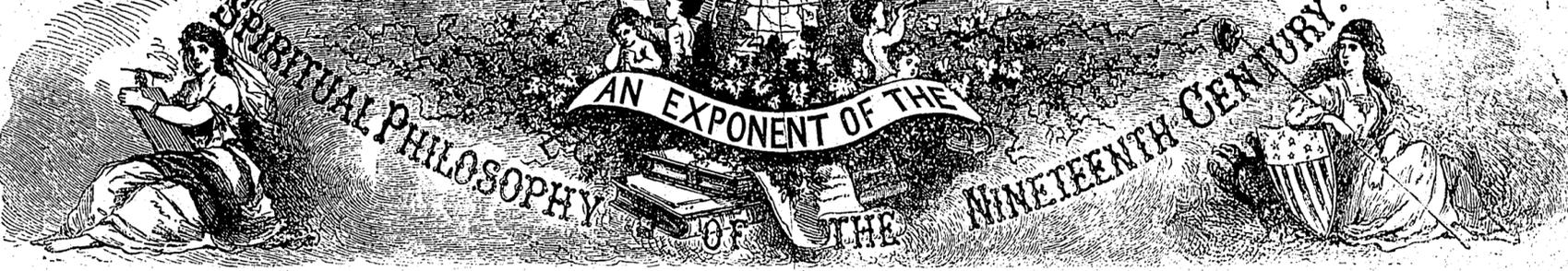


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## Literary Department.

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### CLARE DEVINE.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY MRS. ELIZA M. HICKOK.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The heat of summer is at hand. The fashionables are gathering and packing themselves into huge trunks, (for indeed the extensive wardrobe is about all that constitutes them in some cases,) for they have more inviting habitations in view than the close, dusty city can afford now.

No place like the city when the long winter evenings are filled and crowded with gaiety and amusement; but in the heat and languor of summer all are glad to escape from it to the quiet, healthful country. And Mrs. Evans must be ready to accompany her party, who are busily preparing to visit Newport, for that is their chosen destination for this season.

Taking the liberty to intrude into Mrs. Evans's own back-parlor in the pleasant twilight of a summer evening, we find that lady in very animated conversation with her husband—not a very common occurrence, I am sorry to say, for she has the same idea which many others seem to possess, that it is not worth while to be amiable and brilliant at home, to try to interest, and make home pleasant to the husband, who, alas! since the brief "honeymoon," has come to be of little consequence.

Just now Mrs. Evans is very pleasant and agreeable, for she will require a considerable sum of money for the outfit she desires. She has no fear of a refusal, for the hard-working husband is not stingy; but possibly the thought may occur to her that he has little reward for his toil and self-sacrifice to add to her earthly happiness, for though she is polite and kind enough usually, yet the sunlight of true wifely affection never gladdens his daily path.

And he, trying to listen patiently to her wishes and arrangements for the summer, can hardly repress a sigh at the one thought—which saddens human hearts like no other—of what "might have been." For twenty-one years of wedded life have convinced John Evans that Madeline Danforth never married him for love. But he quietly hands her a sum so generous that her eyes sparkle with the light that used to charm him so, and he receives, "Thank you, John; you are very liberal," and might perhaps have received a kiss, only that it had been so long since such a token of regard was given that it might seem awkward.

"And to-morrow," she continued, "I must attend to my shopping. Etta must go with me too, for she needs a great many things; and I think Miss Devine will find enough to keep her busy for some time to come. She has earned her wages easy enough for a few weeks past."

"Will Etta go at the time you do? I believe I heard something said about her not having time to get ready."

"Well, she may go with Mrs. Gordon's party. If she wishes to do so I shall not object, as they are all people of society."

"I fancy she cares very little about going at all," said Mr. Evans.

"But I shall certainly object to her remaining at home," was the quick reply. "I have been already too easy in allowing her to be so familiar with that seamstress, to whom all but myself seem to have taken a wonderful fancy. She knows, at least, that I do not encourage any forwardness on her part. Perhaps if I were not here she would be playing the organ half the time, under pretence of giving Henrietta lessons."

"Which she seems more fitted for than sewing, I am sure, to judge from her playing, though I do not know how skillful she may be as a seamstress."

"She is skillful enough. And I am equally as sure that she is better fitted for the place she occupies; for how could she expect to be received into society? And I think few would have been so lenient with her about that affair of coming into the parlor at a party as she did, for I only gave her a few plain hints about being more careful in future, when she really deserved to be sent away. But I will take care to leave her enough to do, that she may not have many idle hours."

Mrs. Evans paused in her rapid speech, and her husband arose and walked to the window. He had nothing further to say, for he knew very well his wife's "one idea," and that no amount of argument would avail anything against it. But he wished in his heart Henrietta would not be in a hurry about going, and that he might again have the privilege of hearing that rare melody, which had given him the greatest pleasure he had known for years. More, he wished, (and had his wife known it she might have thought him insane,) that it was possible for him to adopt Clare Devine, and give her an equal place with his own daughter. He had seen her only a few times, but he thought her—all alone to bear the frowns of a pitiless world. Her voice and playing had, too, a charm for him, and to have heard such music often would have been the greatest rest and enjoyment his life knew.

But he must keep these thoughts and wishes to himself, only feeling thankful that his only child was unlike her mother, and, in spite of her teachings, a kind-hearted and sensible girl.

The next morning was clear and bright—very comfortable for those who could ride out in their carriages—one of those mornings which indicate a scorching heat from the sun later in the day.

"Etta," said Mrs. Evans, when they had concluded their morning's meal, "I would like to have you go shopping with me this morning. We can go out before the heat comes on, and get at

least a part of what we need, so the articles can be made. Can you go? and how soon will you be ready?"

"Yes, mamma," was the ready reply, "and if you commence to get ready now, I will not keep you waiting," and Henrietta arose at once, and soon after left the room to prepare herself for a shopping excursion, which, indeed, she was not very fond of.

Her toilet completed, she was descending the stairs, when she remembered that she had asked Clare to come down to the parlor that morning and give her some further instruction in a piece she was learning.

"But never mind," she said to herself, "Clare can play for herself this morning. She will enjoy that, I know; and probably she may see some one of the girls, who will tell her we have gone out. So I won't take the trouble, I have so little time."

And Clare, according to promise, went down to the parlor expecting to meet Miss Evans there; but only the elegant furniture, neat and orderly, occupied the room.

The piano was open, with plenty of music lying upon it. And Clare, thinking her pupil would soon be in, seated herself at the piano, and soon, as usual, became so interested that she noticed not the light of time.

It so happened that Vandale Horton called that morning; and only Annette, the cook, answered the door, and she had been very busy all the morning, and knew not that the ladies were out, so of course directed him to the parlor, where she supposed Miss Evans was playing. As he was a frequent and welcome visitor, the girl knew it would be considered no intrusion.

But, with his hand upon the door-knob, he paused a moment, for Clare was just then executing a favorite piece of her own, and his heart told him whose hands were touching the keys with such a magic power! He fancied, too, that she was alone, and hesitated to enter, thinking she would be startled, or think him rude; but it is hardly to be supposed that he would allow an opportunity of seeing Clare alone to pass unimproved.

Only once he had by mere accident met her in the parlor, since the evening of the party. Fortunately for their comfort, Mrs. Evans was not present. Then he had received an introduction by Henrietta, and tried to open a conversation with Miss Devine in the brief time before she left the room.

Clare could but admit that he was a true gentleman, nor could she help admiring the easy, polished manners, and kindly, handsome face, which many another fairly admired, and secretly wished might be attracted in her direction.

But Clare Devine would not allow herself to think a moment on the subject, nor would she remain in the room longer than politeness required, although neither the gentleman nor Miss Evans appeared to wish her away; for she as others supposed that these two, if not engaged, were yet dearer to each other than common friends.

But Vandale hesitated, not long. What young gentleman would, when only the opening of a door barred him from the presence which, to him, no other could be like? And so, quietly entering the room, he stood for a moment near the door, when Clare, having finished her piece, and hearing a movement, looked up, supposing Miss Evans had come in, and was a little startled, certainly, at seeing, instead, the gentleman, whom she immediately recognized. He quickly advanced as she arose, and extending his hand, said, with no appearance of formality, "Good morning, Miss Devine. I took the liberty to enter unannounced, as I have often done before. I hope you will not think me intrusive. But perhaps I interrupted you."

He could not help admiring the graceful politeness with which she replied to his greeting, although she was slightly embarrassed. It was evident that to an innate refinement had been added a careful and finished education.

"Mr. Horton, I believe," she said pleasantly, "Your coming was no interruption, sir, for I was only passing away a few moments while I waited for Miss Evans to come in," and glancing at a tiny gold watch, the only article of jewelry she wore, she saw with surprise that she had waited much longer than usual, for Miss Evans was very prompt; and asking the gentleman to be seated, she continued, "possibly she has gone out, though she did not tell me. If you will excuse me, Mr. Horton, I will ascertain."

But this was just the turn which Mr. Horton did not wish affairs to take; and thinking only how he could best detain and interest her, he was for a moment at a loss how to convey to her the idea that he much preferred her society, without displeasing her. But, determined that this happy chance Fate seemed to have thrown in his way should not be entirely lost, he said, "Miss Devine I am aware that you must regard me as a stranger, and therefore I ask pardon for my presumption. But I stood, unobserved I presume, near the organ that night when your performance received such merited admiration; and the rare enjoyment it afforded me—for I am a lover of music—I can hardly express. Now, if it be not asking too much, I would beg you to favor me with that song again while waiting for Miss Evans to make her appearance."

Then Clare raised her sad, expressive eyes to his face, and saw only a serious, respectful earnestness; and she hesitated only a moment before she crossed the long room (for the doors were open, as usual, when she was to practice with Henrietta), and seating herself at the organ, swept the keys with that skillful and master-hand that well might make one fancy the instrument possessed a soul which breathed forth such rare, thrilling melody. That concluded, Mr. Horton asked one other privilege—that of selecting a piece to sing with her. His voice was full, perfect, and cultivated.

What a strange influence has music over hu-

man souls! I think no other power can be at all compared with it, especially among those with whom it is a passion. Already it was lessening the distance of reserve between these two. He arranged the music, and together they sang his selection, which forevermore would be endeared to both for the remembrance of this hour—made sweet and sacred by the holy power of music.

He did not ask her to play more, for he wished to broach another subject before he took his leave or any one should come in. So for a little time he conversed upon music, which, of course, interested Clare, and she suddenly became aware that she was talking much more freely than she intended.

Vandale was watching her closely, delighted with her talent and conversational powers, and charmed with the sweet sadness of her manners; he noticed the change from sudden animation to quiet reserve again. He feared to startle or annoy her with any abrupt declaration, but the present time seemed precious; he knew not how brief it might be, and Clare must know something of his regard for her.

He believed, too, in plain-speaking of honest, truthful sentiments; and he could not think his newly-awakened love, so fervent and sincere, would meet with no response. So, resolved to hazard another request, he said as he arose from his chair:

"I will not much longer intrude upon your time and kindness, Miss Devine; but before I go I must tell you what you will doubtless be surprised at but I think must feel to be a true sentiment—that I do most earnestly desire that our acquaintance may not end here; for since that evening when I first heard your voice, and saw you all absorbed with your music, I have thought only of how and where I could see you again. I will not now say all that is in my heart; but, Miss Devine, will you not forget that we are strangers, and allow me to call you Clare? Read in my eyes that I speak the truth. I would not say even this now, only that I can see you seldom. Forgive, if you can, my presumption; but do not doubt my sincerity."

There was such a look of surprise, and almost alarm, on Clare's countenance, that, guessing her thoughts, he hastened to add:

"I see—at least I fancy you are thinking of Miss Evans. But, believe me, if all the world supposes we are more than common friends, then all the world is mistaken. She is a good, noble girl, and I respect and honor her—more, I regard her as I fancy I might an own sister. But we shall never be more to each other. Ask her, if you please; she is your true friend, and she will attest the truth of what I say."

He paused again, and Clare had by this time recovered something of her self-possession, and, looking up again into that earnest, handsome face, she said low but steadily:

"Mr. Horton, I fear you may be hasty—and pardon the suggestion, but, under the influence of music's spell, to which is attributed great power to sway the human soul, may it not be possible that you are speaking thoughts to be repented of?"

"Never!" was the quick, emphatic reply. "I mean all and more than I have expressed. Believe me, Clare, I am no impulsive youth, speaking without a thought. I have traveled much, and seen the world in many phases, and trust I know the worth of a noble soul; and, since I have not the opportunity to say all I wish to-day, I must beg you will grant me another interview. You do not doubt my sincerity? Tell me if I have at least your confidence."

"I do not doubt you, Mr. Horton," Clare replied. "I have no reason to think you would wrong the lonely orphan, or add one cloud to the darkness of her life. Yes, I will promise at the earliest opportunity to see you again. Then I will tell you of my sad past, and after that we shall probably part to meet no more."

There was a tremor in her voice, a mistiness in her beautiful eyes, and Vandale only wished he dared to clasp her to his heart and bid her rest there, secure and happy forever. But he only said, as she took her hand:

"I thank you for your kindness, and trust you will never regret this interview. But do not think we shall part forever, unless by your command I am banished from your presence. Nothing you may tell me can change my feelings, for I am confident that your past is stainless."

Then a pleasant "Good morning," and he was gone. And Clare returned to her quiet back-room, and tried to busy herself with the wearisome sewing, while new and tumultuous thoughts rushed through her mind. She was surprised at Mr. Horton's interest, yet she could not doubt his sincerity—for the present at least, and she believed him a gentleman, every way honorable. But she never dreamed that he knew anything of her history, and she resolved to tell him, though it was a painful task. Of course she was blameless for others' acts, yet she knew how the fashionable, aristocratic world regarded her. So she tried to think no more of him, and had her throbbing heart be still, as she heard the approach of Miss Evans, who had returned from her shopping and now came to apologize for not keeping her word.

"And did you go down to the parlor this morning?" she said, smiling, as she entered and threw herself carelessly upon a lounge, weary with her shopping excursion, so tiresome with her particular mother.

"I did," replied Clare, as steadily as she could; "but found only my inanimate musical friends awaiting me."

"Which soon became animated, I fancy, when your fingers touched the keys. I really forgot to tell you, till I had no time, for I promised not to keep mamma waiting; and I thought you would not mind if you played awhile by yourself. I suppose no one called," she added carelessly.

"Mr. Horton called," said Clare, quietly.

"He did!" exclaimed Miss Henrietta, with sudden animation. "And you were in the parlor.

hen I guess he was well enough satisfied with stalling us out." And the lively girl laughed at Clare's look of surprise at this remark.

Then it occurred to her that from the interest she had manifested at the fact of his having called, Clare might imagine her words to imply a little feeling of jealousy, and she determined to set her heart at rest on that score.

So she began to praise Mr. Horton in a careless, easy manner, speaking of him as no young lady would be likely to speak of a lover; and at last told Clare that she admired his noble qualities, that from long acquaintance she knew him to be a gentleman, and had promised to regard him as a brother, knowing that he cared nothing for her beyond true friendship.

Clare experienced a feeling of relief, the reason of which she would not admit to herself, at this frank declaration, which she felt to be truthful, knowing as she did the principles and character of her friend. Yet she was firm in her determination not to think of Vandale Horton, for had she not yet to tell him that which would in all probability send him from her side to seek elsewhere for one whom the world knew and honored as his bride? Even now, this thought gave her a pang, but she had suffered, and suffering had taught her wisdom, and given her strength; she would never deceive him in the slightest matter, if she could have done so.

She made little reply; and Miss Evans soon spoke of their expected pleasure trip. "Mamma intends to go the last of this week," she said; "and as there is much to be done, and I know you ought not to sow so steadily, I think I will wait until next week. I can go with Mrs. Gordon and John mamma at Newport."

"My dear Miss Evans, you are very kind and thoughtful. Few would be as considerate of the feelings of one in their employ, I fancy; one whom the world regards far beneath them in social position. I thought I had no friends," continued Clare, while tears filled her beautiful eyes; "but your generous kindness has told me differently; though why you should feel this kindly interest in the dependent orphan, I cannot divine."

"Because I believe you to be worthy of it," was the reply. "Because from the first I was attracted to you by some unknown influence, and desired your friendship, even as I would give you mine. And now, if you please, I wish you would call me Etta, or Henrietta, as you choose; only drop the prefix Miss, which seems too distant, for we are to be friends, you know;" and the warm-hearted girl came close to her companion's side, and softly kissed her, adding, "In regard to the world's opinion, I expect yet to see your social position rank higher than mine; but that will never cause me a pang, dear Clare, so that we are both happy and content."

Then the cheering, encouraging presence was gone; and Clare, again alone, felt thankful that she had found one kind, true heart in the midst of fashion and display. And their conversation had given her something to think of, for Miss Evans had told her much of Vandale Horton—his nobleness of soul and firmness of principle. She thought it possible he might know of the position she occupied; but overlooking that, he could not, she thought, forget that misfortune, had branded with disgrace in the eyes of the world her nearest friends. Whether her poor father had been unfortunate or guilty—enough for the world to know that he had ended his life—and they would at once infer that remorse for crime or fear of detection had prompted the deed. The world—I mean the thoughtless, soulless part of it—is sometimes a harsh, unreasonable judge, and could ill receive the portion it metes out to others.

#### CHAPTER V.

The city residence of John Evans was closed to all assemblies for the season. The front blinds were closely shut, the nice parlor furniture covered, for the long days of summer had come, with their dry, scorching heat, and the city possessed no charms for those fortunates who could afford to rusticate. Of course Mrs. Evans was one; she had gone with her "select friends" to the pleasant sea-port, and comfortably settled, was expecting her daughter to join her in a few days. For Henrietta had lingered behind, saying she was not quite ready, and would accompany Mrs. Gordon and her party, who were to leave the city a week later. Mrs. Evans regarded this as nothing strange, for Mr. Horton had spoken of not leaving town just yet, and her little discernment failed to discover that these two appeared not at all like lovers. So she had her daughter good-by, only telling her at parting that she did not wish her to practice, or if she did, to practice alone, for she wanted Clare to attend to her sewing. She had left enough for her to do.

Henrietta Evans, as soon as her mother had fairly gone, ran down to the little room where Clare was busy all the long days, and with something of an exultant freedom, exclaimed, "Now, Clare, I am going to practice a little with the needle. I am not so skillful as you, I know, but I think I can do 'plain sewing,' and we can both gain on your work, so that you may have a short vacation. Come, I am ready to begin;" and she commenced pulling over the pile of various hues and materials, many of them destined for her own wear, till Clare interposed, saying pleasantly, "I usually make one thing at a time, Etta; and if you have set your heart on giving your generous aid, it is no use to remonstrate, so I can supply you with work until you weary of it."

"The novelty, and your pleasant society, will keep me from becoming weary," was the reply.

And without restraint or fear of interruption, the two girls passed the morning very pleasantly; Henrietta spoke of Vandale Horton; and Clare frankly told her that he had requested and she had promised an interview, when she intended to tell him as much of her past history as his interest seemed to demand.

"Nobly spoken! and like your own true self,

Clare," exclaimed Henrietta; "and he will probably call this evening. I shall be sadly mistaken in him if he thinks less of you for I, for I believe him to be a sensible, as well as an honorable gentleman."

And Mr. Horton did call that evening, and was shown into the drawing room by the attendant, who at once informed Miss Evans of the fact, as it was supposed of course he called to see her. She however proceeded at once to Clare's room, and marked the transient color flush her fair cheek when she told her who awaited her coming. Then Henrietta returned to her own room and her occupation of writing a letter, the length of which was only equalled by its affectionate wording; while Clare in a few moments descended to meet the one toward whom she hardly dared to analyze her feelings, but resolutely tried to forget. As she opened the door Vandale Horton came quickly forward with a glad countenance, and taking her hand led her to a sofa, and seated himself by her side.

"I thank you for this kindness, Clare," he said. "I hardly dared expect an interview, with such a brief acquaintance, though when you had promised I knew it would be granted. I had perfect faith in your truth."

"I felt it to be your due for the kind interest you manifested in my behalf," said Clare, gravely; "besides," she added, with a bright passing smile, "my faith in your truth and sincerity may have been something akin to your own."

"I doubt it not," was the quick reply. "I believe there are some souls and they are blest when they meet who do not need a formal introduction or a long acquaintance to understand each other. There is a fine, magnetic power which seems to thrill one with the feelings and sympathies of the other; and meeting under favorable circumstances, they need not the divine power of time, but each instantly claims the other as its own."

He spoke in a low, impressive tone, and when he ceased, Clare raised her eyes to his face with a look of glad appreciation, to meet his glance full of questioning tenderness, which to her intuitive nature told so much. It plainly said, although he spoke no word, that deep in his own heart he claimed her as his own. Then quickly the light faded, leaving only the habitual sad resting on her lovely face. Then she said, slowly and thoughtfully:

"But there are powerful barriers sometimes to interpose between two who thus recognize each other."

"There can be none to separate them, Clare, not even in this world, if each be true to the highest impulses. Can time or any of its passing phases destroy what is deathless?"

Clare listened to his words of eloquence, and they thrilled her soul as words had never done before.

"You speak earnest, lofty truths," she said, when he had concluded; "but, as we are both aware, truths that are received by only a few. The world at large is not over-careful in its judgments; and it must be hard for a soul, with strong inherent pride, to quite overcome the scorn and ridicule of the world, even while it knows the weakness of those who often scorn the worthy, and blame the guiltless."

And since we have approached a subject so little thought of in fashionable circles, shall I tell you, as a kind friend who has manifested an interest in myself, something of my sad past? I will speak of it very briefly, for it is painful, and if I falter, your generosity will pardon, I am sure."

A fervent pressure of the fair hand, which he had taken within his own, was his reply, and she continued: "As far back in my childhood days as I can recollect, I was surrounded by wealth, and blessed by affection. I was the only child; and well has it been for me that my parents understood the responsibility of educating a young mind. I was never indulged in an unreasonable request, though I had everything that wealth could give to make me happy. And while my parents omitted no accomplishment in my education, my wise and loving mother did not forget to teach me all pertaining to household affairs. My father was a wealthy merchant, and while it appeared not likely that his child would ever have to toil for her daily bread, my mother always said that every woman ought to know these things, and she is not thoroughly educated or fitted for any sphere until she does."

But when I had reached my nineteenth year, I found myself destined to look upon life's darkest as well as brightest phases. My father's business, before so prosperous, seemed to be suddenly assailed by misfortunes. First, a great reduction in the price of a large quantity of merchandise on hand, was a heavy loss to him. Then a business transaction, involving his name, required of him a large sum, which he paid, because the real debtor, whom he had supposed honorable when signing with him, had disappeared. In the end, treacherous friends and dishonest dealers ruined him, all by no fault of his own, for no man could ever truthfully say that Harold Devine was dishonest.

My mother and myself always knew the state of his business affairs, for we were a united family, and if one was troubled, all shared it. But my father would have borne this downfall of his business, and regained his position, had not a greater sorrow overtaken us. About this time my mother was taken suddenly and violently ill, and my poor father, harassed by business, and tortured by anxiety, had never a moment for rest.

If medical skill or earthly love and prayers could have saved the cherished wife and mother, then she had remained with us. But alas! just when the darkest hour came, when my father most needed the light of her presence, which had cheered him through many a weary struggle, and lightened for him many a heavy burden, she left him; and from that hour the light of his life went out, and the gloom which shrouded his soul was so deep, that I tried in vain to dispel it. Though

I made every effort in my power—even while my own heart seemed breaking with its loneliness and grief, and could sometimes cheer him for a little while—the cloud was too dense to be lifted.

His business was soon nearly a wreck, for his ambition was too deep to be intruded upon by worldly matters, and I saw with alarm that, mentally and physically, his life was wearing out. But, oh! I never dreamed of its sad and terrible termination. This last and severest blow came upon me wholly unexpected. I cannot now speak of that fearful scene calmly, though I have struggled hard to teach myself to bear silently the lot which befell me, and to murmur not at what is beyond recall. My father retired to his room one night, as I thought, a little more cheerful than usual. He had me good night, with an affectionate kiss, but lingered by my side longer than he was accustomed to. At length he said, as he turned to leave the room, "Hope for the best, my dear child; you are young, and may yet find happiness in this life. For me, there is none this side of the eternal world, where I shall meet your angel mother." Then he left me, oppressed with a vague feeling that life was darker than ever before. In the morning he did not appear, and after waiting until we were all alarmed, I entered the room. She passed with a shudder, and an added pallor on her face, but soon continued—and there, extended motionless upon the bed, I saw my last earthly friend. He looked as if he might be sleeping; but the awful stiffness of the room told me that it was the long, sad sleep. I was too nearly paralyzed with the sudden shock to call any one, or even to leave the room, but sank down benumbed and helpless by the bedside, where the servants found me in a death-like faint. I cannot speak of this saddest hour; I will only say, he had died by poison, and left for me a note, which read something like this:

My darling child— I cannot remain longer with you, for your mother is ever calling me. Do not give a sorrowing thought to your lonely parent, for when you read this I shall be free from earthly care and grief, and I trust, in the presence of my sainted Clara, and together, we may be permitted to watch over and guide the footsteps of our beloved earthly child. You will not want, my dear Clara, for the furniture of the house is all your own; and from the wreck of my fortune I have saved for you all that I could, with honor and justice to my fellow-men. It is a small sum, but will place you far above want. I have wronged no one, and my conscience is at rest. Farewell, my beloved child, but do not think me gone from the world unknown, but which has no terror for me.

Without exactly knowing why, this assurance seemed a little glimmering of light amid the darkness surrounding me. Strange as it seems, he had as calmly crossed the river as though it was not a rash, uncalculated act. My poor heart-broken father, may he be judged leniently.

But I was less fortunate in worldly affairs than he had fancied. Unjust creditors claimed what I now know did not belong to them, and at length I had nothing left but the costly furniture of the house. From the sale of this, I realized a considerable sum, and with it I determined to seek a situation as teacher of music, or governess, and try to bear the bit so hard. A distant cousin of my father's offered me a temporary home, and with seeming kindness and generosity assured me of an entire welcome from himself and family. I accepted with reluctance, for there was something in his countenance that I shrank from. But I called myself over-sensitive, and blamed myself for the feeling of aversion toward one who kindly offered me a home in my sad loneliness.

He was a heartless villain," said Clara emphatically, while now her eyes, so lately filled with a tender sadness, grew brilliant and burning. "He entered my room in my absence, and, like a very thief, possessed himself of all the orphan's worldly wealth. On my return he told me he had taken my money, and declared I should have it only on his own terms. No matter for the burning indignation which overwhelmed the soul which never, till then, knew it could feel such anger—and found expression in words which brought a startled look and strange pallor even to his hardened face. But I could not breathe the same air that he did, and in that hour I went from his house almost penniless—my only thought and wish never to behold his face again. In this great, busy city I could not choose long for I must work; and I accepted the very first situation which presented itself—the position of seamstress in the private family of Mr. Evans. I did not intend to fill the position long, for I thought I should prefer teaching. But I found a good, kind friend in Miss Evans, and, feeling that after all it mattered little how I obtained my support, so that it was honorable, I have remained until now."

She paused, a serious, thoughtful look resting upon her countenance.

"And well and nobly have you sustained the terrible trials which so suddenly clouded your young and happy life. How very few would have borne them with such grand heroism!" exclaimed Mr. Horton with a look of wondering admiration. "But now, when all is past, I can hardly censure the fates, or whatever agency it might have been which directed you to this place and induced you to remain until the present, since but for that I should probably never have known Clara Deline."

Then he added in a graver tone, "Clara, dear Clara—for you must know that you are dear to me, without now expressing my high regard for the nobleness of soul and excellence of principle which has governed you in an ordeal through which few could have passed unscathed, or without sinking into utter despair—I will only repeat the assertion I made once before, that nothing you could tell me of connections or past misfortunes could change my mind in regard to yourself. All that the world may think or say of what they might choose to call a disgrace, but is not—and if it was, could never stain your purity—all this, when weighed in the balance against your worth and goodness, should, and will, by all your friends, be cast from remembrance; but, Clara," he spoke low and earnestly, and very gently drew her to his side, "when weighed against my love for you, they avail nothing, and are never more to be thought of."

There was silence then. Clara had not thought to find among aristocratic society such a lofty soul. She had hardly thought that he would stand the test when applied to his pride, in regard to the world's opinion. That he loved her, she could no longer doubt; and she saw in him that worth and nobleness which would command her love and admiration forever. So when he broke the silence by asking, with a world of meaning in his look, "Do you trust me now, Clara?" she answered quietly, "I trust you, Vandale."

"Then, dear Clara, allowing all the past to have no weight with you, am I right in thinking that my devoted love meets with at least a partial return?"

And Clara paused but a moment ere she replied, "Not partial, Vandale, but wholly and truly; a

deep, fervent affection, akin to your own. I give you, in return for your noble, true affection, a heart never before touched by the sacred passion, love," and a glad light shone in her truthful eyes, and irradiated all her lovely face.

"My own, then, my darling Clara forever," he exclaimed, as he looked with admiring love upon her face, so beautiful with the new light breaking over it; and clasping her to his heart, pressed upon her pure lips the first thrilling kiss of a holy, deathless love.

"Nothing can part us now," he exclaimed; "through all coming time you are mine to cherish and protect, mine to guard from sorrow and shield from suffering. Thank Heaven for the priceless gift! and, did you think," he added after a short pause, "that I would go from your side when I had learned the melancholy facts which so saddened your young life? No, no, my Clara, I honor you the more for telling me all. But I was not wholly ignorant of them before I sought your acquaintance. I had considered all these things before I asked an interview with the noble girl whom I loved from the first."

"I confess, I hardly thought, with your native pride and high position, you would be able to overlook what the world in its harsh judgment brands with reproach."

"The position which I occupy is henceforth to be shared by your own 'sweet self,'" he replied; "and before the world I shall be proud of my chosen bride. Proud of her accomplishments and loveliness, proud of her nobleness and heroism, and, most of all, proud of her innate goodness and her love for me."

Without recording further a conversation probably of most interest to the two participating, we will only say that when Vandale Horton took his leave, it was with the promise to call again very soon; and we think in all probability that Clara's services as seamstress for Mrs. Evans are nearly at an end. For Vandale was his own master; possessed of wealth enough, and saw no reason why his marriage should be long delayed. Beside, he could not bear to see her filling the position of a sewing girl, when she was so well fitted for a higher. He wanted to claim her as his own before the world, and so he took her rightful place in society, commanding the admiration and respect so justly her due.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Written for the Banner of Light.  
SPIRIT COMMUNION.

BY FERDINAND BOHNSON.

Invocation.  
Come, kindest spirit, come and rest  
From the bright ethereal spheres;  
Come with words of truth, and free us  
From all superstitious fears.

Tell us of the glowing beauties  
Of the glorious spirit-lands,  
Of the pleasures, wants and duties  
Of the happy spirit-lands.

Is this earth the nucleus merely  
Of a wide extended sphere,  
And do spirits live as really  
As we mortals live down here?

Spirit Answer.  
Yes; the earth is but the centre  
Of the heavens around it spread,  
And all who leave it there must enter  
As each arises from the dead.

There are hills and valleys ethereal,  
In the clear transparent sky,  
Scenes like earth, of the material,  
Near, though hid from mortal eye.

The earth is but the basement story  
Of the mansions in the skies,  
And all the stories grow in glory,  
As above the earth they rise.

And in this basement we had birth,  
Who now inhabit worlds ethereal,  
But were attracted to the earth  
By love of friends material.

In heaven we exist more really  
Than we did upon the earth.  
The abode of infants merely,  
Made immortal from your birth;

For you to us are infants all  
While enclosed in forms of clay,  
And need our care, both great and small,  
Always from the natal day.

And you infants we endeavor  
To conduct to worlds above,  
Watching over and guiding ever,  
With something like paternal love.

To outgrow evil all have power,  
Here and in the worlds above,  
And grow in goodness every hour,  
By heart-felt words and deeds of love.

The world has long been taught in vain,  
And with great expense of length,  
That all men must be born again—  
This we know takes place at death.

Again you often teach and say,  
In words of all complexion,  
There'll be a last great judgment day—  
A general re-arrangement.

But resurrection we can say  
Just the same to us appears  
As spirit-birth. The judgment-day  
Must include a thousand years.

A thousand years the Scriptures say,  
In God's slight one day appears;  
And also that a single day  
Is to him a thousand years.

And now this glorious judgment-day  
Is arising to our view—  
When all old things shall pass away,  
And then be created new.

Nothing but good and truth shall stand,  
In this expanded judgment-day;  
Evil and falsehood from the land,  
All shall then be swept away.

To teach himself in every way,  
No exertion should man grade;  
For in this last great judgment-day  
Man himself must be his judge.

How we rejoice that we have found  
A way both grand and new,  
Which enables to expound  
Such glorious truths to you:

We delight to tip the table,  
And all other signs to give  
That your spirit friends are able,  
To assure you that we live.

And it a greater joy would be  
If all would but investigate  
The Truth, that all might seek and see  
That spirits do communicate.

"Would ye please, mem," said Bridget, the other evening, "an' I'd like ye to lind me the loán of your white dress, to wear to a party. I do hate to be askin' ye, for borrowed clothes never fit me like me own."

Toledo is to have a new hotel which will cost \$165,000, and an opera house at a cost of \$100,000.

Don't go to church with a cough and disturb the rest of the congregation.

Let your promises be sincere, and within the compass of your ability.

Our Young Folks.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
LAWS OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

Lucy Gardner and Sarah Garrett had been talking some time very earnestly about likes and dislikes, when all at once they saw their friend, Samuel Chapman, coming up the road. Samuel was an old, gray-headed gentleman, with a very pleasant face and pleasant voice, and he was a great favorite with the young folks of the neighborhood, for, though he was very wise, he was full of pleasantry, and loved to talk with them.

"Good evening, good evening," he said as he came up to Lucy and Sarah; "what are you chatting about this evening?"

"I have been telling Lucy that it is not right for her to have favorites," replied Sarah. "I am sure Emma Daniels is a very nice girl; yet she will not make a friend of her, though Emma admires her very much—I have heard her say so—and always behaves kindly to her."

"Yes," said Lucy, "I know that; Emma is pleasant and polite; she is also good and smart; but I do not want her for an intimate friend. I like to meet her occasionally, but we would not like each other as well as we now do if we met often. But Sarah, Garrett and I have loved each other from the very first time we met—did we not?—and we never tire of being together."

As Lucy said this they looked in each other's faces with such a smile of love!

"Yes," replied Sarah, "what good friends we have been! But why cannot you love Emma Daniels, too?"

"Because," replied Lucy, "we cannot love everybody."

Samuel, good old Samuel, looked at the young girls, listened to these remarks, and then said:

"You two loved each other when first you met. We do feel so sometimes with perfect strangers; we feel as if we had known them all our lives, do we not?"

"That is the way we felt, did we not?" said Lucy to Sarah.

"Yes, just the way," replied Sarah.

"Then with others," continued Samuel, "we feel indifference, or perhaps we feel dislike, and do not want to meet them again. Perhaps we take one look in a person's face, and say to ourselves, 'That individual could never become my friend.' What say you to this?"

"You are right, Samuel," both young girls replied.

"But is it right," said Lucy, "that we should have these strong likes and dislikes?"

"I think we can find out," replied Samuel, "whether it is right or not. Shall I tell you what I think about likes and dislikes?"

"Do, Samuel, do."

"I have observed," said Samuel, "that we are repelled from people sometimes who are our superiors morally and intellectually; so our attractions and repulsions are not always founded on goodness or badness, ignorance or intellectuality."

"I think," interrupted Sarah Garrett, "that there must be something bad in ourselves, if we do not like good people."

Samuel smiled, and said, "Well, we all of us like everybody enough to wish them well, and do them a kind deed, if they require it; but just now we are talking about friendship, why we feel such strong love and friendship for some, and little or none for others. I think I know the reason for this: We are not only different in countenance and character, but we are different in our magnetisms. You are acquainted with Spiritualism and Magnetism enough to know that some people can cure disease by making passes with their hands, while others have not the least curative power, and this shows that our magnetism is not all just alike. The fact is this: every person has a sphere or magnetism peculiarly their own, as flowers have an aroma or perfume peculiarly their own. You are studying chemistry, both of you, I believe?"

"Yes, we are," Lucy replied.

"Well, then," continued Samuel, "you know that some substances and liquids have no affinity for each other, and can never mingle; while others, having suitable chemical relations, blend at once. These repellant forces in matter are independent of goodness or badness of the particular forms of matter in which they may respectively exist, but are the result of chemical difference. Thus it seems to be with human magnetisms; some mingle, forming beautiful and lasting friendships, while others repel; and any attempt to force friendships where that repulsion exists only ends in positive dislike or open quarrels."

"If you are right," said Sarah, "there is no remedy for the troubles that are constantly meeting us everywhere among acquaintances. Think, just for one moment, of the slight, neglects, preferring somebody to somebody else, and all that sort of thing. It would seem, according to your idea, that it is all right."

"We," replied Samuel, "should never be rude or impolite to any one at any time, or under any circumstances. Let us keep this in our minds, and perhaps we will be better able to understand the whole matter. If the amount of attraction indicates the amount of friendship you or I can have for another, then, by observing and obeying this law, we can come just as near to another person as our attraction for that person indicates. As there are all shades of color, from the deepest to the lightest of the primitive colors, so there are all shades of attraction, from that which causes us to unite for all time, (which with men and women results in marriage), down to the slightest shade of friendship, which makes us well content to meet some individuals only once a year, or once in many years."

Lucy laughed, and observed:

"I know some people that I would only want to see about once in ten years."

"The laws of human magnetism," Samuel said, "in this connection are the laws of friendship. If we carefully observe these laws, we can know to a certainty how near we can come to another in friendship or love. A young lady and gentleman meet once a week, and they think because they can spend an hour or two so pleasantly together, therefore they can spend their lives together just as happily, so they marry, to brawl and jangle, and finally to hate each other, when, had they understood the real amount of attraction they had for each other, they would have continued to meet once a week; and never have become husband and wife. Thousands of such marriages, and the blighted lives which follow, might be prevented did people understand as they should this simple law of attraction."

"I believe that is so," said both young ladies at once.

"Perhaps," continued Samuel, "two lady friends live a distance apart. They visit each other occasionally, and always regret that they cannot live nearer; finally they become next-door neighbors, or perhaps they take a house together; I dare say you have both known such cases; and

where the attraction is strong enough they remain the best of friends. But how often, after coming so near and so much together, they begin to repel each other. Nearness has brought out their antagonism. The repellant in their magnetisms is greater than the attractive. Complaints of coolness and neglect, or perhaps quarrels, are the result. Had they understood the laws of friendship, they would have continued to visit each other occasionally, and never have made an effort to become next-door neighbors, or to reside together in one dwelling. By their ignorance of these laws, each lost a good friend."

"I think," said Lucy Gardner, "that the complaints Sarah speaks about, of slighting, neglects and preferring somebody to somebody else, and all the evil speaking and bad feeling we hear so much about, would not exist if the laws of friendship governed all persons."

"You are right, Lucy," said Samuel, "for it would then be understood that our magnetisms determined the matter, not our will, caprice or desire. We would associate with others so far as agreeable to both, and only grasp to our soul what belonged thereto. Those we could meet pleasantly only once a year or once a day, would remain once-a-year or once-a-day friends, and never seek to step over the boundary line of their friendship. Some we might never want to meet, because of our being so repellant to each other. Very well; there is no chemical attraction in our natures; shall we quarrel about it? Certainly not; let us obey the laws which regulate attraction and repulsion, and keep apart. It is no more desirable that we should love, all alike than that we should all look alike. We might as well quarrel with Nature for not making all matter to affluence and expect eternal confusion thereby, as imagine that, in society, only wrangling and quarrelling will be the result of magnetic difference."

"I am very much obliged to you, Samuel," said Lucy, "for what you have said. Now I understand why I do not want to make a friend of Emma Daniels; it is not because she is better or worse than I am, but because she is smarter or wiser, or more ignorant than I am, but because our magnetisms do not blend. I might as well try to make sand and water or oil and water chemically affluence as try to make Emma a dear friend."

"I will have to think about it," said Sarah. "If people could be made to look on this subject as you do, it would make a great change for the better, I believe; we would have fewer unhappy marriages, as you say."

"I am more resolved than ever," Lucy remarked, "that my friends, from once-a-minute friends like Lucy here, to once-in-ten-year friends or once, in-a-million-of-years friends, shall all keep in their own spheres."

Then they all laughed.

"There is something, however," rejoined friend Samuel very earnestly, "which it is well to remember, and it is this: not to parade our likes or dislikes, our repulsions or attractions; let us imitate the spirit of this law of friendships which we have been talking about; let us never forget that with all its power (and in some way it must ever vigorously assert itself) it is, when allowed untrammelled expression, one of the most gentle, subtle and unobtrusive laws of any that govern human beings—the still, small voice that will not only be heard but heeded, above all rules, customs, systems or creeds."

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GRECIAN MYTHOLOGY.  
NO. III.

BY DR. S. C. CASE.

We now arrive at the grandest part of Grecian mythology, and open an account of the later and higher gods of the ancients. As before mentioned, Saturn (*Time*) was the youngest of the Titans. As a reward for the valor which he showed in attacking his cruel father and thus delivering himself and brothers from confinement, they consented to let him have his father's kingdom, upon the agreement that he would not allow any of his male children to live. Pursuant to this, Saturn devoured his sons as soon as they were born. But Rhea, his wife, lamenting the cruelty of her husband, sought advice from her father and mother (*Heaven and Earth*). Following their counsel, she therefore she did not present her new-born child to be devoured by its unnatural father, but gave Saturn instead a large stone, which he immediately swallowed, not perceiving the deceit. In this manner she saved from destruction six children, viz., Jupiter, Neptune, Pluto, Juno, Vesta and Ceres.

JUPITER.

was secretly educated on the Island of Creta. This portion of his history forms one of the most attractive fictions of the imagination, being partially enveloped in mystery, which only adds to its enchantment.

The Curetes, of whose origin we know but little, were his educators; they made a continual noise with their spears and shields lest Saturn should hear the crying infant.

The goat—Amalthea—which was afterwards placed among the stars, and whose horn became the symbol of plenty, furnishes him with milk; doves bring him nourishment; golden-colored bees give him honey, and the nymphs of the wood are his nurses.

The physical as well as intellectual powers of this future king of gods and men rapidly develop. The Titans, hearing that Saturn had not fulfilled his agreement to destroy all his male children, made war upon him, dethroned and imprisoned him, with his wife Rhea.

No sooner was Jupiter grown up than he flew to deliver his father from bondage and place him again on his throne. But Saturn, unmindful of his son's kindness, conspired against him. Jupiter, knowing this, drove him again from the throne and assumed command himself.

Saturn then wandered off to the plains of Latium, where he concealed himself and transferred thither the "golden age"—that happy period when mankind lived in a state of perfect equality and all things were in common.

ASTREA.

A descendant of the Titans, and goddess of justice, reigned. She is represented as stern and majestic. In one hand she holds a balance, in which she weighs the good and bad actions of men; in the other a sword, to show her power of punishing the wicked. Over her eyes is a bandage, to represent the impartiality with which she listens to persons of all conditions.

She lived among mortals during the entire golden age; but when the silver ensued she fled to the mountains, and only came down amid the shades of evening, unseen by and refraining from all communion with men. When the brazen age commenced, the wickedness and impiety of men drove her to heaven.

About this time, upon the plains of Pallene, opened the most terrific and wonderful war of history.

The gods were arranged on one side and the mighty Gigantes, (who are sometimes erroneously confounded with the Titans), on the other. The majestic Jupiter hurled his thunderbolts, while the Giants threw great rocks, and, heaping moun-

tains on mountains, sought to scale heaven. Jupiter's brothers, affrighted, fled to avoid the terrible contest. By the assistance of his son Hercules, Jupiter came off victorious. Being thus left sole master of the whole universe, Jupiter divided his empire with his two brothers. For himself he reserved the kingdom of heaven; to Neptune he gave dominion over the sea, and to Pluto the infernal regions.

His first name was *Jovis*, from which by the addition of *pater* (father) was formed *Jupiter*.

The poets describe him as a majestic personage, sitting upon a throne of gold or ivory, under a rich canopy, holding a thunder-bolt in his right hand, and in his left a sceptre of cypress. At his feet or perched on his sceptre, sits an eagle with expanded wings.

Who whose all conscious eyes the world behold,  
The eternal thunderer, sit enthroned in gold;  
High heaven a footstool for his feet he makes,  
And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes."

Free Thought.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

Messrs. Editors—Bro. Tilton, of the *Independent*, can enroll our name among those in favor of the rights of woman as the perfect equal of man, and entitled to the enjoyment of all that man enjoys of position, place, remunerative employment, of free suffrage, and all and every activity of physical and intellectual pursuits. And moreover, in the conjugal relation—husband and wife as a dual individuality—the wife ought to share the entire confidence of the husband, and have a knowledge of and a voice in his enjoyments and pursuits.

We believe that all the immorality in the world is to be traced to the pernicious influence of bible teachings in representing God as of the male gender—a man, and considering woman inferior to and in the divine economy subject to man's control; that she has neither capacity nor judgment to assist in the government of the universe, nor to aid in the progressive development and elevation of the race. Hence, considering himself the lord and master of her person, he has oppressed woman, held her in subjection and abused her person, and in doing so abused himself; and the consequence of that abuse in injuring the physical organism, is the main cause of all the evils in the world, the misdirections of both men and women.

In our view the Supreme Intelligence—*God*—is a dual being, male and female, as all Nature illustrates. There could be no unfolding of Nature, of the Universe, no unfolding of phenomena, no reproduction of phenomena, if the male and female, or bi-sexual principle, did not exist in Divine Being. The Mosaic account of man's creation, and the subsequent formation of woman out of a rib of the man, is too ridiculously absurd to attempt to controvert it. The priesthood in all the past have impressed upon weak and ignorant men and women that the bible record is a revelation of God's will, and therefore is true in all its statements; hence man as a part of his religious belief has subjected woman to his baser nature, and degraded himself, whilst woman, in consequence of priestcraft teachings, yielded to his animal desires mostly against the remonstrances of her better judgment, and thereby jeopardizing health and even life.

Even in this enlightened age, through the influence of bible teachings, woman is considered as the mere toy of man, created for the sole purpose of administering to the gratification of his sensual desires. Thus woman has had no opportunity of unfolding and developing her true nature, with rare exceptions of those who have exercised a free judgment unbiased by theologic tenets, and uninfluenced by the teachings of the Church.

The progress of intelligence is fast fading out all reverence for bible revelations as special revelations of God. The Supreme is being better comprehended through an enlarged knowledge of Nature's laws, as illustrated in and through its phenomenal manifestations. And in the degree a knowledge of these laws is attained, man will have a higher appreciation of himself, and also of woman, because he will then know that man and woman are a dual individual; that they must have come upon the stage of being simultaneously; that neither had priority of existence; that they appeared in natural progressive development as all preceding phenomena, the highest conception of the Infinite Mind, the representative of God in the physical world, the co-worker in the development and improvement of material nature, and in the attainment of a higher humanity in physical, intellectual, and spiritual growth. The growth and development of a higher humanity is only to be attained in the harmonious cooperation of man and woman in their conjugal relations in conforming to the laws of their being, having in view the perfection of the physical organism and the unfolding of the spiritual nature in its aspirations to a higher life. Let us place woman in the position God and Nature designed her; let her expand her faculties in the direction of her choice, restrain her within no limitations of man's activities, and mankind will be benefited by her efforts; wars, violence and immoralities will cease, and she will prove a blessing to the world, as woman has always proved a blessing within the sphere of her influence, when not coerced by man's power.

LEON HYNEMAN.  
Philadelphia, Pa. June 5, 1870.

INFLUENCE OF HOME.—A country of true homes is a country of true greatness. A straggling gypsy life is a life of degradation and brigandage. The heart needs sheltering even more than the body. So a false, heartless place in which to breathe, eat, sleep, work, fret, swear, fight and debase, is the house of sin and the gate of hell. Behold little children, innocent infant girls and innocent baby boys, born and reared in such hideous places! Not one sweet memory to bind the soul to the saving influences of home! Not one fond thought of a holy mother, not one recollection of loving words spoken in the tranquil peace of a home of love—not one tie too deep for words! No, wretched wanderer, go out into the horrible battle of life—cut your own way through the savage wilderness—every one for himself! Alas! this is the reign of terror, the struggle of tatterdemalions and social savages, the battle of hungry tigers in the human forest—the bloody tragedy of an unprotected, homeless life between the womb and the tomb.

Oh, ye who live in true, loving homes! shed tears of pity, and curse not, for ye little know the temptations of those who live in huts, hovels, dens, cabins, attics and holes of crime. Ye have not the faintest gleam of their hardships. They do not themselves know that they are breeding up the next generation of the seed of lawless miseries. They never felt the fertilizing love of fond mother and sisters and brothers. Their appetites were never fed by the delicate dainties of affection. They never knew anything of a holy peace where the thoughts and feelings of the selfish were sometimes not permitted to enter—where, in the mysterious sanctuary of home, they all shut out the tumultuous world for an hour, and together inhaled the sweet, humanizing confidences of true hearts. Alas! what might you have been under the perversions of circumstances more powerful than your will?—*Duval's "Tale of a Physician."*

DAPTIZED IN LIGHT.

Written for the Banner of Light.
The morning rolls her hazy car
Up through the heavenly blue...

nothing of his history or his relations, she brought
before him, or so vividly pictured by words his
former friends and relatives now in the spirit-

Spiritual Phenomena.

Physical Manifestations through the
Mediumship of Mrs. E. Kegweh.
MESSRS. EDITORS—From week to week, when I
gaze over the pages of your ever welcome Banner

him, even before life was extinct, she was to be
initiated preparatory for the tomb. Interested at
this information, the ladies determined to visit
the house and make inquiries.

ITEMS BY THE WAY.

DEAR BANNER—The Spiritualists of Ancona,
N. J., have just effected an organization, to be
known as the "First Spiritualist Society of Ancon-

has presented determinedly, until all the alpha-
betisms of the earth are replaced by a beautiful
natural system, adapted to all tongues and all
time, and free from every taint of national par-

Banner Correspondence.

MARTIN BRIANT writes us that he wishes it were
possible for some good test medium to visit Ancon-

TO THE GERMAN IDEAS ABOUT
DEATH—MORE SPIRITUALISM—
BARON D'HOLBACH—&c.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—A German gen-
tleman has kindly translated for me an article in
an early number of the "Columbia," and as it is
a very sensible appeal to the German popula-

The gentleman referred to above is Mr. King,
a proof-reader, and now engaged on an important
law book. He has just given me permission to
use his name, and to state that one of the servants

For the benefit of the "knowing ones" I will
state, in conclusion, Mrs. Kegweh generally holds
the slate under the table with one hand (her right),
resting her left arm and hand on the outside of the
table.

Charming Reptiles.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—As an item of
news, perhaps the enclosed would interest your
readers, especially as it denotes the power of Paul
to handle reptiles with impunity.

THE SOUL'S EAST WINDOW.

Man cannot be God's outlaw if he would,
Nor so abscond him in the caves of sons
But Nature will search some crevice out
With messages of splendor from the Source

RESCUED BY A CLAIRVOYANT.

The New Orleans Daily Picayune of June 31,
gives the following touching incident, which fully
illustrates the power and usefulness of clairvoy-

RESCUED BY A CLAIRVOYANT.

A few days since was related in this column
the story of a young girl lying grievously ill and
almost dying on Baronne street. She had descried

RESCUED BY A CLAIRVOYANT.

RESCUED BY A CLAIRVOYANT.
The above is written for the satisfaction, ap-
pecially, of those numerous correspondents who
from every part of the Union have written me
letters of inquiry concerning the new phre-

RESCUED BY A CLAIRVOYANT.

RESCUED BY A CLAIRVOYANT.
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The Banner of Light is issued on a sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1870.

OFFICE 148 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 1, UP STAIRS, AGENCY IN NEW YORK, THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 19 NASSAU STREET, WILLIAM WILFIE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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The Great Apprehension.

There is an increasing anxiety manifested in the reported condition of the sun, in whose fiery body are occurring changes that threaten to involve not merely the comfort, but even the habitation of the earth. Upon the latter, however, it is no time to speculate. But as for the plain facts themselves, such as the actual occurrence of magnetic storms, sweeping across the great gulfs that appear in the sun's body, and showing to the eye the trailing play of flames, whose length and fieriness no human power can calculate, they are deserving of consideration in connection with what has long been asserted in this and some other journals, viz. that the magnetic conditions of the earth and its inhabitants are rapidly undergoing a change, and that the mortal of the not distant future will, unquestionably, live under direct influences from above, transmitted through earth and atmosphere, which cannot but give him a very different character from the man of the past.

The astronomers are making these phenomena so plain and impressive that it is not possible for intelligent persons to remain indifferent to them. They go to show how closely the people of the earth are beset with conditions not of their own making, both direct and indirect, near and remote. If we are sensitive to the state of the atmosphere right about us, so are we dependent equally on the mysterious forces that send their subtle influences to us from the furthest solar orb or the most distant stars. It is reported by scientific observers that the spots that are seen at the present time on the solar disc, surpass in size any that have been recorded since the century came in. Some of them are millions of miles in extent, and it has frequently been noticed, that simultaneously with the sudden lighting up of their dark and ragged edges with flame, the telegraphic circuits of the world have manifested a visible disturbance, through the magnetic needles, and the vast magnetic storms that were raging in the sun have been accompanied by proper announcements from self-registering instruments. And with these disturbances of the sun likewise occur the fine auroral displays at night—those brilliant and beautiful pulsations of the great magnetic arteries of the universe. These auroral waves are responsive to the solar phenomena, and demonstrate the close affinity which the earth maintains to the sun.

At last it is getting through the pre-juiced skulls of our "Science," that so subtle an element as magnetism, operating through a space so vast as that which stretches between us and the solar centre, is as well able to produce actual and substantial effects as the visible mechanical forces which are supposed to be causes instead of agents merely. One savant begins to see the light, when he asks the question in connection with these remarkable phenomena, "Are these accidental connections, or are they really due to a magnetic influence which the sun exerts upon the earth?" Yes, and we will here add, if upon the earth, then upon the earth's inhabitants. It is becoming more commonly admitted that such an influence does exist, and that it is felt with more directness with every solar disturbance as we have alluded to. Then what follows? Clearly but this, that such changes as are now known to be going on in the sun will inevitably work wonderful changes in the climatic conditions of our planet, making parts of it that are now habitable desolate, and converting cold into heat and barrenness into fertility. Or they may make it necessary that an entirely new order of beings shall supplant its hapless mortals.

But that is purely speculative. The knowledge that lies like a rich treasury in the spiritual realm, ready to enlighten and bless all who are receptive and transfused, has long ago made clear the outlines of these impressive truths, and led many to assimilate their lives to their belief, instead of waiting to be driven out of their wits by solitude and fear. Spiritualism has long taught the science of the intimate magnetic connection which our little planet sustains to all other planets and spheres, to the central orb of our system, to the far-off realms of light and life, to the whole boundary of God's vast universe. It has held the truth of the transmission of intelligence back from the upper spheres to the lower; of the constant influence exercised over sublunary affairs by mental powers that have taken position beyond; of the eternal unity that reigns over every part and parcel of the wide creation. We may speculate on these solar phenomena as we choose; they only serve to illustrate the spiritualistic belief in a semi-material way. People begin to believe when they see telegraphic influences disturbed at the very moment of a disturbance in the sun; but will they not sometime see that the law of influence is just as operative when working without any disturbance at all?

Woman's Rights in Pennsylvania.

A law passed at the late session of the Pennsylvania Legislature provides that hereafter in that State, whenever any husband, from drunkenness, profligacy, or any other cause, shall, for two successive years, desert his wife, or neglect or refuse to live with her and provide for her, she shall, as to every species and description of property, whether real, personal or mixed, owned by or belonging to her, have all the rights and privileges to purchase or sell and convey the same, as if she were unmarried; and also that it shall be lawful for any married woman to sue and be sued in her own name upon all contracts, and to sue her husband in her own name to recover the possession of her real estate, or the value thereof, as if she were unmarried.

A New Work by J. M. Peebles.

We have just received from the author a copy of a new pamphlet-bound book of one hundred and eight pages, entitled "Jesus; Myth, Man, or God, or the Popular Theology and the Positive Religion Contrasted." It was issued from the publishing house of J. Burns, London. We shall review this work in a future issue of the Banner of Light.

The Speeches of the Indians.

Though the make-up of the reporters' opinions on the red men's visit to Washington is to the effect that it was not at all satisfactory to them, it has come out before the sight of all men that the chiefs are not so dull or stupid—that they are not such fools as to be unable to comprehend the relative difference between the whites and their own meagre titles; that they have not been frightened or seduced by any of the brilliant and overwhelming sights shown them; and that they know well enough what justice is, to demand that it shall govern the conduct of the Government toward them. And we note with satisfaction that these red men, the representatives of their people, have made a decided impression upon the public mind and sympathy. There is no question that the country begins to look this whole matter over seriously, and would see only right and truth prevail in future dealings. The Sheridan and Sherman doctrine of extermination is abhorrent to them. If a soldier wishes to exercise his weapon and air his vanity, let him practice on some other objects than the red men, to whom we are bound in solemn treaty.

One thing has been made plain to the President and Secretary of War, and that is that these men do not want to be tickled up with showy presents of little or no use to them, any more than they will be frightened by the firing of cannon or the sight of molten masses of iron running in white streams at the Government foundry. They refuse to be deceived or scared. They know precisely what is theirs, and precisely how to demand it. They have done no more than this, and gone home again to their reservations. "Red Cloud" shows his appreciation of the strength of the whites in this sentence of true eloquence: "Our nation is melting away like the snow on the side of the hills where the sun is warm; while your people are like the blades of grass in spring, when summer is coming. You are great and powerful. We are but a handful." And after him "Red Dog" let out the secret of all the Indian complaints in the following noteworthy sentence: "When you buy anything with my money, I want you to buy what is useful. I don't want dirty gear, rotten tobacco, and old soldiers' clothes dyed black, such as you bought 'Sported Tail.'" In short, the Indian protests against being any longer cheated in the way at which the Government has practically condescended.

The change that has come over the spirit of the Indian's talk is very noticeable. He seems to realize the fatal disadvantage to which he is put by the march of civilization. He states his complaints with a severity and firmness that suggest the thought that he despairs of ever living to see them heeded. What a commentary is not such a sight on the love of justice which we wear as our shield with so much ostentation! For men thus straitened, who can see as clearly as ourselves, whose hope burns lower every year in its socket, the Presidential strawberry lunches, diplomatic go-awayry, and noisy thunders of simulated war are the most mockery. That they are savages is nothing to our advantage; we ought to deal with the more scrupulous justice and truth. The cruelties and outrages with which we are familiar, shocking as they are to every mind, are not the foundation part of this question. Let us try truth first, and then see if these outrages last. We ought at least to believe that they do not proceed from just dealing and perfect rectitude. The Indian may be deemed too weak to do it if we are unwilling and intelligent instruments of his deliberate extermination.

The Germans as Spiritualists.

One would on reflection naturally believe that the German mind, when it came in contact with the ideas and truths of Spiritualism and its philosophy, would respond instantly to their influence and acknowledge the reality of their power. And in such a conclusion he would not be at all disappointed. The Nation, an able New York journal, and speaking usually with great discrimination, in treating of the Germans in this country, says that, as to their religious belief, "The majority may possibly be rationalists, but the minority is divided, apparently, into as many sects as in the English-speaking population. The Maryland States' Rights, in a recent article on German Spiritualists in the United States, says that, although they lack congregations of their own, they are, nevertheless, more numerous than is commonly supposed. They are to be found in all the larger cities along with American believers in the same faith, and include some eminent men, like Dr. Blode, editor of the New York Westland, whose wife also, lately deceased, and known as a poetess under the signature, 'Maria Westland,' was a Spiritualist. Mr. Norman Schlarbaum, of this city, was instrumental in getting the works of Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis translated into German. Their volubility naturally dunned the publishers who were asked to take the risk of this enterprise, and it would have fallen through, but for the pecuniary support of a Russian court councillor at St. Petersburg. Another Spiritualist, Dr. Schuecking, conducts a weekly paper, Columbia, at Washington, in which he from time to time prints discussions of the subject by German-American authors of repute. The names, also, of Dr. Dignowity, of Texas, Dr. Cyrax, of Cleveland, and, among recent converts, Dr. Tiedmann, of Philadelphia, Dr. Von Pachelstein, of Egg Harbor, Dr. Geran, of Brooklyn, A. Steinbach, of Evansville, and Friedrich Munch, of Missouri, are cited by the States' Rights, and indicate both the spread of Spiritualism among the Germans, and the sort of persons that have accepted it. They consist, says the authority we have been quoting, in large proportion of thoughtful minds, who differ from the rationalists chiefly in the belief in a future existence. They reject miracles, and the whole body of dogmatic theology. They possess a good deal of fascination for those who approach them, and are ardently attached to their philosophy as the religion of the future, resting on a scientific basis, demonstrating the indestructibility of the human spirit, and riding the world of death."

Peebles in England.

We learn from Human Nature that Mr. Peebles is about to return to America, after a most prosperous career as a teacher of Spiritualism in London and the Provinces. His ministrations at the Cavendish rooms, London, it is said, have been a marked success—a well-disciplined congregation without a creed, and a full house with no toll at the door, has been the result. The London editor says: "Mr. Peebles returns to his countrymen with bright laurels on his brow, intertwined with other well-earned honors. We hope to see him among us soon again."

Emma Hardinge in Chicago.

Mrs. Hardinge commenced a two months' lecturing engagement in Chicago the first Sunday in June. From several sources we learn that her lecture gave very general satisfaction. One correspondent says: "Emma Hardinge, the 'angel inspired,' is with us, and her lectures last Sunday thrilled the souls of all who heard her."

Transition of Charles Dickens.

This distinguished novelist, whose name is cherished in so many hearts, both here and in his native country, has, after an earnest and mentally laborious life, passed on to enjoy a wider view of that human nature he painted so well—in a land where faces are not masks and hearts not sepulchres—but where each spirit-brother is the tablet whereon are written the truths of his interior life. From the Daily Press of Friday evening, June 10th, we extract the following telegrams, dated London, June 10th:

Charles Dickens was seized with a fit while dining on Wednesday at his residence at Gad's Hill, near Rochester, in Kent. Dr. Stroud, his family physician, was immediately called, and sent for at midnight, when, becoming much worse, physicians from London were summoned, and several arrived at Gad's Hill on Thursday morning. A consultation was held, and the case was at once pronounced hopeless. The patient sank gradually, and died at fifteen minutes past six last evening. Mr. Dickens has been ill for several days, but not seriously. He had visited Rochester and other points during the present week. All the London papers have obituary articles this morning. The Times says: "The ordinary expressions of regret are now cold and conventional. Millions of people feel a personal bereavement. Statesmen, savans and benefactors of the race, when they die, can leave no such void; they cannot, like this great novelist, be an inmate of every home."

The Daily News says: "Without an intellectual pedigree, his writings form an era in English literature. He was generous, loving and universally beloved."

The Telegraph regards the distinguished dead as a public servant whose task was nobly fulfilled.

A cable telegram brings the following account of the last rites of respect paid to his mortal estate:

London, June 11.—At six o'clock this morning the remains of Charles Dickens were conveyed from his residence at Gad's Hill, by the train, to Charing Cross Station. There waited at the station a plain hearse, without the usual trappings, and three plain coaches. In the first coach were placed the children of the deceased, Charles and Harry Dickens, Mrs. Dickens and Mrs. Charles Collins; in the second were Miss Hogarth, sister-in-law, and Mrs. Clustin, sister of Dickens, Mrs. Charles Dickens, Jr., and John Foster; and in the third coach were Frank Bantock, Charles Collins, Mr. Devery, Willie Collins and Edmund Dickens. The entire party were attired in deep but simple mourning, without bands or scarfs. There was no crowd at Charing Cross Station, and the procession drove at once to Westminster Abbey, where the remains were received by Dean Stanley and other officers and placed in the Poets' Corner, at the foot of Handel and the head of Sheridan, with Macaulay and Cumberland on either side.

The usual flowers were strewn upon the bier. Dean Stanley read the burial service, the coffin was deposited in its final resting-place, and the funeral of Dickens was ended. Upon the coffin plate were inscribed the words, "Charles Dickens, born February 7, 1812, died June 9, 1870." Thousands of citizens have crowded to the Abbey during the day, to look upon the spot where the great novelist rests.

Thus has passed from mortal sight, though not from the field of usefulness, one whom a New York cotemporary truly calls, "The great moralist, the brilliant story-teller, the advocate of the people, the scourge of folly and incompetency in high places, and the genial, kindly apostle for all shortcomings in the lowly and the simple." Mr. Dickens controlled the organism of Mrs. Conant at our Public Free Circle, held Tuesday afternoon, June 14th, and gave some facts in his message, (to be found in another column,) which we hope our London Spiritualist friends who hold the circle he speaks of, will do us the kindness to corroborate, if the facts stated are correct to their knowledge—it being our desire to show to the skeptical public that there was not the slightest possibility of our having known anything concerning the circumstances and occurrences related.

The Spiritual Thought.

In its comments made at the time of the recurrence of Decoration Day, the New York Tribune remarked of the new practice that every religious form has had at the first its animating idea; and therefore, that whenever a good or ennobling idea springs up spontaneously in any nation, it is wisest to let it alone. And from this strain it passed to the contemplation of the ceremonies about to be paid to the memory of those who died in defence of the Union and the freedom it embodies. It admits that no more pure or tender feeling has ever had birth among us than that which inspires these yearly processions and offerings. And it asks if the dead, whose ashes moulder in the decorated graves, may not at the moment be themselves "cheered and comforted by our presence." "Who can tell?" it asks again. "Tribles, perhaps; only a few violets, or a scrap of an old flag; but to those who have passed into that more helpful and more earnest life, where man first forgets to hope and learns to be, the simple, sincere meaning beneath the symbols is read with eyes different from ours; and, even in the midst of that nobler work which God has given them there to do, the poor flowers, the tears falling on the heavy soil, may carry to them, better than we know, the message we would send." We can tell. Spirit soldiers were present on Decoration Day, and mingled their tears—tears of joy, to know that they were thus remembered—with those who placed the floral tributes upon the tombs of their mortal remains.

Spiritualism in Louisiana.

The cause of Spiritualism is gradually extending its influence throughout the Southern States. We are weekly in receipt of correspondence from Texas, Louisiana, Georgia and other localities, where, but a few years since Spiritualism was not advocated. It is highly encouraging to mark these signs of promise, knowing as we do, that the warm nature of the Southern people is a field wherein the good seed once sown shall not be found to be in stony ground, but shall spring up, bringing forth some fifty, and some an hundred fold."

We are informed by Dr. J. E. Spencer, who writes us from Ponchatoula, La., June 8, 1870, that a Spiritualist Convention was held at that place, June 4th and 5th, which was a decided success. The Doctor says reforms of all kinds in that section have to meet with great opposition, but the cause of liberalizing truth is advancing. After giving some account of the mediastimic powers which for many years he has possessed, he refers to his wife, who is also an excellent test medium for speaking and writing, being able to transcribe fluently words "in as many languages as there are spirits to control her." It is the expectation of the Doctor and his lady to lecture once in two weeks at different places in the parish, and he says, "If the interest now manifested continues, we may reasonably hope for good results."

A German Magazine.

E. Steiger's Literarischer Monatsbericht (Literary Monthly Record), the only literary periodical published in the German language in the United States, entered upon its second volume last month. Published in New York.

The Wards of the Government.

The Indian question has at length got into the church. It has been forced upon old theology by such men as Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Col. Tappan and other noblesse. Yes, the subject of protection for the red man, as well as the white man, has even entered the doors of the "Old South Church," in this city. The meeting was held on Sunday evening, June 12th. Speeches were made by Rev. Dr. Manning, Col. Tappan and Wendell Phillips. They were sound in argument, and convincing in point of fact. We only regret that want of space precludes the possibility of their publication entire in these columns. But should any of our readers desire them, they have only to send to the Boston Daily Advertiser office, as that paper of the 13th contains these able addresses. The Advertiser's editorial upon the question at issue coincides so entirely with our own views upon this vital subject that we copy it into the Banner:

The meeting at the Old South last evening was excellent in numbers and spirit. The speeches, which are reported in another column, and the resolutions will command the approval of all whose humane and generous view is not resolutely turned from the Indian. Seldom has so terrible an indictment been drawn up against a nation as that presented by Colonel Tappan against the United States. Other governments have persecuted weak peoples for purposes of self-aggrandizement, for the propagation of a religious system, or in a mere spirit of war and bloodthirstiness. But we have not even these justifications for our treatment of the Indians. The powers of protection have been invoked to arrest and prevent the spread of civilization over the plains of the West. Every acre between the Atlantic and the Pacific is open to the arts, the industries, the manners, the religion of the white man, when those elements of civilization present themselves in the right way. The obstacle is the greedy, dishonest, covetous whites of the border, who stand in the way of civilization and barbarism, and fatten on the irrepressible conflict between the two.

A thousand millions of dollars have been spent by the United States Government to feed the purses of the speculators on the border. General Grant now asks that a change of policy be adopted. He wishes to substitute the interests of the United States for the interests of the Indians, and to break our treaties with them recklessly and openly; the President would observe most solemnly our pledged faith. We have treated them as outlaws; he would extend around them the ample protection of the laws. We have furnished the means for those who would exclude them from civilization; he would offer them every inducement to adapt themselves to our institutions.

This is the stand taken by President Grant, and the meeting last night called upon the moral sentiment of Massachusetts to give him its support. The temper of the meeting indicated no dissent from the resolutions so ably enforced by the different speakers, and we are sure that the meeting represented the community and the State. Seldom has a movement combined so many elements of strength, seldom has a cause commanded itself so forcibly to the heart and the reason of a people, as that of reform in our Indian policy. The assistance just referred to will be of great service to the cause if it has, as it will, the sympathy and the support of those who are always earnest in the encouragement of enlightened and humane enterprises.

Dr. Gardner's Grand Union Picnic.

This gentleman, whose great success in the arrangement and prosecution of picnic excursions in past years gives assurance of a good time wherever he is at work, announces that on Tuesday, the 28th day of June, he will have a grand picnic gathering at Island Pond Grove, Abington, one of the principal features of which will consist in the union, for a day, of the Children's Lyceums of different localities—the two Boston Lyceums, and those of Cambridgeport, Charlestown, Plymouth and Stoneham having decided officially to be present. The representatives of the various organizations will be welcomed by the East Abington Progressive Lyceum, which will turn out with upwards of two hundred and fifty members; and it is expected that from eight hundred to a thousand children will be on the grounds during the day. The adults will be addressed at the speakers' stand by Prof. William Denton and Miss Lizzie Doten. Other well-known workers will also be in attendance, thus giving entertainment to old and young. For full particulars see the Doctor's programme in another part of the present issue.

The warm weather is now with us, and the close air of the city lends all, especially the little ones, to think of green trees and crystal streams. It is to be hoped that all parents will endeavor to go with their families, or falling themselves, at least see that their children are sent to enjoy the refreshing influences of the day. If the weather is favorable, this undoubtedly will be one of the largest gatherings of the season.

Declaring God by Statute.

A petition was presented to the Illinois Constitutional Convention, not long since adjourned, signed by one thousand persons in Randolph County, in favor of the recognition of Almighty God and the Christian religion in the Constitution of the State. The individual presenting the petition did not agree with its subscribers, although he was not unwilling to act as their proper agent in transmitting the request. This is another breaking out of the modern theocratic disease on the body politic. It is a malignant pustule in Pennsylvania, where the Presbyterians have pushed it forward to prominence. Illinois has not paid any attention to it as yet. But the advocates of the notion are bent on carrying their point in spite of all obstacles. They want to establish Christianity by statute. They would convert the common school system into a vast ecclesiastical Sunday School. But will these Solons of the day inform us, to begin with, what effect such a proclamation in a State or the National Constitution would have on the religious beliefs of the people? They know it would have absolutely no effect at all, for wherever God is now publicly recognized in this way, there is not one man in a thousand who was ever aware of it. No; the purpose is to erect an ecclesiastical tyranny in the land, and operate the inquisition of old Puritan Orthodoxy.

"The New Life."

Is the title of another new paper, just started in Baltimore, which adopts for a motto, "Free in thought—fearless in expression." It is a good-sized folio, published by Jones & Co., 135 West Baltimore street, and is neatly printed. We notice several articles in its columns on the subject of Spiritualism, one of which is from the pen of Wash. A. Danskin, Esq. We wish it success. There are free souls enough in Baltimore alone to support it, to say nothing of the thousands all through the South who should subscribe for such a paper.

Sowing the Seed.

Several editors of country newspapers, in private notes, have requested us to allow them to copy original articles from the Banner without giving the customary credit, assigning as a reason that their readers, many of whom are church members, would not read essays copied from a Spiritualistic paper. Our reply was, "Copy as much from our sheet as you please. Let the poor benighted ones have the Light, even though it be reflected through an Orthodox lantern."

The Social Evil.

This subject is agitating the public mind in Europe and America to such a degree that the public press has been forced to discuss the subject, although they approach it with great timidity. A gentleman of culture, who has considered the question one of vital importance, informs us that the evil is fearfully on the increase in our large cities, and that it is gradually working itself into the rural districts. If the evil is not abated by the enactment of salutary laws—such as will not prove dead letters on the statute books of this Commonwealth—we shall be remiss in our duties to posterity. St. Louis is the first city in the nation that has undertaken to regulate the so-called evil by means of laws which recognize its legal existence, brought about in consequence of the failure of every attempt to extirpate or to check its spread by the police authorities. It is quite as difficult to deal with by prohibitory laws as we have found the sale of liquor under our statutes. Its growth and notoriously strong hold in St. Louis, which have defied arrests and enactments, have forced the city authorities, including the Board of Health and the Police Commissioners, to seek for some plan by which the evil could be mitigated and regulated, rather than allow the existing state of affairs, in which the authorities have no control whatever, to continue. The proposed measure, which has been prepared after long consultation, makes it peremptory upon all keepers of houses of ill-fame to register their own names and those of their boarders, to subscribe to the police regulations, pay a regular monthly tax, allow weekly visits and inspection by physicians, whose orders and recommendations they are compelled to obey. All loose women, of whatever class, are to be under similar restrictions; none are to be allowed on the streets, and every inducement is offered those desirous of returning to a better life by making it illegal to collect bills previously incurred unless in case of a return to prostitution. Moreover, a Magdalen Asylum is to be established and maintained by a levy on the various houses of prostitution. These are the main features of the plan which has seemed best to the government of St. Louis, and which looks to the attainment of the same end sought by the "contagious diseases act" in the British Parliament.

To Sustain Our Free Circles.

The expense of maintaining the Banner of Light Public Free Circles is necessarily large—much larger than our readers have any idea of. But we shall not close them until we are absolutely obliged to do so, for we know our spirit friends wish this avenue of communication with the other world to be kept open and free. Our friends in various parts of the country have thus far generously borne a small portion of the expense, for which they have not only our thanks, but the thanks of the spirit-world also.

Mrs. E. A. C. Lincoln, Oregon, says: "In a recent number of the Banner of Light I saw a proposition from one of your subscribers in behalf of your Public Free Circles which I heartily endorse for I think the 'Message Department' very interesting, and especially the 'Questions and Answers.' Your correspondent of March 5th thinks that a yearly tax, from every Spiritualist, of from ten to fifty cents, would aid you materially; and he concludes by saying, 'Let us see how many who take your valuable paper—the Banner—will do likewise.' To which I heartily respond, by pledging myself to pay a yearly tax of fifty cents for the above-mentioned purpose, hoping all true Spiritualists will second the proposition."

A friend in Alabama remits fifty cents for the Public Circles, and promises to send that amount yearly, for, he says, he knows that our Message Department is doing a great amount of good.

From Granby, Missouri, W. F. remits fifty cents in response to the above suggestion, and adds that the Banner is eagerly sought for on account of the "Messages" and its other valuable reading.

S. W. Britton renews his subscription, and adds two dollars for the Free Circle. He never loses the pleasure of attending the Free Circles when he visits the city, he says.

Just Received from London.

The Spiritual Magazine for June, which contains a full account of Dr. J. R. Newton's arrival in England, and a great variety of other interesting matters upon the subject of Spiritualism.

We have also Human Nature for June. It contains an article from the pen of Anna Blackwell, of Paris, on the subject of Re-incarnation; gives an account of Dr. Newton, the American healer; a notice of Mr. J. M. Peebles's lectures in Bradford, and other articles of interest to Spiritualists particularly and the world generally.

We have also on our counter the Medium and Daybreak, issued June 3d. It publishes an article on the "Mission of Spiritualism," the valedictory address of Mr. Peebles, and an account of Dr. Newton's cures at Swinton, etc., etc.

The above periodicals are for sale at this office.

Picnic at Walden Pond, Concord.

Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, and J. S. Dodge, of Boston, announce in another column that they will give the first of a series of "Grand Union Spiritualist Picnics" at this popular locality on Wednesday, July 13th. Other matters are also referred to in the notice, which it would be well for the reader to consider.

This pond and grove are well known to the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, having been the scene of a series of very successful gatherings last summer, under the same Committee of Arrangements, and all who attend this picnic may be sure of a day of enjoyment.

Message from Charles Dickens.

The following message was given at the Banner of Light Public Circle through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, Tuesday afternoon, June 14th, 1870:

I gave a communication at a friend's house in London, between the hours of eight and nine, English time, last evening. They being not, as a Yankee would say, "well posted" in these spiritual matters, have doubted the authenticity of the communication, and they requested, if it was me, that I would come here and acknowledge it as early an hour as possible. I have done so, hoping it may serve them for good. Charles Dickens. I have been permitted to request that you publish my brief message in your next issue.

Confucius.

The "Life and Moral Axioms of Confucius," is the title of a new work compiled from the most reliable sources, and written by Marcus R. K. Wright, of Middleville, Mich. This little work will be nicely printed on fine white paper, will contain some eighty pages of reading matter, and a correct likeness of the great philosopher. The moral axioms of Confucius are a desirable guide in the pursuit of a just and noble life, and are a gem of English literature which should be in the keeping of every person in the land. We shall soon have this book for sale, the price of which will be fifty cents. Orders are solicited.





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