of sickness both from her healing touch and powerful prescriptions. As specimen cases, however, the following are given:

In the month of November, 1870, Samuel G. Tripp—a merchant and manufacturer, well-known in business circles in Boston and Providence—who had been a sufferer for some time with a tendency toward nervous paralysis, and who, receiving but little encouragement from the regular school of medicine, believed he had but a few months to live, came to consult the influence operating through Mrs. Floyd. He was a confirmed skeptic, however—a member of an Episcopal church in Providence—and only made the application upon the recommendation of friends—as a last resort. The medical control, Harwenea, proceeded to consider his case—Mrs. Floyd being (as customary with her in operating or prescribing) in an unconscious trance—and after obeying the rules and confining herself to the spiritual remedies ordered by his unseen physician, the Colonel, in the space of nine months, was perfectly restored to health. So great was the power manifested, and so peculiar the information on business and family affairs given him during that time, that the patient came out of his trial an avowed Spiritualist—which position he has ever since unflinchingly held before the world.

The following test of spirit prevision, written by Col. Tripp himself, is submitted, as proof of the interest taken by our invisible friends in our daily welfare:

"Sometime in July or August, 1871, while having an interview with Mrs. Floyd in reference to my health, the influence controlling her ('Harwenea, the Indian spirit') said to me, 'Be careful, for you are going soon on a "trip," and I want you to be careful, as I see there is danger for you, and you can save a broken or crushed limb by giving heed to this admonition. This was repeated at one or more interviews. On the 20th of September, 1871, I unexpectedly went West. Often during the journey I was reminded of the admonition: "Be careful!" After traveling some six weeks, and thinking almost daily of the warning, I arrived at Columbus, O., on my way home. At the depot I said to a friend with me: "I guess my spirit friend was for this once mistaken, as I have now so nearly finished my 'trip,' and met no accident." This was at 4 P. M. At 7 P. M. we were on our way, came in collision with a freight train, and a fearful time it was. There were two shocks; at the first one I started to my feet to go forward, when the admonition came, 'Sit down.' I did so, and not a hair of my head was hurt, while all the seats in front of me, and some in the rear of the car, were completely broken up; several persons were injured, the conductor was killed, and the engineer and fireman badly hurt. I shall ever feel grateful to the spirit power or influence which gave me such admonition as to save me from material injury and danger.

Very respectfully, S. G. TRIPP.

Boston, May 26th, 1872.

Another case of her eminent success as a banisher of disease exists in the restoration to life—so all parties concerned believe—of Samuel Carter, who resides at No. 103 West Chester Park, Boston, from whose lips the following account is transcribed. Mr. Carter is ready to give further information on the subject to any one desiring it. On the 26th of February, 1870, he was suddenly seized, directly after dinner, with pains in the back and loins, which, gradually extending and increasing in power, seemed to threaten his immediate loss of consciousness or reason. Carried to his bed, and experiencing no benefit from the

remedies applied, he caused a message to be dispatched for Mrs. Floyd to come in the evening. She was entranced, and the Indian "medicine man" proceeded to treat the patient for four hours. Before so doing, however, the spirit told him he would not die—that he was not wanted yet in the spirit-land. The case, however, assumed formidable shape, and fever setting in, Mr. Carter was confined to his bed for five weeks before he could sit up. His friends outside the family circle were much exercised in mind that he should trust his life in the hands of what they deemed a "quack" in the garb of a woman—but at the expiration of six weeks he began to show marked signs of convalescence—rapidly recovered—and, in confirmation of the prophecy of the invisible intelligence—that the sickness would do him good—has been for the last two years perfectly well, which state of happiness he ascribes to the Source of all Good, and the assiduous efforts of the instrument—"Harwenea."

Another case was that of a lady residing in Worcester, Mass. Six different physicians of the regular practice—among them Drs. Kelly, Bates and Clark—were of opinion that she could not recover, her disease being pronounced consumption. Three winters spent in the South had failed to benefit her, the most extraordinary experimental remedies were unavailing, and she returned North at the expiration of the last with the feeling in her heart that she must die—her physicians thinking she could not survive till another fall. She visited Mrs. Floyd for the first time, Sept. 20th, 1871, and remained under her care till June 20th, 1872, when she was discharged in perfect health, and overflowing with gratitude to one whom she regarded as her preserver.

The three cases above are but examples of the multitudinous successes which have attended the medical practice of Mrs. Floyd.

JOHN A. ANDREW HALL.

About one year since, the spirits, who at private circles had often predicted the establishment of such an enterprise, so strongly impressed the minds of several gentlemen—among them Samuel Carter, Chester M. Huggins, T. L. Tripp, and others—that they outwrought the prophecy in the form of a series of free meetings at this hall, having engaged it for that purpose for one year. The Sunday services at this place consisted of a circle in the morning—Mrs. Mary A. Carlisle, medium—and lectures, and the answers to questions proposed from the audience, by Mrs. Floyd—who gave her services without pecuniary remuneration during all that time—in the afternoon and evening; music by Minnie Prouty Stone. They were well attended, and productive of much good—the munificence of Mr. Carter being nobly shown by his making up to the Society, by a donation, the sum of \$207.13—the deficit in its finances at the close of the first year's course. The reports of the President, Mr. O. M. Huggins, the Treasurer, Mr. Carter, and the invisible circle, through Mrs. Floyd, on Sunday evening, May 26th—the yearly anniversary—were printed, or advertised to, in the Banner of Light for May 18th, and were of a highly gratifying character. The hall has been leased for two years, and the enterprise put on a firmer basis than ever. The morning circle, however, has lately been dispensed with—the services being conducted by Mrs. Floyd in the afternoon and evening, as before.

PRIVATE CIRCLES, VISIONS, ETC.

For sometime past, (and also at the present), Mrs. Floyd has held private sittings at the residence of Mr. Carter, wherein remarkable tests of spirit power have been given in presence of that individual, his wife, and other ladies and gentlemen. During the course of these sittings, she has at times been gifted with clairvoyant power to describe, and on others in spirit to visit scenes of interest in this country and Europe. Particularly was this the case in the late war, between France and Prussia, during which, on several occasions, she described in the evening battles which took place before Paris, brief accounts of which, received by ocean telegraph, appeared in the papers sometime during the next day. Throughout her past experience, she has been gifted in a remarkable degree with the power of "sight-seeing," as was promised in her childhood years. Glimpses beyond human power to depict have been vouchsafed to her while yet in mortal, of that glorious land whither we are hastening, bearing our sheaves with us. She has truly been able to say, with the great Apostle to the Gentiles, "I knew a [woman] . . . above fourteen years ago . . . that was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter," and since her first vision, the beautiful door has never, save at brief intervals, been closed.

Unting a gentian bearing with an entire sense of propriety, and evidencing in works of charity a mind full of the grace of our divine philosophy, which strives to advance its possessor toward spiritual wealth by the doing of good deeds to mankind, Mrs. Floyd continues an humble instrument in the hand of that unseen power which singled her out in the morning of life, and baptized her in the waves of a fiery heart trial known only to few—and nameless here—that she might be fitted for the work to come. Though

"Earth grows dim to the longing eyes
That look on the joys of Paradise,"
she is yet firm for that duty wherewith she is charged, sure of the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" to come, when
"Angels shall open a door through the sky,
And her spirit shall burst from its prison and try
Its voice in the infinite song!"

THE HOUSEHOLDER.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Savage I was sitting in my house, late, lone:
Dreary, weary with the long day's work;
Head on my hand, no sound save the wind's moan:
Tongue-tied now, now blaspheming like a Turk;
When in a moment, just a knock, quick, clear,
Half a pang and all a rupture, there again were we—
"What, and it is really you again?" quoth I.
"I again, what else do you expect?" quoth she.
Never mind, she away from this old house—
Every crumpling brick embowed with sin and shame!
Quick, in its corners are certain shadows arow!
Let them—every devil of the night—lay claim.
Make and mend, or leave and rend, for me! Good-by!
God be their guard from disturbance at their gloom.
The crash, comes down the carcass in a heap!" quoth I.
"Nay, but there's a decency required!" quoth she.
"Ah, but if you know how much time has dragged, days, nights!
All the neighborhood with man and maid—such men—
All the fuss and trouble of street-sounds, window-sights!
All the worry of slapping door and echoing roof; and then
All the fancies . . . and where they had leave, dared try
Darker arts that almost struck despair in me?
If you know but how I dwell down here!" quoth I.
"And was I so better off up there?" quoth she.
"Help and get it over! Reunited to his wife!
(Now draw up the paper lots the parish people know?)
Lies Mr. A., departed from this life.
Day the last of that month, and year the so and so.
What the way of that flourish? Prose, verne? Try?
Affliction sore, long time he bore, or what is it to be?
Till God did please to grant him ease. Do end?" quoth I.
"I and with—Love is all and Death is naught!" quoth she.

In 1850 Mrs. Franklin Bennett lowered a pall of butter into her well at Union City, Mich., and the string breaking, it remained there until the well was cleaned out, last week, when it came out fresh and sweet, twenty-two years old. A good story, well told.

Spiritualism on the Public Stage.

Some evenings since, in Philadelphia, we enjoyed a rare intellectual dramatic treat—a delineation of the character of the Prince of Denmark by the finest, most intelligent Hamlet of the theatrical profession. We had seen the part enacted before by indifferent actors, and to-night, without the least lack of appreciation of the many fine and splendidly captivating points presented of the philosophical character, we must say we were deeply interested also in the undivided and very attentive interest exhibited by the large and densely-packed audience. We thought also—and we think not all imagination—that the close and fascinated attention with which they followed the actor through the play, was elicited not by his exquisitely natural rendering of the part simply, but, also by its deeply profound spiritual sentiment, appealing, as it does, to all the finer and hopeful sensibilities of our nature. Take from the drama its spiritual element, and Hamlet would prove a play stale, flat, and quite unprofitable. The industrious student, Edwin Booth, quite aware of this, has grasped the element of success with so clear and rational a comprehension, his complete mastery of this character has stamped his Hamlet as the finest and best on the world's stage.

The mainspring of action throughout the play begins only and is revealed in the intense interest with which Hamlet drinks in Horatio's description of the ghost's appearance to him and his friend Marcellus, near the Elsinore Castle. His whole being seemingly aroused, at the conclusion of the recital his very soul is thrown into the questions:

"But where was this? Did you not speak to it?"
His deep interest reaches its first climax in the earnestly expressed resolve:
"I will watch to-night; perchance 't will walk again."
Horatio—I warrant, it will.
Hamlet—If it assume my noble father's person, I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape and bid me hold my peace. . . . My father's spirit in arms! All is not well. I doubt some foul play; would the night were come! Till then I'll sit still, my soul. . . . But death will catch us all, the earth's orb where men's eyes . . .
Horatio—Look, my lord, it comes!
Hamlet—Angels and ministers of grace, defend us! . . . It will not speak; then I will follow it.
Horatio—Do not, my lord.
Hamlet—Why, what would he fear? I do not let my light at a pin's fee; and for my soul, what can he do to that, being a thing immortal as itself? It waves us forth again, I'll follow it."

And, at the conclusion of the spirit's lengthy communication to his son, how faint and meaningless would sound Hamlet's answer and resolve, were they not rendered with the earnest, important interest of the clearest understanding of his father's language to him. Indeed, the ardent determination of the Danish prince to pursue to the satisfaction, and despite all opposition, his investigations of continued life, and of implicitly following the advice and guidance of the spiritual world, is worthy of the imitation of many faint-hearted, milk-and-water Spiritualists of to-day. We fear the freedom of many is only in name.

Hamlet—Oh, how I love thee, heaven, on earth, and shall I couple hell? Oh, be light, hold, my heart; and you, my sinews, grow not instant old, but bear me stiffly up. Remember thee? Ay, while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe. Remember thee? Yea, from the table of my memory I'll wipe away all trivial fond records, all sick ideas, all forms, all pressures past, that youth and love copied there; and that commitment all alone shall live within the book and volume of my brain, unmix'd with baser matter."

This, and more of like import, given with all the intensity of earnest feeling, full persuasion and the genius of intelligent action, imparts the psychological control which carries the wrapped sympathies and pleasing desires of an enchanted audience with Hamlet, with unflagging interest, through to the end. To witness a vast intelligent audience drawn forward, all powers absorbed, and listening with bated breath and wrapt enthusiasm, to catch every word and beauty from the central figure of the beautiful drama, is a grand, a transporting spectacle. And at the risk of being voted fanatical, we could ardently hope so sublime a spiritual scene was of more frequent occurrence. As it is, it is very gratifying to this realize that in all departments of literature and life, the ameliorating elements of our beautiful philosophy are insinuating themselves, and meeting from the masses at least a tacit acceptance. At least we feel disposed to claim the gifted bard of Avon, who wrote for all time, not only as a believer in the fact of spirit communion, but also an industrious and rapid medium.

—REIGNER.

The Paris Figaro reports the death recently in a hotel on the Rue du Faubourg Saint Antoine, of an American named Daniel Hays. He was a man of letters, and enjoyed, so we are informed, many years ago, a great reputation on this side of the Atlantic. It appears one day that the spirits directed him to exhibit no more, but to expatriate himself. Poor obeyed and went to Paris. Notwithstanding his submission, he used to say the spirits still refused to communicate with him. At first his neighbors used to torment him, but he was harmless and he was finally left alone. On the morning of the day he died he said that the spirits had called upon him, and had told him he would die at eleven o'clock that night. His neighbors laughed at him, but told him they would go to his funeral. He replied that they did not know to laugh, and serious he bid good-bye to his acquaintances. At midnight a friend rapped at his door and called out, "Are you dead?" receiving no reply, he entered and found poor dead.—E.

CONVENTION NOTICES.

Quarterly Convention.

The next Quarterly Convention of the Spiritualists of Hillsboro and Cheshire Counties will be held at Lyndon Hall, Elm Street, Manchester, N. H., Friday, Saturday and Sunday, July 5th, 6th and 7th, commencing July 5th at 10 A. M., and holding three sessions each day. Let a delegation from each town be present. We invite all Spiritualists, and especially our brethren and sisters from Cheshire County. Our Manchester friends extend a cordial invitation to all from abroad to share the hospitality of the homes as far as possible. Good speakers and other sources of interest and profit may be expected.
By order of the Executive Committee,
T. S. Voss, Secretary.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Allegan and Barry Counties, Mich., will hold their first Grove Meeting in Smith's Grove, near the Western End of the Hunting Association grounds, on the west shore of Gun Lake, on the 6th and 7th of July. Mrs. M. J. Kutz and other able speakers will be present. Other speakers and mediums are especially invited. Music and instrumental music will enliven the meeting. An effort will be made to make the meeting a most agreeable and profitable time may be anticipated.
By order of Committee,
W. M. S. Hooker, Secretary.

Semi-Annual Convention.

The Spiritualists of Hancock County, Me., will hold their fifth Semi-Annual Convention Saturday and Sunday, July 6th and 7th, in Ellsworth, commencing at 10 A. M. A cordial invitation is extended to mediums and all who would like to meet with us. The friends of Ellsworth will be especially invited to make home for all during the Convention. It is expected that Mrs. Abbie W. Towner of Vermont, Mr. A. L. Carpenter of Mass., and other good speakers, will be present. For order Committee of Arrangements,
MORRIS RICHMAN, Secretary.

Annual Convention.

The Spiritualists of Colorado Territory will hold their third Annual Convention at Golden, Col., on the 10th and 11th of July. Several speakers are expected. It is hoped that the Spiritualists of the Territory will all attend. Friends from Colorado from the East this season will find a cordial welcome.
P. ACKLEY, Secretary.

Picnic in Connecticut.

The Annual Picnic of the Spiritualists and friends of progress of Bristol and vicinity, will be held on Friday, July 5th, 1872, at Compo Pond. Good speaking may be expected, and a good time anticipated. Tickets are invited.
Per order of Committee,
AZEL T. RICHMOND,
MRS. ABIGAIL BARNES.

The Van Buren Co. Circle of Spiritualists—
Will hold their next Quarterly Meeting at South Haven, Mich., the first Saturday and Sunday (July 6th and 7th) of July. Those speakers who can be in attendance at that occasion, will please confer with the undersigned at Freeville, Mich., stating terms, &c.
June 13th, 1872.
RUFUS BAKER.

In quoting from the Banner of Light, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (submitted or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of free thought, when not personal; but of course we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

This paper is issued every Saturday Morning, one week in advance of date.

For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1872.

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Editor. LEWIS H. WILSON, Assistant.

All letters and communications pertaining to the editorial department must be sent to the Editor, and not to the publisher. Letters sent to the publisher will be sent to the Editor, but not necessarily published.

The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism.

Under the title of "Spiritualism and Science," the Index has some remarks upon certain comments of our own on one of its recent utterances. "If Spiritualism," it says, "cannot offer such conditions of investigation as science can accept, it must surrender all claim to be a scientific demonstration of immortality, and content itself, like the churches, with an appeal to faith."

Our position is that Spiritualism has offered such conditions of investigation as science can accept; for science has accepted them, and it has proclaimed that the phenomena do occur. Will the Index get out of its dilemma by asserting that Alfred Russel Wallace is not a man of science? That William Crookes, editor of the London Quarterly Journal of Science, and a member of the Royal Society, is not a man of science? That such men as Hare, Varley, Chambers, Flammarion, Favré, Gunning, Huggins, Denton and Jackson are not men of science? The Index must either deny the claims of these men, and hundreds like them, to be of sufficient intelligence to bear testimony to a phenomenon appealing to the senses, or it must modify its assertion that the phenomena have, up to this time, been investigated by men who have not yet learned to separate what they have seen, &c., from what they have merely inferred. It must not persistently ignore the fact that we have presented the names of men of science, who abundantly confirm what the millions of unprofessional witnesses declare.

According to the assumptions of the Index, it would seem that a man may be called a man of science just so long as he stands out against the phenomena of Spiritualism; but the moment he admits those phenomena, even though he may do it without resorting to the spiritual explanation, it must be taken for granted that he is no longer scientific. He is the victim of an illusion. He has none of the "wariness" becoming the scientific state of mind. He seeks "comfort" at the expense of truth. "Sentiment and imagination" have made that true to him which is not true; whereas "the spirit of science is that attitude of mind which abhors delusion as the most colossal of disasters."

Now the assumption by the Index that the many distinguished men who have borne witness to the phenomena are victims of an illusion, or disposed to seek comfort at the expense of truth, is so wholly gratuitous and unfounded, that the real fact is that few persons could have been more exacting than they in their skepticism and distrust. Some of them, like Robert Dale Owen, have, in their day, through their devotion to what they esteemed truth, braved unpopularity and the bitter opposition of all well-to-do, easy-going people. We are not so young as not to remember the time when both Mr. Owen and his venerable father were, because of their "infidel" notions, execrated and abhorred by nine-tenths of the influential people in society.

It required some courage in those days for a man to defy public opinion so far as to question both natural and revealed religion. The holiday gentlemen and ladies of the Index can now utter the most extreme opinions in reference to Deity, Christianity and the future life, without its affecting their social status a jot. It was not so nearly half a century ago, in the days when Robert Dale Owen, with a chivalrous courage, flung aside all selfish considerations in his defence of what he esteemed a principle; in adherence to a fearless scientific integrity. For the Index to set him down now as one who does not "abhor delusion"—as one disposed "to seek comfort at the expense of truth"—is rather amusing to those persons acquainted with the antecedents of the different parties. Both Robert Dale Owen and the brave old man, his father, became eventually earnest Spiritualists, simply because Spiritualism met their scientific demands; and any one who knows anything of their history will repudiate the notion that they were men who allowed "sentiment and imagination" to affect the singleness of their devotion to truth. Surely they had given ample proof of their moral hardness and of the strictly scientific attitude of their minds.

Every intelligent Spiritualist will recall numerous instances in which the men who have investigated and admitted the phenomena have been bold, sincere, outspoken "infidels" in reference to the theologies of the day; men whom no fear of social or financial ostracism could lead to an acquiescence in what they held to be a sham and a delusion; men who craved an genuinely scientific assurance; earnest, thoughtful, scrupulous men, who were the last in the world to seek a precarious "comfort" by refusing to face the truth and the whole truth; men of proved courage, whose loyalty and strong common sense were above suspicion.

Among public men we might mention the cases of Dr. George, Dr. Hare, Dr. Elliottson, and many others, all men of science and men whose lives are a lasting refutation of such assumptions as those which the Index would bring to bear against Spiritualism.

Dr. George, though he died before the occurrence of the phenomena at Hydesville, had yet been led, through his introduction to the kindred phenomena of somnambulism, to alter his materialistic notions, and admit the fundamental facts on which Spiritualism is based. He was the author of a much-esteemed work on the Physiology of the Nervous System, published in Paris in 1821. In it he advanced anti-spiritual views, anticipating many of the arguments which Vogt, Buchner and other materialists have since employed. But his subsequent study of phenomena similar to those of modern Spiritualism led him to change utterly his anti-spiritual notions, and he had the courage to avow it, in his last will and testament, as follows:

"I must not conclude without an important declaration. In 1821, in my work on the 'Physiology of the Nervous System,' I boldly professed materialism. This work had scarcely appeared, when renewed meditations on a very extraordinary phenomenon—somnambulism—no longer permitted me to entertain doubts of the existence (within us, and external to us) of an intelligent principle, altogether different from material existence—in a word, of the soul and God. With respect to this I have a profound conviction. I cannot retract my former position. As I cannot retract my former position, I request those persons who may read it—on opening this will—that they say, after my death—to give it all possible publicity."

This experienced student of the nervous system, who arrived at a "profound conviction" of spiritual realities through what he believed to be incontestable facts, will of course be set down, under the Index mode of dealing with such facts, as a man who got his convictions by "suppressing the skeptical intellect, not by satisfying it." Having first shown his fearlessness and sincerity in his skeptical utterances, he is to be charged with incompetency or insincerity the minute he allows any new light to alter his opinions, and dares to bear testimony to facts which the Index would have the world suppose are destitute of all scientific support!

The facts in regard to Dr. Hare were too recently commented on by us to need repetition. The case of Dr. Elliottson of London is even more remarkable. For many years he edited the Zephyr, a scientific monthly magazine, and was well known as one of the most successful English medical practitioners. He rejected the theory of immortality on scientific grounds. Up to his seventieth year he was bitterly and actively opposed to all belief in the spiritual phenomena. At last he had an opportunity of witnessing and testing some of them under favorable circumstances, and then the scales fell from his eyes, and the philosophy of a lifetime was revolutionized in an instant. To the end of his days he lamented the misdirection of his efforts in opposing spiritual facts.

The Index, by way of fortifying its position, we suppose, reproduces a paper by Prof. Tyndall on "Science and Spiritism." In it the Professor relates his own experiences at a certain so-called spiritual séance. The lady medium, it appears, said, among other foolish things, that a magnet made her terribly ill, and that she would instantly know of the presence of one entering a room. Now the merely vulgar Professor had all the while a magnet in his pocket, and yet he lady owned that she felt particularly well! Moral:—All so-called spiritual facts must be spurious because once a lady who claimed to be a medium said that a magnet made her terribly ill; and yet it was shown that one in Prof. Tyndall's possession did no such thing! Ergo, all Spiritualists are dunces—q. e. d.

The next staggering thrust which the Professor makes against Spiritualism is in the fact that a certain "warm-hearted old gentleman," a believer in Spiritualism, imagined that a table was moved by spirits when the Professor was all the while himself causing it to vibrate. "Believing," he says, "that the disclosure of the secret would provoke anger, I kept it to myself." Two or three more occurrences of equal importance are related by the Professor, and then he winds up his narrative with the remark, "This, then, is the result of an attempt made by a scientific man to look into these spiritual phenomena!"

Such is the only mouse which this mountain of science in labor could bring forth! Such is all that the learned Professor can tell us of his "attempt" to investigate the great subject which has interested so many millions of his contemporaries, and which, as we may learn from all history, was thought worthy of the profoundest study and meditation of many of the wisest men whose names have come down to us from antiquity!

We need no more striking example than that afforded in this paper by Prof. Tyndall, to establish all that we have said in rebuke of that contemptuous, arrogant, and impatient spirit manifested by so many who profess to be the devotees of science in reference to this subject. They will give months and years to inquiry into the habits of a strange bug or beetle, but because in their first attempts to investigate the great phenomena of Spiritualism they are baffled, disaffected, bored or cheated—or because they are disaffected with certain conditions—they conclude there is nothing in it, and refuse to wait on Nature and conform to her caprices until the moment of revelation may come and they may get almost unconditionally the one immense fact which is the keystone of the stupendous arch.

The Index must be well aware that we care nothing for its rejection of the spiritual hypothesis; that is a mere matter for speculation; but when it undertakes to say that the phenomena roused by so many men, both scientific and secular—phenomena that for a quarter of a century, in the face of the most bitter opposition, condemnation and denial, have gone on multiplying in number, and increasing in importance, and winning new champions—when it undertakes to say, virtually if not literally, that these phenomena do not occur, and that the millions who believe in them, or profess to believe in them, are either dupes or liars, imbeciles or impostors—why then it is time to expose the arrogance and impertinence of such an assumption of the part of a journal that derives perhaps some of its support from the persons it thus traduces.

The explanation of the phenomena is one thing; the fact of their occurrence is another; and it is to the latter point that we wish to hold the Index. It is not true, as it insinuates, that Spiritualism, in appealing to science, refuses to abide by the laws of science. Spiritualism claims, first, that many of its phenomena are such as any man of common sense and good average faculties is just as competent to test and bear witness to as men who are experts in entomology, geology, anthropology, osteology, chemistry and all the natural sciences. It claims, in the second place, that even were this not true (as it certainly is true) there are a goodly number of acknowledged men of science who have tested and studied the phenomena, and who admit their genuineness. Unless the Index can prove that both these assertions are untrue, it is but beating the air in its attempts to belittle Spiritualism.

We commend to the attention of the Index, when it would prate of the absence of all claim to scientific consideration in the spiritual phenomena, the following remarks in regard to them, by the celebrated chemist, Wm. Crookes, in his last pamphlet, in reply to Dr. Carpenter: "I have desired," he says, "to examine the phenomena from a point of view as strictly physical as their nature will permit. I wish to ascertain the laws governing the appearance of very remarkable phenomena which at the present time are occurring to an almost incredible extent. That a hitherto unrecognized form of force (whether it be called psychic force or X force is of little consequence) is involved in this occurrence, is not with me a matter of opinion, but of absolute knowledge; but the nature of that force, or the cause which immediately excites its activity, forms a subject on which I do not at present feel competent to offer an opinion."

Such is the cautious conclusion of a scientific man who has thoroughly, practically, repeatedly and laboriously tested the phenomena by scientific processes and with scientific apparatus. But then, instead of investigating these things as Mr. Crookes has done, it is so much easier and more convenient, in the service of truth, to sit at one's table in Toledo and pass judgment on them off-hand! sneering at him and other scientists as incompetent and deluded, and sweepingly characterizing all persons who have satisfied themselves that the phenomena do occur, as people "who have not yet learned to separate what they see, &c., from what they may merely infer"—in other words as imbeciles!

In some previous comments on the tone assumed by the Index toward Spiritualists, we remarked: "If the phenomena are spiritual—that is, subject to the control of forces and intelligences wholly independent of the will and action of the parties present—the demand for human conditions is simply arrogant and preposterous." To all this the Index objects as "angularly confused." We think it will be generally conceded by clear-headed people that it is intelligible or confused exactly according to the construction that the reader puts on it. In using the words human conditions, we by no means objected to the exactness of scientific conditions.

The Index says: "Of course science does not demand that the 'conditions' shall be other than they are." Yet on a previous occasion it had said substantially, "So long as mediums insist on precisely such conditions as absolutely preclude such investigation as must precede intelligent conviction, what can they expect but to be treated with neglect by all but those who are already saturated with belief?"

Here there is a double *petitio principii* in the assumptions that the conditions are always such as to preclude such investigation as must precede intelligent conviction, and that the persons who are converted to a belief in the phenomena are such as are already saturated with belief.

Now we appeal to our readers, if at least one-half of them were not at the outset utter skeptics, and if they were not, many of them, strongly prejudiced against the phenomena. The assumption that there has been no "intelligent conviction" because there have been no conditions to produce it, is not an argument *in* or *for* a fact, but simply an impertinence, and we dismiss it as such.

In our exemption of spiritual phenomena from "human conditions," the only fair construction to be put on our language, as the context shows, is simply this: that for the purposes of investigation, the hypothesis should be adopted that the phenomena are, what the operating force declares they are, ultra-human or spiritual; that they should be patiently and conscientiously examined under this hypothesis, the conditions being made to conform to it as far as the most enlightened science may think consistent with the evolution of truth; that, for example, if a darkened room should be insisted on for the production of certain phenomena, the condition should be accepted, and the sense of vision being ruled out as a witness, the other senses should be proportionably all the more on the alert to guard against imposture.

The condition may be suspicious; still let it be conceded under the hypothesis granted, and do not stand on your dignity, and introduce a disturbing element, or go off in a pet. Many things may be proved satisfactorily, ay, and scientifically, without the aid of the sense of sight. Be patient. If things do not go right the first time, try again and again. If one medium does not satisfy you, try another, and yet another; and do not at once conclude that five or six millions of your fellow-beings are dupes and fools—assigning as your reasons such flimsy and contemptible pretences as those offered by Prof. Tyndall in his account of his own investigations (?) into the subject. Really, if we may trust the language of some of these so-called men of science, they esteem it an immense condescension on their part to give an hour to a study of the phenomena. Many Spiritualists have not been made such till after a ten years' investigation.

The Index assumes that the "conditions" are such as to render "exact results" impossible. Nothing could be further from the truth. If a medium is lifted to the ceiling, and carried through the air, from one end to another of a long apartment, and not once only but twenty times, under conditions such as common sense would exact where the sense of vision was excluded, we submit that the result would be a very "exact" one. If a table rises in the air visibly, without any human touch or appliance, here is another "exact result." If from a dozen pellets, on which you have inscribed as many names, unknown to any other person, a medium, quick as thought, selects one, two, ten, and tells you the inscription on each, the result is surely as exact as a demonstration in Euclid. If those pellets are so mixed up that you could not, if your life depended on it, tell one from another, and yet the medium, without touching one, except for a second with his finger-tip, shall continue to tell you what name is on it, and then give a consistent reply to the question you have written on it, the result would be not merely an exact one, but a marvelous one, and one quite as worthy to command the attention of science as the vibrations of a fly's wing, or even the discovery of a coal peculiarly spotted.

And these last-named spiritual manifestations are not only "exact" as results, but they may be thoroughly tested almost any day, at Mr. Charles H. Foster's rooms, by any person curious in regard to the matter. That these results are not only "exact and definite," but such as to reward any "strictly scientific investigation," will hardly be denied. As for the conditions, or rather the conditions under which they are produced, the most exacting skepticism could not object to them. There is not the slightest ground for questioning their occurrence and their authenticity. Probably there are more than ten thousand intelligent persons who will sustain us by their testimony in this assertion.

We need not extend our list of "exact results." If there were none but the three or four we have named, they would be enough to establish the fact of what Mr. Crookes truly characterizes as "a hitherto unrecognized form of force." They are enough to revolutionize the materialistic philosophy of the age, and to produce immense changes in human affairs, in their religious, social and political aspects. Of only one such demonstration it may be said, as the dying Mercutio said of his wound, when Romeo would make light of it: "It is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door, but it will do."

In another column of this number of the Banner we republish in full the editorial remarks of the Index, to which we have here replied. We bespeak for them the careful consideration of our readers.

An important article, entitled "DEFINITE PROPOSALS," addressed "to those who believe in progress," will appear in No. 20 of the Banner. It is from the pen of Prof. S. B. Brittan.

The Flower Mission.

This is the name by which a most benevolent work is being done in the vestry of one of the liberal city churches, by collecting flowers from voluntary contributors, on certain days of the week, and distributing them among the sick, the poor, the prisoners and the unfortunate. Oh, the blessing of sweet flowers! They are the angel presence to the famishing spirit, that scarce knows its own needs, yet gratefully testifies its pleasure when supplied with a gift of pure flowers. How can the sick in heart or frame be other than refreshed when they breathe the ravishing fragrance of these denizens of the woods and fields, and drink in the perfume from the lovely products of conservatories and endeared home windows. It was a child's thought that originated this beautiful Flower Mission in Boston, and nobody can begin to enumerate the priceless blessings that have already flowed from it. She saw young and old eyes kindle as they caught glimpses of her morning handfuls of flowers which she carried through the streets. She felt sure that sick faces brightened at these angels of earth were suddenly brought into view; and as she walked on and pondered her thoughts, it came to her as clearly as a vision—for a vision it really must have been—that all these people who are doomed never to hold or smell a flower in all their lives were the very ones to be chiefly blessed by their free gift.

Upon this she acted, first exciting the interest of others in her thought, until the Flower Mission is as much one of our local institutions as any other one that can be named. It would do one good to go into Hollis-street Chapel every Monday and Thursday, and study the features of the scene. It has been fully described as a perfect floral bazaar. The flower gifts arrive during the whole of the forenoon. Two of our leading railroad corporations have volunteered to distribute, on those days, all the flowers which passengers from out of town are disposed to bring in and leave at a designated place in the depots. Thus the benevolent spirit becomes silently contagious, showing to the commonest comprehension how much more powerful is the spirit of love than of hate and envy. The invisibles have continually assured us that flowers are one of the most welcome gifts to the sick soul. They love to have them around in profusion, and it is by their direct agency that generous hands have regularly contributed floral offerings for our Circle Room, and occasionally for the other and working departments of the Banner. Let us never forget the beautiful lesson which is thus imparted. The spirits that attend our ways, and guide and assist our thoughts, declare the subtle influence of flowers in all works of sympathy and love and benevolence, and by their own distinct announcements assure us that flowers are the purest of all pure earthly companionships.

Commendations of the Banner of Light.

We are weekly in receipt of many private letters from our patrons expressing the highest satisfaction concerning the course heretofore and at present pursued by our paper. In a recent note, renewing subscription, M. M. Swasey, Noank, Pa., writes:

"It [the paper] comes to our fireside as a welcome guest from week to week, telling of the doings of both spirits and mortals, and giving us the assurance of the continual growth of Spiritualism."

A writer, whose name is well known to our readers as a profound philosopher and earnest thinker, thus speaks of us in a private note:

"Your course with regard to the Banner is a subject of criticism, I presume, and I take pleasure in assuring you that I heartily appreciate its liberal and judicious management."

The following "words of cheer" from the wife of William Denton are presented, that the reader may see how our labors are appreciated by an earnest worker and a true heart:

MESSES. EDITORS—You need no words of commendation from me, but I feel that I owe it to myself, and I trust you will not deny me the privilege of expressing it, that I confess my appreciation of and my gratitude for your firm and unflinching maintenance of principles you believe to be correct, whether popular or otherwise—for your faithful and fearless denunciation of wrong, whether found lurking in high or in low places, and for the candor and the kindly and charitable judgment with which you so invariably temper the blasts of rebuke to the needs of the shorn lamb. My heart often throbs with gratitude as I read the Banner, that you thus discriminate between principle and policy, between the error and the erring; and, had I been a Spiritualist, I should, probably, before to-day, have troubled you with this acknowledgment.

Trusting you will receive this as the willing tribute of a grateful heart, I am, gentlemen, yours for Human Redemption,
Wellesley, Mass., ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON.

"The Golden Rule and The Index."

Under this title our friendly correspondent, Dyer D. Lum, in a brief letter, finds fault with us for making the Index responsible in our last number for the remarks and quotations of its correspondent, Mr. Chappellsmith. Inasmuch as the remarks of the latter were much more temperate in regard to Spiritualism than those of the editor himself, we hardly think that any serious injustice has been done. Besides, we clearly distinguished the remarks and quotations of Mr. C. from those of the editor; and after seeing our article republished, we fully made the *amende* for intimating that the Index seemed indisposed to give both sides. As will be seen from the remarks in our present number the *gravamen* of our charge against the Index is that it injuriously and illiberally impugns the character and intelligence of the witnesses to the phenomena of Spiritualism. A fair apology for this, or some evidence that Messrs. Wallace, Crookes and the other scientific witnesses are incompetent, will be naturally expected by such Spiritualists as may be interested in the success of the Index.

Spiritualist Picnic at Walden Lake Grove.

The First Grand Union Picnic of the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, together with representatives from the western and central portions of the State, will be given by James S. Dodge and Dr. A. H. Richardson at this fine spot, on Wednesday, July 17th.

The same gentlemen announce that on August 7th the week of camping will commence, preceding that devoted to the regular protracted session at this Lake. On Sunday, August 11th, Jennie Leys will lecture at the Grove, and on Tuesday, August 13th, the regular camp meeting services will commence. Full particulars hereafter.

W. H. Voshburgh,

Of Troy, N. Y., has commenced the sale at Lyceum Hall, 1033 street, that city, of Spiritualist and liberal reform publications, of which he will offer a good and general assortment. Parties desiring them will also find there the most approved spiritual remedies, such as Dr. H. B. Storey's Nutritive Compound, Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, etc. He also has for sale the Banner of Light. Give him a call when in his vicinity.

The Jubilee.

This splendid enterprise still continues to hold the attention of the public mind. The third week upon which it enters (July 1st), is calculated to lack none of the brilliancy of the past. The week commencing on the 24th and ending the 29th, was daily devoted to afternoon and evening concerts; and a grand international ball came off successfully on Wednesday evening, 25th. The music of the chorus, artists, foreign bands, etc., was well appreciated by large audiences, the reduction of the price of admission having made an improvement in this regard over those of the first week. On Tuesday afternoon, 25th, President Grant and a number of distinguished officials visited the Colliseum and enjoyed the musical entertainment offered.

On Sunday, June 22d, Henry Ward Beecher, who attended the festival three days the first week—preached a discourse on music, in which, among others, he offered the following remarks: "I think music is doing much to promote an international peace. You will readily understand where I obtain this suggestion from. If you had stood with me last week in that four or five-acre building in Boston, with its orchestra of twenty thousand voices, you would have had this idea. If you could have watched the scene when the English Grenadier Guards Band marched along the floor, and then came to the front of the orchestra and played their national airs and ours together, and heard the enthusiasm, the cheering, the swelling forth of sentiment which found a voice when they had done playing, you would never forget it, as I never shall. There were three thousand men there who, had it been consistent with the characteristics of our countrymen, would have gone forth to embrace this band. I know one man who would have let them on. . . . Each band each day was the best. There was no check to the enthusiasm; each day it was more and more manifest."

Dr. John Mayhew.

For the benefit of those who know this indefatigable witness to the good there is in Spiritualism, we will say that he some time since entered the state of matrimony, in company with Miss Eliza Heron, the ceremony being conducted at Harmon Hall, Washington, D. C., of which city both parties were residents. Two hundred invited guests were present. Excellent singing—Mrs. Perkins presiding at the organ—remarks by J. M. Peebles and Mrs. F. O. Hyzer (a fine poem by the latter in addition), the presentation of gifts—Dr. E. V. Wright making the speech, to which Dr. Mayhew responded—a unique address from the bridegroom, and the congratulations of all concerned, rendered the occasion memorable and interesting.

We wish long years of happiness to our brother and sister Mayhew. May the love and honor which Christ-like, noble and lovable lives inevitably call forth from both parties to the union and the world of witnesses outside, be and abide with them during their mortal pilgrimage.

J. M. Peebles.

This tireless laborer in the wide field of reform, writing us from East Saginaw, Mich., where he has recently been creating a profound sensation, informs us that in addition to his contemplated visit to Australia, he shall, in all probability—in answer to an urgent invitation—speak upon the subject of Spiritualism and its revelations in New Zealand. He anticipates the pleasure of Dr. E. O. Dunn's company. With Bro. Peebles as an expounder, and Dr. Dunn (clairvoyant, clairaudient and healer), as an exemplifier, the Spiritualists and friends of progress in these distant regions will have reason to congratulate themselves concerning the advantages possessed by them for attracting the attention of investigators to the subject, and spreading the light of our new day.

Contents of this Number of the Banner.

First Page: Second installment of "Immortality Proved by the Testimony of Sense." Second: Continuation of story—"Emma Linden's" Poem—"Footfalls on the Boundaries," by William Brunton; Banner Correspondence from various localities. Third: Biographical Sketch—"Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd," by John W. Day; Poem—"The Householder," by Robert Browning; "Spiritualism on the Public Stage," Convention Notices. Fourth and Fifth: Editorials on current spiritual topics, etc., etc. Sixth: Message Department; "Mr. David Blair and Spiritualism;" "Spiritualism and Science." Seventh: Business announcements. Eighth: "Editorial Correspondence," by Warren Chase; "Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures;" "New Publications;" "The Plot Against Hawley."

"New Spirit-Rooms."

Under this nomenclature J. E. Hoyt has instituted at 341 West Madison street, Chicago, a place where all first-class mediums are invited to lend their cooperation in "bringing our great and glorious cause before the people." "Such mediums," he says, "will have an opportunity of demonstrating their particular phase of mediumship with every reasonable advantage to themselves." He at present announces the names of Mrs. Maud E. Lord, Carrie M. Sawyer and Mrs. Jorgensen, as present at the locality above specified, and ready to afford to the inquirers the proof of the immortality of the soul.

Randolph's "Life."

Our first supply of this curious biographical volume was soon exhausted; but we are again ready to fill all orders, whether at wholesale or retail. Now is the time to secure a copy of a truly remarkable work, wherein many springs of human action are fully portrayed in the trenchant style peculiar to its author. Although the work greatly exceeds its proposed size, no advance is made on the price, which is 60 cents, post paid to any address. For sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, 158 Washington street, Boston.

A New Book.

Mr. Marcus Wright, the author of "Confucius," has in press a new work entitled the "Mastereon, or Reason and Reconciliation." This volume is to treat of the laws of mind and modern mysterious phenomena. It is to contain about 400 pages 12mo., will be bound in gilt covers, with a fine lithographic likeness of the author. We shall have the book on sale sometime in July.

Recess of our Public Circles.

The Banner of Light Public Free Circles closed Thursday, June 27th, in order to allow Mrs. Oant her usual vacation during the heated term. They will be resumed the first Monday in September.

New Book Catalogue of William White & Co.

This Catalogue, just issued, contains THE ENTIRE LIST OF BOOKS published and for sale by expense. Copies forwarded to any address free of expense.

Will Mr. H. B. Lewis, who mailed to us a letter from Groton, please send us his present address?

NOW READY

NOW READY.
FLASHES OF LIGHT
FROM THE
Spirit-Land,
THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
Mrs. J. H. CONANT
COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY
ALLEN PUTNAM,
Author of "Spirit Works;" "Natty, a Spirit;" "Mecamerism
Spiritualism, Witchcraft and Miracles;" etc, etc.

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Essence of Life, Life-Givers, Unconscious Life, Lightnings
 Liquor, Liquid Law, Madness, Magnetism, Man, Attribution
 of Man, Deterioration of Man, Dual Man, Triune Man, Man
 Mankind, Manifestation, Physical Manifestation, Man
 Wives, Marriage, Matter, Mediums, But-Middle, Person
 Men, Men's, Men's, Men's, Men's, Men's, Men's, Men's
 Memory-Recording Angels, Men-Their Difference
 Men Split-Land, Men are Living This in Lives, Men
 Men, Millennium, Mind, War, Mind, Moon, Names, Men
 Difficult to Give, Narcotics, Negro, Oblivion, Objectivity
 Occupations, Oghm, Organizations, Oyster Supper, The
 Dark Parker, Paris, Phenomena, Phis, Physicians, Plans
 Polar Experiences, Prayer, Prayer through Mediums, The
 members, Preexistence, Progression, Property, Prophets
 Prophet, Providence, Question, a Prayer, The, Regardful

Records, Reformation, Re-incarnation, Re-incarnation
Optional, Religion, Repentance, Responsibility, Rest, Resurrection, Retrospection, Return of Spirits, Reunions,
venge, Revolutions Imminent, Sabbath, Sages, Sawyer, P.
Schwartz, Selembo, Summer Science, Spiritualism, Seed, E.
kerim, Sin, Slaves, Slave, Slave, Slave, Slave, Slave, Slave,
Spirits, Spirit, Spirit, Spirit, Spirit, Spirit, Spirit, Spirit,
Spirits, Spirit Adversary, Spirit Animals, Spirit Attraction,
Spirit Artists, Spirit Birth, Spirit Tools, Spirit Bones, Spirit
Breathing, Spirit Cold, Spirit Color, Spirit Communication,
Spirit Control, Spirit Day, Spirit Death, Spirit Devil,
Spirit Development, Spirit Disease, Spirit Elements, Spirit
Eternal, Spirit Exchange, Spirit Faculties, Spirit Feet,
Spirit Flowers, Spirit Food, Spirit Force, Spirit Games,
Spirit Hair, Spirit Heat, Spirit Home, Spirit House, Spirit
Hunting, Spirit Intuition, Spirit Intellect, Spirit Knowledge,

Spirit Land, Spirit Language, Spirit Lights, Spirit Life,
neous, Spirit Marriage, Spirit Memory, Spirit Motion,
Spirit Name, Spirit Nation, Spirit Nationality, Spirit Night,
Spirit Objectives, Spirit Occupations, Spirit Organ, Spirit
Perceptions, Spirit Physicians, Spirit Property, Spirit Recre-
ation, Spirit Records, Spirit Rest, Spirit Reunions, Spirit
Science, Spirit Senses, Spirit Sight, Spirit Soil, Spirit Soul,
Spirit Sounds, Spirit Spoken, Spirit Station, Spirit Strength,
Surrender, Spirit Tastes, Spirit Time, Spirit World, Spirit Zodi-
ac, Spirit Communicate, Spirits Inform, Spirits Journey, Spi-
rit Kill, Spirits Lead Men, Low Spirits, Lying Spirits, Ma-
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 Female Suffrage, Suleho, Surroundings, Rowdenberg,
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Jesus, Body of Jesus, Conception of Jesus, Divinity of Jesus
Jesus a Light, Jesus a Son, Medium Only Begotten Jesus, Jesus
a Spiritualist,
Jesus, Christ, Christendom, Christ as a Sufferer, Christ as a Teacher,
Christ as a Man, Christ as a Mediator, Christ as a Prophet,
Crucifixion, Judgment Day, Jupiter, King Alcohol, Kosetta Kinkadee,
Knowledge, Land, Better Land, Landholders, Languageless,
Lawmaker, Law, Prohibitory Law, Learning, Ann Lee, Lord
Letters, Banner Circle Letters, The violation, Liberty, Lie, Love
Essence of Life, Life-Givers, Unconscious Life, Lightfulness
Liquor, Liquor Law, Madhouse, Magnetism, Man, Attributes
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Wanderings, Wanderings of Man, Wandering of Man,
Wives - Marriages, Matter, Mediums, Bad Mediums, Person-
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Men Visit Spirit-Land, Men are Living Three Lives, Men-
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Polar Extension, Power, Purgatory, Race, Race, Race, Race,
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 Spirit Sleep, Spirit Speech, Spirit Spots, Spirit Stars,

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Spirits Communicate, Spirits Injure, Spirits Journey, Spi
Kill, Spirits Lead Men, Low Spirits, Living Spirits, Spi
Mako Drink, Spirits Make Sick, Melancholic Spi
Active Spirits, Spirits Pass Through Matter, Spi
Ship on Earth, Spirits Sick, Spirits Sick, Spi
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Telegraphy, Thought, Thought Forms, Tobacco, Tre

Transmigration, Trinity, Unconformities, The Planet,
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Power, Witoh, Woman.

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Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor.
Office at his Spiritual, Reform and Liberal Bookstore, 514 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.
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IS THE CAUSE DYING OUT OR DYING IN?

Every day we have calls for more light through mediums, of which we are sorry to say there are very few in St. Louis who act in a public capacity. Many have visited the city and soon left, often because they were not treated by the people at large with that respect and social equality which rightly belongs to them as workers in the holiest cause that ever was engaged in by mortals, and partly because the meagre compensation obtained by them, and that mainly from a few friends, was not sufficient to defray the expenses of this extravagant city, which wastes its millions annually in the most worthless follies, and yet cannot afford a pittance to entertain angels.

We need here a medium like Dr. Slade or Charles Foster, who could answer a demand here that is constantly increasing. Those who are fully satisfied of the facts of spirit intercourse, can find those, either in public or private life here, through whom they can communicate, and many do enjoy this weekly, and some every day; but this does not answer the demand of the skeptic who does not understand clairvoyance and spirit control, but needs those demonstrating tests that cannot be set aside or ignored, and which always convince the honest skeptic of their spiritual origin.

We know from the increasing demand, if we had no other evidence, that our philosophy is steadily increasing and being taken into the confidence of the public generally. The press, with a few important exceptions, has ceased to ridicule Spiritualism, and many papers are treating it with as much and more respect as they do that of any sect of Christians.

Its danger now is, of becoming sectarian, and setting up its creed among the creeds to enter in the general scramble for popularity and power, and to turn out, and leave out, as the churches do; the larger and better part of the race; but we have faith in our spirit friends that they will not allow this if they can prevent it. There is among some a tendency to ignore the spirit and phenomena, and set up for ourselves as the Christians did, who thereby lost the spirit aid which they called miracles.

A PROJECT.

A friend in McDonough Co., Ill., writes us privately, urging an effort to establish a National University for liberal education, and proposes the collection of means by one dollar subscriptions from the liberals of the country, one-half to be funded, the interest on which shall go to pay professors, and the other half to be applied to construction, &c., of buildings. It is easy to see that this would bring funds enough for every liberal-minded person would pay one dollar, or even all who are able; but there are other obstacles to be overcome. There is no responsible party to receive and disburse funds; there is no possible means of uniting the interested parties on a location for such institution. Reformers are already suggesting that interest must be abolished, or so greatly reduced that funds will not for many years be likely to yield income from interest to support anybody, especially if the workmen and women get the control of public affairs, which they are likely to do; and lastly, the institutions we now have are becoming more and more liberal, and it would be easier to turn the old theology out of old Harvard and Yale than to build new ones.

THE SANGREEST.

The great National SINGING FEAST of the Germans is now (June 23rd) filling our city of St. Louis with music, merriment, hilarity and general enjoyment. Our public and many private buildings are tastefully decorated with flags and green boughs and the streets are alive with citizens and strangers, and music quickens the steps of the children on the sidewalks. The day is delightful, and the hearts of tens of thousands seem to be made glad by the soul of music which walks abroad in daylight. It is a historic day for St. Louis, as it is not probable that there were ever so many people in this city on any one occasion before.

OPEN THE LIBRARIES.

Our two public libraries of St. Louis were open on Sunday, June 3rd, for the first time on a holy Sabbath day, although the saloons, the churches, and the social evil rooms have been open every Sunday, so far as we know, for many years. The only complaint we have heard was for the poor librarians, who would be confined on Sunday, and could not attend church except as many of the book-keepers do, early in the morning, at mass, which is considered sufficient for their soul's salvation, even if they sell rum every day in the week. The world moves slowly as Christianity recedes.

MRS. R. L. MOORE.

Who has been, for over twenty years, a medium for communication between the two worlds, the visible and invisible, has just returned to St. Louis from a visit to her old home in Michigan, and is now giving her time and mediumship to the public for communications. For several years past, she has attended only to delineations, examinations and prescriptions, but, after much urging by her friends, has consented to act as medium for general communications, in which capacity she acted very successfully for many years in Philadelphia and elsewhere.

The WESTERN STAR comes to us from the EAST shining with the inspired light of our sister Emma Hardinge's pen, and filled out with interesting matter for the general readers of our literature. We hope it will find the support it deserves among the spiritualistic disciples, who are certainly sufficiently numerous to support well one good Monthly Magazine, which sister Hardinge is capable of making. If those who have been delighted with her lectures will subscribe for her magazine, she will be abundantly sustained.

The Progressive Lyceum of St. Louis is still in successful operation, and meets every Sunday afternoon at Tinknor's Hall, corner of Washington Avenue and 4th street, and is under the management of the two enterprising gentlemen who organized it—Messrs. Tuckett and Vandell—who have already secured grounds and made arrangements for a picnic on the 4th of July.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.—The new Post Office law, which has just gone into operation, reduces the postage on transient newspapers to one-half the former rates, viz, one cent for each paper weighing two ounces or less.

Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

MEETINGS IN ST. LOUIS.—Eliot Hall, corner Eliot and Tremont streets.—The Boston Spiritualists' Union held their regular meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. The public are cordially invited to attend. Dr. H. F. Gardner, President; Mrs. L. F. Kittredge, Secretary.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. every Sunday.

John A. Andrew Hall, corner of Chancery and Elm streets.—Lecture by Mrs. S. A. Floyd, at 7 and 9 P. M. The audience is privileged to ask any proper questions on spiritualism. Excellent variety singing. Public invited.

Temple Hall, 15 Boylston street.—At 10 A. M. test circle. Mrs. Belle Howatch, medium; 2 P. M. circle, open to all mediums; 7 P. M. conference. Children's Lyceum meets at 10 A. M.

Boston.—Eliot Hall.—A fully attended and highly interesting session of the Children's Progressive Lyceum was held at this place Sunday morning, June 23rd. "Ladies Aid Society."—The following report reaches us from the Secretary, under date of Boston, June 15th: "Knowled, that you take an interest in all charitable projects, the members of the above-mentioned Society have thought proper to communicate through your columns their doings during the past winter. Over forty persons have been assisted in clothing, fuel, and some sixty dollars in money distributed for various purposes. This has all been effected by the labor and contributions of the members of the society—one afternoon in each week being devoted to that purpose. Although the results have been comparatively meagre, yet the members are conscious of having done all in their power for the needy, and hope, by an increase of members and means, to do more in the future."

Mrs. C. C. HAYWARD, Secretary.

John A. Andrew Hall.—Sunday afternoon and evening, June 23rd, Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd addressed good audiences at this place, her evening subject being, "What is the Spiritualist's God?" Questions propounded by the audience were also answered by her. The singing by the quartette was excellent, and the interest well sustained.

Temple Hall.—We are informed that the Lyceum met, June 23rd, with increased numbers. The exercises consisted of singing, spirit-chain, lecturing, reading and declamation by Jenny Howard, A. Crafts, Mr. Patterson, Eliza Peabody, Bertha Moody, Abby Putnam and Mr. Brown. Gymnastics and singing closed a very interesting session.

EAST ANTONIO.—Phenicia Hall.—Lilla H. Shaw reports as follows: "A cordial and pressing invitation having been received some time since, for our Lyceum to give a public session in North Bridge street, after due consideration we accepted it for June 16th, and started at a little before 12 M. of that day, in large and small conveyances, determined to do our best for the dissemination of liberal thought in the place. We opened our session at 2 P. M. with the song: 'Summer Land.' Our Silver Chain Recitation and Wing Movements were pronounced to be well performed. One recitation from each Group was expected, and Minnie V. Lowell, Amy Young, Harry Fish, Sarah Morrill, Arthur Wheeler, Nellie Shaw, Nellie Dunn, Belle Holbrook, Lizzie Leary, Daisy Trumbull, Cora Beal, John Lyon, I. F. Harrington, Edwin Wright responded. The Duett sisters gave us a fine duet. A chant was given by Lilla Crowell, Cora Beal, Belle Young, Nellie Shaw, Lizzie Young, and Emma Crocker. 'Does Spiritualism, with its radical tendencies, give us a higher moral and intellectual growth?' was the question considered by J. F. Lowell, Lanna Shaw, and A. T. Brown. The Grand March was a little crowded, though very full ranks. The school appeared finely, and, we hope, have succeeded in rousing an interest in the fine audience present. If so, then we are content."

FOXBORO.—Town Hall.—Henry Anson informs us that "on Sunday, June 23rd, 1872, the Liberal Union Association met at the regular hour. The Society has adopted the plan of selecting a committee of five to choose a new conductor for each Sunday, hoping thereby to improve the interest of the meetings. N. F. Howard was by this process made conductor for the day. The Society has given up the wing movements and marching peculiar to Spiritualist Lyceums, but its exercises are carried on, otherwise, as in those progressive schools. Miss Susie Nichols is the Musical Director. Mrs. Samuel Coombs read to the assembly one of Prof. Denison's lectures from the Banner of Light, which, judging from the close attention rendered, was highly appreciated. Reading by Miss Alice Bassett, speaking by Jennie Gaskie, and remarks by Henry Anson; of Milford, Mass., followed the session, closing with singing by the audience; after which ensued a sociable chat for an hour."

New Publications.

WAITS FROM THE WAY BILLS OF AN OLD EXPRESSMAN is a little volume packed and stuffed full of anecdote, narrative and illustration, setting forth the rise and culmination of the express business of this country, of which, as yet, they have but a small practical conception in Europe. The fund of stories is exceedingly rich, and can be drawn upon by the reader any number of times. As a mere matter of history it is worthy of perusal, for it takes over again the experiences of the community equally with those of the founders of our humblest Express system. 'Troy men of pluck and enterprise, possessed of what they are confident is a valuable idea, have fought their patient way along through obstacles without number, and finally achieved an undeniable triumph, is told in graphic manner between the covers of this volume. It is for its price, most appropriately, too, the narrative likeness of Alfred Adams, Esq., the distinguished pioneer of the Express enterprise in this country. On looking at his calm, determined face, and the comprehensive cast of his head, one cannot be surprised at the wonderful growth of the great system which his industry, energy and inventive resources did more than those of any other man to develop and perfect. The author of this book has turned out a piece of neat work which everybody will pronounce readable and reliable in the highest degree.

CHARLES O'MALLEY.—Those who have ever perused this volume of romantic adventures under the "Iron Duke," during the Spanish Peninsula War, and in other trying scenes, will not be surprised that its popularity is handed down to each generation. Dividing as it does the honor of the best work of Charles Lever with his "Tom Burke of O'Connell," there is no wonder that it is in such demand by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, to meet the demands of the coming race of readers.

THE WHISPERING PINE is another of the highly attractive and morally profitable juvenile books of Elijah Kellogg, published by Lee & Shepard, which will be called for as eagerly by the young folks as his previous books in this popular series and others.

OLIVER OPTIC ISSUES, through the same enterprising publishers, BAZ AND SONS, another of the "Upward and Onward Series," which describes to his wide parish of young readers and friends another installment of his travels abroad, in the form of a familiar story. It is full of the same engaging features, that stamp all his books with the impress of instant popularity.

LITTLE GRAMMOTHER is the taking title of still another of Sophie May's "Fly-Away Series," from Lee & Shepard's prolific pen, which the young folks will only need to have mentioned to them to call persistently for the personal ownership of it.

THE ATLANTIC, for July, commences a new volume—30—with a steady step, and a resolute glance toward long years of future usefulness. Hawthorne's "Septimus Felton" is continued; and a ballad with a true ring of Russian melody and snow, "The Song of Rerek," by John W. Weldemeyer; "The New Wrinkle at Sweetbrier," by K. K. Hoerner; "Jefferson, a Reformer of Old Virginia," by James Porter; "Youth and Age," Anna Boynton Averill; "John Brown and his friends," "Counsel," Edgar Fawcett; "A Comedy of Terrors," James DeMille; "How Long?" Louise Chandler Moulton; "Directions of the Echo Club;" "Why Semmes of the Alabama was not tried," John A. Bolles; "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," Oliver Wendell Holmes, together with the usual sterling departments on "Recent Literature," "Art," "Music," "Science" and "Politics," make a collection of mental food which is fitted to the taste of the most fastidious literary gourmet. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.

LIVINGSTON'S MAGAZINE for July is received. It also commences with this number a new volume—X—and presents to the reader a striking array of very interesting articles. Also Gray gives "Crumbs from the Rhineland" (illustrated). H. C. Wood, Jr., M. D., discourses suggestively on the theme of "Sunstroke;" Mary B. Dodge furnishes "Virginia in Water Colors" and balladizing receives a fresh and startling treatment in the illustrated article, "Travels in the Air." Several short stories of good scope and lively interest are published, and an installment of Wm. Black's new novel, "Strange Adventures of a Phœnix," may be found in this number. Kate Hillard gives a poetic contribution; Edward A. Pollard an article on "The History of the Fourth of July;" and "Monthly Gospel," "Literature of the Day," etc., etc., combine to offer advantages for men-

tal improvement and diversion which must be partaken of to be appreciated. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Scrimshaw for July lies on our table. It leads off with a sketch of the West Point Military School, by Benson J. Lossing, illustrated as that individual only can. "Will you walk into my parlor?" (illustrated), by Mrs. L. M. Petersella, gives the one pursuing an interesting glimpse of the spider family; "The rights of the woman" is concluded—no doubt much to the regret of those who have followed its characters and are willing to part with them; "Woman as a Snuggler; and Woman as a Detective," by Panny Howell, gives a view of female qualities not often brought before the public notice. Another part of Mrs. Oliphant's "At the Gates," and Mr. Wilkinson's criticism of "Mrs. Lowell's Press" (the closing one), poems by Kate Putnam Osgood and Adeline D. T. Whitney, among other interesting articles, and the usual Editorial Departments come in for and are worthy a share of the earnest attention of the bustling public of to-day. A. Williams & Co., 135 Washington street, Boston, have it for sale.

Our Young Folks, for July—James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.—continues in the path of well-doing led by its predecessors. The stories and miscellany cannot fail of interesting the youngsters, and the tear of memory will fill the eyes of more than one parent at reading J. T. Trowbridge's beautiful poem, "When I was a lad!"

THE LADY'S FAIRY, a monthly magazine of literature and fashion, published at 210 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., by Deacon & Peterson, contains in its July issue several fine pictures; among them a copy of Millie's famous sketch, "The Huguenot Lover." The other details peculiar to this well-known magazine are worked out with the usual grace and minuteness.

THE ALMAY, for July, presents, as is its wont, a fine array of carefully executed engravings, and clearly printed miscellany. It can be procured of the agent, B. A. Church, 23 Court street, Boston, Mass.

SILVERSTAR SURVIV, by Henry Cockton, the well-known English novelist, follows as the third volume in the course of cheap edition of his works now being issued by T. B. Peterson & Bros., 234 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. The work gives a transcript of the feats of a mischievous "sleep-walker," and is replete with incident and fun.

The Plot Against Hawley.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE PLOT ORIGINATED.

Near noon the 5th of September, 1852, a man laboring under great excitement was walking hurriedly up Broadway, New York. His features were flushed and convulsed, his glances wild and restless, his whole mien indicative of keen anguish.

Turning to the right into Bleeker street, he soon reached a plain three-story and basement brick house, to which he gave himself admittance.

"Are you there, Ruth?" he called from the hall.

A step was heard overhead, followed by the rustling of a dress, and a young lady descended the front stairs. Despite several points of marked contrast, there was a family likeness about the sister that proclaimed them to be brother and sister.

"Why, what's the matter, Luke?" cried the latter, starting at sight of the disturbed countenance that met her view. "Are you ill?"

"I've just received bad news," replied the brother, leading the way into the parlor—"news which has given me a terrible shock."

"Shocking! What has happened?"

"In a word, Clara, my sister is married!"

"Married! echoed the sister, recoiling. "Clara, my sister married! Is it possible?"

"Yes, married!—the girl I've been laying siege to for years past—the only girl I ever cared a pin for! Imagine the shock this event gives me! I'm near a crisis."

"Then you really loved her?"

"Loved her! I must have worshipped her, or else this thing would not have so completely upset me."

"Oh, as to that, the loss of a thing always gives us an exaggerated notion of its value," said the sister, philosophically, as she sank languidly into an easy-chair, and smoothed out a fold in her showy morning robe. "You are simply shocked, as you say; but by to-morrow you will laugh at the whole matter."

"Do not, Ruth!" implored the brother, sinking heavily into the nearest chair. "Clara, my sister is more to me than my life! My love for her is a delirium. It's no such trifling fancy as you suppose; but an everlasting passion—a rage—a flood of molten lava! And I've counted all along upon marrying her. True, she has rejected me twice; but I thought she'd change her mind."

"She was in no way committed to you?"

"No, of course not. She has never given me any encouragement. I am sure the less said is soonest mended. I supposed that everything was favorable enough to my wishes. I knew that she was still young to marry—an orphan—without suitors; and I flattered myself that she could not always remain insensible to my attentions."

"You reasoned wisely enough, of course, Luke; but you never decided these matters," declared the sister with a sort of contemptuous compassion. "A whim—a chance meeting—a smile or a word—a moment's weakness—any trifle—these are the things by which marriages are brought about. But who is the bridegroom?"

"Ah! that's the point that will touch you, a little, I think. Can you guess who he is?"

"I can't tell you the least bit."

"Well, then, he's Will, Hawley."

The sister sprang abruptly to her feet, clasping both hands to her heart. The changing colors of her brother's agitation, his anguish, all passed to her own features.

"Will, Hawley?" she gasped. "Oh, you do not mean it, Luke! It's God's truth. Clara, my sister and Will, Hawley are husband and wife!"

A heavy fall succeeded. The sister had fainted. She lay upon the floor as one dead.

"Did she think that much of Hawley?" muttered the brother, astonished. "I didn't suppose—"

He hastened to bring a pitcher of water and bath the white forehead, and then set himself to chafing the clenched hands.

Capt. Luke Pedder was twenty-seven years of age, with an originally light complexion, which had reddened with generous living and bronzed with exposure to wind and sun. His form was of the average height, and his features of the most ordinary type. He was singularly selfish and unscrupulous, but of gentlemanly manners, well educated and used to good society. His ability as a navigator was fair for a man of his age and experience, but he owed his position as commander of a fine Australian clipper more to respect for his late father and to sympathizing favor than to his own merits.

But Luke Pedder was ten years younger than her brother, and consequently twenty-five years of age, although she owned to only twenty. She was tall, thin, and a little inclined in her outline, as in her temper, to angularity. She was not particularly bright, but she was bold and unscrupulous, and possessed a fierce energy which was capable of compensating in any emergency for lack of genius.

The father of the couple had been a prominent ship-owner and merchant. But in his latter days the senior Pedder had been unfortunate, and had finally been broken up completely—a result hastened, it was whispered, by the wild ways and financial irregularities of his son. The old man's failure had been followed by his death, and already—for such is fate!—he was generally forgotten.

"How odd it is!" ejaculated Capt. Pedder, as he rubbed his sister's cold hands. "She madly in love with Will, Hawley, and I crazy after Clara, my sister! And now Will, and Clara are married, and I am left out in the cold."

Under the rigorous treatment he had adopted, Miss Pedder soon recovered her senses.

"Are you sure they're married?" she demanded.

"Perfectly. I learned the fact half an hour since from Hawley's commander—Capt. Gregg, you know. Captain Gregg was at the wedding. It took place last Friday evening—the very evening of his return from his last voyage to Rio. It was a quiet affair—only a few friends were invited; but let me ask you a question. Did Hawley ever propose to you?"

"No; but I expected that he would soon do so. Yes, he has been several times to ask me for a hand in marriage. I promised to think of him at the first opening, and I really meant to help

him, for I knew in a general way that you liked him."

"I thought he'd realize that you could be of service to him," explained Miss Pedder. "I thought he'd remember that mother left me this house and a few thousand dollars to do as I pleased with. I was conscious, too, that I possessed a fair share of personal attractions. And as I suspected him to be entirely heart-free, I took it for granted that I should get him. His attentions seemed marked enough."

"He treated you politely, of course," interrupted Pedder, "and he could not have well done less, after asking me to befriend him. But he never made any formal declaration?"

"No, he didn't. As mate of a Rio ship, he was away seven-eighths of the time, and I didn't expect a regular courtship. But I took it for granted—"

Pedder made an impatient gesture.

"We've deceived ourselves," he muttered. "We've been carried away by our feelings. The girl's rejection of me was really intended to be final, and Hawley's visits here were merely visits of business and friendship. But why Clara should prefer him to me I can't imagine."

Hawley had neither name, nor money, nor position!

"Nor can I see why Hawley should prefer Clara to me!" said Miss Pedder, as she glanced at her reflection in one of the long mirrors near her. "She's a hired attendant, or something of the kind, isn't she?"

"I'd no idea that you thought so much of Hawley," observed the brother, as he strove to calm his painful emotions.

Miss Pedder moaned. Her eyes filled with tears. "I thought all the world of him," she murmured. "A long silence fell between the couple."

"Well, they're husband and wife," at length muttered Pedder, hoarsely. "And this, I suppose, is all there is to be said."

Miss Pedder compressed her lips until they bled, staring at her brother with a fixedness amounting to ferocity.

"No! no!" she breathed fiercely. "The matter shall not end here. That marriage—that abominable marriage—shall be broken as the ocean! I'll undo that marriage, or die!"

Pedder opened his eyes widely.

"Why, what can we do?" he queried. "You wouldn't have me murder Hawley, I suppose? That would not make him your husband. And, on the other hand, it would do me any good if you were to kill off Mr. Aymar?"

"But there is a way, Luke, of undoing that marriage."

Pedder started toward his sister, as if electrified.

"Do you mean it?" he demanded.

"I mean it, and I swear it! I'll never consent to that girl's having Hawley! I'll dig a gulf betwixt them as broad as the ocean! I'll undo that marriage, or die!"

"Softly! Where is Kate?"

He referred to their single servant.

"She's out for the day," answered Miss Pedder, arising and planting herself in a chair. "There was little to do, you know, as I did not expect you home until dinner."

"Then no one will hear us."

He drew a chair nearer to that of his sister, and sat down beside her.

"What's your idea?" he asked, in a whisper. "My idea is to separate them; to turn their love to hate; to dig a pit beneath their feet that will remain open forever!"

"But how will you do it?"

"Will, Hawley is poor, isn't he?"

"Certainly; there is no mistake about that. His mother was a helpless invalid for the last ten years of her life, and Will, insisted on her using for her comfort every penny he earned. It has not been six months since he was relieved of that burden, but he is poor, therefore, as you say—poor as Job's turkey!"

"Then he'll have to leave his darling Clara," sneered Miss Pedder venomously. "He'll have to absent himself from his deary in order to earn their mutual bread and butter. In short, he'll have to go to sea again."

"Well, yes; I suppose he will," assented Pedder, "but better wages! see that elsewhere. He'll sail again soon, no doubt."

"I thought as much. And there's all of terrible dangers! When do you sail again for Australia?"

"In about two weeks—possibly in ten days, as the ship is filling up rapidly."

"Is she thoroughly competent to be your first mate?"

Pedder looked wonderingly at his sister's moment, and then answered:

"Of course. I know of no better man for the post."

He must be your first mate, then. You have influence enough with your owners, I hope, to turn out the present incumbent?"

"Why, the post is already vacant. Mr. Jarling—your own man—Mr. Jarling has just been called home suddenly to Ohio, on account of his father's illness."

"Good! that's fortunate! You must recommend Hawley for the vacant place to your owners, and get them to engage him. The thing can be done."

"Without the least doubt. It was understood, you know, as I just now remarked, that I was to help Hawley at the first opportunity. We'll accordingly suppose that he sails with me as first mate the next voyage. What then?"

"You must leave him—not dead, but a prisoner—some desert island between here and Australia."

Pedder looked at his astonishment.

"If it can be done," he said, after a pause, "what next?"

"You must come back and report that he is dead, furnishing full details and good proofs. Those details and proofs will not be difficult to manufacture. Then you must be all kindness and sympathy to the young widow, as she will suspect herself to be, and in less than a year thereafter she will be your wife."

"Oh, if this thing were possible!" sighed Pedder, beginning to look relieved.

"Possible? It's as simple as kissing. And the moment you are married to Clara I will take a trip to Australia for my health, and, naturally enough, stumble upon the very island where you hid the widow, effect her rescue, tell her his wife is dead, console and sympathize with him like an angel, and conclude the whole comedy by becoming his wife and settling in Australia. You'll thus have your Clara on this side of the ocean, and I shall be happy with Hawley on the other."

She was smiling now, with every sign of anticipated triumph.

As to Pedder, he twisted nervously in his chair, scarcely venturing to breathe.

"There's just one difficulty," he muttered—"that of getting Hawley on the desert island without his suspecting anything."

"It can be done, and the lips of Miss Pedder cannot be sealed like the jaws of a crocodile. There's no difficulty about finding a suitable island?"

"Not the least. I saw the island in my mind's eye the moment you uttered the word, and a glorious one it is for our purpose."

"It will be easy for you to get Hawley upon it," suggested Miss Pedder, thoughtfully. "If it's near your route, you can call there for water. If it's out of your way, you can be blown there by adverse winds, or be drifted there by unknown currents, or fetch up there by a mistake in your reckoning or a fault in your chronometer. And once there, you can have Hawley seized by some trusty agent, while he is ashore upon business, or you can send him ashore under some pretence, such as looking for a deserter from the ship or for a shipwrecked sailor, and then sail away without him."

"Say no more," interrupted Pedder, with wild exultation. "I see how to manage the affair from its beginning to its end."

"And you now see that we can undo that hateful marriage?"

"Perfectly—perfectly. The affair will require a little time and patience, of course, and a little expenditure of money, but we are sure to triumph. Capital! glorious! What a load you have taken from my soul, Ruth! What a genius you are!"

He leaped to his feet and began pacing to and fro rapidly, with the most extravagant signs and exclamations of joy.

First, to get Hawley on his island," resumed Miss Pedder, "and then, for me to rescue the prisoner and marry him. And finally for you and me to be happy, you in your way and I in mine—with Clara in New York, and I with Will. In Australia. You comprehend the whole project clearly?"

"From the first step to the last. There's only just one possibility of failure—"

"And that one?"

"A refusal on Hawley's part to accept the post offered him—a refusal based upon his marriage."

Miss Pedder turned pale at the thought. "But he won't refuse!" she soon declared, recovering her equanimity. "He has long been wanting just such a place. Married or single, he can't neglect his bread and butter."

"Well said, Ruth. I think we can count upon him. The post he came here to ask me for is now vacant, and I will accordingly have it offered to him as if nothing had happened."

"Exactly. You need not speak of his marriage, or seem to know anything about it. You can simply offer him the post in question, in accordance with the old understanding. And he will accept it. He can't possibly have any suspicion of anything wrong. Outwardly and apparently we are all on good terms, with one another, and will remain so, let the wages offered him be liberal. Possibly, then," she cried, throwing her young bride so soon, but the next voyage after this one—"

Pedder interrupted the remark by a gesture of impatience. He was all eagerness now—all determination.

"That next voyage after this one will not answer," he declared. "Hawley must accompany me on my very next trip. To make all sure on this point, I will have him engaged this very day. In fact, I will see to this now."

He seized his hat and gloves, addressed a few words to his sister, and quietly took his departure down town. The last glances the couple exchanged at the door were full of jubilant wickedness.

The next three or four hours passed slowly to Miss Pedder. She was beginning to fear that the whole project had miscarried at its very commencement, and was fretting herself into a fever, when Pedder suddenly made his appearance. One glance at his vivid flush, at his dancing eyes, at his airy manner, was sufficient.

"Completely! I saw my owners on the subject, and they sent for Hawley. He at first offered some objections, as was natural, but the high wages, the great step upward, the kindly interest we all manifested, soon brought him to a grateful acceptance."

"Splendid!" murmured Miss Pedder, with a rippling laugh. "I knew the thing was feasible. And so in two weeks more our fond bridegroom will be plowing the sea again!"

"In two weeks more, Ruth? We shall be off in six or eight days. The cargo is fairly tumbling aboard the Flying Childers, to say nothing of a fair list of passengers. The honeymoon of our loving doves will be abridged to six short days more, you may be certain."

CHAPTER II.

A GREAT STEP TAKEN.

In the midst of the Antarctic ocean, a little off the route from New York to Australia, there lies a large island named Kerguelen's Land, or—as Captain Cook called it—the Island of Desolation. It was discovered just a hundred years ago (in 1772), by the French naval officer whose name it bears. It was uninhabited then, and is to-day as deserted as ever.

The smallest schoolboy among our readers can find it upon his map of the world, about midway between the south end of Africa and Australia, well up toward the South Pole.

It is a hundred miles in length by fifty in breadth, and is consequently three or four times as large as Rhode Island.

Its coasts are so wild and dangerous that its discovery, during the two expeditions that he made to it, did not once bring his ships to anchor in any of its bays and harbors.

Its shape is very irregular, but something like that of an hour-glass. It being cut in two by a couple of large bays, but these two divisions are unequal in size, the northern peninsula being much larger than the southern.

Its coast line is wildly broken and jagged, its innumerable gulfs being long and narrow; and its promontories are correspondingly sharp and slender, reaching out into the ocean like fingers. The body of the island indeed resembles that of some huge monster of the antediluvian world, even as its capes and headlands resemble such a monster's unsightly limbs and claws.

A more terrific solitude than this Isle of Desolation does not exist upon our wrecked planet. Neither the snows of the Himalaya nor the sands of Sahara can outvie its terrors.

No inhabitant is there—not even a savage; no house, no tree, no shrub, no fence nor road, no field nor garden, no horse, no dog; not even a snake or a wolf.

Lone, blasted and barren, it looks like the skeleton of a land that has perished.

It may indeed be said that Desolation is the relic—the surviving fragment—of a continent that went down here countless ages ago, with hosts of inhabitants, in some vast convulsion of Nature.

It has certainly undergone dreadful visitations—been rent by earthquakes, pulverized by frosts, lashed and wasted by fierce tempests.

Its mountains