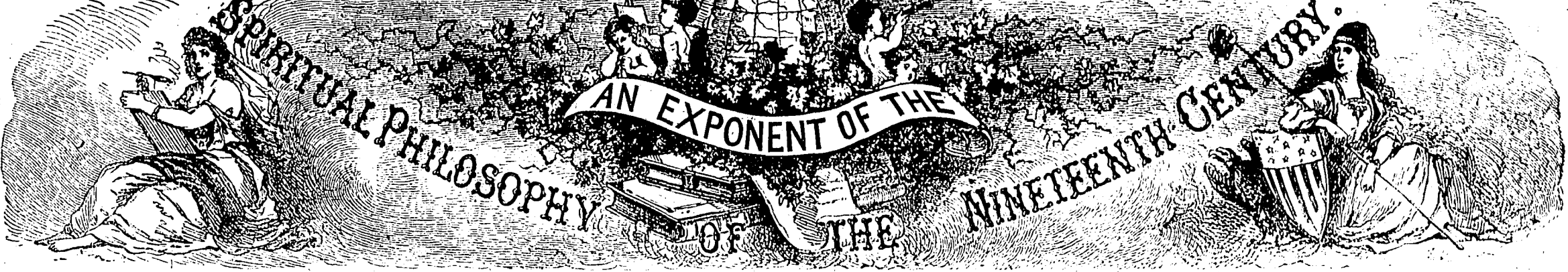


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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A LITERARY SENSATION.
"EDWIN DROOD" NO LONGER A MYSTERY.
THE NOVEL COMPLETED BY DICKENS HIMSELF.—THE WORK DONE THROUGH A BRATTLEBORO MEDIUM.—A MOST EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDING.—EXTRACTS FROM SEVERAL CHAPTERS OF THE FORTHCOMING VOLUME.—THE GENIUS OF DICKENS APPARENT IN ALL.—A DETAILED HISTORY OF A REMARKABLE AFFAIR.—A NEW NOVEL BY DICKENS PROMISED THROUGH THE SAME SOURCE.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., July 25, 1873.
This picturesque village, nestled at the base of the Green Mountains, with pleasant, shaded avenues, many and well-kept hedges of evergreen, cozy home-like cottages, and strangely variant grades—so that from the level of one street you may walk squarely into the fourth story of a building on the next—this charming village, among the hills of Vermont, is about to wake up and find itself famous. In a small room of a small house, in a retired part of the village, has been gradually accumulating for the last eight months a pile of indistinctly written manuscript, which threatens ere long to set the literary world agog, and cause a vast amount of comment and discussion on both sides of the Atlantic. This manuscript professes to be nothing more nor less than the second volume of the "Mystery of Edwin Drood," by Charles Dickens himself, who, as all will remember, died when this, his last story, was scarcely half done, leaving the mystery still unsolved, and no memorandum or other clue to his purpose in the development of the plot or completion of the novel. A bold man he, who would undertake to finish what Dickens had left undone; but how well this task has been performed by some one—I will not undertake to say who, the readers of this Union shall have opportunity to judge for themselves.

Dickens being dead, the work has been done by an amanuensis—a medium, if you will, but an unprofessional one, and a person who knew nothing whatever about Spiritualism until this strange experience befell him; who has no theories to advance or proselytes to make, and who cares not a fig apparently whether Spiritualism stand or fall. He is a good-looking man of average height, and not far from thirty years of age. With dark hair and moustache, a round face, fair and sometimes florid complexion, restless eyes of minceless hue, neither blue, gray, black nor brown, but perhaps of a slaty color, and with an indescribable expression, as of one looking at something and not seeing it, yet seeing much more beyond—these characteristics, with an undeniably nervous temperament, describe the man. Meeting him casually, you discover nothing more remarkable about his personal appearance than about that of scores of young men whom one may see any day in any of our New England villages. He is a native of Boston, and in his fourteenth year was apprenticed to learn a mechanical trade, which he has since steadily followed, so that his schooling was finished when he was only thirteen years of age. While he is by no means unintelligent or illiterate, he has had no training whatever for literary work, and has manifested no bent that way, having never written before, even so much as a newspaper paragraph, for publication. This is the man who has taken up the pen of Charles Dickens where he laid it down, and has already nearly completed the "Mystery of Edwin Drood."

Who he is, probably not half a dozen people in Brattleboro know to-day. Rumors that such a work was in progress have crept into the papers, and its authorship has been charged on several young men of supposed literary leanings, but never once upon the right one, and while others have been "suspected" and bored accordingly, he has kept at his task unmolested. The village gossips have indeed settled down to the opinion that nobody knows positively anything about it, and who it can be is as great a mystery as "Edwin Drood" itself. It is somewhat significant that the young man in question is determined not to be dragged into notoriety, and has resisted all the entreaties of his intimate friends and advisers who wish to allow his name to be published. In the most unassuming manner, he declares that his connection with the work is simply that of an agent of the author; that whatever credit or discredit may attach to it belongs to Dickens and not to him; and that he will not become a party to the appropriation of what is another's, even though it be so intangible an article as a dead man's fame. Reporters from New York, Boston, Springfield, and other "great cities" have been here on purpose to interview Mr. A., but have been unable even to find out who he is; so what has been published heretofore is the merest rumor, and anything but reliable. I have the good fortune to be the first person to whom he has related this strange story, and the only one who has yet examined the manuscript and been permitted to make extracts therefrom.

It came about in this wise: One night, about ten months ago, a young man (who, for convenience of designation, we will call Mr. A.) was solicited by a small party of friends to sit around a table and see what would come of it. Up to this time he had laughed at all "spiritual" performances as so much humbug, and probably no man was more thoroughly skeptical with regard to the whole business than he; while he was, of course, quite unaware that he was the possessor of any mediumistic powers. The circle was no sooner formed than raps began to be heard with

alarming frequency, and the table waltzed exuberantly about the room, and finally tipped over into Mr. A.'s lap, as if to indicate that he was the cause of it. This was enough for him; he had seen all he wanted to see of Spiritualism, and although the others entreated him to continue his "investigations," he would do nothing more that night. The next evening, however, the demonstrations were repeated even more emphatically, and, while they were going on, Mr. A. appeared to become suddenly entranced, and, seizing a pencil, wrote what purported to be a message to a gentleman in the room from a child of his long dead—a child of whose existence Mr. A. knew nothing. Subsequently messages of the usual tenor were written, assuming to come from the other world, and it is said that some tests of an astonishing character were given to prove the identity of the writers. With all that, however, I have nothing to do.

During the latter part of October, Mr. A. wrote, at a séance, a message addressed to himself, requesting a sitting on the 15th of November, and signed, in a plain, bold hand, "Charles Dickens." Several subsequent communications reminded him of the date, entreated him not to deny the request, and, as the day approached, demanded in the most unequivocal terms that it should be granted. After rising from the table where he had been writing, on one instance, a few evenings before that date, he exclaimed that a face was looking down upon him from one corner of the room, with hands outstretched toward him. Others in the room could see nothing, but he rushed to the spot, and appeared to shake hands with the imaginary being, whoever or whatever it was. On relating the circumstance, the next day, to a gentleman who has been his confidant through the whole affair, his friend stepped to a book-case and took down a Life of Dickens, containing an excellent portrait of that author; and showed it to him. His face instantly became blanched, as he cried, "Good God! that's the man! I saw last night!" The ownership of the face seemed not to have occurred to him before; but since then, as he earnestly avers, and as the few friends in his secret implicitly believe, he has seen him many times.

The result of the sitting on the 15th of November—which took place according to directions, in a dark room, with no one but the medium present—was a long communication, ostensibly from Mr. Dickens, expressing a desire to complete through him the novel left unfinished at his (Dickens's) death. He had long sought for means by which this could be accomplished, but had not before been able to find any which he believed could be employed successfully. He desired that the first sitting should be on Christmas eve—the night of all the year which he loved best when on earth—and asked that the medium would allow as much time to the task as he could without injury to his business and health. After adding the assurance that the undertaking would prove of pecuniary benefit to him, the message closed with Dickens's customary "Faithfully yours."

Here was laid out a greater task than our hero had bargained for; and it must be confessed that he looked forward with anything but pleasure to the occupancy of all his few leisure hours by work of this kind. Neither then, nor for months afterward, had he any faith that this extraordinary sort of authorship would amount to anything. He regarded the time so spent as simply thrown away; and but for the entreaties of the few friends referred to, backed up by alternate entreaties and commands purporting to come from Dickens himself, the irksome job would more than once have been abandoned. As the work progressed, however, it became evident that a master-hand was in it, and Mr. A., for a few months, submitted himself more willingly to the strange fate which has befallen him, having at last a genuine interest in watching for its consummation.

The results of his labors from Christmas eve to the present time—labors entirely outside of the ten hours a day which he has steadily devoted to his business—appear in over twelve hundred pages of manuscript, the pages being those of ordinary Congress letter paper. In other words, he has written enough to make an octavo volume of more than four hundred pages. At first he wrote only three times a week and only three or four pages at a time, but he since came to write twice a day, and twelve, fifteen and sometimes twenty pages at a sitting. The hand-writing is not his own, and shows some of the peculiarities of Dickens's hand, so far as there has been opportunity for comparison: At the beginning of each sitting it is almost as fine as a woman's, but after a page or two it grows very gradually coarser and coarser, until the scrawl on the last page is five or ten times as large as the hand at the start; and the beginning and end of each sitting may be distinctly seen through the whole twelve hundred pages by this peculiarity. On the top of some of the pages are pencil marks in various odd designs, memoranda, perhaps, of some point to be revised; and in one or two cases phonographic signs, of which Mr. A. knows nothing. Sometimes the writing appears to be so hurried that it is by no means easy to make it out.

The *modes operandi* of the sitting is very simple. Provided with two sharpened lead pencils and an abundance of paper torn into half sheets, Mr. A. goes into a room alone. The usual hours of writing are 6 o'clock in the morning and half-past 7 in the evening, hours when, at this time of the year, it is light; but the evening sitting is frequently prolonged till half-past 8, and the writing goes on equally well in darkness or light; indeed, the sittings during the winter months

were wholly in the dark. Putting paper and pencils where they can be conveniently reached, this amanuensis of Dickens places his hands, palms downward, on the table, and unconsciously awaits results. Not quite unconsciously, however, for although it has become a matter of daily routine with him, and long ago lost the flavor of novelty, he confesses that he never sits down there alone, as if invoking the presence of the dead, without a certain feeling of awe creeping over him. He sits—frequently smoking at the time—sometimes one minute, three, five, ten, or half an hour, but usually, if "conditions" are right, but a moment or two. These conditions have reference principally to the weather. On any clear, pleasant day, the machine works without interruption; with him, as with the electric wire, a storm makes trouble, and the worse the storm the more the trouble, so that in any severe weather, no writing is attempted. After sitting at the table the requisite time, whatever it may be, Mr. A., not gradually, but instantly, becomes unconscious, and the writing goes on for half an hour, or an hour, and sometimes even prolonged to an hour and a half. The only remembrance which he has of these trance periods, is that of seeing Dickens sitting beside him, usually with one hand held in meditative manner at the side of his face—a sad, grave face. He utters no word, but sometimes looks appealingly toward Mr. A., "and oh, such eyes!" All this, however, the medium remembers as one remembers a dream when just awaking—real yet intangible. The sign by which Mr. Dickens indicates that the sitting is at an end, is the placing of his hand on the medium's, and the first time that Mr. A. felt this pressure, seemingly as cold and heavy as that of the hand of Death itself, he screamed with fright, and can hardly think of that awful chilling sensation at any time, even now, without a shudder. This touch brings him to his senses, and he usually requires then the assistance of some person to release his hands from the table, to which they seem to be magnetically attached. On coming to himself, he discovers on the floor the work of the sitting, much or little, as the case may be. The pages are strewn about the room, where they appear to have been promiscuously thrown, and are without numbers, which are supplied by Mr. A. afterwards, the sense determining the connection. For a short time after arising from a sitting, Mr. A. suffers from a sharp pain in the chest, but this soon goes off, and is in fact the only unpleasant effect which he experiences. An extreme nervousness which he felt before his mediumistic powers were developed is entirely removed, and he never was in more robust physical health than to-day.

Three or four times a week the dictations for the book are accompanied by brief notes from the author to the amanuensis, occasionally bearing words of encouragement and good cheer, and at other times treating purely of matters of business. These communications—a thick pile of themselves—have all been preserved, but are regarded as of a confidential and personal nature, and so not for the public eye. We are permitted, however, to extract from one or two of them. When the work had progressed as far as the fifteenth chapter, this word came:

"We are doing finely. I am more than satisfied with the result of this undertaking. You have no idea how much interest this matter is exciting here among the hosts by whom I am surrounded. This is only the beginning of what is to come years hence. When this work is finished, you will continue to be my amanuensis. I shall write more after this. There are others here who have glimpsed their intention of finding some one through whom they can convey their ideas to persons inhabiting the earth who have left behind. I only hope they will find so faithful a worker and one so much after their own hearts. God bless you!"

Full directions have been given as to the manner of procedure to procure a copyright, how the work should be published, etc. Only a few days ago came this direction:

"In regard to English publishers: As soon as the first proof sheet is done, address a letter to Sampson Low, Son & Munro, Milton House, Ludgate Hill, London, England. It is very probable that they will be glad to negotiate for advance sheets. Faithfully, DICKENS."

It is a fact of significance, or not, as the reader may choose to take it, that the present style of this house is Sampson Low, Munro, Low & Seale; but at the time of Mr. Dickens's death the name of the firm and their address were as stated in the note given above. From this it might be inferred that Mr. Dickens doesn't take the papers, although the inference from what is said in the preface given below, would certainly be that he did.

Having learned so much about the singular manner in which this book has been written, the public may be excused some degree of curiosity as to its contents. Wherein does it rise above mediocrity? What semblance on its pages to any work of Mr. Dickens in his lifetime? Why suppose that Dickens had anything to do with it, and that it is not simply the work of the "amanuensis" himself? Let us see.

All who have read the published volume of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" will readily remember the frame-work of the novel as we call the roll of its principal actors: Edwin Drood, whose strange disappearance and supposed murder form the tragedy of the story and give it its name; Rosa Bud (Rosebud for short), the blithe, beautiful girl who was Edwin's affianced bride, the match being made by their parents and afterward unmade by themselves; Rev. Septimus Chrisparker, Minor Canon in the old cathedral city of Cloisterham; John Jasper, the choir master, Edwin's uncle, and secretly an admirer of Rosa; Mr. Grewgious, Rosa's guardian, an An-

[Continued on eighth page.]

Literary Department.

THE ARTIST'S HOPE;

OR, THE INSPIRATION OF A ROSE.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light.
BY MRS. ELIZA M. HICKOK.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

Three days later Sybillette Gray stood alone in the elegant, tasteful chamber, no longer her own. The new claimant to the wealth she had supposed rightly her own, had arrived, and were already contemplating such changes as would please them.

Her ample wardrobe was carefully packed in trunks. She would need but the plainest portion of it in the new, humble life which awaited her. She had taken a last look at the grand old pictures which for so many years had adorned this family mansion. She had wandered through each lofty, tapestried room, so comfortable and elegant, in the furnishing; and thus she now commined with herself: "It would seem, Sybillette Gray, that you are the plaything of fortune. I can but wonder if the wheel will ever turn again."

"First in my childish recollections comes a pleasant home, with wealth, moderate, but sufficient, and dear, loving parents, while life went by a happy dream—then, a lonely orphanage, then Aunt Leonard's care, and a home more humble, but comfortable still. Then, in my chequered life, comes suddenly a brilliant prospect, wealth in abundance, with all its wonderful auxiliaries. A little while this golden, charmed existence: then suddenly again all is taken from me; all wealth, position, care-free hours—summer friends, even my one true friend. And yet I am glad that dear, patient Aunt Alice will not have to go back to care and toil again. It seems well that life immortal should crown her restful existence for the past few years. I am young, and I trust strong to go out and take my part in life's stern conflict. But oh, dear Auntie, and you my darling mother—for I know you both are with me—just a few tears for all that I leave in this rich, dreamy life, before I take up the stern realities of the new. Then you shall see how bravely I will bear the burden." And kneeling upon the soft carpet, fair Sybillette bowed her head upon a rich velvet ottoman before her and wept—not without tears of sorrow and regret, but tears that relieved her full heart, that strengthened and refreshed her.

Yet who could blame the slender young girl, so tenderly cared for, and shielded by a loving heart and hands more than willing to toll for her, if her courage faltered and her heart grew faint at the lonely, cheerless life which seemed opening before her.

But presently she raised her head, and brushed away the dimming tears, to look once more at a large oil painting, which, more than the others, she had admired. The scene was wild but enchanting. An ancient castle, seen by moonlight, a bridge of singular design, with a gay party rowing beneath it, on the silver lake; a winding road and a perfect forest of trees and flowers formed its principal features. How often Sybillette had wished to find such a spot on earth—how her vivid imagination had wove a history for every point of interest there represented!

"And I must leave you too, dear old picture," she said slowly. "Oh, why was I not an artist in power as well as soul, for I do appreciate every picture of the living and lovely. To me it seems of all gifts the most valuable and wonderful, this power of transferring a scene or place one loves to remember. But, though I never look upon you again, I will not forget you, nor the grand, ennobling thoughts you have inspired me with. But the time has come for me to take a last farewell—the carriage is at the door, and the new life calls for me. Adieu, the past. Now, Sybillette, be brave and true!"

CHAPTER IV.

It was the season of Autumn again. Not the chill, lonely days, with falling leaves and mournful winds which remind one of all sad things—bitter Autumn, rich and glowing with gold, delightful days and glorious sunsets.

Ray Harland, now the popular artist, sought and admired, praised and flattered, with numerous orders, commanding any price he chose, laid aside his busy brush and pencil for a brief rest and visit to his quiet home; and on his return, indeed, his mother to accompany him.

The two weeks of Mrs. Harland's stay in Boston were the happiest days Ray had known for a long time. It was such a pure delight to have his dear, appreciative mother with him; to visit with her the numerous places of beauty and interest; to witness her enjoyment of everything so novel to her; to explain as far as his knowledge went, regarding each principal place of note and treasured memento of scenes in the past. None could fail to see the mother pride and admiration with which she beheld Ray's

paintings, especially his master-piece, though even from his sympathetic mother its meaning, and the hope that inspired it, were withheld. "Not yet," he said to himself. "Sometime I shall tell mother, but not now. He would only sorrow for me."

Ray's chief regret was that his mother's visit must be so brief—there was so much to see and enjoy. Together they visited our beautiful cities of the dead, where the gloom of death and burial is banished by the loveliness of art and nature combined. They listened to the wonderful powers of the Music Hall's massive organ, from thunder tones to strains of bird-like sweetness, as evoked by skillful fingers; and sat enchanted by the thrilling eloquence of more than one talented and progressive speaker. They saw and heard all that was possible in the brief time, until the good lady grew weary from enjoyment.

She often expressed the wish that her husband could have participated in her pleasure, though he might have had some scruples about visiting the "Museum," and would hardly have relished (at that time) some of the ideas of our liberal speakers. And Ray said kindly, "Yes, father, must certainly come with you next time, which will be soon, I hope, for you have seen but half of Boston yet."

Then, with a half-suppressed sigh, he thought, how pleasant to welcome his parents to a home of his own sometime. But would that ever be? He was now twenty-eight, with every prospect and advantage to warrant a home, every elegant; and yet without the slightest inclination to choose a companion from the fair ladies of his acquaintance.

Was he not foolish to dream his bright youth away in visionary hopes? Would he ever behold the fair being of his dreams again? Not one word of her, in all those years, to tell him whether she yet lived, or where?

Had ever an intuitive, mysterious power whispered to her that somewhere an earnest, loving soul was waiting, watching, praying for her coming?

The sense of desolation with which Ray saw his mother depart brought forth reflections to his mind; while Mrs. Harland, in the quiet of her home, so restful after the confusion of the city, wondered what could hinder Ray from being perfectly happy.

Her mother-love had divined that there was some little shadow on his life. Had he been disappointed in his heart's best affection? Could any one have trifled with her handsome, noble-souled boy? She thought he would have told her. But she would not question him. She believed he would do no wrong, and could wait until he freely gave her his confidence.

"Sybillette! Sybillette! are you spell-bound by that picture? I am afraid you will change into a beautiful statue gazing at it," said merry Nellie Clive. "Are you becoming engrossed?" she continued, laughing, and laying a hand upon her companion's arm.

"Oh, Nellie," replied the fair young girl, addressed, "I believe I could gaze upon that picture forever. It seems to rest me. Yes, dear, I know it is very beautiful. Even I can see that; while you, with finer taste, and such a love for paintings, can doubtless discover more about it than I can. But," again resuming her light, jesting tone, "you know we are mortals, Sybillette, and must be fated, to exist here; besides, Mrs. Baker is rather inclined to frown on boarders late at tea."

Sybillette smiled, then sighed softly, and slowly, reluctantly turned away. The new life she led was wearisome, despite her high hopes and noble courage. It was monotonous, discouraging, and often disagreeable to Sybillette's refined, spirited temperament to stand all day behind the counter, subject to the whims and questions of customers of every class—for this had been the first position offered, and she could not then afford to wait for a better.

Nellie Clive was her old-time friend and present room-mate. She loved and admired Sybillette Gray, regarding her as far above the station she was forced to occupy. Her warm friendship seemed to be based upon the law of attraction between opposites; for she was lively, impulsive and abrupt in speaking, yet with strong, deep feeling and much good sense, which made her friendship valuable to Sybillette.

Now, as they walked on together, she chatted gaily, seeking to draw her companion from her thoughtful, abstracted mood. But Sybillette listened and replied as one whose mind is far away; and her beautiful eyes had that dreamy, wistful expression which practical, unselfish Nellie did not like to see. "It was a cruel, wicked fate," she said to herself, "which reduced dear, gentle Sybillette to a position of daily toil and care, subject to dictation and reprover from those who could never be her superiors in anything but wealth." Ah, Nellie, you did not reflect that

little season of darkness would make the sunshine all the brighter by and by.

For herself, Nellie did not mind it so much. She was more independent, less sensitive, with a merry disposition, inclined to treat every available subject with jest and harmless ridicule, though she could not jest with Sybillette as with others. There was a perfect, innate refinement about her which any one would quickly perceive, but not the slightest affectation. Yet her friend Nellie loved her none the less, and was pained at the shade of sadness which would sometimes linger on the face of Sybillette.

All night the remembrance of that picture haunted her dreams, and in the morning it was with her still. Never, it seemed, had her occupation appeared so distasteful, her mind so wandering from the present. It was a sunless, lonely day, the clouds portending rain since early morning yet none had fallen, and toward evening the air grew warm and oppressive in the well-filled store, until Sybillette's head ached and throbbled feverishly with her efforts to confine her wandering thoughts to the duties before her.

Kind-hearted Nellie, noting her weariness, insisted upon her going out a little before the usual time, and promising to perform the labors of both, soon gained permission for her to do so. Sybillette's grateful, appreciative look, and gentle "Thank you, Nellie, dear," well repaid the generous girl.

The cool air without fanned Sybillette's heated brow with gentle touch as she walked rapidly on, until she reached the spacious window before which so many pauses each day. Yes, there was the rich, beautiful picture, drawing her to its side again. "I must see that painting again," she said, softly, to herself. "There is no crowd about the window now, and it is probably an exhibition but for a short time; so I must worship at its shrine while I can. Once I might, perhaps, have secured it for my own; now, alas! such beautiful things are not for me, dearly as I love them."

Soon she was absorbed in its contemplation; but as she gazed earnestly, intently, wondering why a painting should so influence her, the fair cheek flushed, then paled, and some dim memory seemed trying to assert its power, as connected with the present. She had discovered the name suddenly, as plainly as if it had been pointed out to her. Yet, in a moment she reflected that, another than herself might bear the name of Sybillette, and doubtless some one known to the artist.

Ah, could Sybillette have looked beyond the picture, beyond the attractive window, to a little alcove at one side, where, secure from outside observation, a young man had been seated, previously busy with a newspaper, but now earnestly scanning her fair, pale face, a strange mingling of hope and fear expressed on his own, she might have guessed the name was indeed hers, nor so quickly banished as valid and presumptuous the thought that the pictured face bore some resemblance to herself. But Ray Harland, for he it was, remained, quietly in his sheltered position, though it cost him an effort to do so, with such conflicting emotions surging his soul.

The polite proprietor was busy with a fashionable customer, looking over some choice engraving and books, and no one had seen Ray's sudden start and change of expression as his eyes rested on the fair, unconscious admirer of his picture. Perhaps she felt his magnetic presence, for she raised her eyes, with one swift, flashing glance, and Ray was almost sure of her identity then. He had never forgotten the soft, dark eyes that once so pityingly looked into his own; but there was a touch of sadness now in their beautiful depths.

Then, noting her plain attire and ample water-proof, he concluded that she was obliged to go out to some daily work. "Is it indeed my fairy Sybillette?" he said to himself. "It must be, for my own heart strangely deceives me. And she, oh, my love! my darling! toiling for her own support! Can it be that she is left alone, dependent? With a thrill of joy at the remembrance that it was in his power to surround her with comfort and luxury. "And I could take her to my heart this moment as life's dearest treasure. But how shall I make my presence known? how learn her present residence?"

As if in answer to his mental question, Nellie Clive at that moment appeared beside the object of his thoughts, and said pleasantly, in her clear, distinct voice, "Why, Sybillette, Gray, have been here all the time? How is your headache, dear? I suppose that wonderful picture has charmed it all away."

"I believe it has, Nellie," replied Sybillette, turning to her friend with one of her old radiant smiles. "Well, I am very glad, but suppose we ought to proceed homeward, for I am a little late. I shall have to tell Mrs. Baker what keeps you every night. Strange, Sybillette, how that picture fascinates you. It is more than ordinarily beautiful, I know, but you must have seen many fine paintings before."

"But none ever effected me as this does," said Sybillette thoughtfully, slowly turning away from the window, now being thronged with admirers of the beauty within; and to herself she added, "It seems to hold me steadily, and I think of nothing else, and yet with such a restful, happy influence that all care and loneliness are banished, and I seem to be dreaming of some new, sweet existence. What does it mean?"

Ray Harland heard no more for the faces, plain or fair, which glanced in at passing. His ready pencil had noted down the welcome information so opportunely gleaned, and which he quickly decided how to make use of, as he proceeded to his room.

When Ray, by the aid of his directory and some inquiries, had discovered Sybillette's boarding place, he called and sent up to her a penciled card with the words, "Does Sybillette remember giving a white rose to a discouraged young man one bright Sabbath morning years ago? If so, please grant a brief interview to Ray Harland." And while he waited in the parlor below, now fortunately deserted, for the first time came the thought that Sybillette might refuse to see him, or might never return his devoted love. But it was soon banished by this reflection, "I have loved her too long, unknown, to despair now unless she tells me she can never return it. She will not deem it very strange that I should seek to tell her how those kind words gave me new courage, and were the starting point to my present position." Yet Ray's heart beat wildly as the door opened, and again he stood in the presence of Sybillette.

Beautiful as his remembrance of her in bright girlhood—beautiful as all his after dreams of her: The touch of sadness on her sweet face, and about her plain dark robes gave her a spiritual

look, which, to his fine, poetic temperament, seemed only more lovely. His whole soul worshipped her with its holiest affection. She was his matchless ideal, almost too sacred for him to aspire to call his own.

Yes, Sybillette had recalled that incident of giving the rose, indeed, had often thought of it since, but never with the expectation of seeing him again. He would have apologized for his absence of formality in addressing her as Sybillette; but she frankly gave him her hand in token of remembrance. He was not quite a stranger, and there was that in his noble, truthful countenance which banished all distrust. "Her own purity is her perfect shield," thought Ray, his heart swelling with gratitude as she observed her ready confidence in him. He was thankful and happy to know that he was worthy of it; that his life had been pure, his soul unstained—for we'll have him remembered his mother's oft-repeated counsel, to "shun every appearance of evil." This had been his safeguard.

Oh, that every young mind would make this firm resolve in life's morning. Do not venture, thinking it easy to retrace your way at any time. The first step is the dangerous one; the first evil thought the one to be quickly banished, lest it gain a control which may sway your whole future. This power to restrain the evil and cultivate the good lies with yourselves.

Has any creed or form of edict of the church such power to guide and restrain weak mortals, in the dark hours of temptation and sin, as the inner voice of conscience and the silent but recognized teachings of the unseen ones who constantly bid us "come up higher"? Oh, listen to the quiet mentor, who will not lead astray; reach out and upward to the holy influences ready to assist; play each better impulse, and banish quickly those unworthy, and away with church laws and binding rules that only make men hypocrites.

We need not recall all that was said this first brief but pleasant interview, or the subsequent quiet, twilight walks, nor recount the visits to various places of amusement and instruction, to which Nellie was always kindly included in the invitation—though by and by, as Nellie concluded that they would hardly miss her presence, and often found excuses for remaining at home—until these two hearts came to a most perfect understanding of each other, a harmonious blending of thought and sympathies creating a new and blissful existence.

One evening, as Ray and Sybillette were passing down the familiar street, he remarked, "Now, Sybillette, I think it time you should visit me. I would have invited you before, only I had a fancy of my own about it, for I have something to tell you to-night, Sybillette, which I do not wish to say elsewhere. Your confidence in me has been so perfect that you have never questioned aught regarding my history or occupation. But your forbearance shall be rewarded."

In truth, Sybillette had been too much interested in Ray and the themes of their conversation, to give much thought to his position in life. He might be one of the humblest laborers, yet she could admire, ay, love him, whispered her heart, none the less.

Most certainly she had no idea that he was the painter of that strangely attractive picture, which had now disappeared from public view. She never connected the modest initials, R. H., occupying a corner of it, with his name. Of all who admired his paintings, but few knew the artist personally.

Many would have deemed Nature lavish of her gifts to him, for talent and personal beauty are rarely so happily combined. Therefore Sybillette was wholly unprepared for the scene presented, when Ray threw open the door of his ample and richly furnished studio, and smiling, bade her welcome to his home.

This was his reception-room, where visitors came and went daily, and beyond a large server his easel and various artist's materials were conveniently arranged. In the gallery, twilight of that lovely room, it seemed to Sybillette as though all holy and peaceful influences were surrounding her; and Ray's watchful eyes marked how her deep enjoyment of every scene and sketch to which he called her attention, dispelled the weariness from her fair, intellectual face.

"Oh, what an enchanted world the artist can make for himself," she said softly, as if speaking to herself, as Ray lighted a jet of gas to illuminate a large landscape painting, which represented Nature so peaceful, so quiet and restful, that gazing at it, one would wish to be transported there.

But there was a gem of a room beyond this, with its numerous sketches and adornments, to which visitors had never been admitted; and Sybillette's surprise was not complete, until Ray unlocked a door leading to this, and again she saw the picture which had so magnetically attracted her attention. She understood all now. It was the mystic power of love which had so wrought upon her life—a power she fully realized for the first time—and her dark eyes glistened with happy tears, as she turned to meet Ray's earnest, steadfast gaze, all his strong, irrepressible love plainly written on his noble countenance.

She only said "Ray!" in her low, sweet voice, but that one word expressed all that his waiting heart craved to know. He extended his hands, saying with a rare tenderness in look and tone, "Come, my Sybillette."

Then his loving arms enfolded her, his true heart pillowed her beautiful head, and to each, the perfect bliss of that moment seemed too exalted to be of earth. Holy influences gathered about them, peaceful benedictions descended like baptismal blessings from a purer sphere, in that golden silence, before either spoke; and heaven indeed was blending with their mortal lives.

Presently Ray said, caressing her shining curls, "And you have come to me at last, my darling. How long I have prayed and waited for this hour, when no language can express the deep, sacred emotion of each heart. And yet the simple words, 'I love you,' are sweet to hear and speak. Look in my eyes, Sybillette, and tell me, can you say the same?"

And calmly she raised her eyes, and softly spoke, "I love you, Ray."

"Now my life is fully blessed. Oh, Sybillette—my own forever—that must have been some higher guiding power which bade me paint a picture, whose every stroke was fraught with love and hope for you. No wonder that it drew you, darling, by the subtle magnetism which imbued it. That was my only hope of finding you. It was here that I painted it, and this room has been sacred to you, Sybillette. Here pure and lofty influences seemed to gather about me as they do to-night."

Sybillette's gaze was fixed on the painting again. "I shall always love that picture, Ray,"

she said musingly. "It must have been my darling, watchful mother who guided and impressed me, for I could not possibly have remained in New York after dear Aunt Leonard left me. Yes, it was your deep love, and her gentle influence, which drew me so strongly back to Boston. Do you remember, Ray, my childish faith in my spirit-mother?"

"I remember every word of yours, dear. And now, I have learned to accept that sublime faith for myself. It has already brightened many a lonely hour, and given me courage to wait and hope for your coming. Now, it will be doubly blessed, since you share it with me."

But we linger too long, perhaps. It is unnecessary to transcribe all a lover's conversation. The story, old, yet ever new, has been often told in rhyme and prose, and by dear mortal lips, now forever sealed.

And Ray will soon accompany Sybillette to her boarding-place, where her friend is waiting for her return. But Nellie will miss her gentle companion very soon, for Ray cannot allow Sybillette any more days of toil and care, now that he is assured of her love.

Once more we turn to the quiet home of Deacon Harland, just preceding an arrival there which will create an unusual excitement about the placid homestead. We should recognize the good couple anywhere, for the years have passed lightly over them. The evening mail has just arrived, and awaits attention on a small table before the genial, open fire.

The worthy Deacon, carefully adjusting his glasses, selects a paper and prepares to read; but his wife more eagerly secures a letter, which is in the well-known writing of her absent boy, and with very little delay opens the ample envelope. A note de poste, neatly covered with the finest tissue, dropped therefrom unheeded.

"Letter from Ray, mother?" queried the Deacon pleasantly, with a look which bespoke his own interest in that direction.

"Yes, it is, and written to both of us. I'll just glance down the first page, and then read it aloud." But, the next moment, she exclaimed, in sudden amazement, "Well, here is news, Josiah! What do you think? Raymond is married!" And they are coming home next week—be here at Thanksgiving."

"Well, well! that is news unexpected," replied the husband. "Why did not the boy speak of it before, I wonder?"

"He says he will explain all when he comes; but I will read the letter."

It was affectionately worded, and its calmly joyous tone bespoke how happy Ray was.

"And that, I suppose, is his picture," said the Deacon, when his wife paused in her reading.

"I am anxious to see it, Mary."

Then, the covering was quickly removed, and together they scanned the sweet, smiling face of Sybillette. Mrs. Harland was the first to speak:

"Is not she beautiful, Josiah? Ray hopes we will take her to our hearts as our own daughter. I guess we will, if she is as lovely as here represented. We could not help it. She looks, to me, more like an angel than a mortal."

"Likely enough the picture flatters some," cautioned her husband, still regarding it with considerable admiration.

"But the expression is what most pleases me," said Mrs. Harland. "I am sure she is good and loving. Ray must have chosen well, after waiting so long. I think, I can love her already, from Ray's description and this picture."

And the dear mother wiped away a few tears of heartfelt emotion.

Then swiftly sped the busy days, until the hour of Ray's coming was at hand. The old house was all cheerful brightness, the clean, cool cellar well filled with specimens of the Deacon's excellent cooking, and everything about the place seemed smiling a welcome to the young couple.

But best of all was the warm cordiality with which both father and mother welcomed home their children; and sweetly touching the mother-love with which good Mrs. Harland took the fair stranger to her heart at once. And as Deacon Harland learned to love Sybillette even as his own child, and marked how perfect was her devotion to Ray, how exalted her ideas of this life, how clear her happy faith in the future, his old-time belief in the utter depravity of the human heart grew strangely dim and hard to realize.

Already his sternness and prejudice have wonderfully lessened; and he can view humanity in the light of a broader, more charitable faith than that which dwarfed and restrained his naturally benevolent disposition years ago.

And, indeed, he is now proud of his artist son, and, with his wife, can freely rejoice in the rare happiness which blesses two pure and truly wedded souls, while he readily acknowledges his own error in attempting to restrict his son's youthful aspirations.

When next autumn's harvesting is done, the worthy couple will be gladly welcomed to Ray Harland's beautiful city home. Then they will have opportunities of listening to our talented speakers, whose ideas are rich with truth and glowing with inspiration.

May the influence be blessed, and the gently declining hillside of each life be cheered and lighted by the radiance of a faith all-powerful in life, all-glorious and conquering in death.

Matters in Connecticut.

Just previous to my starting for the Harwich Camp-Meeting I take my pen to call the attention of the Spiritualists of Connecticut to the notice of our Annual Picnic at Compounce Pond, Aug. 13th, and would also state that another meeting of the Executive Board of the State Association of Spiritualists is called to meet at that place on that day at three o'clock p. m., as there is much important business yet to be transacted upon matters which I, as the President of that body, cannot act upon without an expression of the Executive Board.

We are trying to get matters into shape for effective missionary work in the State (this coming fall, and in response to my letter of appeal recently published in your columns I have to acknowledge the receipt of \$10 from T. M. Allen, Hartford, \$10 from James Wilson, Bridgeport, and \$2 from Dr. Churchill, Farmington. This is a ready and gratifying response, and I trust the friends everywhere will let their donations flow in upon us to that extent that we shall have no doubts about being sustained.

I wish also to say that a second edition of my lecture, "Whether are we Drifting?" given from the steps of the residence of Mr. George N. Wilcox, Madison, Conn., on the occasion of the hall being closed against me, is soon to be re-issued, the first one, numbering one thousand, having nearly exhausted before I had time to arrange for advertising it. Orders can be addressed to me at West Winsted, Conn., P. O. Box 323, or to G. N. Wilcox, Madison, Conn. Single copies, 10 cents, and one cent stamp to prepay postage.

E. ANNE HUNMAN.

Madison, July 28th, 1873.

Banner Correspondence.

California.

SAN JOSE.—Don Alberto writes July 17th, as follows: "Wishing to let the world know how Spiritualism is progressing in this place, I thought to drop a line to the Banner. We have been favored with Sunday meetings for some time, where free people, and the gospel of the angels is being popularized by every means in our power. Dr. E. W. Stevens, of Wisconsin, has given us morning lectures since the first of June. Since the coming to our coast of this remarkable man, great good has been accomplished. As a clairvoyant, psychometrist and lecturer, he is profound and successful. His 'readings at a distance' and accurate discovery of otherwise invisible facts, have aroused not only wonder, but forced glooms of conviction home to the unbelieving. As a lecturer he has no superior on this coast. Keeping aloof from all side issues, he deals in pure philosophy and scientific Spiritualism. His great ability to do good is proved by his growing popularity. Engaging to the Society of San Francisco for May, he spoke through June and thus far into July on Sunday evenings to eager crowds, who catch inspiration from his eloquence, and knowledge from his apt illustrations. Though others will succeed him, yet we regret his coming departure from among us, yet we rejoice that other fields of labor are to be the gainers."

"Oh my mortal friends and brothers, we are each and all another's. And the heart that gives most freely. From its treasure both the more. Would you have peace, let us find it, And in giving love you find it. Like an angel of safety. To your souls for evermore."

Let me say, the dear old Banner floats proudly on the Pacific Slope, and long may it radiate the rays of spiritual light and truth.

GILROY.—B. H. Carter writes, July 15th: "We were favored with two interesting lectures, July 5th and 6th, by Mrs. E. W. Stephens of Sacramento. Many beautiful tests were received by parties, in the form of description of spirit friends. A gentleman, having the care of a departed sister's children—a skeptic—called on Mrs. Stephens, who, after describing many of his spirit kindred correctly, said to him, 'Parties are making efforts to deprive those children of property belonging to them; you must attend to it immediately.' The gentleman investigated the matter immediately, and found it as Mrs. Stephens had stated, and made the parties pay him some coin, and give security for the balance."

Mrs. Stephens spent about four days in my family, during which time we had many pleasant interviews with our friends on the other side, which, together with her social kindly manner, endeared her to us with such ties as none but experienced Spiritualists can comprehend and appreciate. With the reliable mediumistic powers she possesses, the angel world will be enabled to remove the clouds which shut the progressive light from many on this side."

Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS.—W. F. Jamieson writes, July 20th, as follows: "Bro. Cephas B. Lynn and myself came to this city two weeks ago, and on last Sunday succeeded in arousing by our lectures a good interest. The indignation of some Christians was, however, vented against us while we were addressing the people at the Fulton Street Park, a public resort, occupied by a brass band on Thursday evenings; by the Y. M. C. A. on Sunday at 4 o'clock p. m. The Baptist Society, at 12 o'clock, and the Y. M. C. A., while the band plays Thursday evenings."

On the return of Bro. Lynn and myself to this city yesterday we were informed that the excitement produced by our lectures was very great. One of the papers came out against us in a fiery editorial, and a mob was threatened if we attempted to speak again in the park. Bro. Lynn and myself called upon the Chief of Police this morning and stated the case to him. He referred us to the Mayor for formal permission to use the park. Dr. E. W. Stephens accompanied me to the Mayor's office, and introduced me to his Honor. I made formal request for the use of the park. He referred me to the Common Council. Mayor Pierce told me he had no objection to us using the park. The Council being in session this evening, I called upon that body and presented our request."

The Council, although having granted the Y. M. C. A. permission to use it, refused it to us. The eyes and ears were called; one councilman said he did not approve of the sentiments advocated last Sunday. ("Clergy a Source of Danger to the American Republic," "Lord's Prayer," "Free Speech," "Water Works in preference to Churches," were our live subjects.) Another councilman said he was opposed to granting us the use of the park because we were "exciting and stirring up the people."

We have now announced that we will speak in the street to-morrow. This, my dear brother, is the war for freedom of speech inaugurated. Favors granted to the Y. M. C. A. by this city government, but denied to us, Spiritualists, who have carefully avoided infringing upon any man's rights."

New York.

MORAVIA.—Submit C. Loomis writes, July 24th, from the "Casade House" as follows: "We made a visit recently to this delightful retreat, and the health-fraught zephyrs and whispering cascade seemed like angel voices falling on the ear, filled with the musical rhythm of health and harmony, lifting us above the conflicting influences and incidents of this material world, to commune with beautiful Nature on her own harmonious plane. The silvery lake, spreading among the green hills and rising cascades, a living mirror for the romantic scenery surrounding it, bears gently upon her pearl-fraught bosom tiny gondolas, filled with happy hearts and smiling faces. The spirits have chosen a fitting retreat for most wonderful manifestations. Mrs. Andrews, the great medium for materialization, has just recovered from a recent sickness; and spirits are materialized so that all can see them, and they talk audibly to their friends, and often prescribe what course will insure health and success. A séance is held every morning at eight, and when conditions will permit, the same time in the evening."

AUBURN.—J. M. Harter writes thus: "Dear Banner.—Will you or some of your correspondents give me light in regard to the duty of Spiritualists as to organization? Should they come out from existing sects and churches and organize on spiritual foundations, or remain, attract others, and work inside of these organizations, till the whole lump is leavened? In traveling about I find many Spiritualists who are heavy pew holders in different churches, and I also find ministers who visit Spiritualists and urge them to attend their church, as they believe and preach Spiritualism. It is a fact that ministers are doing all in their power to increase the number of paying attendees, caring little or nothing what is believed or done, if only the money is freely paid into the church."

Washington Territory.

SEATTLE.—L. S. Smith writes, July 7th: "Our Lyceum is steadily increasing in numbers. The children are very prompt in attendance, and manifest considerable interest. The following is a list of officers for the ensuing year: W. R. Andrews, Conductor; Mrs. A. D. Wiggin, Guardian; L. S. Smith, Secretary and Musical Director; D. M. Crane, Treasurer; Anna Furnside, Organist. Quite an interest is manifested among the churches to put us down, but we won't 'down' worth a cent." Prof. W. H. Chaney has been lecturing before our Society the past month. He has fought his way through fierce opposition, and has finally gained the respect of almost the entire community. He delivered the oration here on the Fourth of July, which was so well received that he has been solicited to write it out for publication. His labors have been productive of much good. The Spiritualists of this place, together with

the host of friends elsewhere, sincerely sympathize with you in the loss of your senior partner, Wm. White. In the death of Bro. White, humanity has lost a friend and brother. Let us hope that his sphere of usefulness may expand until his highest ideas may be fully realized.

Oregon.

PARROTTS' LANDING, July 12th.—The Spiritualists of Clackamas County, Oregon, had a very successful little grove meeting at the above-named place, lasting two days. We had some excellent speaking by Rev. Mr. E. W. Shortridge, Miss Ebberhardt, Mr. L. Briggs, Mr. Graybell and others. On account of bad weather, the meeting was adjourned to Mr. J. Parrott's house, and there continued. The spirit-power was very strongly manifested. It was moved and seconded that a committee of five be appointed to select a piece of ground for a permanent camp ground, consisting of Mr. Johns, Mr. R. Andrews, Mr. Beals, Mr. Buckman, and Mr. J. Parrott. The next grove meeting will be held Sept. 5th, at Mr. J. C. Cowman's place, situated two and one-half miles below Butteville, and a half mile from Graham's ferry on the west side of the Yamhill River, Clackamas County. On motion, a committee of three was appointed by the Chair to procure a speaker for the next meeting, consisting of Mr. Short, Mr. J. Kuse, Mr. F. Gair. A vote of thanks was tendered to Bro. Parrott's family and our worthy President, E. Cooley. Adjourned sine die.

CHAS. K. HANSEN, Sec.

Poems.

By Gertrude Minburn Hazard and Anna-Praeger Hazard, daughters of Hon. Thos. R. Hazard, of South Portsmouth, R. I.

This volume, which contains twenty-six metrical compositions, embodied in some ninety pages, is printed in a high style of art by Collins, 705 Jayne street, Philadelphia, Pa., for private circulation. A few copies may be had at this office.

The work is redolent of that chastened spirit which sees good in all; which clings to the purity and truth of the past, making them the indices of grander things to come. The inner longings of the soul for higher attainments, the joy when error falls before the right, the strain of consolation for the early part of the rain-drops of April showers, the perfume of May blossoms, and an intuitively introspective view of the autumn time of life, fill the pages. Those privileged to read the book will appreciate its many beautiful thoughts. The following poems, "Our Childhood," and "Joy in Sorrow"—the first by Anna, the second by Gertrude—will serve to give an idea of the poetic talent evinced:

OUR CHILDHOOD.

Do you remember, children, in the Springtime,
How glad we were to find beneath the snow
The trusting snowdrop and the fearless crocus,
Blooming where nothing else had dared to grow?

And how we crept along beside the hedges
And held our breath, when on the sheltered bank
We found the little modest, blue-eyed violet
Hiding in last year's grasses rose and rank?

And I remember that we always gathered
The soft green moss beneath the old pine-tree,
And crawled on hands and knees into the thickets,
To pick the sweet pink-checked anemone.

How proud we were to carry them to mother,
And cluster round her knee with sparkling eyes
And glowing cheeks to tell the wondrous story—
How pleased to watch her look of feigned surprise.

How eagerly we watched the garden borders
When the young daffodils were coming up;
How jealously we guarded the one daisy
Which, when it bloomed, displayed the single cup.

What gold upon our eyes was half so precious
As its pure symbol on the shining head
Dear Daffodil, among the green-robed courtiers,
I crown thee Queen of every garden-bed.

Will ever orchards look so white and rosy
As those which charmed our raptur'd childhood gaze?
Will ever song of birds sound half so sweetly
As Robin Redbreast's in the olden days?

And how the brook talked, and the tall trees
Nodded,
And whispered to each other in the breeze;
And how we laughed to see the fire-flies glisten
And light the birds to bed among the trees.

So, drawn close to the kindly heart of Nature,
And loving her so well in every mood,
We grew to know through her the great Creator,
To praise and love Him for His works of good.

And in the evening, when the sun was setting,
And the long shadows gilded the soft sward,
We walked in happy talk with one who left us
Long since to tread the shining hills of God.

And hand in hand we wandered in the meadows,
And sat beside the bridge and on the shore;
Now the dear hand has loos'd its clasp forever,
The gentle voice will cheer us no more.

But in the Father's everlasting arms,
Where He has called our loved-ones to dwell,
We may walk hand in hand again forever,
And lose all echo of the word "Farewell!"

Think, when the heart grows weary of Life's
Of this most happy time, and let it be,
Dear Father, who hath granted this great blessing,
A talisman to draw us nearer Thee.

Perhaps the visions which our youth so gladdened
Before us in a fairer world may rise;
It may be, flowers we loved on earth so dearly
Will bloom for us forever in the skies.

Take not away the memory of our childhood;
Let it as we grow old grow brighter still;
And when we are again as little children,
And lean confidently upon Thy will.

Grant that the holiday so early ended
By Life's hard tasks to us again be given,
And last forever in the fair green pastures,
Amid the never-fading flowers of heaven.

JOY IN SORROW.

Fasten your souls so high, that constantly
The smile of your heroic cheer may float
Above all griefs and sorrows,
Participation being the joy of pain.

—E. B. BROOKING.

O Thou who art our Father and our Mother,
We bow with reverent love unto the power
Which, not in wrath, but tenderly and wisely
Hath led our trembling footsteps to this hour.

With souls that thrill to the deep bliss of being,
As keenly as they quiver at life's pain,
And eyes that look beyond this mortal seeing,
We know we call not on Thy name in vain.

We thank Thee, more than for earth's fleeting pleasures,
For all our withered hopes, for grief and sin,
Which opened to our close pride-blinded vision
A hidden well-spring of pure joy within.

We lift to Thee our hands, bereft of treasure,
Standing 'mid broken idols, round us strown;
O not in gifts alone, but in bereavements
Thy love is fully and completely shown.

We mourn no more our fairest dreams departed;
No tears fall fast about our vanished youth;
The spirit knows no age, kept vibrant ever
By streams unfailing from Thy Fount of Truth.

Eyes wet with Sorrow's tears have clearer vision;
Hearts wounded flow, O Healer, unto Thine;
And with the sacred joy of grief, Great Spirit,
We bless Thee, kneeling at the inner shrine.

That Life bit shadow is of Death, the real,
Whose touch divinest breaks the bonds of clay,
And forth, to joyful sounds of angel singing,
Leads the glad spirit on its homeward way.

GENERAL COURT—Waiting on half a dozen girls at the same time.

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Philosophical Basis for Unity—Spiritualism Reports of Meetings—Miscellaneous Items.

The Spiritual platform, rightly interpreted, introduces one into the blessed realm of unity. Today is the proper time to emphasize and elucidate this point. There is quite a commotion, on all sides, to know what belongs and what does not belong on the Spiritual platform. A few desire to define their position; they seriously contemplate running up a sectarian flag. The old words, "fanatic" and "hobbyhorse," are being revamped into life, and are hurled around promiscuously. Others, forming hasty judgment of men and women and things and theories, lament with great feeling that death and destruction are so near.

Let us reason together; is it possible that the spiritual platform, philosophically defined, admits of a faction? No! You can't create a schism, provided you are true to its core idea! Neither can you organize a new fraternity on a definition or an opinion.

The basic idea of the Spiritual platform is, *The Onward and Upward March of Humanity*. The word *progression* covers the whole ground. We are emancipating ourselves from slavery. We are endeavoring to understand nature, that the majestic currents of life, resident therein, which carry all things onward progressively, may enslave us.

The Spiritual platform has been evolved to aid humanity to this end. All who love liberty can claim it as their home; all who aspire for progressive attainment are saints in its Zion.

The new platform abolishes caste. It builds up the individual. It gives a hearing to all theories. It says, whatever relates to humanity belongs here. It has such an abiding faith in the essential qualities of goodness and truth and virtue, that it does not fear that any man, or any number of women, can destroy society and unloose the floods of perdition. It is so serene in its trust that it does not know the word excommunication. It says, let those who are pure and holy mingle with those of the opposite order; sin will then be transformed into spiritual splendor.

All tropicallism ceases when one remembers that, in the new movement, the individual stands for himself! And also that no one is compromised by the opinions of the individual.

It is a concession to the total depravity doctrine to assume that chaos is coming because some one has made a radical speech. And it is an insult to the genius of liberalism for a flutering and excited few to draw the lines of sectarianism; and proceed to anchor themselves to the rotten hulk of vacillating public opinion, simply because there is serious question as to what somebody means in a certain sentence.

Liberalists have sworn to give all sides a hearing. It is understood that they think for themselves. There is no priesthood to tell the world what they believe.

Fanaticism will die; lust will fade away. Virtue will increase; holiness will shine out on every countenance.

Let us remember that our unity is so grounded in principle that nothing can disturb us. To be philosophical—that is our end and aim.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

The last Saturday and Sunday in June, there was a large meeting at the Fair Grounds. Dr. Spencer presided. Among the speakers present were, Mrs. Elvira Hull, Mrs. L. E. Drake, R. Augusta Whiting, Daniel Hull, J. O. Barrett, W. F. Jamieson, T. S. Pope, Grandpa Woodworth, Dean Clark. The social question was discussed. Mr. Winslow, of Kalamazoo put in a vigorous protest against Woodhullism. The Battle Creek correspondent of the Detroit Tribune was in evidence over the chance to write a sensational article. He did great injustice to most of the speakers, and, with other superficial people, seemed to infer that everybody who did not denounce Mrs. Woodhull believed in animalism and nothing but that.

GUN LAKE, MICH.

July 4th, 5th and 6th, the friends held a meeting in Bro. Smith's grove. Chas. Andrus delivered the 4th of July oration. Mrs. Kutz and Mr. Andrus were the regular speakers for the grove meeting. They occupied most of the time, as a matter of course; but Mrs. Drake, Mr. Pope and the writer, who were present, had the pleasure of making a few remarks. Bro. Smith is an old veteran in the cause of Spiritualism. He deserves great credit for his labors.

BREEDSVILLE, MICH.

This is a live stronghold of liberalism. July 12th and 13th, in company with Mrs. L. E. Drake, we addressed the friends here, and organized a Liberal League, which is officered as follows: President, A. G. Eastman, Esq.; Vice President, Lide Brown; Secretary, Frank R. Knowles; Treasurer, C. R. Caplin; Executive Committee, A. D. Eros, E. O. Barnum, Betsey Brown.

I have told you heretofore about the new hall in Breedsville, which is dedicated to free speech. Bro. Skinnings, the builder of the hall, was present and enjoyed the meeting. Our friends are in earnest, and, with unity, they can win in the struggle for liberty.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

This is a growing city of some twenty thousand inhabitants. It is full of life; has some sly dailies, the Times taking the lead in local interest. Dr. B. Woodruff, a Spiritualist of many years' standing, warmly greets all laborers in our vineyard. July 12th W. F. Jamieson opened his radical batteries to a full house. At this writing I cannot determine whether any of the clergy will be provoked into a debate or not. We hope they will. Enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. Barnes, we await results.

NOTES.

Nellie L. Davis speaks in Bay City, Mich., in October. She should be kept in the State the entire season.

Eccles has taken a lake trip from Cleveland to Chicago.

Mrs. Maynard, formerly of Buffalo, at whose pleasant home many weary media have found rest, has removed to White Plains, N. Y.

Frank McAlpine, of Breedsville, is prepared to answer calls to lecture.

Frank R. Knowles, one of our most popular speakers, has been absent from the platform for some time—the cause, sickness. But now the roses are coming again on her cheeks, and the old ringing laugh assures one of her presence. All this being true, the general desire is to have her take the field again. Friends, send in your invitations.

The cry against "monopoly" is increasing in volume. The farmer of the West means business. Corporations must have souls put into

them. Can it be done? The centre of the universe is at Washington, and if you criticize anybody in office, in this boasted free America, you have the word *treason* hurled at you. What is treason in a republic? We await an answer.

Mrs. L. E. Drake owns a fine hall in Plainfield. It came near giving up the ghost to the fire-devil, the other night. Was it an incendiary fire? Report says, Yes. It may be fanaticism, but it would not take much to convince us that the Christian conscience of Plainfield would not lie at all disturbed were Mrs. D. to be driven out of town.

CERHAS.

SPIRITUALISM.

ITS HISTORY AND BELIEF—WHAT IT HAS ATTAINED TO—AN ACCOUNT OF THE PHOENIX MEETING AND THE RESOLUTIONS—MR. HULL AND HIS CONVERSION, ETC.

To the Editor of the *Syracuse Daily Standard*: Having been permitted to attend the large spiritual gathering held on Sunday in Pendergast Grove, near Plainfield, in this county, which was probably the largest meeting of the kind ever held in this State, and which was addressed by one of the ablest speakers in that section, the spiritual body may be called a seer. I take the opportunity to say something to your readers, in relation to the meeting, and also of Spiritualism generally. And although I am not a Spiritualist myself, and believe a large portion of the body are deluded, I will endeavor as far as possible to do them justice, or at least as no injustice.

And first, as to

SPIRITUALISM.

For the last two years the business that I have been engaged in has brought me in contact with many of the leading members of that body in the principal towns of the Northern States, and from this knowledge I am confident I can speak somewhat intelligently on this subject. I do not remember the statistical number that the Spiritualists claim adhere to their belief, but from the knowledge I have acquired in my travels I am confident that they are much more numerous than people generally suppose. I think there is no town in a Northern State but what more or less persons may be found who openly declare their conviction that the

DEAD DO COMMUNICATE.

to the living; and in some towns these persons are very numerous. For instance, in the city of Boston they have a number of societies, one of which, that meets in Music Hall, has an attendance every Sunday of at least five hundred persons. And in fact they have an organized society in nearly every large town, and have their circles, known as seances, in nearly every school district, where they claim to receive communications from departed spirits.

And then these persons do not begin to include the whole number of adherents to their faith. There are thousands in and out of the church who do not identify themselves with Spiritualism on account of its unpopularity, who secretly adhere to it, and who hold regular seances. I understand that in two or three of the Christian churches in this city such is the case. And not only the members of the churches, but many of the ministers are becoming much interested in this question, that the Spiritualists claim answers the old question—

"IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?"

As an illustration of ministerial interest in the subject, I will mention a circumstance that recently came to my notice in this city. One Monday morning I took the seven o'clock train for Auburn. On the train I met a Doctor of Divinity, a pastor of one of our Orthodox churches; and, getting into conversation with him, he introduced the subject of Spiritualism, and asked me what I thought of it. I replied that I was not a believer, but had no objection to it, or to examining it. He was convinced that there was something singular about it, and said he had a little evidence that he would show me. He took from his pocket a letter that he said a friend of his brought to his wife from her dead father the evening before, that his friend obtained through a medium in this city; and, after reading the letter to me, he said it was not that a sensible letter, but what is the strangest thing about it, I know that the medium knew nothing of my wife or her father. In a few days after this, I met the medium, and said to him, "I heard a Doctor of Divinity of this city read a communication that came through your mediumship the other day; and he said he received it from a friend of his who visited you the Sunday evening before." Yes," said the medium, "he received it from me, but by the hand of his friend, who delivered it directly to him. The Doctor came to see me, with his friend,

and I noticed that he was much agitated when he received the message." Thus, I find that wherever I go. Thousands say, "I am not convinced of the truth of what these people claim, but I desire to be. I wish I was a Spiritualist." It is evident that Spiritualist converts are rapidly increasing, and what will come of the movement it is difficult to determine. The body-to-day numbers nearly as many as any one of the Christian sects, excepting the Methodist denomination and the Catholics.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' BELIEF.

This body has no creed, and has not, as yet, crystallized into a sect, but I am inclined to think it is tending that way. What constitutes a Modern Spiritualist, as I understand it, is a belief that our departed friends can communicate to us from the spirit-world. All who believe this—whatever their views may be on other questions—are recognized as Spiritualists. Therefore we find Spiritualists who disagree on many other religious questions. But as a body they reject the fundamental doctrine of the Christian Church. They do not believe in the "fall of man," in the "vicarious atonement of Christ," in the "plenary inspiration" of the Bible, in a "general day of judgment," in a personal God or a "personal devil," in a "burning hell in the future," or a heaven, the "streets of which are [said to be] paved with gold."

The most of them believe that we enter the spirit-world as we leave this; that punishment is the legitimate result of belief and not the arbitrary infliction of pain by God. They do not, as a body, I think, believe in miracles—those who term themselves "Bible" Spiritualists believing that the so-called miracles recorded in the Bible were performed through the intervention of spirits, through natural laws.

Modern Spiritualism is about

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

Having first made its appearance at Rochester in 1848, through the mediumship of the Fox girls. It has a number of periodicals in this country that are well supported, their principal organ being the *Banner of Light*, of Boston. They have recently commenced the publication of a quarterly, entitled *Britain's Journal*, edited by Prof. S. B. Britton.

A week before the meeting, the committee having the meeting in charge chartered all the steamboats in this section that could carry passengers to the meeting by the way of the rivers and canals, and the thoroughly advertised it.

On Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, your correspondent went aboard of the barge "Onondaga," under the command of Silas Huntly, at the dock near Salina-street bridge. The boat was soon loaded above and below with passengers—residents of Syracuse and our adjoining towns—with their dinner-baskets. The barge conveyed some five hundred passengers, and I think there were nearly a hundred upon the tow-boat. The "Greenway" also left the dock at the same time, well loaded. The morning was cloudy, and doubtless the fear of a rainy day kept some at home. Many of the passengers were not Spiritualists, but went for the pleasure of the ride and out of curiosity. But I think I never saw so many professed Spiritualists in one company. A large part of those aboard of the "Onondaga" I found were believers.

We arrived at the grounds at twelve o'clock, and found the meeting convened, and Mr. Moses Hull, of Vineland, N. J., addressing the audi-

ence. There were four or five thousand people assembled in Mr. Pendergast's beautiful grove. A fine stand was erected on the centre of the grove, around which were placed seats which make it a very convenient and pleasant place to hold so large a meeting. As we landed, other steamboats, loaded as fully as ours, arrived from various quarters, and on every road, as far as the eye could see, wagon loads of people were still coming. At one o'clock the forenoon meeting closed, and the audience, as you observed in this morning's report, turned from a spiritual to a physical request. This service was conducted in the form of a picnic, and was a very pleasant occasion. At two o'clock the meeting was called to order, and, after fine singing, the following preamble and resolutions were presented by the committee appointed for that purpose, discussed and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, A portion of the Christians of this country are now engaged in an effort to amend the Constitution of the United States in such a manner as to establish Christianity as our national religion, virtually disfranchising all who are not Christians; and whereas, the Christians have already succeeded in exempting, by law, the immense amount of property invested in churches and religious institutions of learning in this country, and also the State, the sum of fifty hundred dollars to each Christian minister; and whereas, they have forced their sacred book, the Bible, into our public schools, and obliged the children of parents who are not Christians, as well as their own, to read it or hear it read; and whereas, there is now supported out of the public moneys, raised by general taxation, a Christian minister as chaplain in Congress and every legislative body, every military regiment, every prison and asylum; therefore,

Resolved, That we, as friends of civil and religious liberty, demand—

First—That churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.

Second—We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State legislatures, in the army and militia, and in prison asylums, and other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.

Third—We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian institutions shall cease.

Fourth—We demand that all religious services now sustained by the Government shall be abolished, and especially that the use of the Bible in public schools, whether directly or indirectly, or as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.

Fifth—We demand that not only in the Constitution of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire public system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be promptly made.

Sixth—We recommend that Liberal Leagues be organized at once in every portion of the country, for the purpose of advancing the objects and principles set forth in the above demands.

After the adoption of the preamble and resolutions, Mr. Hull again addressed the people, or all who were within hearing distance, on

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

He cited many instances from the Bible where, if the stories are to be believed, there were manifestations of a similar character to those that are now being claimed by the Spiritualists. He contended that every man who believes the Bible must believe in Spiritualism. To him the Bible was not supreme authority; nothing was supreme but the voice of God speaking through the human soul. But to those who accepted it as such, he could not understand how they could reject Spiritualism.

There were very few finer public speakers in this country than Mr. Hull, and he has the gift of language over those who do not sympathize with his views. He was formerly an Orthodox minister, and as such was a very successful revivalist. He claims he was converted by a voice from heaven, as was Saul when on his way to Damascus; and that, like him, he is now laboring to undo all the wrong things that he did before his conversion. Previous to his conversion, he was a member of the Methodist Church, and he had been preaching in tents and saying to the people, "The blood of Christ would cleanse them from all sin." Since his conversion, he has been over the same ground again, and proclaimed with still more earnestness that it is no such thing; that the blood of Christ can be of no use to the sinner; that what he must depend on is a pure and holy life.

H. L. G.

Syracuse, N. Y.; July 28, 1873.

Indian Affairs.

NOTICE FROM THE AMERICAN INDIAN AID ASSOCIATION.

The American Indian Aid Association—established in New York City—proposes to publish a series of dissertations on the character, manners and customs of the American aborigines; the general misapprehensions of the same by the American people; and consequent injustice and false policy pursued by the latter, consisting of—

1. A review of the military proceedings with the American Indians, since the peace of the 15th of May last; the relations of the Government to the Indians; the failure of administering justice by erecting the gallows, by Gen. Davis before the trial begins; the unprecedented reading to the accused Modocs their indictment and sentence of death from the same paper; conclusive proof that the indictment consisted of a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end; a change of venue demanded; a protest against the execution of Capt. Jack, and any other Indian, by virtue of the verdict of a court martial organized by Gen. Davis; any execution by virtue of any trial in which the original causes of the war and death of Canby and Thomas are ignored, denounced as murder, and all persons endorsing or approving of the same, as accomplices.

2. The fallacy of assuming that the extinction of the Indian race is owing to manifest destiny. Their hygienic and domestic customs and habits so far removed from those of the white race, that to adopt them to get rid of a long list of diseases which no amount of drug treatment can remove. The consequent better health and greater longevity of Indians than white people.

3. Their extinction is mainly owing to the cruel enmity of the white people, and the blundering method of trying to civilize them by offering them civilization on the implied condition of their abandoning their religion, for ours, and their tribal and communal mode of life for our selfish and selfish isolated mode of living—either of which is necessary, and rather than do either there is strong proof that every adult educated Indian would prefer to die and go to his spiritual hunting-grounds.

4. The moral and religious character of American Indians, as seen in their liberal treatment of the first settlers and continued liberal division of land.

General liberality to strangers and each other. Their strict observance of treaties with our Government, which, if broken, is first done by the white people.

The good order and absence of crime, although without courts, sheriffs, constables or police. Every Indian subject to the position of sheriff, and execute murders; but it is easy to see that, if such a policy were adopted by us, we should soon be overwhelmed with anarchy and bloodshed.

The Christianization and civilization of the Indians on the old plan a failure. Under it they have dwindled from twelve or fourteen millions in this continent in the beginning of the sixteenth century down to about two millions at the present time, and from four hundred thousand in 1850, down to three hundred thousand in 1870 in the United States. At this rate it will only take about sixty years to civilize them all out of existence. One hundred and twenty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars paid, and nine years' missionary labor performed to convert one tribe, and the result declared not a convert, and no more than two hundred and thirty missionary labor among two tribes, seven-eighths of whom flee to the Westward; wilds to enjoy their aboriginal customs, while one-eighth remain, but

there are strong proofs that there is not a solitary Christian among the whole of the tribe.

Indians, as the friends of the continent that practice the most essential and stringent doctrines of Christianity. Hence it follows that we stand in more need of missionaries from them than they need missionaries from us.

A most respectable clergyman, who had devoted much money and a large portion of his life in labors of charity and humanity, after visiting Indian missions, declared that if he had his way he would break up every Christian mission among the Indians. But we take a more hopeful view of the matter.

In our next we shall propose

in which, among other measures, we shall propose, on certain conditions, to retain the present denominational missionaries to teach those arts and sciences, a knowledge of which is essential to the protection of Indians against the evils of civilization as well as their capacity for reaping its blessings.

Grant policy and Quaker superiority common to the two is a great improvement. Also, for Indian cooperation, tribal associations, as models for instructing white Christians how to live out the self-denying doctrines of their religion. T. TOWNSHIP, Chairman.

W. C. GOULD, Secretary.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Lancaster, Ohio, July 18th, Priscilla Ann Scott, wife of Dr. H. Scott.

Her remains were followed to their final resting place on the 18th inst., by a large concourse of relatives and sympathizers. She was a member of the M. E. Church, and received the sacrament of the supper at her own request. Her death was a sad bereavement to her family.

Through a church member, she was a believer in spiritualism, and intercommunion with the departed, of which she had received many striking and satisfactory evidences. During her approaching dissolution, her spiritual nature seemed greatly exalted, and she often said to her friends, "I have received many striking and satisfactory evidences of the truth of spiritualism."

She had received many striking and satisfactory evidences of the truth of spiritualism, and she often said to her friends, "I have received many striking and satisfactory evidences of the truth of spiritualism."

Longer, Ohio, July 28th, 1873.

From Farmington, [?], July 15th, Thomas K. Palmer, at the advanced age of six years.

Fully ready and ready for the change, he has been waiting for many years for the opportunity to leave his mortal body. He was a member of the M. E. Church, and he had been a member of the same for many years. He was a very good man, and he was a very good Christian.

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with the names of officers, and such other duties as a majority of the Board may deem proper to be performed by the Association, as provided for in Article II.

Sec. 4. The Trustees shall have the right to receive and expend all moneys received and expended from the Association, and for what purpose they may deem proper, and for what purpose they may deem proper, and for what purpose they may deem proper.

Art. VI. *General Meetings.* Sec. 1. Annual meetings of this Association shall be held in the month of September, in each year, and every year, at such time and place as the Trustees may appoint.

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A non-re-incarnationist correspondent, after perusing the lecture delivered at Albany, and published in the *Harvard*, against the doctrine of re-incarnation, says, in a private note to us: "Mr. Coleman had better study and shake off a little of his bigotry before he enters the arena of volentines."

Journalistic Swindling.

Under the caption of "Spiritual Swindling," the Boston Daily Globe is quite ferocious on the subject of Mr. Foster's so-called spiritual seances. With a solemnity which would have done credit to the old Puritan divines who called out so lustily in witchcraft times for the hanging and drowning of persons suspected of supernatural dealings, this would-be leader of Boston Journalism preaches against Mr. Foster. The times have so changed since Cotton Mather lived, that though the Globe does not actually demand that Mr. Foster should be drawn and quartered without benefit of clergy, it wants him indicted by the authorities for "practicing fraud." The case, we are told, is one that "clearly calls for the interference of the authorities;" and Mr. Foster ought to be "subjected to that wholesome discipline provided by the law against obtaining money under false pretences."

What if the journalist who penned this anti-Indian nonsense should wake up some fine morning and find himself indicted for "obtaining money under false pretences?" Quite as ingenious and powerful a case could be made out against him as he has made out against Mr. Foster. It might be urged, for example: "Here is a man shutting his eyes to facts, and trying to misrepresent them to the public. He brings against Mr. Foster a charge of swindling which might be retaliated against himself with equal force. He sets up his own limited experience against the contrary experience of thousands of intelligent men and women, and charges with felonious intent a man who manifests in his person, and by the well-established phenomena through his agency, powers which we have as much right to call spiritual as this editor has to call the platitudes from his pen editorial."

What is the substance of the Globe's charges against Mr. Foster? Some person, it appears, instead of writing the names of departed friends on the pellets, as he facetiously professes to do, wrote certain fictitious names, and the supposed "spirits" manifested themselves through Mr. Foster all the same—thus proving, according to this sagacious writer, that Mr. Foster intentionally deceives. So far is this from being the fact, that even according to the writer's own showing, Mr. Foster is the deceived party. The person who facetiously pretends to give him the names of departed friends is the real "swindler" in the case. Mr. Foster lays no claim to infallibility; no claim to exemption from imposition for himself or the spirits. He openly declares on fitting occasions that the "spirits" are sometimes not above fooling him and his over-crafty visitors; that these last are likely to get deception for deception, and that those who practice tricks and get tricks in return must blame themselves and not the passive and irresponsible medium. The coarse blunderer who can set down the amazing evidences of clairvoyance, which Mr. Foster gives in such wonderful profusion, as mere "swindling," is simply an incompetent investigator of phenomena, to the genuineness of which many of the most intelligent persons in England and America can bear witness.

The real question at issue, as this writer ought to learn before he again attempts to wield the editorial pen and "swindle" the public on this great subject, is not whether spirits are at work, but whether certain phenomena, transcending the power of any man in his purely natural state to produce, do actually occur. That they do is an established fact in the minds of thousands of persons in this very city of Boston to whom the proprietors of the Globe look for help in sustaining that paper, either as subscribers or advertisers; and the writer little dreams how many of his own readers he ignorantly insults when he prates of "the credulity of our citizens;" and of this "ridiculous imposture." Such men forsooth as Alfred R. Wallace, Lord Brougham, Robert Hare, Mr. Crookes (editor of the London Quarterly Journal of Science), the late Robert G. Shaw, the late Nathaniel Bowditch, the Rev. William Mountford, Hermann Fichte (son of Fichte, the immortal)—such men as these, and many hundreds more that we might name, our fellow-citizens, neighbors, and friends, the victims of a "ridiculous imposture," which it is the province of this immensely sagacious gentleman of the press to puncture and dispel!

And he wants the "authorities" to interfere! We would like to see the authorities, that in this nineteenth century and in this intelligent city of Boston, would dare to yield to the insinuation of any swill of a journalist, and attempt to put down Mr. Foster as a swindler! We hardly think that the truth of the matter is, the writer in the Globe has simply walked into the wrong century. He belongs to a past era. He should have been born in the year 1625, and been present at the hanging of Burroughs and others in Essex County for witchcraft. What a jolly time he would have had of it! And what a comfort it would be for him to see Mr. Foster, if not strung up on a gallows, yet cutting stone with a State Prison gang during the heated term, and in his leisure moments—most remorseless of inflictions!—compelled to read the editorials of the Globe!

AN OBSERVER.

The Birthplace of Modern Spiritualism.

Our readers will notice that the publishers of "The Dawning Light" have another advertisement in this issue of our paper, wherein will be found additional items of interest connected with the production of this extraordinary work of art, which, together with the following letter from Mr. Hyde (the owner of the farmhouse seen in the distance of the picture), should be read by all interested in spiritualistic art.

"HYDESVILLE, N. Y.
Messrs. R. H. Curran & Co.—The picture made by Joseph John, representing the house and surroundings that I rented to Mr. John D. Fox, where the "Raps" began, is perfectly correct, as far as material objects are concerned. I have lived in Hydesville fifty-six years, but have never seen the angels and the peculiar lights and shadows that the artist has so fancifully and flatteringly joined to our noted village.
Yours truly, A. W. HYDE."

The New England Agricultural Society, of which Hon. George B. Loring is President, holds its Tenth Annual Exhibition at Mystic Park, near Boston, commencing Sept. 24, and continuing four days.

Mrs. S. A. Floyd gave two lectures Sunday, the 4th inst., at John A. Andrew Hall, Boston, to good audiences. Many questions were answered and the meetings were quite interesting. The singing, as usual, was good.

Slavery is a living death. But of all slaveries the very worst is that, dancing in chains, supposes itself free. Such is the condition of those who adhere to the creeds.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. Ewald, in his recently published "Life and Times of the Esquimaux," (pp. 19-20, Vol. I.) says, speaking of the manuscript at Peshawar: "In this way, Sydney explains the nature and object of the position, and, confining his observation entirely to the analysis of virtuous love, lays down as an unwarlike proposition, that the only passion which can add to and never detract from the happiness of mankind, is a chaste and lawful love."

There is nothing in this world that is altogether evil, altogether good. It is impossible to fix the mind's eye upon any one thing that is absolutely good or absolutely evil. All things are imperfect, but we must take them with the good, and do the best we can with the marring machinery of life.

There is no mean work save that which is essentially selfish; while in every sphere of life the post of honor is the post of duty.

The White Mountain (Arizona) Indians will this year raise 150,000 pounds of corn.

A Nevada justice laid a six-shooter on his bench and asked: "Is there any one who takes exception to the rulings of this Court?" Nobody did.

A London paper, in recounting a death, says: "The deceased lady died suddenly, without medical assistance, which came too late." To die without medical assistance is hardly complimentary.

A high-school girl, just graduated, said in her essay: "Let us avoid the frivolities of life and pursue the noblest ends only." The next day she was moved to tears from anguishing attempt to decide the proper shade of blue for her complexion.

A report made by Mr. H. B. Brown, how much good has been effected through efforts made to protect animals against man's cruelty; but it shows, quite as clearly, how great that cruelty is, and how much remains to be done to secure to animals the enjoyment of their rights—for they have rights as certainly as men have them.

No age, sex, or condition is above or below the absolute necessity of modesty; but without it one is vastly beneath the rank of man.—Burton.

That was a startling tombstone erected to the memory of "Tabitha, beloved wife of Joseph Wright, Thomas Andrews, Eben Halstead, Charles Dean and Edwin Murray, by her devoted husband, Cyrus Morgan."

A moment's thought is passion's passing knell.—Kutler.

The following was recently given through an English trance medium by the controlling spirit:—
"When you sit down to dinner, you do not ask a priest to attend and order what you shall eat or drink; why, then, do you sit down to dinner, and order what you shall eat or drink? You spiritual food shall be taken? (The trances rather with knowledge of your own weakness, and help to faring about in new heaven and new earth, when men shall dwell together in unity and peace.)"

New converts to Spiritualism should not come into the fold as experts and veterans, but as students willing to learn.

The Khan of Akhshir acknowledges himself the vassal of the Czar, and abolishes slavery in all his dominions. This sets 10,000 Persians at liberty.

A correspondent suggests that the Y. M. C. A. change its name to Young Men's Inimistation Association.

A beautiful fall is one of the most attractive features of a horse, but it is not the mane thing. This joke came from Maine.

A disastrous conflagration occurred at Portland, Oregon, Sunday, Aug. 25, destroying twenty-three blocks of buildings, at a loss of \$1,200,000.

Dr. Entwistle, formerly a clairvoyant physician of Chicago, gave a call at the office of the Banner of Light, and is receiving a salary of \$2,000 per year. He owes his success to his spirit-guides.—Religious-Philosophical Journal.

The principal cause of the sufferings of men lies in intellectual and moral weakness.

"Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles." "What is honorably, mother?" "It means that you must give him the largest piece." "Then, mother, I'd rather that Charles should divide it."

If you dislike people, shut their company; do not express your dislike or utter complaints against them.

SARCASM.—"Why do you choose to live a single life?" asked a fashionable lady of an estimable young lady. "Because," she replied, "I am not able to support a husband."

The Des Moines (Iowa) Republican says: "The great religious delusion is creating a perfect fury here, and on every corner are excited crowds, who talk of nothing but about church militant and militant church. Good Japs! who are present, taking notes, and others coming. The church will not hold half the crowd. Prominent Spiritualists are coming from all parts of the West."

A drunken fellow wandered into a Sunday school and took a seat with the primer scholars, when the teacher thus addressed him: "Why, James, do you know what condition you are in?" "Yes, my boy, in the gall of hell!" "Nessan! condition of 'hell'!" "Yes, my son, I'm in a capher on it."

There is a secret drawer in every heart, as in every desk, if we only knew how to touch the springs of it.

A judge in Indiana, threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

A word unspoken is a sword in the scabbard; a word uttered is a sword in another's hand.

"Shine ye up?" said a little bookbinder to a stranger, whose boots showed great depth and richness of soil. "No; clear out!" was the reply. "See here, stranger," replied the boy. "I'll shine you up for the dirt on your boots, as a speculation!"

A most delicious sensation is that furnished by treading in the dark and bare-footed, unsuspectingly, upon a stiff hairbrush. Nothing can describe one's internal emotions under the circumstances.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

N. Frank White called at our office on Tuesday. We never saw him looking better. He is ready to fill engagements to speak in this vicinity during August and September.

C. F. Famine Allen, who is advertised as "one of the most gifted and true speakers in the United States," says the "Materialistic" Mail of August 1st, "has been engaged to speak at Town Hall, Waterbury, on Sunday, August 11, the subject to be presented by the audience. These meetings will afford a rare opportunity, either for those interested in Spiritualism or for the curious. All persons of evil demeanor are requested to hear for themselves."

D. W. Hull speaks at Elkhart, Iowa, October 1st and 2nd; and will be glad to attend a few more meetings in the vicinity of Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, while he is West.

W. F. Anderson and Cephas B. Lynn will lecture in Grand Rapids, Mich., during September.

W. F. Anderson will speak for the Spiritualists' Society in Washington, D. C., during January.

"Our young friend, Cephas B. Lynn," writes a correspondent, "is becoming one of the very best and most eloquent speakers in the field. Spiritualism has proved a great blessing to him."

Mrs. Abby N. Burham spoke in Lewiston, Me., August 24, and was well received and appreciated.

S. S. Baldwin, by invitation of prominent citizens, is holding public seances in New Orleans.

Mrs. Jennie Holmes, a fine physical medium, has recently returned from Europe, and is holding seances in Prince's Hall, Trent Haute, Ind.

Mrs. H. T. Stearns will speak in Harrisburg, Pa., the 10th and 11th of August; in Topeka, Kan., the 20th, at a grove meeting.

Dr. R. P. Fairchild's last lectures were given in Philadelphia, Pa., in July. He is now resting at home through August. Would like to make engagements to speak during September and October. Address Ancon, N. J.

Dr. E. Harrison Green and wife, late of this city, formerly of England, are at present located in Greenfield, Mass., and are well received and appreciated.

Mrs. Jennie Lysaforth gave great satisfaction to the Spiritualists of North Bridgewater, Mass., by her addresses at Music Hall, in that place, on Sunday, July 27th.

J. Frank Baxter gave lectures and a public seance, on Sunday, Aug. 24, at Soles' Hall, Middleboro, Mass., the services calling together good and highly interested audiences.

A Lively Interest in New Hampshire.

The Quarterly Convention of the Merrimack and Sullivan Counties Association of Spiritualists, held at Lemper, Aug. 1st, 2d and 3d, passed off well. It was largely attended, and the speaking and singing were excellent. The conferences were deeply interesting; in short, it is said to have been the most important Spiritual meeting ever held in New Hampshire. A full report is being prepared for our columns. Messrs. Hull, who was the principal speaker, will spend the remainder of August in those counties.

Vermont.

The Annual Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualists' Association, for the election of officers and transaction of other business, will be held in Hammond, Vt., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 30th, 31st and 1st days of September, 1873. Board of the Lowell House \$10 per day. Carriage to and from the Railroad Depot free. Free return certificates over the lines of the Central Vermont Railroad to those who are present.

It is desirable that the corporations named in the act to incorporate the Vermont State Spiritualists' Association, should send forth a full and complete report of the perfect organization in accordance with the provisions of that act. Will Daniel Baldwin, Charles Crane, Thomas Middleton, E. A. Smith, E. B. Jones and D. P. White, please take notice?

Come, friends, Spiritualists, Liberals, Infidels, by whatever name you are known, let us assemble ourselves together more in the spirit of fraternity and harmony for a pleasant reunion and communion with angels. All speakers will be present, and a feast of reason and flow of soul will be sure to follow.

By order of the Executive Committee, E. B. HOLDS, Secretary.

The Next Regular Quarterly Meeting.

of the Henry County Association of Spiritualists will be held at Independence, Mo., in Ashcroft, Henry County, Mo., on the 20th and 21st of August, 1873. E. V. Wilson will lecture before the Association. All friends are invited to attend and sit on as comforted in the evening. There being only four Spiritualist families in the neighborhood, all who can do so will please bring the substantial of life, and also families, to and from the Railroad Depot free. A full report is being prepared for our columns. Messrs. Hull, who was the principal speaker, will spend the remainder of August in those counties.

Spiritual Growth Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Oregon will hold a Growth Meeting at Woodburn Station, on O. R. R., seven miles north of Salem, on the 20th and 21st of August, 1873. E. V. Wilson will lecture before the Association. All friends are invited to attend and sit on as comforted in the evening. There being only four Spiritualist families in the neighborhood, all who can do so will please bring the substantial of life, and also families, to and from the Railroad Depot free. A full report is being prepared for our columns. Messrs. Hull, who was the principal speaker, will spend the remainder of August in those counties.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Maryland will hold a Grove Meeting at Woodburn Station, on O. R. R., seven miles north of Salem, on the 20th and 21st of August, 1873. E. V. Wilson will lecture before the Association. All friends are invited to attend and sit on as comforted in the evening. There being only four Spiritualist families in the neighborhood, all who can do so will please bring the substantial of life, and also families, to and from the Railroad Depot free. A full report is being prepared for our columns. Messrs. Hull, who was the principal speaker, will spend the remainder of August in those counties.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Central Association of Spiritualists will hold its next Quarterly Meeting at Rome, N. Y., on the 20th and 21st of August, 1873. E. V. Wilson will lecture before the Association. All friends are invited to attend and sit on as comforted in the evening. There being only four Spiritualist families in the neighborhood, all who can do so will please bring the substantial of life, and also families, to and from the Railroad Depot free. A full report is being prepared for our columns. Messrs. Hull, who was the principal speaker, will spend the remainder of August in those counties.

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

BUTTERICK'S FORSAKE, Spiritual Science, Literature, Art and Inspiration. Published by the Spiritualists' Association, 100 N. 2nd St., New York. Price 25 cents.

HENRY LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 25 cents. HENRY LONDON, A Monthly Journal of Spiritual Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. HENRY LONDON, A Monthly Journal of Spiritual Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 12 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in *Advance* twenty cents for the first insertion, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion. *Special Notices*—Forty cents per line. *Business Cards*—Thirty cents per line. *Advertisements in all cases in advance.*

For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion. *Advertisements to be left at our office before 12 M. on Monday.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

VEGETINE is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood-purifier in the world.

The best use you can make of seventy-five cents will be to buy a game of Ayxide, the most instructive and delightful game ever published. If your dealers have not got it, send the money to West & Lee, Worcester, Mass., Publishers, who will forward it by mail, post-paid.

"The best of its class."—Boston Eclectic Transcript, Aug. 30.

Pins and quarts of filthy Catarrhal discharges. Where does it all come from? The mucous membrane lining the chambers of the nose, and its little glands, are diseased, so that they draw from the blood its liquid, and expose to the air changes it into corruption. This life-liquid was to build up the system, and it is extracted and the system is weakened by the loss. To cure gain flesh and strength by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which also acts directly upon these glands, correcting them, and apply Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, the only method of reaching the upper cavities, where the discharge accumulates and comes from. The instrument and two medicines sold for \$2, by all Druggists.

Mrs. F. W. Donn, (late of New York City) Healing and Test Medium, No. 19 East Springfield street, Boston, Mass. Au. 2.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, Salem, Mass., Aug. 1st; Bangor, Me., 16th; New York, Sept. 1st, 19 West 22d St. Start November 1st for Denver City, Salt Lake City, Sacramento, San Francisco, Australia, &c., &c. Au. 2.

COLBY & RICH, No. 14 Hanover street, Boston, Mass., have on sale some beautiful photographs of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, the Musical Medium. Imperials 50 cents; Carte de Visite, 25 cents.

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLYNN, Healing and Development Medium, 10 East Ninth street, New York. Hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. 4w*—Jy 12.

DYER D. LEM'S BOOK, "The Spiritual Delusion; Its Methods, Teachings, and Effects; The Philosophy and Phenomena Critically Examined," is for sale at this office. Price, \$1.50; postage 16 cents.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. Flint, 30 West 24th street, New York. Terms \$2 and three weeks. Money refunded if not answered. Jy 24—4w*

A COMPETENT PHYSICIAN.—The best and most efficient healer in Boston is Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike. He compounds his own medicines, is a mesmerizer, skillfully applies the electro-magnetic battery when required, administers medicines to his patients with his own hands, has had forty years' experience as a physician, and cures nine out of every ten of his patients. His office is in the Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Room C. Au. 3.

SPIRIT-COMMUNICATIONS TO SEALED LETTERS. Send \$1.00 and 4 stamps. Address Mrs. M. K. C. Schwarz, Station B, New York. 6w*—Jy 12.

Kidney Diseases, Dropsy, and all diseases of the urinary organs can be cured by the use of "HUNT'S REMEDY." Thousands that have been given up by their physicians to die have been specially cured by the use of Hunt's Remedy. Sent to any address, securely packed, on receipt of one dollar and twenty-five cents (\$1.25). Sent for Boston, to Wm. A. W. Hunt, 25 CLARENDON, DUKE-STREET, and sole proprietor, No. 28 MARKET SQUARE, PROVIDENCE, R. I. 13w—My 31.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER.

Mrs. M. M. MONTAGNA.—Within the past year this celebrated Medium has been developed for healing. Not a single case has come under the care of her Medical Band but has been cured. She is the instrument or organ used by the invisible forces for the benefit of humanity. Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art. The placing of her name before the Public is by the request of her Controlling Band. They are now prepared, through her organism, to treat all diseases where the vital organs necessary to continue life are not already destroyed.

Mrs. MONTAGNA is an unassuming TRANCE MEDIUM, CLAIRVOYANT and CLAIRAUDIENT. Her Medical Band use vegetable remedies, (which they magnify,) combined with a scientific application of the Magnetic healing power. From the very beginning, her's is marked as the most remarkable career of success, that has but seldom, if ever, fallen to the history of any person. No disease seems too insidious to remove, nor patients too far gone to be restored.

\$1.00 per examination by look of face. Give age and sex. "Healing Rooms" No. 175 East Fourth street, Oswego, N. Y. Seances for materialization SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY Evenings. Post Office Box 1919. 13w*—My 17.

DR. SLADE, now located at 113 Fourth avenue, New York, will give special attention to the treatment of disease. Also keeps Specific Remedies for Asthma and Dyspepsia. Jy 5.

DR. WILLIS will not be at his Boston office, No. 25 Mill street, again until Sept. 17th and 18th. Summer address, Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jy 26.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 501 SIXTH ST., NEW YORK. Terms, \$5 and four-cent stamps. Jy 15.

BUSINESS CARDS.

R. H. CURRAN & CO., FINE ART PUBLISHERS, recently from Rochester, N. Y., are now permanently located at 28 School street, Boston, Mass. Among the books that they publish and furnish at wholesale and retail are: "The Dawning Light" and "The Dawning Light" (the home of the Fox family).

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. At No. 307 Kearney street (opposite) may be found all the books and general variety of Spiritualism, including the "Dawning Light" and "The Dawning Light" (the home of the Fox family).

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HISTORIC ART.

The Dawning Light

A Beautiful Picture Representing the

BIRTHPLACE

OF

Modern Spiritualism,

HOME OF THE FOX FAMILY,

In Hydesville, N. Y.

PROF. JOHN, OUR EXHIBIT AMERICAN

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of MRS. J. H. CONANT.

While in an abnormal condition called the trances, these Messages indicate that spirit carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

The questions answered at these Free Circles are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

237 We shall resume our Public Free Circles on the first of September next.

Invocation.

Oh then in whose name we are assembled, do thou baptize us in the clear light of thine own truth; do thou let us come, this hour, one step nearer to thee. May we cling backward to the shadows and stand in thy light, baptized by thy blessedness, and may our griefs be overcome. May some of our ignorance be swept away; may the night pass on, and the day begin to dawn for us. Thou Spirit, who art our Father, and our Mother, we have ever trusted ourselves to thee. We know that we are safe in thy keeping; yet forever and forever we hear the watchword, "Ask, and ye shall receive," sounded in our souls, and so, to-day, we ask for thy blessing. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to hear them.

Ques.—[By Mrs. H. W. S.] For some years I have seen what I suppose to be spirits presenting themselves like photographs on the walls, on the floor, but more clearly on a copper reservoir. Scenes were also pictured before me which afterwards really took place; also, scenes that were enacted in the past, in which were represented people of ancient times and of all nations; also, cattle, trees, etc., and sometimes persons living in the form of "I see these things in my normal condition." What does this all mean? Can I do anything to expedite this faculty of seeing? Advice from the spirits will be kindly received by a grateful heart.

Ans.—Since I know nothing of this special case except what you have just read me, I can hardly be expected to give a very clear answer. That there are persons upon whom departed spirits can so act, I know; but I do not believe that anything can be done to facilitate the condition, except to preserve, as far as possible, a passive state during the seeing of these pictures; for the more passive the medium is, the more clear will be the picture.

Q.—Will some one inform the inquirer why the spirit of a person whose body has been foully dealt with on earth, so often lingers around the place, "haunting" it, in the language of superstition, until the discovery of the skeleton or the clearing up of the mystery, many times after the circumstance has been entirely forgotten, even if it had been ever known to others than the perpetrators? Is any good accomplished by it? or is it because of some morbid feeling on the part of the one wronged?

A.—It is but the action of natural law. All persons—spirits who are sent out of their physical forms violently, and I may say, fraudulently—throw off, at that time, a large quantity of a peculiar quality of magnetic influence upon all surrounding objects, which they, as spirits, find that they have need of in the spirit-lane. Their spirit bodies pine for it, and so they visit these localities. In their operations to gather their own, they sometimes produce what are called physical manifestations—hauntings. It is not because they always have a desire to murther the secret—oh no! though it sometimes is; but it is not always the cause. They must linger around these localities, or visit them often, to gather that which is a necessity to their spirit bodies.

Feb. 27.

Emma Freeman.

I wish to communicate with my sister. Her name is Alice Freeman—mine, Emma Freeman. I died in January, of smallpox; I lived in Friend street, Boston. After I got sick, I was carried away to the hospital, and never saw Alice afterwards; and now she is mourning dreadfully because she did not make some extra effort to keep me, or to go with me, and take care of me. I want her to feel it is all right, just as it is. She did the best she could; I probably should have died any way. I want her to feel that while she is unhappy, I am so, too. She must try to be happy—try to feel that I am with her, that what she enjoys, I shall; and what she sorrows over, I shall. Good-day, sir.

Aunt Polly Varney.

[How do you do?] I am well, and always was. I lived to be ninety-six years old. My name was Varney; they called me Aunt Polly Varney. I lived in Barrington, Mass. I've been gone—let me see—I've been gone thirteen years. I want my grand-children what's living to know I can come back, and they need not preach the coming of Christ any longer, because he's here, and they do not know him. He's here, round among 'em, and they do not know him, just as they said he would come to his own and his own would not know him.

My folks are Second Adventists, you see. I want 'em to know the truth of the matter—that I can come back, I shall come. I know they do not believe anything in these things; I don't care if they don't believe, I shall come back and tell the truth. If it don't suit 'em, that's their look-out, it ain't mine. I never could see the thing just like they did, when I was here. I could not see how it was that the Lord Jesus was coming in the clouds of Heaven, coming in bodily shape as they said he was. I did not believe it; I know it ain't so now. Foolish children! Better be studying your Bible to better purpose, I think. I want them to look and see if they can't see something of Christ in this Spiritualism, that they think is so bad. That's what I come for to-day, to ask 'em to do that. Good-day, Mister.

Capt. John Coffin.

I am Capt. John Coffin, of New Bedford. A friend of mine is getting somewhat interested in these manifestations, and he says to me, "Now,

Capt. John, if you will come back and tell me what was the last thing that transpired between you and me on the earth, I'll believe." Very well; enough said: here it is! You and I, Joe, stood together on the deck of the old John Quincy Adams, and drank a glass of wine together; shook hands; you went ashore, and I went below, and I never saw you afterwards. Good day, sir.

Harriet Edmonds.

My name, sir, was Harriet Edmonds. I was born in Schuylkill, New York State. I died in Chicago. I was a victim of the fire. My brother, husband and two sisters don't know anything about my last hours. Well, I was fleeing to find a place of safety, but didn't find it. I can't tell what square I was going through, but suddenly one of the burning buildings—they were afire on both sides—fell unexpectedly. I had asked the fireman if it was safe to run through there. He said, "Yes, be quick." Just as I got opposite the building it fell. I didn't suffer anything, because I was struck on the head first and rendered senseless. I soon found myself a spirit without my body. And I don't want my friends to mourn, because I am and it is over and I am free. Good day, sir.

Scene conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by "Vashli."

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, March 25.—Clementina Van Dorn, of New Orleans, La.; William Peacemaker, to his mother, of Hingham, Canada; Virginia Walker, of Albany, N. Y.; Wednesday, March 26.—Edith Forrest; Margaret Sullivan, of Boston; Frank; Thursday, March 27.—Nathaniel D. Shortell, of Boston, to his father; Emily Howe Watson, of Norwich, Conn.; Will Thackeray; Betsey Cooper, of Boston, Mass.; Friday, April 1.—Appel; Sally Deane; Saturday, April 2.—Appel; Sally Deane; Sunday, April 3.—Appel; Sally Deane; Monday, April 4.—Appel; Sally Deane; Tuesday, April 5.—Appel; Sally Deane; Wednesday, April 6.—Appel; Sally Deane; Thursday, April 7.—Appel; Sally Deane; Friday, April 8.—Appel; Sally Deane; Saturday, April 9.—Appel; Sally Deane; Sunday, April 10.—Appel; Sally Deane; Monday, April 11.—Appel; Sally Deane; Tuesday, April 12.—Appel; Sally Deane; Wednesday, April 13.—Appel; Sally Deane; Thursday, April 14.—Appel; Sally Deane; Friday, April 15.—Appel; Sally Deane; Saturday, April 16.—Appel; Sally Deane; Sunday, April 17.—Appel; Sally Deane; Monday, April 18.—Appel; Sally Deane; Tuesday, April 19.—Appel; Sally Deane; Wednesday, April 20.—Appel; Sally Deane; Thursday, April 21.—Appel; Sally Deane; Friday, April 22.—Appel; Sally Deane; Saturday, April 23.—Appel; 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[Continued from first page.]

gular Man, but a glorious character; Neville Landless, a hot-headed young fellow (Mr. Crisparkle's ward), who also adores Rosa, quarrels with Edwin, and goes through life spotted with the suspicion that he was Edwin's murderer; Helena, his proud and handsome sister; Miss Twinkleton, who kept the Nuns' House boarding school, where both Rosa and Helena are; Durdles, the old stone-cutter; Deputy, the "hideous small boy" who stokes him home every night and collects wages for the service; Sapsea, the sublime egotist; Princess Puffer, the opium-seller; Honeythunder, the mild-voiced philanthropist, etc., etc.

Here, to begin with, is a full company of actors to be carried on some way, each with his separate characteristics, to the end of the play—a hard task for a man who never before wrote half a dozen pages on any subject. But we are startled to find in the very first chapter a wonderful identity with the published volume. The style is taken up just where it was dropped by Death; and the story proceeds so completely united, the new with the old, that the sharpest-eyed critic not knowing before where the old left off and the new began, would not be able to say, for the life of him, where Charles Dickens died! Each one of the *characters personæ* is as distinctly, as characteristically himself, and nobody else, in the second volume as in the first; and in both we know them, feel for them, laugh at them, admire or hate them as so many creatures of flesh and blood—which, indeed, as they mingle with us in the progress of the story, they seem to be. Not only this, but we are introduced to other people of the imagination, (Dickens was always—shall I say it always?—introducing new characters up even to the last chapter of his stories;) and here, in like manner, thoroughly acquainted with them. These people are not duplicates of any in the first volume; neither are they commonplace; they are *creations*. Whose creations?

There are twenty-three chapters in the first volume (already published), and there are to be twenty in the second. Only two remain to be written, the work having now progressed to the end of the eighteenth. The chapters of the new chapters, several of which are in Dickens's happiest manner, run as follows:

CHAPTER I.—WHAT THE ORGANS SAID.

CHAPTER II.—A LIGHT BREAKS ON STAPLE INN.

CHAPTER III.—MR. JASPER KEEPS HIS APPOINTMENT.

CHAPTER IV.—BEGINNING TO FORGE THE CHAIN.

CHAPTER V.—THE READER IS CONVEYED TO HULLMAN HARBOR AND MEETS AN OLD AGENT.

CHAPTER VI.—A RECOGNITION AND A MEETING.

CHAPTER VII.—ANOTHER NIGHT WITH DROODS.

CHAPTER VIII.—POPEY'S MISSION AND A SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE.

CHAPTER IX.—OPENS THE DOOR FOR MR. BROBLY.

CHAPTER X.—INTRODUCES THE SLOGGERS, AND ELABORATES JASPER'S VISITS TO THE PUFFER'S HOUSE AND WHAT OCCURS THERE.

CHAPTER XI.—TREATS OF VARIOUS SUBJECTS, AND THE BETTER TO CARRY OUT THE PRECEDING CHAPTER TO A SUCCESSFUL TERMINATION. INTRODUCES THE READER TO MR. PETER PECKER.

CHAPTER XII.—IN WHICH MR. GREGG'S 'TRANSACTS SOME BUSINESS IN HIS WARD'S INTEREST, AND PAPER RELATES TO JASPER HIS SUCCESS AS AN EMBASSY IN THE LATTER'S INTEREST.

CHAPTER XIII.—A HAPPY MEETING.

CHAPTER XIV.—JOHN JASPER'S NERVES RECEIVE A SHOCK, AND MR. Sapsea's DIGNITY RECEIVES ANOTHER.

CHAPTER XV.—ROSES AND THORNS.

CHAPTER XVI.—A FELLOW TRAVELLER JOINS THE INVISIBLE HOSTS, AND MR. GREGG'S ONE MORE REMAINS A PICTURE AND A KING.

CHAPTER XVII.—MR. JASPER'S VISITS THE EAST STRIKE TO HIS SOUTH AND STRIKES A BALANCE, AND BESSIE SETS HER FACE TOWARDS THE GOLDEN SHORE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—BESSIE BIDS GOOD-BYE TO THE THORNS AND GOES TO JOIN THE LILIES.

The chapters have in every case been dictated before the chapters themselves, showing the contents of each to have been clearly laid out in the mind of the author beforehand; but after the completion of the eighteenth chapter, the last line of which was written to-day, its title was changed to read as follows:

CHAPTER XVIII.—WHILE THE DAWN APPROXIMATES, JASPER'S NIGHT COMES ON.

I find, through all these chapters an extremely interesting development of the plot, which was but partially laid in the first volume. Characters and incidents, whose pertinency does not appear there, and who, as one reads the first volume and then stops, seem to have no part in forwarding the story toward its *denouement*, are proved in this manuscript to have been introduced with a deliberate purpose. At the same time the new personages fit perfectly the places assigned them, and likewise "prove their usefulness." Several passages in the second volume are more powerfully dramatic than any to be found in the first, as, for instance, Jasper's second midnight excursion with Durdles (chapter seven) in the crypt of the old cathedral. Precisely how the story ends, it might, perhaps, be unfair to say or to guess—for two chapters yet remain unwritten. For the information of those who have read the first volume we may hint, however, that Jasper turns out very badly, he being in fact, the cause of Edwin Drood's disappearance, and, indeed, supposing himself to be the cause of his death. The subsequent appearance of Edwin to Jasper—the supposed-to-be murdered man to the murderer—forms an extremely dramatic scene which is managed with all of Dickens's old-time power and skill. Neville Landless, who is charged by Jasper with crime, dies without having told Rosa of his love for her, but leaving on his death-bed the startling news that Edwin was still alive. This death-bed scene is pictured in the sixteenth chapter in language worthy of the hand that so beautifully portrayed the death of little Paul Dombey.

But without further hint of the management of the plot, I will place before the reader a few passages from the forthcoming book itself. After the preface, I have taken those passages principally which introduce the new characters—not because they are any more Dickensian than the rest, but because they can be read with enjoyment by any one, inasmuch as they require no previous knowledge of the story. It should be stated, however, that preface and extracts are *unrevised*, and are printed precisely as first written in pencil. They are consequently the first rough draft. The revision, which takes place with the re-writing of the whole volume with pen and ink, covers, as yet, only the first two chapters. The first chapter is very nearly the same in both drafts, the only changes being more careful punctuation, an occasional transposition of a phrase, and once in a while the substitution

of a more expressive word for one in the original text. The changes are precisely those which any author, with nice discrimination, would make in revising his manuscript. But while the first chapter is but slightly altered, the second is completely overhauled, being re-written from beginning to end, and every sentence more or less changed. The chapter answers the same purpose in the story as before, but is wonderfully more graphic and readable in its second draft than in its first. It would be extremely interesting, did space permit, to print these two drafts of the second chapter side by side, and see how skillfully the second, in comparison with the first, bears the mark of a master hand to revise what a mere amateur had before conceived. Those who accept the spiritual theory of the matter, will be interested in this connection, in the statement of Mr. A. that he supposed the revision was to consist only of a plainer transcription of each chapter with pen and ink. This he commenced to make, but he had written only a few pages when his desk began to frisk about in a way to command attention, and he received a communication from Dickens stating in kind but firm language that he proposed to revise the work, and the revision has accordingly proceeded through two chapters with the same attendant circumstances as the original draft, and with the changes in the text which we have already mentioned.

Among the earliest work done by the "amanuensis," was the writing of a preface, but as a new preface has lately been dictated, it is presumed that the latter is to be substituted for the former. The first was, in fact, nothing notable, and not specially like Dickens; that is, it might have been written by anybody, and does not bear the distinctive marks of his style. One sentence, however, is worth quoting:

"But some one will say, why should he go to an obscure town in a foreign country to do that which could have been done just as well in England by some one there? But, my dear friends, if you knew how hard I have tried, for many months, to accomplish what you think is so easy to do, you would not marvel why. I could, it is true, communicate through others besides this medium, but never with that full harmony that I find within him; and if you could only be permitted to understand clearly the principles which govern this science, and which you will sometime understand, it would not appear so strange to you."

The dedication is "to the poor, the honest poor of every land, who are held by the iron hand of poverty, but who will one day stand side by side with the highest of earth." Here follows the preface last written:

"During the progress of this work, as with all others on which I was engaged during my earthly life, I have felt a great desire to know the comments which would be bestowed upon it by its readers, and so have been glad when the last line was written, that I could read and hear the different opinions which were to determine its success."

It was apprehensive then, when on earth, it will be easily understood that I am so now, every word of which could only be placed on paper through the agency of earthly hands, used by me as the operator uses the instrument which transmits words thousands of miles by the power of electricity. The day is not far distant when this wonderful science will be better understood by millions who now believe it a delusion, and when that day comes the world will be the better for it, and thousands who are in this happier world, and those who are yet to come, will be happier to feel that the dear ones they have left behind will regard their absence as a blessing certain, and so abandon the harrowing thoughts that it is possible a dear mother, father, sister, brother, wife, child or friend may be engulfed in a flaming sea that is to burn them forever and ever. How little such people know of the goodness of that dear Creator who made all things for a wise purpose, and who has placed before the eyes of his earthly children so many evidences by which to convince them that nothing in nature is ever totally devoid of such less human souls, which are a part of Himself.

It has not been my intention, in any portion of this work, to strive to influence any living person to change his opinion. I would be glad, however, if my personal friends on earth would seek to investigate the truths which this science—religious science, I should say, perhaps—contains; for I feel confident they would be the happier for it in the end. No man has a moral right to denounce a theory till he has had an opportunity of seeing its workings, and having tangible evidence—the evidences of his senses—that it is not a consistent or reasonable one. These evidences are within your reach, if you will only seek them. But if you are satisfied as you are, and do not care to know more for fear you will compromise your dignity, at least have some regard for the feelings of those loved ones who have gone before, and do not ridicule that which to them is a sound truth, or condemn that of which you know nothing, and of which you have no desire to learn.

Since the first of this work being in preparation was first made public, I have been pained to observe the ridicule which was apparent in some published articles; but I have also found cause for considerable amusement in witnessing the owl-like wisdom displayed by those poor, ignorant bigots who believe "the world was made for the people, and we are the people." We here are filled with pity for those bigots; but our consolation is that they will be sufficiently punished for their bigotry when they leave the world where they now think themselves of such great importance, and find out for a certainty how different a world and life they are to enter upon.

I think that honest, candid men and women who read this work will be satisfied that it is not a "delusion" as some have claimed, even before an opportunity had been given them to read a line of it, and so form an opinion of its merits—but will recognize in its pages the same desire which animates every who lives, to know the truth, to make his readers the happier for following the fortunes of those who were his "players," and if I have succeeded in even one instance in making any reader happier, if not better, for the perusal of this work, I shall be content.

I cannot close this page without assuring the dear ones to whom I was so much attached on earth—family and friends—how anxiously I await their coming, that they may realize by experience the truth I speak concerning this other life. May God help and protect you all, is the earnest prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

Come we now to the story. Let the reader test for himself the flavor of this extract from the third chapter:

"Walking briskly till he came to another street leading toward the river, he (Jasper) turned out of it. This street bore anything but an aristocratic air in the appearance of its dwellings, and was in every way decidedly dirty. The crossings were filthy; the sidewalks were dilapidated, like the houses which they fronted; and it could hardly have been supposed to have been inhabited by anything human, were it not for an occasional smell of onions, or some other savory vegetable which now and then steamed up from the basements, to indicate to the passer-by that if they had forgotten how to be clean, they still recognized the importance of having something to eat.

Christopher could boast, it seemed, like its more pretentious neighbor, the Great City, of having poverty in its midst; and though it had its more pretentious neighbor, it tried to shut its eyes to the fact, they would not stay shut, for now and then some circumstance would present itself, which made the fact decidedly convincing. About mid-way between the High Street and the water was one house which commanded more attention than any other, from its kingly, tumble-

down appearance, and, as this narrative could not well go on without an introduction to one of its inmates, we will go in through the doorway, which is seldom closed, and ascend a flight of stairs that once boasted of a railing, but is now shorn of that useful appendage, probably because some remote period coals were not plenty in that neighborhood.

Ascending the stairs and gaining the landing, from some three or four doors we will select the one in the darkest corner, and enter. The room is occupied by three persons.

One of these persons is a man, apparently about thirty or thirty-five years of age, with black hair and eyes, and eyebrows so thick and bushy that it was no wonder the eyes beneath them were sunk far into the head, as though they were being crowded, by degrees, entirely out of sight. He possessed an athletic frame and high cheek-bones, and had a slow, awkward motion in all his movements. It would be difficult to determine his nationality were it not that his speech indicated him to be an Englishman. His dress was decidedly shabby—nothing that he wore seemed to fit him. Although there was a slight sinister expression on his features, there was at the same time a pleasant devil-may-care look about him, which it was a skilled physician would have been puzzled to decide the character of the man from reading his features. He had been christened with the name of Forbes; but as he grew in years, his friends and more intimate associates had seen fit, for some reason best known to themselves, to address him as Popper, and he continued to hold that cognomen to the present time. Speaking of his first name naturally leads us to his last one, and that was Pader. So, then, we will introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, Popper Pader, and proceed to the next one of the trio.

This was Miss Pader, mother of the aforesaid; and if appearances did not deceive, she could not have been far from sixty or seventy—in fact, an old woman, and a very wicked old woman, if all that the neighbors hinted were true. She was short, thick-set, with stooping shoulders; and Nature or disease had caused one of her limbs to be shorter than the other, so that, when she walked, she seemed to have one foot decidedly of the walking-beam of a steamer. Her face was of a dirty white color, and such hair as she had was of nearly the same shade; and as she brushed it back, and made a very small pug, which she fastened to the crown of her head, it resembled more than anything else a very, very small ball of yarn, after the cat has had it to play with for a few hours. At the time we introduce this good soul, she seems to be a little out of temper, or a little out of humor, which, in fact, is the most correct way to express her decided cross.

The cause of these unpleasant feelings would seem to have sprung from something that the last of the trio had been doing—a little child—a girl—who might have been ten years old, and who looks so entirely unlike those by whom she is surrounded, that it seems astonishing how she comes to be in their company. Her habits, it is true, would show her to be one of the world's poor—she, like those who walk about in a kindly, trying to shield from vulgar gaze what her ragged dress could not cover. This was Bessie Pader, who called the woman at her side grandmother, but who, the neighbors slyly hinted among themselves, was really no relative. That some hidden mystery surrounded her they did not doubt. One thing they were sure of—the old woman did not hesitate to beat her, and she had a miserable existence. But it could not be helped, that any one could see, and there the matter ended.

Chapter IX introduces Mr. Brobly—with an amusing preliminary word from that magnificent egotist, Sapsea:

"Blunderheaded Sapsea, notwithstanding the greatness of his mind, was possessed like thousands of ordinary mortals, through relationship, of a brother-in-law. That is, people called Solomon—or Sol Brobly, as he was most often addressed—brother-in-law of Mr. Sapsea, in consequence of Miss Brobly, Sol's sister, marrying him. Now, I don't believe in the usefulness of a woman and greatness. But Mr. Sapsea would not allow common customs to apply to him, even in relationship, and so he declared, whenever the subject was mentioned, that Solomon was not brother-in-law to him, but that a relationship of that nature might be allowed in that Mr. Sapsea himself was the brother-in-law—by no means Solomon."

Sapsea's opinion of the whole Brobly family is not a favorable one. "They were not, to use his own expression, a people of Mind."

If, as it sometimes happened, the Broblys were mentioned in Sapsea's hearing, he would lean back in his chair, and speak of them somewhat after this fashion:

"There is no depth of reasoning power existing in them which enables them to discern Mind. The Perceptive faculties are dull. Matter, with them, is of more weight than Mind. Ethelinda was the only person who bore the name of Brobly, and that being so, the question was, was it that discerning faculty that led her to consent to change her name to Sapsea. The inevitable consequence of this lack of intelligence on the one hand, and the possession of it on the other, was what might have been expected—objection to me from them—admiration from her. I do not say, however, that even she had Mind to correspond with mine—no Brobly could have that; but her redeeming quality lay in this—that she appreciated a Great Mind, and hence Ethelinda Sapsea was her name before she was Ethelinda Brobly."

Then he would usually wait a moment for his hearers to thoroughly digest the great thoughts to which his words had given expression, and then continue:

"Of Ethelinda's mother, I say nothing—she is a woman, a term which evidently implied inferiority in Sapsea's estimation. 'I say woman.' Of Ethelinda's brother, Solomon, I will say this: There is no excuse for him. Perhaps it is wrong for me to speak thus. You may say that I am a hypocrite, but I am not. It is true, there are times when it cannot be helped. There are times when the mind is stronger than the body, and this is one of those times. And I repeat that there is no excuse for him, and for this reason—he could have learned from me but would not."

Now it was pretty generally known that, previous to the deceased Mrs. Sapsea's marriage with that great Mind, Sol Brobly was very frank in his expressions concerning it, and declared that the name of Sapsea was enough to offend him, if nothing more; and when the name was coupled with a man, he felt it to be his duty, as a loving brother, to utter a protest. Sapsea was suggestive of sap-head; but as no human head could hold the sap—there being an ocean of it, figuratively—why, sea was substituted for head, in this instance, and hence Sapsea.

Mr. Sapsea never forgot the indignity thus cast upon him by Sol, and therefore took occasion at all times to belittle his trader.

Sol Brobly, as we find him to-day, is a thin, spare gentleman of sixty or thereabouts, with red whiskers on each side of his face that have a tendency to grow pointing toward his nose, as though either side were running a race to see which could reach that point first, or as if they would like to embrace each other at the earliest moment. His head is also covered with hair of the same color, except that the top is bald and shines in the sun like a glass bottle. He was a bachelor, and, though often bantoned thereat, he never allowed himself to want anything about him that he could not understand, and as he could never understand a woman, he did not want a wife. He had lived with his mother for sixty years, and he did not understand her yet; and, although there was a time when he thought he could comprehend his sister, she threw him all abroad again by marrying Sapsea, and since then he had given up all attempts to study female character, concluding that all women were so many

living enigmas sent into the world to puzzle the brains of men.

He, with his mother, lived in the High street, she an old lady of eighty-five at least, who doted on her son—always, and who, to this day, called him Solly, the same as when she rocked him in his cradle.

In the twelfth chapter the reader is first introduced to Mr. Peter Pecker, and then to Miss Keep, who is emphatically an original. Thus begins the chapter:

"Had it not been that certain members of the human family were from time immemorial afflicted with a faculty of collecting and preserving antiquities of divers kinds and species, it is more than probable that a vast amount of information which is now in possession of the present generation could never have been obtained; and where we now have tangible proofs of some of the habits and customs of those who, centuries ago, contributed toward the navigation of this Mammoth Ship—the earth—we should likely have concluded that their Ship topples its obsolescence, one by one, into the Sea of Futurity, and takes on its new crew of green hands, it does not lose sight of the importance of retaining some of the old landmarks of mental and physical produce, and they get dug out of their depositories in which Captain Nature, in his far-seeing wisdom, thought best to stow them until such time as searchers after them shall release them from their hiding-places, and reveal their existence to the world."

Now, it is a fact which none will dispute, that we are all more or less afflicted with this passion for holding something of so rare a nature that no one else can obtain it like, whether it be a coin, a piece of furniture, dog, horse or plant; and although this passion may, as some will declare, arise from selfishness or love of display, there is no doubt that our Creator engrafted it into our natures that we might, the better assisted by retaining the superior productions of each successive age, and so encourage the yet unborn to greater perfection by comparison.

Whether Mr. Peter Pecker had, in the goodness of his heart, an eye to the welfare of those yet unborn generations, is not positively known, inasmuch as he never gave any proof that he had the welfare of anybody but himself at heart. Certain it is, however, that for a great many years he had been a dealer in curiosities of an antique nature, and kept a clerk; though whether this clerk was a necessary or an ornamental appendage, the customers of Mr. Pecker had never been able to decide. They only knew he was a clerk because Mr. Pecker, when he said 'My clerk,' pointed to a very pale young man, who always occupied the same position on a high stool before a high desk at the back of the store, and who seldom spoke to the customers, but, when questioned on any point, referred the question to the proprietor by pointing with his pen to that personage.

Mr. Pecker had devoted the best part of his life to the business in which he is now engaged, and, being a bachelor, he has nothing to take his attention but his business. Some of his goods have been in the store from the time he first occupied it; and they have become so essential to his happiness, from being constantly in sight, that they are to him the same as a family of children must be, and he regards them with as much affection. He has frequently had offers for them, but will only shake his head at such times, and say they are spoken for.

It is now thirty years or thereabouts since Mr. Pecker, with a partner whom he had known from boyhood, first established the business here; and notwithstanding the many changes which have transpired since that time, there was no change in him, only that he had grown older. His partner had died in the meantime; but so thoroughly opposed was Mr. Pecker to a change of any kind, that he had not removed the firm-name sign from over the door, and it still looked down on the passer-by, and told him that

DROOD & PECKER.

carried on the business within.

They had been highly prospered, this firm, and their business had assumed an importance that few would have supposed, from any evidence that presented itself to public notice, and at the time when the senior partner departed this life they had amassed a handsome competence.

Shortly before his death, Mr. Drood had endeavored to persuade his partner to assume the guardianship of his only child, Edwin, and they had many interviews concerning the subject; but Mr. Pecker always declared that he was not competent to take such a great responsibility upon him; and kindly but firmly declined.

There being no other friend that he felt at liberty to call upon, and no relative but the younger brother of his deceased wife, Mr. Drood left the guardianship of his boy with his brother-in-law, John Jasper, and so far as was known, the trust he put on faithfully performed—up to the time when the young man so mysteriously disappeared.

Mr. Pecker, like a great many other gentlemen who live bachelors, was very particular to rise at five o'clock the year round, and prided himself very much on his ability to follow this rule. His lodgings were in Silver square, and he had occupied them for many years, partly on account of his strong dislike to a change of whatever he had been accustomed to, and partly because the lady with whom he lived was a person who, like him, did not believe in the "Rolling Stone" law. This lady was known as Miss Keep, and a very precise and prim maiden lady she was indeed.

If Miss Keep should be aroused at any time of the night, and should be asked where the dust-brush was to be found, she would tell you to step into the basement, and behind the door you would see a row of hooks, and on the third hook from the door you would find the brush. No matter what the article, there was a place for it, and it was always be found there, night or day, when not in use.

As we were saying, Mr. Pecker arose the year round at five o'clock, and, in the recollection of Miss Keep, he had never deviated from that habit except on one occasion. He had been suffering the night before with a violent toothache, and had recourse to laudanum to quiet the pain. The pain was quieted, and so was Mr. Pecker, for he did not wake the next morning till nearly an hour after his usual time, and when, on referring to his watch, he found that such was the case, he very deliberately put himself back into bed again, and remained there until five o'clock the next morning, thereby nearly frightening Miss Keep out of her seven senses until he had explained the cause to her through the keyhole, bursting in his door by command of their mistress.

Miss Keep is rather tall and very slim. She has what was probably intended for a blue eye, but the bluing material must have got very low, and the consequence is that we cannot better describe its color than by saying it was milky blue. She wears her hair pressed tight to her temples in the form of a half-circle, and an artist with his brush could not carry the curve with a more perfect line. Her chin protrudes to about the same angle with her nose. Add to all this a maiden lady with a great love for poetry, and you behold Miss Keep as she is to-day.

Mr. Pecker has risen and is just finishing his toilet, and if we did not know that he had disrobed the night before, we should suppose that he had not been undressed, from the fact that every article of clothing is arranged the same in every particular as it was the day before, even to the position of his hat. He breakfasts at eight, and spends the intervening time at his store in Chancery Lane.

He leaves his sitting room now, and on his way down stairs encounters Miss Keep on the landing below. (There has not been a morning except one for fifteen years, that he has not met her exactly in the same place,) to whom he says: "A good morning, Miss Keep."

And she returns with a rhyme:

"The same to you, with feelings deep."

And that is all; she passing on to look after her domestic affairs below stairs, and he passing out into the street.

Miss Keep is a devotee of the Muses, and especially prides herself on her poetic attainments:

"As Miss Keep finishes this recital of the Great Moral Buglist's triumph in the Philanthropic Arena, a very trim-looking servant girl taps at the door, and Miss Keep says:

"Mary, my dear,

"What takes you here?"

The good lady never fails to address the two servants in rhyme when opportunity offers, the better to impress them with the idea that their mistress is of a poetic nature, and equal to any emergency in that line; and there are a great many other people who are guilty of equal absurdity, with this exception—that while Miss Keep confines her talent within her domestic circle, and so gets laughed at by a few, the others make theirs to appear in print, and are laughed at by the public.

"Please, ma'am," is the girl's reply, "Mr. Pecker's young man is at the door, and says he has a package as is for the young lady as come with Mr. Pecker this morning."

"Well, why did you not take it in,

"And let him go away again?"

"That's just what I made out to do, miss,

but he said as he was to hand it to the young lady herself, and so I thought I'd better tell you before he showed 'in' in."

"Miss Mad, my friend, what do you say?"

"Shall I show him in this way?"

Rosa finds it difficult to suppress the merriment which she feels at hearing Miss Keep indulge in her favorite method of conversation, but controls herself, and with as sober a countenance as she can assume, says she does not object in the least.

Miss Keep was on the point of issuing a command to that effect, but the servant, feeling that she had had poetry enough to last her for some time, had it fit directly she heard Rosa's answer, and the result was that a moment thereafter, Mr. Stallop, with hat in hand, stood bowing at the door in a most graceful manner, and said he hoped he had not intruded upon anybody's sanctity.

Nobody replying to this, he proceeded to inform them that his employer had entrusted to him a package for Miss Mad; and, feeling the honor which attached to a mission to any young lady, and more especially the young lady in question, and as he had been instructed, furthermore, to see that the package was placed in her hands without delay, he felt in duty bound to deliver it personally, and so return with a happy consciousness of having done his duty.

So I might go on giving page after page which almost as clearly bear the imprint of Dickens's style as though he had written them himself on earth. Miss Keep, let me say, before dismissing that prim old lady, is one of the most amusingly absurd of Dickens's many absurd characters, and her constant struggle with the muses keeps the reader in as constant a struggle against his risibilities. She is emphatically a Dickens character, although no more so, perhaps, than others among the new personages who have assumed their places on the stage. In thus confining my selections to the new characters, from the unreviewed portion of the book, I have necessarily passed over scenes of great dramatic power, in which the first-volume characters participate. A score of passages might be extracted from these in which the style of Dickens appears no less conspicuously.

Right here, a few minutes, may be very interesting. On examining the manuscript, I found "traveler" spelled uniformly with two 's', as is the universal practice in England, and only the rare one here. Observe, too, the use of the word "coals" for coal, the former being the customary English form. Notice the peculiar employment of capital letters, in precisely the form to be found in Dickens's works, as when he calls Mr. Greggious an Angular Man. Remarkable, also, is the familiarity with the geography of London which is noticeable in some of the extracts I have made and in many passages not quoted. Notice the expression that the servant "had left directly she heard Rosa's answer"—a form of speech common in England, but almost unheard of in America. Then observe the sudden change from the past to the present tense, especially in lively narration—a transition of which Dickens was very fond, and notably so in his later works. These and many other little matters which might be mentioned are of slight consequence, perhaps, but it would be on just these sands that a bungling fraud would have stranded. Nevertheless, the fact remains that, in the general resemblance of the book to the previous literary work of its alleged author, in the aggregation of the thousand and one things which go to form literary style, and in the shining through all of the indefinable something called genius, must this remarkable book rest its most remarkable claims upon public consideration.

I came to Brattleboro expecting to find this decidedly posthumous work a bubble which could be easily blown away. After two days careful and somewhat critical examination, I go away, I confess, a good deal puzzled. I reject in the first place as an impossibility—as every one would do after thoroughly investigating the matter—the theory that this manuscript book was written by the young-man, Mr. A—. He says he has never read the first volume, and I care not whether he has or no, being fully convinced that he is not capable of writing so much as one page of the second volume. This, of course, is no disparagement; for how many men are capable of doing what Dickens left undone?

I am driven, then, to acceptance of the two conclusions: Either some man of genius is using this individual as a go-between, in order to place an extraordinary work before the public in an extraordinary way, or the book is, as it professes to be, dictated by Dickens himself from the other world. The one supposition is scarcely more astounding than the other. If there is in Vermont a man, heretofore unheard of, who is able to write as Dickens wrote, he surely has no cause to resort to any such devices as this. If, on the other hand, Charles Dickens himself, "though dead, yet speaketh," what shall we next expect? It is but fair to say that, with the fullest opportunity for investigation, I found not the least evidence on any hand of fraud, while the name of the "amanuensis," were I allowed to give it, would dispel any suggestion of that kind from the minds of every citizen of this place who knows him.

Whatever may be the true state of the case, the critics are to have more than one opportunity to judge. This, if promises are fulfilled, is to be the beginning, as the invisible Dickens (who long ago forbade the use of the medium by any spirit except himself), has notified him that he shall require his entire time, and has even given him the title of a new story, to be begun as soon as the one now on hand is completed, the title being, "The Life and Adventures of Bockley Nickleleap."

It was Longfellow, I believe, who said: "Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power? The wand which he held in his hand, and which he used to create the world of fiction, is now in the hands of the invisible Dickens."

But if the world, astonished, suddenly behold the window completed in all the beauty and symmetry of the original structure, what then? Is, indeed, "that wand of magic power" again up-lifted?—Springfield Daily Union, July 26, 1873.