

BANNER OF LIGHT.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Single copies, one year, \$5.00
Six months, \$3.00
Three months, \$1.50
All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.
Money sent at our risk; but where drafts on New York are procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss.
Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent.
All business letters must be addressed, BANNER OF LIGHT, DEITY, COLBY & CO., Boston, MA.

VOL. VII.

{DEITY, COLBY & COMPANY,
Publishers.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.
Payable in Advance.

NO. 22.

Written for the Banner of Light. WEALTH AND WORTH.

BY COLEMAN HENRY.

There are thousands acres bending
With the weight of waving grain;
There are thousands flocks extending
Over valley, hill and plain—
Very many wheels are turning,
Many sails are on the sea,
But among their heaps of treasure,
Not one ounce belongs to me!

I care not who may count the wealth
In the fields of waving grain,
Or who has power to regulate
The commerce of the main;
They cannot issue dividends,
In sunlight, air or sea,
Or bottle up the balmy air,
To retail out to me!

What care I for deeds or titles,
Silver coins and bags of gold?
They to me are naught but trifles—
They are what depraves the soul!
I've a treasure in the mountains,
In the flowers and in the sea;
In the songs of birds and fountains—
These hold treasures dear to me!

Then throw aside thy stately pleasure,
Tread the straight and pleasant road;
Seek, oh, seek a Heavenly treasure,
One that never can corrode!
Learn to love thy great Creator,
Read His works in all abroad;
Strive to be a true partaker,
True to Nature, true to God!

Thatchwood Cottage, 1860.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE MARBLE HEART; OR, THE SCULPTOR OF PARIS.

BY OPHELIA MARQUETTE CLOUTMAN.

[Continued from last week.]

CHAPTER IV.

The summer weeks sped on, and Claude had become a frequent visitor at the villa or country seat of Madame Durand, in the Bois de Boulogne. His studio no longer retained its former attractions for him. Simple home pleasures no longer interested the once loyal-hearted sculptor and devoted son. Life, gay and exciting, was what his perverted soul craved. Fashionable promenades with Hermine and her myriads of friends, who came out from the city to while away a week or two amid the fairy prospects of her rural home, hunting parties, fishing excursions, constituted the daily occupations of the once art-worshipping sculptor. Evening parties at the villas of the numerous Parisians who had established themselves in the Bois de Boulogne for the summer months, and moonlight rides with the false-hearted Hermine, kept Claude almost constantly away from his home—from the society of his mother and the gentle Estelle.

Occasionally, however, the artist sculptor would take temporary possession of the seat of the noble-minded sculptor, and entering his studio he would work diligently for a few hours, until the romantic branch of some promised engagement with Hermine and her friends would set his heart pulsating wildly, put to flight his poetic imaginations, and paralyze his hand for further exertion. Then, suddenly rising to his feet, he would hastily throw aside chisel and hammer, exchange his loose artist costume for a more fashionable toilette, and imprinting hurried kisses upon the cheeks of his mother and Estelle, seek the charmed and poisonous presence of la belle Hermine.

At first, Madame Durand knew not how to account for the sudden change which had come over the heart of her beloved child; but as weeks sped on, and she beheld him at times gay and excited, and again sadly depressed in spirit, she began to tremble lest her darling boy had fallen a victim to the artful artifices of the beautiful aristocrat, Madame Estelle Descares, whom Claude had first met in the Forest of Fontainebleau, and of whose wondrous charms she had often heard him so enthusiastically praise. Victor, her son, who called often, grew tired of being told constantly that his friend was at the Bois de Boulogne. His anxious looks and strongly excited manner when by chance the names of Claude and Hermine Descares were coupled together in conversation, did not escape the observation of the fair Estelle, who, with a degree of wisdom far beyond her years, carefully refrained from mentioning the circumstance to her more than mother, Madame Durand, lest by so doing she might increase her fears in regard to Claude's singular behavior.

When alone, however, Estelle Lavoisier brooded much over the new friendship which her beloved Claude had so recently formed with Hermine Descares. Although the thought of Claude's marrying another girl her gentle heart many a bitter pang, yet her unselfish nature was ready to sacrifice even her own life's happiness to procure that of her dear foster-son's. Her only fear in relinquishing Claude to the hands of another, was that the object of his soul's adoration might not thoroughly appreciate and value the boundless wealth of a love like his. Should this be the case, she felt that such a union would only be productive of extreme wretchedness to both parties, while the genius she had held in such high estimation would be lost to the world, through the caprice and folly of a vain and unprincipled woman, who was alike incapable of estimating properly the love or the talents of such a man.

One afternoon, Victor Chariton called at the residence of Madame Durand and her son, and learned that the latter was hard at work in his studio. The door being slightly ajar, the light-hearted orphan took the liberty of entering his friend's sanctum unannounced.

Before an unfinished statue, whose classical features bore a strong resemblance to those of Hermine Descares, sat Claude Durand, his dark eyes

fixed wildly upon the marble face before him, to whom he seemed to be alternately addressing words of tenderness and bitter reproaches. Diving at a glance the cause of his friend's most unnatural manner, Victor advanced quietly from behind, and touched him lightly upon the shoulder. The excited sculptor started, and, rising from his seat, confusedly grasped the hand of his editor friend.

"You see, my dear fellow, that I have stolen in upon you like a thief in the night. The truth is, Claude, that I am so enamored with fashionable life in Paris, that it seems good once in a while to leave both city and ceremony behind, and descend upon my suburban friends in this most uncouth sort of way. Bless me, boy, what are you? Why, your hand is like a burning coal, and your cheeks are deep crimson. I hope you're not going to have a fever, Claude," and the kind-hearted Victor placed the sculptor once more in the chair from which he had a moment before risen, and drawing up a stool beside him, threw himself into a listening attitude.

"No, no, Victor, I assure you I am quite well, with the exception of a slight headache," and Claude Durand pressed his hand suddenly to his brow, while an expression of severe pain overspread his flushed countenance.

"Come, come, Claude, there is no use in your trying to deceive me in this matter. You are suffering physical pain at this very moment, and I consider it my duty to inform your mother and Estelle of the fact, who thought you hard at work here in your studio, and so sent me to surprise you," and Victor, his countenance betraying signs of dismay, quickly rose from his seat and started for the door, intending to call Madame Durand.

"Stop, Victor, I entreat you to stop!" cried Claude, convulsively grasping the arm of his alarmed comrade. Pray do not increase my mother's fears. Is it not enough, Chariton, that I have of late refused her confidence and society, which she values as her life, for the vague hope of winning a love that has already lured me beyond the precincts of reason by its fatal fascination, without burdening her mind with fresh sorrows? Oh, Victor, the truth of your words to me in the Forest of Fontainebleau, I fear, has been realized. For weeks I have hung upon the smiles of Hermine, anticipating her slightest wish and humoring her every whim, fancying that she, the most beautiful statue, of my dreams, would sooner or later repay me in a measure for my great devotion by bestowing upon me her heart and hand.

"Zounds, man, are you a lunatic, that you still delude yourself with such a fantasy?" interrupted Victor, petulantly. "Did I not warn you at the outset against the Siren-like fascinations of Hermine Descares?" and the excited editor began to pace the room with rapid steps and a countenance indicative of anger.

"Much as I revere your friendship, Victor," said Claude, a little haughtily, "I cannot bear your anger. One thing is certain, Chariton; if you ought to be in the future, be assured that you are in no way blameable. Thus far, I have been the author of my own misfortunes," and covering his face with his hands, the wretched sculptor sank despairingly into his chair again.

The sympathetic heart of Chariton was touched. "Pardon my hasty spirit, dear Claude," he said, remorsefully; "I meant not to offend but to reprove you for your past folly, which is maddening your brain and dwarfing your genius. Stay, will you not listen to my counsel, and save yourself from the frightful abyss which yawns, black-mouthed, at your feet?" and the editor's tones were those of earnest entreaty.

"Victor, you are my friend!" rejoined Claude, at the same time uncovering his face, upon which traces of tears were still visible. "Sit down; let us talk calmly and rationally upon this subject."

The noble-souled editor obeyed; but just then the low, musical voice of Estelle Lavoisier was heard in the chamber above, singing an "Ave Maria." Chariton leaned back in his chair, and sat like one entranced, while the despairing expression upon the countenance of Claude gradually faded into one of mild serenity.

At its conclusion Chariton could restrain himself no longer, but springing to his feet, said, earnestly, "Heavens, what a voice! One would think that the owner of it had but just dropped down from the clouds for the express purpose of converting sinners like you and I, Claude."

"Yes, Estelle has indeed a charming voice, and what is still better, possesses a warm and sympathizing heart," said Claude, mournfully.

"A truth that I am glad to see you have at last discovered, my friend," rejoined Chariton, rather earnestly. "For my own part I should wish for no greater happiness in this miserable world, than to call such a pure-minded and lovely girl as this Estelle seems to be—wife! One thing is certain, Durand; if you don't marry her before a twelve month passes by, I shall—that is, of course, if she is willing to share the ups and downs of a literary man's life!" and Chariton looked so thoroughly serious that Claude had no doubt as to the truthfulness of his friend's assertion.

"Henceforth, Victor," said Claude, gravely, "I shall consider you my rival for favor in the eyes of Estelle. Well, she is worthy of a good man's love. Had I never seen Hermine, Chariton, I might at this moment hold in my grasp the happiness which you so much covet. That my mother desires such a union you well know Chariton, while Estelle herself would not, I am sure, long remain inaccessible to any degree of affection I might so fitly bestow upon her. Alas for the future happiness of both, that the peerless Hermine should so cruelly step between us!" and the old despairing look once again returned to Claude's face.

"Were you my brother, Claude, I should at once pronounce you a fool! but as you are not, I shall content myself by calling you a love-stick again, equally devoid of reason and of pride. Why do you still cling to a hope that has proved false to so many of your own sex? Has Madame Estelle Hermine

shown you any especial preference when in the society of men of wealth and position, that you should thereby delude yourself with the idea that she will ever consent to marry you? Answer me, Claude."

"No, I cannot say that she has," replied the love-intoxicated sculptor, thoughtfully. "Her caprices are to me so strange and unaccountable, Victor, that I find myself constantly vacillating between hope and despair. Truly she changes her moods with her dresses. One moment she invites upon me her choicest smiles; the next she freezes me by her studied coldness. Statue of my dreams! in vain I try to throw into the cold marble one single spark of the divine fire which at times irradiates her classical features. Last night, insulted by that brainless fop Pussard, and roused to jealousy by the apparent delight with which she received that monied fop's attentions, I left her house indignantly, secretly vowing never to enter her presence again."

"So that you stick to your resolution! Summon up all the pride and firmness you possess, and turn the cold shoulder to her foolish caprices as she does to yours, man, and I'll guarantee you'll be all right in a few days. But hark, some one knocks. I hope no one has overheard our conversation."

"A note for Monsieur Durand," said Claude's mother, as she entered the presence of Victor and her son in obedience to the latter's early "come in."

"It is from Madame Estelle Descares! I imagine, as her carriage is at the door."

"Yes, yes, you are right, dear mother, it is from Madame Estelle Descares, who was thrown from her horse while riding with Monsieur Ponsard this morning, and has sent for me to console her in her temporary indisposition. Please ask Estelle to fetch me my new pistol, the one that was sent me from Paris last night. Victor, you I know will excuse me," the excited sculptor exclaimed, as he threw off his loose velvet jacket. "You see after all, that this is no delusion—that Hermine loves me!"

Estelle appeared with the new garment which Claude made haste to put on; rushing about his studio, overturning busts and models much after the fashion of a madman.

Chariton could withhold his indignation no longer. "Claude, you surely will not break your resolution so soon," cried Chariton reproachfully. Then turning to Madame Durand he added, "Madame, you must unite your entreaties with my own to urge your son to remain at home. Estelle, say to the coachman that Monsieur Durand is himself ill, and cannot go," and Chariton held out his hand to restrain the fever-flushed man.

"May, my dear boy, do not leave us," said Madame Durand, weeping violently. "Estelle shall nurse you, while I myself will take your excuse to Madame Estelle Descares."

"Do stay with us, dear brother," said Estelle, her blue eyes filling with tears, as she knelt imploringly at his feet.

"Nay, I cannot!" exclaimed Claude struggling to be free. "Hermine is my destiny; I must and will obey her commands. Adieu dear mother, adieu Estelle, I shall soon rejoin you."

"Claude, madman that you are! will you still be deaf to the counsels of your friend, the entreaties of your mother, the tears of Estelle?" exclaimed Victor, passionately, as the excited sculptor wrenched himself free from his embrace. "Is your heart like hers, cold as marble, that you thus recklessly endanger your health, and break those loving hearts? Oh, accursed woman! this is thy greatest sin!"

"In vain you reproaches, Victor. Honor, pride, reason, have all deserted me! She is my fate, my life! While Hermine loves me, I cannot distel her, no, I cannot! And with a loud, hysterical laugh, Claude Durand dashed out of the house, entered the carriage in waiting, and was soon on his way to the Bois de Boulogne, leaving his friend Chariton to console his mother and Estelle as best he could.

CHAPTER V.

It was the middle of October, and nearly all the summer residents of the Bois de Boulogne had returned to their winter quarters at Paris, and among them the peerless beauty Hermine Descares, and her assiduous cavaliers, Monsieur Ponsard, and the Viscount de Chateaubriand.

For full five weeks Claude Durand had been confined to his chamber by illness produced by great mental excitement, and the exposure upon the occasion of his last visit to Hermine. A violent brain fever which had more than once threatened death, kept the gentle Estelle constantly at his bedside, night and day, a thing which Madame Durand's poor health would not allow her to do, although it was by the stern commands of the old physician, that she consented to let even Estelle supply the place of chief watcher at the couch of the invalid.

Sad and despondent the gentle girl maintained her post at the bedside of the suffering sculptor, listening in his hours of delirium to his wild ravings after Chariton, and his constant order for Hermine to leave him from the jaws of death; secretly hoping within her own heart that either one or the other of Claude's cherished friends would find their way to the sick-room of him who in his moments of unconsciousness still cherished their memory. At last Victor came, to the great solace of Madame Durand and her protegee. Presuming that he had mortally offended Claude by his very plain talk upon the occasion of his last visit at the old homestead, he had carefully kept away for nearly three weeks, until a presentiment that his friend was ill, urged him once more toward the sculptor's dwelling.

Surprised at finding his old schoolmate so dangerously sick, he consulted with Estelle and the young man's mother as to the expediency of informing Madame Estelle Hermine of Claude's illness, and of requesting her to visit him. The old physician's opinion being solicited in the matter, he at once agreed with the rest, that the presence of Madame Estelle Descares might have the effect of quieting his patient's terribly disturbed brain. Accordingly a note was despatched to that cold-hearted beauty by Estelle, requesting her immediate presence at the residence of Madame Durand. Some two hours

afterward the messenger returned—having been kept waiting full half an hour before he could see the lady, who was practicing duets upon the piano with her friend Madame Estelle Montfort, and would not be disturbed—bearing the verbal answer "that Madame Estelle Descares was sorry to hear of Monsieur Durand's severe illness, but owing to her extreme business in preparing for her return to Paris, would not be able to call upon her friend as requested."

This refusal upon the part of Hermine was a great blow to the hearts of Madame Durand and Estelle, who had hitherto been disposed to be more charitable toward the sickly-minded beauty than Monsieur Chariton, who declared her to be a soulless and unprincipled woman.

Madame Estelle Montfort, who remained in the country some time after her friend's departure, called frequently, attended by her affianced lover, the Viscount de Chateaubriand, to inquire after Monsieur Durand's health, and tender him the use of her carriage whenever he felt strong enough to ride out. From these visits of Madame Estelle Montfort, Estelle learned the fact that Monsieur Ponsard was the accepted lover of Hermine, and that they would probably be united during the coming winter, as the Parisian millionaire was impatient to claim his fair bride. Chariton's letters to Madame Durand confirmed the report, and both Estelle and Madame Durand concluded that it would be better to inform Claude of the circumstance at once, that his return to health might not be impeded by a renewal of hopes that might never be realized upon his part.

The invalid received the announcement of Hermine's engagement with composure, and almost in silence; asking but few questions about her or her gay companions, who had been his chief associates during the summer.

With returning health, Claude again commenced his labors in his long deserted studio, renewing to his mother and the faithful Estelle the devotion and attention which he had so long neglected to exercise. Once again the angel of happiness hovered over the dwelling of Madame Durand; but, alas! it was of brief duration, for with returning health came also the remembrance of his past griefs, including a melancholy so profound that not even Estelle's sweet singing and agreeable conversation could dissipate it for any length of time. His physician proposed a change of scene in the shape of an occasional trip to Paris for the day, a visit to the Louvre, or an evening at the Theatre Francaise, all of which Claude himself disapproved—perhaps through his meeting Hermine again—until hearing Chariton discourse most enthusiastically upon Estelle's performance in "Le Prophete," and remembering Estelle's fondness for music, he determined to give his dear foster-sister an evening's pleasure at the opera.

The young girl was delighted with Claude's proposal, more particularly on her brother's account than her own, having read in books of the salutary effects produced by fine music upon melancholic and disordered minds. Madame Durand was also included in the invitation, but gently declined, declaring that her days for theatre-going were quite over.

Having partaken of an early tea one pleasant afternoon in the beginning of the month of November, Claude, accompanied by his fair companion, Estelle, to whom he now showed all the tenderness of a devoted lover, took the diligence for Paris, where they expected to meet the true-hearted editor of "Le Moniteur," who was to bear them company at the opera, and who had, at Claude's request, secured rooms for Estelle and himself at one of the fashionable hotels in Paris.

Arrayed in her white opera cloak, with its silken lining of azure silk—the dainty gift of the young sculptor a few days before—her golden curls falling in lavish profusion about her spiritual, Madonna-like face, her blue eyes beaming with the light of joyous expectation, Claude Durand could not help conferring to himself that such angelic beauty was rarely met with upon earth.

Forcing his way through the crowded corridors, with the trembling girl leaning gracefully upon his strong arm, the handsome sculptor at last arrived at the box appropriated to his use, where they found their friend Chariton already awaiting them. An expression of deep admiration involuntarily burst from the lips of Victor, as his eyes took in at a single glance the pure and heavenly beauty of the face before him; but suddenly recovering himself, he shook hands with Claude, addressed some few complimentary words to the blushing Estelle in regard to her personal appearance, inquired politely after the health of Madame Durand, and seating himself beside Claude, began talking very seriously about some political scheme at that time occupying public attention in Paris.

The orchestra ceased playing, and the curtain rose upon the spacious stage of the Grand Opera House, revealing to the view of the large and brilliant assemblage present, the splendid scenery and gorgeous dresses of the crowd of well-dressed supernumeraries, which the ballet master of the theatre gloried in. The scene was a novelty to Estelle Lavoisier, who, though in the habit of accompanying her parents to the concerts of M. Julien, in her childhood, and quite outgrown the remembrance of sights which at that early age dazzled her youthful senses.

Numberless loggiettes were raised toward the box where were seated our happy trio, and many speculations passed from lip to lip of the fashionable audience present, concerning this handsome couple, who had so suddenly burst like a couple of stars upon the Parisian world, and with whom the satirical editor of "Le Moniteur" seemed to enjoy an intimate acquaintance.

Grisi and Mario appeared—the wondrous Italian eyes of the lyric queen emitting from their midnight depths such luminous beams of heartfelt tenderness as might well have fired with love the soul of the youthful poet. Motionless as a statue, Claude Durand sat with one hand supporting his finely shaped head, watching with fascinated gaze the regal gestures and passionate acting of Grisi, turn-

ing at the close of each act to watch with proudly kindling eyes the effect of such delicious music and wonderfully effective acting upon the glowing countenance of the beautiful girl, whose crimson cheeks and moist eyes told all too plainly that a pure and sensitive soul had been roused to earnest sympathy by the seeming reality of the scene enacted.

At the commencement of the third act, Victor Chariton—who had all along been congratulating himself upon their good fortune in not having encountered the odious presence of Madame Estelle Descares—discovered with alarm that the fascinating but false-hearted Hermine was just entering an opposite stage box, accompanied by her fashionable friends, Madame Estelle Montfort and the Viscount de Chateaubriand. Throwing off her crimson cloak, the haughty beauty advanced to a front seat in the box, looking in her snowy satin robe and pearl adornments, like a freshly obliterated piece of sculpture.

A low murmur of admiration ran through the house at her appearance, and nearly every eye present, save that of the young sculptor—whose dark orbs were firmly riveted upon the majestic figures of Grisi—was turned upon the aristocratic beauty, whose subtle powers of fascination had first won, then blighted the hearts of so many of her admirers. Victor Chariton noticed the quick, nervous start, which Hermine gave, as she recognized the handsome features of her former admirer, Claude Durand; then, as if for the ostensible purpose of hiding her emotion, turned to her friends with a light laugh, and inquired who that baby-faced girl was in Monsieur Durand's box, to whom Monsieur Chariton was striving to make himself so agreeable.

The information which she received from Madame Estelle Montfort (who, at heart, envied her friend's superior beauty), and the Viscount (who was a discarded lover of la belle Hermine, and therefore by no means sincere in his professed friendship for her), appeared to arouse a feeling akin to jealousy in the breast of the handsome aristocrat, for from that moment she seemed to bend all her energies to the task of attracting the attention of the poor sculptor.

Victor saw the rose that momentarily desert the cheeks of Estelle, as he whispered in her ear that the lady opposite in satin and pearls was Madame Estelle Descares; but made haste to observe that Claude's attention seemed so thoroughly control in Grisi, that he had not, in all probability, noticed the entrance of the artful coquette.

For a long time Hermine Descares exerted herself to the utmost to attract the notice of Claude, who sat like one spell-bound, his eyes fastened upon the superb woman before him, whose every note and movement seemed to tighten the chain which held him in her power. Significant looks and meaning smiles passed between Madame Estelle Montfort and her lover, which told more plainly than words that her envious friends greatly enjoyed the mental disturbance of Hermine, which her ruffled countenance so clearly betrayed. At the finale of the third act, when Mario and Grisi were singing a duet with that cool abandon which occasionally characterizes the performance of artists whose fame has long been trumpeted to the world, the artful Hermine contrived to let drop from her hand the elegant pearl loggietto which Monsieur Ponsard, her assiduous lover, had presented her with only a few evenings previous.

The fall of the opera glass to the unoccupied stage, where it lay shivered in a hundred pieces, startled the performers in the midst of their song, and turned the eyes of all present toward the box where sat Hermine Descares, laughing heartily at the accident which had just occurred. At that moment the eyes of Claude and Hermine met. A look of joyful recognition swept over the features of the haughty beauty, and before Estelle and Victor could so far recover from their sudden fright as to heed what was passing, Claude Durand had seized his hat, and dashing out of the box, was soon seated at the side of the false-hearted Hermine, who received the young sculptor with smiles and congratulations, that made even Madame Estelle Montfort look agape, remembering how sincerely her friend had spoken of Claude when walking with her and the Viscount upon the Boulevards that very morning.

Before the opera was finished, Estelle begged Victor to escort her to the hotel, where apartments had been engaged for Claude and herself for the night; declaring that the extreme heat of the theatre had given her a bad headache. Monsieur Chariton willingly complied with his fair companion's request, feeling so inwardly vexed with Claude for having yielded a second time to the fatal fascinations of the ruthless coquette Hermine, as to have lost all further interest in the performance of "Le Prophete."

The following morning, upon Claude's coming to Estelle's room to conduct her to the breakfast table, he informed his foster-sister that it would be impossible for him to return home with her that day, as he had several business matters to attend to, and would probably occupy his entire time for a day or two. That afternoon, after placing Estelle in the diligence, Claude returned to the hotel, re-engaged his room, and arranging his toilette with care, set out for the residence of Madame Estelle Descares.

CHAPTER VI.

"Hermine, dearest Hermine, I began to think that you were never going to grant me audience again!" exclaimed Claude Durand, half gay, half reproachfully, as a servant ushered him into the elegant boudoir of Madame Estelle Descares late one evening.

"Indeed!" said Hermine, slowly turning from the mirror in which she had been surveying her stately figure, clad in a robe of costly lace, a wreath of delicate orange blossoms encircling her beautiful head, and coldly offering her hand to the young sculptor—"I was not aware that you had called before today."

"Yes, I have been here every morning for the past week, but have been told by your servant that you were not at home."

"True, I have been very busy of late, so much so

as to exclude myself from nearly all society. A cousin probably was not aware that Monsieur Durand was an old friend of his mistress, also he had admitted you. I hope your health still remains good, Claude," and the heartless beauty coldly motioned the pale and haggard-looking man before her to a seat beside her on a velvet lounge.

"With the exception of a violent pain in my head, which prevents my sleeping much nights, I am as well as usual," replied the young man, a little mournfully.

"Monsieur Ponsard was telling me this morning," said Hermine, with a slight toss of her handsome head, "that you were going to return to Italy again, as statue-making is rather more profitable in that country than in France."

"This is something quite new to me, I assure you, Hermine; for I have never had a thought of leaving my native country again for a moment!" answered Claude, with a look of deep surprise.

"Well, I suppose this is only another of Monsieur Ponsard's terrible blunders," replied the fair coquette with a faint smile. "By the way, how is that little wild-flower Estelle, whom I saw you with at the opera some two months since? Do you know, Claude, I sometimes think that you will marry that sunny-haired little creature, for Monsieur Chariton says you are both by far too fond of each other to remain in the relation of brother and sister much longer," and an arch smile played about the finely-chiseled lips of Hermine Descares.

"Monsieur Chariton has no right to make such an assertion!" replied Claude, vexedly. "Have I not absented myself from her presence for full two months, Hermine; that I might prove to the world my great devotion for you? For a day or two past I have had a strange presentiment that all is not well with my mother. Something impels me to turn my steps homeward. Fired with this resolution, I came hither on the eve of my departure, to repeat in words, what my looks and actions must have told you for months past, that I fondly, madly love you; and would make you my wife!" and the excited man threw himself at the feet of the haughty beauty and wept passionately.

"No, your wife, Claude!" exclaimed Hermine, proudly, at the same time motioning the weeping man to rise from his humble position at her feet. "Methinks you are beside yourself, Monsieur Durand! Do you not know that I am to be married to-morrow night? that these are my bridal robes?" and the scornful beauty rose and confronted him full in the face.

"Mortful heavens! do I hear aright? I thought," he added, falteringly, "that you were desirous for a party."

"No, I was just trying on my bridal costume when you were announced, and so did not stop to change it," replied the base-hearted girl, in tones of rare melody. "I feared you would be half vexed with me, Claude," she continued, with a deceitful smile, "for keeping this matter secret from you so long; but both Monsieur Ponsard and the Viscount agreed that it would afford you a pleasant surprise. Tell me, how do you like Monsieur's bridal gift?" she said, as she displayed a rich diamond bracelet from one arm, she placed the shining bauble in the sculptor's hand. "I have long desired such a set," she said, with childish delight, as she touched her taper finger lightly to the dazzling gems that encircled her swan-like throat and glowed upon her gently heaving breast. "You see I am all arrayed, with the exception of my veil, which Madame Aubrey promised to send me early in the morning."

"Hermine!" interrupted the sculptor, bitterly, at the same time returning the bracelet to his companion's arm, "can it be possible that you are to sell yourself for these diamonds? Is human happiness so light a thing that you are ready to sacrifice it for fine clothing and costly gems? Oh, Hermine, tell me that your soul is above such traffic; that you are the same beautiful, true-hearted woman I have ever believed you; that you have been led blindfold into an engagement which your heart does not sanction!" and the excited sculptor bent forward to clasp the fair form in his arms—as he had oft done before.

"Monsieur Durand!" said Hermine, indignantly, as she eluded his embrace, "know that I am neither a fool, nor the tool of other people! This union with Monsieur Ponsard has long been mediated, and I think that you, as well as the rest of my friends, will agree that common-sense, if not love, has actuated me in my choice."

"Hermine, listen to me. Retract this promise, so rashly made. Send back these glittering baubles to him who is unworthy of you; accept my proffered love, and I will toil by night and day to procure fame and wealth for your sake!" and Claude Durand once more bent the knee before the fashion-spotted beauty.

"Claude Durand," answered Hermine, in trembling tones, "while I admit your devotion, I must still refuse your love. I grant that the thing has cost even me as heartless as Hermine Descares is supposed to be, an effort to overcome. But, Claude," and the young girl's voice grew strangely harsh, "I have given my word to Monsieur Ponsard, and my great pride of spirit, (my mother's only bequest to her child), will not permit me to recall it, even to save me both a lifetime's misery. No, Claude, I am resolved to wed this man of gold! therefore I beseech you to tempt me no more with your promises of love and future happiness. It is gold—yellow, shining gold—that brings us friends, and the miserable commodity we poor mortals call happiness, in this world, Claude!" and the hazel eyes of the proud-souled coquette grew cold and heartless with pride.

"Well, Hermine," said Claude, with injured pride, "since you reject the poor sculptor's fervent proposals of love, I will leave you to sacrifice yourself upon the golden altar which Monsieur Ponsard has built for you. I sincerely hope you will never repent the choice you have made—at least, while Claude Durand lives—for he could not bear to see you suffer, though to me you have been cruelly false!

Glean his silver rim appears. We wander on far away from the lake; the mountains are lighted up with the most gorgeous hues of heaven. The full moon is up—and we enter the Black Valley. How solemn grow the shadows of the mountains. The rocks put on mysterious forms—the air is hushed and still, save when broken by our voices, and then we are startled for the orange glow we back whisper for whisper. There is one sight which we strongly advise every visitor of Killarney to behold, even at the risk of some inconvenience—a row of twelve miles, under the light of the summer moon. As we entered the lake hours ago we marked every form of hill and island. They are now all blended in one faint tint, when

"A tablecloth
Turns forth her silver lining on the night,"
or suddenly touched with the partial light of the full moon, which renders them even more indistinct in the unobdurate splendor. In the evening glow we saw the heron fishing. The startled owl now flaps by us: "We rest once more under Glena, and there in the silence of night we hear the mountain echo to the bugle with its unearthly voice."

Parvill indeed to Killarney. The car is ready to bear us to Kinnegor—"The Irish jaunting car." Our way lies by the new road—a great work, unsurpassed, perhaps, in the kingdom, for its picturesque character. It climbs the mountains, and cuts through the rocks, heedless of obstacles. Tourists have been somewhat in the habit of choosing this way as an entrance to the beauties of Killarney; but we consider the coming by railway from Mallow, and gradually coming upon the scene, far preferable. Here the beauties are at once revealed, and the first impression from this point must be ineffable; and being struck mute with admiration, in our humble opinion, is not to be compared to a growing admiration. As we draw near Glengarriff—"the rough glen," although we had a foretaste of the rich tints we were about to enjoy, more admiration, speechless wonder, may well express our ideas of the first view of it, and the great air of Danby Day, from the grand road now completed from Kinnegor. Language fails entirely to convey even a limited idea of the exceeding beauty of this glen. It has been the theme of every traveler, and is worthy indeed of the praise lavished upon it by Welf, Willede, Ingles, North, Knight, O'way, and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. Before such an array of names our task looks indeed; when we contemplate anything like a description. We do not hesitate to compare our emotions with "Hail."

Glengarriff is a deep Alpine valley, enclosed by precipitous hills, about three, perhaps four miles wide, and not over a quarter of a mile broad. You have every variety of outline, form and elevation to characterize its mountains. Hungry Mountain, with its central of over 800 feet; Sugar Loaf, so conical, bare and white, with its quartz ore formation; Silver Gull, the pathway of the fairies. Every hill has its peculiar interest, and each, according to the time of day, or state of the atmosphere, presents a wonderfully mutable picture—gloomy or bright, near or distant; valleys laughing in sunshine, or lost in melting, undefined mists of shade. It is endowed by nature with the richest gifts of wood and water. The trees are graceful in form, luxuriant in foliage, and strikingly varied in character. Here rippling along the stream, there rushes the strong river, and here, thunders the foaming cataract—all fed by rains collected in the mountains.

Beyond all is the bay with its numerous islands, one of which guards it that it has the aspect of a serene lake. The artist cannot do it justice—the pen is laid aside in despair. Imagine the broad scene, unlike any other of its sister glens with its towering meadows, morasses, and bogs, but the most apparently tumultuous, yet actually relatively regular expanse of rocks over seen. Imagine the broad ocean, when the storm is riding in fury on its waves. Imagine the waves tossing in the wildest confusion, until a ship's mast would not be visible in the troughs made by its gigantic swell—then suppose the voice of Jehovah had suddenly arrested the angry ocean and left it fired forever as an instance of his wonders in the deep; suppose this, and you see Glengarriff. We never read, or heard of, or saw, a place so wild and yet so beautiful. We never beheld such a prospect! Mountains, bays, islands, and in the distance the broad Atlantic rolling placidly in to kiss a shelving shore. Nothing can be more delicious, more varied, more enchanting, than was this panoramic view bounding you in on all sides. But if we were at loss how to get on in Glengarriff for stopping to look at some new variety in the scene, we are now as fully at loss how to bid adieu to the subject. We are aware that our poor pen has done little justice to the scene, and well we know if our readers were but an hour in the fairy realm, they would be accorded by them a most felicitous description who conveyed a correct idea of this curious glen. The sketcher it is true may catch the character and convey the idea of some isolated spot; the painter may throw upon his canvas some of those wonderful combinations of light and shade that lend such a happy, yet changeful glory to some selected scene; but the whole panorama, save but to him who must be lost, for the pencil, the palette and the pen are unequal to the task.

In closing, we can only say, that since our visit to Killarney, it has become associated with our dreams of happiness; it was to us a vision of beauty, of peacefulness, of loveliness. We can still reposit the ruins of Aghavea, with its boaps of the relics of nobility, Ross with a memorable castle, and Innisfallen, sweet Innisfallen—we have but to close our eyes, and there it is, sleeping like an enchanted charm on the bosom of the crystal lake. It is a hallowed lake—hallowed by the fascinating romance of ages—each tree, each rock, and every fairy bay.

As glimmering lakes that sleep among
Those grand old Irish mountains,
Which towering like the arching skies,
And feed thee with their fountains;
Full many a year shall pass away,
In time's great round of days,
And many a sun shall rise and set,
Ere I forget thy beauty.

And many a thought shall wander back
To Lough Leane's fairy islands,
And memory many a tale recall
Of its smiling highlands.
Well those the lonely monks of old,
Sweet Innisfallen's glory—
A realm of bliss, a paradise—
"St. Columba's ancient story."
Well might the good O'Donnoghue,
Adored by lord and vassal,
Have scorned the hated Sullivan,
Within Ross' towering castle;
For many a missile rudely hurled,
Left in its walls no bad rent;
"T was well he lived and well he died,
Ere Armstrong's cannon's advent.

Farwell to thee, proud Carran Taal!
Prize be for that emotion,
When from thy brow I first beheld
The glimmer of the ocean.
Adieu to thee old Killarney,
Whose name we never plumed;
Adieu indeed, for we're again,
My foot shall press thy summit.

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fairies hatched in her crinoline.

A DIALOGUE.

MYSTIC. EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—The following lines were written more than nine years ago, merely to relieve an unusual feeling of sadness for which I could not account. The lines seemed strange as they dropped rapidly from my pencil, for I had never given the last farewell to any young friend. I read them hastily and laid them away without another thought. This was in April, early the following August, away from home, I stood by the death-bed of a dearly loved cousin, of my own age. Some weeks after returning home, I accidentally found these lines, which had been entirely forgotten. I again read them—now with the deep sorrow of one who had for the first time seen the loved person through the eternal portals—and it seemed like a prophecy.

East Halloway, July, 1880.

Tell the bell I—sally, slowly,
For a gentle spirit's fled
Dear her to the churchyard lowly,
There to sleep among the dead.
Tell the bell I—sally, slowly,
For the mourners gather there,
Weeping sore, with spirits low,
For the lost, the loved, the fair.
Tell the bell I—sally, slowly,
O'er the bier of her they love;
For they know how joyfully
Her pure spirit soared above.
Tell the bell I—oh, solemnly!
While one last fond look they cast
On those features pale and lovely,
Let them gaze—it is their last!
Tell the bell I—oh, solemnly!
For it speaks to every heart
Of the loved and the departed,
Causing tears a fresh start.
Tell the bell I—oh, solemnly!
While the dust returns to dust,
And bid all the weeping mourners
In their Heavenly Father trust.
Tell the bell I—with muted pealing,
With a sad, yet soothing tone:
Like to music, sweetly stealing
O'er the spirit sad and lone.
Tell the bell I—oh, more, and softly,
Speaking to each heart in love,
That one pure, rejoicing spirit
Now has found her home above.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

WITCHCRAFT AND SPIRITUALISM.

An Address delivered at the Spiritualist Convention,
Providence, R. I., August 1st, 1880.

BY HON. FREDERICK ROBINSON, OF MIDDLEBURY, MASS.

I propose to make a few remarks before this audience upon the subject of witchcraft, as identical with mesmerism and spirit-manifestations, and show how it came into the world, and how it was finally driven out. About a century before the Christian Era, a state of skepticism in relation to spiritual things began to prevail, and spread throughout the then civilized world, until an open or secret disbelief infected all classes of society, and religion was regarded as a mere fashionable accomplishment. The chief priests, the scribes and pharisees, while performing the sacrifices prescribed in the Bible, in conformity with ancient faith, often laughed in their sleeves at the miserable farce. And the priests of Grecian and Roman mythology, while devotionally examining the entrails of beasts, and drawing auguries from the flight of birds, while praying to Jupiter, to Mars, to Venus, to Mercury, and to any of their thousand gods—were often infidels at heart, until the people lost all faith and hope in the immortality of the soul, and society degenerated into a state of materialism and corruption like that of the present time. Then ascended the prayer of humanity for more spiritual light, and it was answered in the advent of Jesus, when the spirit-world came down, and through the meek and lowly children of men, gave living evidences of immortality. And we read that the common people received them gladly; but they were rejected by the church and the priesthood, the proud, the rich and the learned, with scorn and contempt.

Jesus was in constant communion with the angel world, and went about doing good—healing the sick, working miracles, and preaching the gospel of love and good will to men. And after his crucifixion, he appeared to his disciples in his angel-form, and commissioned them to go from place to place, and preach the gospel, healing the sick, working miracles, and exhibiting all the wonders of spirit-manifestations as evidences of the immortality of the soul. When they were persecuted in one city, he commanded them to flee to the next, but to take no thought what they should say, for it should be given them what to say in the self same hour, when angel eloquence should flow from their unlearned lips with such power and beauty of expression, as to confound the learned, and cause them to exclaim, "How can these men do these things, having never learned letters?" He said he would be with them, and enable them to work miracles greater than any he himself had been able to perform while in the body, so that they might even take up serpents or drink any deadly poison without injury, and these signs were to follow them that believed, without limitation of time. But they met with the constant opposition and persecution of the old Jewish church, and of the ancient Grecian, and Roman church of many gods, which then set upon the throne of the world and swayed the minds of the people at her will. For ages, the true followers of Jesus were regarded everywhere as the offscourings of the earth. They were denounced as atheists, and were destroyed wherever they could be found. They were made to fight with wild beasts, in arenas and theatres for the amusement of the people. They were driven to take up their abodes in the tombs, the catacombs, the dens and the caverns of the earth. They were slandered as free-lovers, and even as guilty of leucostomus and promiscuous cohabitations. But the communion of angels was their constant support in all their trials and sufferings, and spiritual manifestations were their only means of convincing and converting the unbelieving people around them.

Such was the spiritual power of the church while she was persecuted, while she was humble, while she was pure. Then the spiritual candlesticks of the church illumined the darkness around her. But when she became popular, and could no longer resist the temptations of mammon, and say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," then the spiritual candlesticks, the light of inspiration in the church went out; and the church, from being the persecuted, became the most cruel persecutor. After the church had obtained worldly power, and had elevated her head upon the throne of the world, and trampled beneath her feet the ancient Grecian and Roman Church of many gods, then the old church in her turn, from being the persecutor, became the persecuted; and her disciples scattered, impoverished, and humbled, became purified by oppression. Worldly adversity quickened into life their spiritual aspirations, and true Spiritualism revived, and true spirit manifestations reappeared in their assemblies, converting them into sincere and earnest believers in the immortality

of the soul, while still adhering to the tenets of ancient mythology. This old religion consisted in the belief of a spirit-world, and that the ancient conquerors, heroes, and benefactors of mankind at death became Gods, and continued to hold intercourse with mortals through mediums. These Gods had their temples, where the mediums, in a state of ecstacy, gave utterance to the instructions, the responses, and the oracles of the Gods. But while this old church of many Gods sat upon the throne of the world, and was drunk with the blood of the saints, the light of inspiration went out, and then the oracles of the Gods were converted into phony frauds, where venal priests and priestesses imposed upon popular credulity to the advantage of their selfish responses. But now humbled and purified by oppression, the disciples of this old church invoked the aid of the spirit-world, and true Spiritualism revived, and true spirit manifestations reappeared in their assemblies, and mediums arose among them in great numbers. But the Christian Church denounced them as witches in compact with the devil, and the Pope thundered down his anathemas upon them, calling upon the church and the priesthood everywhere to enforce the law of God, not to suffer a witch to live. Then commenced one of the most bloody persecutions in the history of the world. Mediums were sought out everywhere, and thousands and tens of thousands of them were burned, drowned, and tortured to death as witches.

The Christian church inherited her abhorrence of all intercourse with the dead from the old Jewish church. It was made the especial business of the Jewish government by the direct command of God, to destroy everybody that had familiar spirits, or in any way held intercourse with the dead. And we read in the Bible that King Saul, while true to the church, caused a general destruction of all persons who had familiar spirits. And this act of piety was well pleasing in the sight of God; but when this bloody conqueror was not cruel enough to execute to the letter the command of God, to destroy the Amalekites, and to spare them not, but to slay both men and women, infants and sucklings, oxen and sheep, camels and asses, then Saul fell from grace, and God turned away from him, and Samuel, the old Pope of the Jewish church, would no longer work the religious machinery in his favor, and the Lord answered him not neither by dreams, nor by Urim; nor by Prophets. Then Saul turned for counsel to the witch of Endor, and disguising himself, he went by night to the woman, and desired her to call up him whom he should name. And the woman said, "Thou knowest what Saul hath done—how he hath cut off all who have familiar spirits and wizards from out the land." Then Saul swore unto her, saying, "As the Lord liveth, no punishment shall happen unto thee for this thing." Then said the woman, "Whom shall I call up unto thee?" and he said, "Call me up Samuel." And when the woman saw Samuel she cried with a loud voice, "Why hast thou deceived me, for thou art Saul?" And Samuel said unto Saul, "Why hast thou deceived me to call me up?" And Saul answered, "I am sore distressed, for the Philistines make war against me, and God has departed from me; I have therefore called thee, that thou mightest make known unto me what I shall do." Then said Samuel, "Why therefore, then, askest thou counsel of me, seeing that the Lord has departed from thee and become thine enemy? Because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, and excestedst not his fierce wrath against the Amalekites, therefore hath the Lord done this evil unto thee this day."

To the Jewish church, then, and the Jewish Bible, must we turn as to the fountain whence has flowed through the ages this river of blood. The Christian church, having inherited this old Jewish superstition, and having adopted the Jewish Bible as the word of God, and being elevated above all worldly power—having the kings and rulers of the earth beneath her feet—now resolved to wage war against the spiritual element of human nature, and suppress all intercourse between the living people and their immortal predecessors. And it would seem as if the spirit world had also resolved upon resistance, and were determined to force a knowledge of their existence upon the people, and their power of good and evil in this world. This might be termed the war of the church against the devil, and it was waged with unabated fury till within about two hundred years of our time. And after the Protestant Reformation, the Protestant church vied with the Catholic in this torturing, cruel and bloody warfare. Witchcraft became a science, and witch-finding a lucrative profession. It was believed that the devil's mark was placed somewhere upon the body of every member of the devil's church, but such was the cunning of the devil, that to avoid detection, he often placed his mark upon the most secret places, which none but the most skillful experts could discover. So the accused was stripped and shaved, and after the most prying investigations, if any mark or mole could be discovered, this was conclusive evidence of guilt, and the trembling victim was consigned to the stake. But if the devil had been so cunning as to place his mark beyond the reach of scientific discovery, then the poor victim was obliged to submit to other tests. She was made to repeat the Lord's prayer, and if she missed a single word, this was conclusive evidence of her guilt complicity with the devil. But if these tests failed to discover her guilt, her thumbs and great toes were tied together, and she was thus dragged through ponds and rivers, when, if she sank, it was evident that the baptismal element did not reject her spirit, and she was innocent; but if she floated, this was conclusive evidence of guilt, and she was made over to the torment of earthly fire as a short foretaste of her eternal doom.

Witchcraft exhibited all the same phases which mesmerism and mediumship now display. There were witches for physical manifestations, and tables, chairs, dishes and cooking utensils moved about in their presence, and sometimes were buried around in great disorder, and all the wonders of witchcraft can now be seen as identical with mesmerism and spirit manifestations. The witches were generally females, as mediums now are, and wizards or male witches were more rare, as is now the case among mediums. The positive and negative elements as observed in mesmerism existed in witchcraft. And when a witch came into the presence of a wizard, she would sometimes scream out and go into convulsions, and charge the cause of her ailment to the wizard. I will relate the case of Dr. Fran, of Scotland, because his case was parallel with one of which I myself was the cause. The doctor was charged with witchcraft and of bewitching others, and was tried before the King of Scotland himself, who was a great witch finder, and, like King Saul, determined to enforce the law of God in the extermination of witchcraft. But the doctor protested his innocence, and denied all complicity with the devil, and, immediately screamed out, went into convulsions, capered round the room, clambered up the side of the wall till her head touched the ceiling, to the great admiration of the most pious King James of Scotland. But still the doctor protested his innocence, when the king ordered him to the torture of the boots—a devilish contrivance, by which

the legs were wedged in, and screwed up, until the pain became insupportable. This torture continued until the doctor, desiring speedy relief by death, acknowledged that he was the devil's clerk, and took the oath of the witches at their initiation, which confession so pleased the king that he stopped the torture, put off the execution, and committed the doctor to prison to await his further order. But the doctor contrived to escape, which set all Scotland in commotion, as if the devil himself had broke loose, and hue and cry resounded throughout the land. And the doctor was retaken. But in the meantime he had resolved to stick to his integrity, die under torture, and never again to be led by the temptation of pain to deny his own conviction of innocence. And when he was again brought before the king, he told the king that his former admissions were not true, but that they had been extorted from him by long continued pain, in the hope of speedy relief by death, which so enraged the king that he ordered his nails to be pulled out with pincers, and needles to be thrust under, and the boots to be again applied till his legs were crushed up, the doctor all the time protesting his innocence till death.

Now Dr. Fran undoubtedly possessed great mesmeric power, and the persons whom his presence affected were mesmeric mediums. Soon after mesmerism appeared in this country, I was induced to examine it, and then found that I possessed the mesmeric power. It was then a very unpopular thing, and was regarded as the bumbag of bumbags. But as evidence of its truth I sometimes mesmerized a subject; and once, while spending an evening at a friend's, I was challenged to mesmerize some member of the family, and finally succeeded in mesmerizing a little girl ten or twelve years of age. And while she was in the mesmeric trance, she was quiet and subject to my will, but when I disentranced her and she opened her eyes, she screamed out, rushed round the room, clambered up the side of the wall, tore up the carpet and tried to conceal herself beneath it, screaming and acting like a very maniac. It took us all night to get her quiet. And finally we forced her into bed, and while holding her there, by gentle power and soothing words she went to sleep, and after a long sleep she woke up as bright and well as ever. I left her while she was asleep, and was told, that when she awoke she was entirely unconscious of everything that had passed. But in the course of a few days I had occasion to call at the house again, and when I rang the door bell, this girl opened the door, and immediately screamed out and went into the same condition again. Now it seems to me that is exactly such a case as that of Dr. Fran, and if I had lived in the age of witchcraft I should have probably been tortured to death as a wizard.

Passing over the awful tribunals of the inquisition, we find the courts of justice deeply dyed in this blood of innocence. The judicial records of England could furnish volumes of these cruel and bloody trials. Sir Matthew Hale, and other most learned judges, often administered these tests of witchcraft, and sentenced the innocent victims to the stake or the gallows. The fear of the devil and belief in his ubiquity and omnipotent malignity, took hold of all Christendom. The services of the clergy were in constant requisition, to exorcise his satanic majesty from some of his subjects. Some witches were affected with the dancing mania, and it is said one young man sacrificed himself to the devil on condition of being made the best dancer in England. And yet the Protestant clergy had compassion upon him, and fasted and prayed a whole year to exorcise the dancing devil. Even the great Luther was often tormented with the devil, who used to come by night and steal his nuts, and then used to insult him by cracking them on his bed post. He must have been a rapping and seeing medium, for on one occasion when he was writing some holy work the devil appeared to him, when he buried his inkstand at the devil's head, and the stain of the ink upon the wall was long retained as ocular evidence of the impudence of the devil. On one occasion when the priesthood had been successful in expelling the devil, it is said he left a devilish stench behind.

This warfare of the church against the devil was urged on by the bulls of the Pope, the exhortations of the priesthood, and the decisions of the courts, until all the evils of society were laid upon the devil. Diseases, accidents, the ailments of cattle, sheep and hogs, were all laid upon the devil; and witches were sought out as instruments through which these evils had been wrought, until at last everybody began to fear the power of witchcraft in his neighbors, and became more vigilant to detect the signs of it in each other. The numbers that were destroyed by the most awful tortures are amazing. In some dioceses, as many as one in every twenty of the whole population were accused, condemned, and executed as witches. We have the records of more than a hundred thousand deaths in Germany; and still larger numbers in Italy, France and Spain, and tens of thousands in England, Scotland, Ireland, and every other country in Christendom. And this warfare continued till the spirit world appeared to have surrendered, and yielded up the victory to the church, convinced at last of the folly of attempting to force the knowledge of spiritual things upon so ignorant, so cruel, so bigoted, so superstitious, so foolish a people; and then all these spiritual manifestations, all these works of the devil, instantly ceased, and the world knew nothing of them for two hundred years, and began to regard the whole subject of witchcraft as a wide spread delusion, as unsubstantial as the baseless fabric of a dream. The world will never know the full amount of this awful warfare. The half is not recorded in books, and it is seldom alluded to from the pulpit, for the priesthood for the last two hundred years have been trying to conceal the bloody garments of the church, and few people are aware of the awful amount of her cruel and murderous deeds. Almost everybody has heard of Salem witchcraft, and this is about the amount of popular information upon this subject. But if it were the work of the devil, and it certainly was a devilish work, his satanic majesty in leaving the world, merely brushed the tip end of his tail over the country, as he went along.

Spiritual communications, whether good or evil, are conclusive evidences of spiritual things; but with the victory of the church over the devil, this evidence was removed, and faith in religious opinions began to decline; for a realizing faith in spirit-life cannot long subsist without a constant revelation from the spirit-world; and any religion which is not sustained by the manifestation of spirit-power is a mere unreasoning superstition. Such evidence was never withheld from true seekers for spiritual truth, until an ignorant, ambitious, and powerful priesthood had set up the infallible church and the infallible book, as the only evidences of spiritual things.

Then the people for ages went groping about in the dark, trying to assure themselves of their immortality, from the dark sayings of the prophets, and from an hereditary faith, that had come down to them from former generations, without one spark of heavenly light to illumine the darkness around them, until the fear of spiritual things took hold of

them, and every night, or sound, or knock, alarmed them, and the sight of a ghost was more awful than death. Then surrounded with apprehensions of evil, in a blind faith, quaking with fear, lived the people through ages of darkness, till at last human reason began to awake and expose some of the most prominent falsehoods. Then agitation commenced, and infidelity arose and exposed the baseless fabric of faith. Then awakening, as from the dream of ages, the human soul exerted its full powers to demonstrate its own immortality. It questioned nature, and the living forms around us; but nature answered death. It questioned the grave, and from that bourne, whence no traveler returns, it received no responses. It looked up with longings for light to the great dome of heaven, but no rays descended upon it. The prayers and instructions of the pulpit fell dead upon deaf congregations. All living evidence was shut out by a dead faith under an outside covering of conformity. Every attempt at revivals of religion seemed but a mockery, a struggle to galvanize a dead faith into a shocking imitation of a living body. Then again ascended the prayer of humanity for more light, and it is now being answered in another attempt to bless the world with living evidences of immortality. But knowing the power of darkness and the stronghold of priestly power to suppress agitation, and stamp out every new spark of light, the spirit world began to work with great caution, at first, by the slightest exhibition of mesmeric power—so slight as only to be observed by the most refined organizations. It first appeared in Paris, and excited attention enough to induce Dr. Franklin to examine it; but his great materiality and towering intellect always outweighing the spiritual in his nature, failed to discover the great truth; but it grew stronger and stronger, and opened wider and wider, until colleges and priest-hoods were waked up, and found this dreadful heresy had already taken hold of the public mind, and could not be allowed; and after crying humbug, delusion, deception, the devil, they ignored it, went to sleep again, and entirely forgot that there was any such thing as mesmerism in the world.

Then new wonders followed, at first by very slight raps, so slight that only those who had some little faith, engendered by the facts of mesmerism, could hear and understand them. But they grew louder and louder, till none who desired it could fail to hear. Then more wonders followed—entrancements, visions, healings, speaking with tongues, and descriptions of the spirit world and heavenly scenery. Then old conservatism woke up again, and began to clamor, "It is delusion, it is the devil, it is mesmerism, it is witchcraft," and began to call upon the arm of power to enforce the law of God, which declares, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." But it was too late. These evidences of spirit life had been given to thousands, and had become a religious belief, and are therefore protected by our Constitutions and laws.

But if all these wonderful things had burst upon the world at once, before the people could have had time to examine and believe them, their religious prejudices would have been aroused, and even their infidelity would have been appealed to, and the arm of the law would not have been invoked in vain, and we should have had another exhibition of witch trials and witch executions; and our eloquent female mediums, after giving utterance to the thoughts of angels, in a state of unconscious entrancement, would have been walked out of our halls, under the arms of constables and sheriffs, and consigned to the prison and the gallows. But now, the intercourse between the natural and spiritual worlds, which was so suddenly broken off by the victory of the church over the devil, is again renewed, and the world is again receiving living evidences of immortality, but of a much higher order, because the people are now better qualified to receive them, and can better understand the teachings of the spirit world, and discriminate between the good and the evil, than they could in the barbarous ages of witchcraft. And we shall have higher inspirations as we progress and are ready to receive them. Revelations above our conceptions would be useless—like casting pearls before swine. The revelations of the telescope, the microscope, or the daguerreotype might even injure a barbarous people, and lead them to worship the instruments, instead of improving by the sciences which they demonstrated. It is said that even the presentation of a plough to a barbarous tribe resulted in evil; for when the donor visited them again, he found that they had elevated the plough upon a pedestal, and worshipped it as a god.

When spiritual communications are addressed to the senses, the understanding and the conscience, they must reform the character. A wicked life is evidence of a disbelief in future responsibility; and the present corruption and wickedness of the world, are the result of a wide spread materialism both within and without the church. The materialist regards himself and his neighbors as mere temporary existences, all floating down together into the gulf of oblivion, and his fellow-men as cattle to be worked, oppressed, or enslaved for his pleasure or profit, under the conviction that all his sins and crimes will be forever burned with him in the grave. But when the conviction of immortality takes hold of the soul, it must elevate our conceptions of human nature. We can no longer regard ourselves as only the apex of the great pyramid of animal life, but as immortal beings, who must meet again in a higher life, when we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known, and upon all the evils which we have willfully inflicted upon each other must be atoned for, repented of, and finally forgiven by those whom we have injured. David was mistaken when he exclaimed, after murdering Uriah and corrupting his wife "against God, and him only have I sinned, and done this evil in his sight." When he went into the spirit-world, he found that he had sinned against Uriah, and it was he of whom he must ask pardon and forgiveness; and perhaps he had to endure the remorse of ages before he could bring his proud soul down to the proper condition of humility to do it; and still the consciousness of his wickedness must follow him through eternal ages.

The evidence of spirit-life, and of this condition of spiritual existence, is now being given to the world in facts addressed to the senses, and reason addressed to the understanding and the conscience, and when received they must reform the world. For how can it be possible for us to continue to injure each other, to cheat, to steal, to rob, to murder, to enslave, oppress, degrade, abuse, slander and hate each other, when we know that retribution must follow, that a wicked life must prove, through eternal ages, the worst possible mistake? that we are living under a great cloud of witnesses, who see all our actions, know our motives, and even our very thoughts, before they are uttered? that elevation and happiness, or degradation and misery must be the consequence of a good or evil life? if evil, we must gravitate to the condition of the evil; and if good, to the condition of the good, and our progress from evil to good must depend upon ourselves? To know that we are immortal, ever-progressive beings, who through eternal ages must grow in goodness, wisdom, power and glory above our highest conceptions, must take hold of our nature, and lead us to re-

form and aid the latent and humblest of the race. When the great mass of the people shall have attained to this knowledge, then the long predicted, and ever hoped for reign of peace will commence, and we shall begin to love our neighbor as ourselves, and then every man shall set under his own vine and fig tree, having none to molest or to make him afraid.

PUNISHMENT OF CRIMINALS.

Scarcely a single edition of the various periodicals published throughout our country appears without chronicle a long list of criminal offences, immoral outrages, and unprovoked attacks upon the lives of those possessing much of this world's goods, whose wealth the cruel assassins wishes to appropriate to his own personal use. Large numbers are daily arraigned before our Police and Supreme Courts, charged with homicide, highway robbery, burglary, and every species of crime that can be enumerated; and whose cases are, as we commonly recognize law, justly disposed of. But, as yet, nothing indicates the efficacy of law in curing the diseased criminal of his malady. Any number of detective police, vigilance committees and night-watchmen, can be found in every city and town in our land, and steam and electricity are used with the utmost dispatch to arrest and hurry criminals into "safe keeping." Prisons, penitentiaries, jails and houses of correction are found in every State, and many are blessed (or cursed, which?) with a large number of them; yet there seems to be no falling off in the number of convicts, who are continually crowded into them.

Why is this? Must we ever dwell in fear of midnight assassination, by the hand of some poor wretch who enters with entire stealthiness into our sleeping apartments to seek to himself treasures, and ready to plunge the glittering dagger into our hearts should his restless movements awaken us? Is there no potent panacea, whereby crime can be overcome? Let us inquire into the cause; the effect is already known.

While reading an article, giving in detail an account of a fearful tragedy, a fiendish, cold blooded murder—benevolence all obliterated in behalf of the victim—no impulsively denounce, with reverential bitterness, the poor culprit, hoping he may not escape the hands of justice, but be obliged to suffer the keenest punishment the law can inflict. No thought of the cause that led to the atrocious act is taken, and we thereby ignorantly denounce the one who, many times, "is more sinned against than sinning."

Many, very many, of the State prisoners are those who, in tender youth, were left orphaned and homeless, exposed to the temptations and reducing influences of corrupt associates, with no gentle mother's fearful rebuke, or smiles of love and encouragement, to influence and mold the flexible character; no sisterly affection to keep alive in the heart the warm emotions of love and sympathy; no soul inspiring and elevating surroundings, to draw out the noble sentiments of God-like manliness, already struggling within for the ascendancy over the inharmonious development of the lower faculties. Obligated to grow up in the stifling atmosphere of discord, hate and immorality, they wander through the "wide, wide world," perfectly saturated with the mesmeric miasma that rises from the hot-beds of vice. Irresistibly drawn into the great whirlpool of crime, a single act seals their fate for many years, and, toiling wearily and unwillingly, with a prison's dark, gloomy walls frowning down upon them; confronted by inflexible, stern visaged men, constantly in the presence of those whose countenances bear the impress of cruelty and wrong, with dark brows beneath which the eyes, gleaming with malicious defiance, indicate the fierce storm of passion raging within; thoughts freighted with deep revenge, upon any and all—when their term expires, and they are again permitted to walk without prison discipline, which has changed them into cold, revengeful criminals, with such surroundings, the youthful culprit helplessly struggles against fate.

Hail ye wisemen of the law, ye stern, unyielding judges of earthly courts, 'tis thus you dispose of the young, as well as old, in sin! 'Tis thus you dispense justice, seeking to rid society of a nuisance, by simply confining the culprit where he is exposed to just such influences, that, if young in years, will leave upon his spirit, through all time, its unduly effects. Even when the requirements of the law are fulfilled, and liberty is his again, how long ere you are called to pass sentence upon him again, in consequence of crime? Ah, the infliction of such punishment, instead of lessening the breach between him and virtue, widens it, for he goes out from his prison stigmatized as a culprit, dishonored and disgraced. None feel willing to repose confidence in him, none will employ him, and all alike shun him, until weary and sick, and disgusted with such accursed liberty, he is glad to go, "encouraged" though it be, "to his dungeon."

Oh! awake to a realization of the injustice of such a mockery of real justice—let your tongues be silent, and your hands stayed when about to pronounce against crime, if you only attack the effect. 'Tis the cause you must remove; and as long as you administer the poisonous counterfeits, instead of the true remedy, we shall continue to feel the deleterious effects of the slow poison working in the moral nature of the crime-diseased children of our Father.

LOLA DEFOURCE.

Dorset, June 29, 1880.

"The Song of the Shirt."
No man whose brain produces a thing that is destined to live, is conscious of the act as it passes through that brain. It is especially true of songs and odes, that ring through the heart's chambers with such reviving echoes; with "Hail Columbia," "The Old Oakum Bucket," "The Marchioness," "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Song of the Shirt." Hood knew not what he did, when he wrote that; though his wife was wiser. There has just been published a little book called "The Memorials of Thomas Hood," written by his children; and in the narrative is to be found the following story of this immortal song—

"In the Christmas number of Punch for this year, appeared the famous 'Song of the Shirt.' It was, of course, inserted anonymously, but it ran through the land like wildfire. Paper after paper quoted it, and it became the talk of the day. There was no little speculation as to its author, although several, I believe, discerned among the number, attributed it at once to its right source. At last my father wrote to one of the daily papers and acknowledged it. He was certainly astonished, and a little amused, at its wonderful popularity, although my mother had said to him, when she was folding up the packet ready for the press: 'New mind, Hood, mark my words, this will tell wonderfully! It is one of the best things you ever did!' This turned out a true prophecy. It was translated into French and German; and even, I believe, into Italian. My father used often to laugh and wonder how they read the peculiar burden—

"Stitch, stitch, stitch!"

and also, "Beem, groan, and bead!" It was printed on cotton pocket-handkerchiefs for sale, and has met with the fate of all popular poems, having been parodied times without number. But deeply was, that the poor creature, who was so earnest and selfless, had given such a story, seem to adapt its words as their own, by singing them about the streets to a rude air of their own adaptation."

Why would ladies make better traders and peddlers than men? Because they never get shamed.

DR. CHILD'S NEW BOOK.

EDITED BY JOHN B. ADAMS.

To the readers of this Banner of Light:—I have just finished the reading of Dr. Child's book, "What, ever is, is Right," and have derived such satisfaction from its personal, and found in its teachings such emphatic responses to my own long-cherished views of the subject it discusses, that I cannot allow the opportunity which an hour's leisure affords me to pass unimproved, to commend the work to the earnest, thoughtful consideration of all who, walking up the winding paths of the mountains of this life, reach forth to grasp the hand of God.

It is not to be supposed that every mind will look upon this subject in the same light, for the reason that no two minds hold the same relative position to any one object; therefore I cannot expect, nor should I desire, that any other person will see with my eyes; yet, possibly, if I tell you of what I see, I may induce you to look in the same direction; and though you may not see as I do, you may see a great deal better, and much more.

We have in Dr. Child's book a long line of footsteps aside from the old beaten road; they lead us out from the tangled brush, and the chilly shades of the trees of old theology—great dogmatic oaks and elms, among the branches of which are concealed denational nests of a thousand sects—for which outcrying the public cannot but be thankful. It will certainly relieve the monotony of our general reading, to find a volume differing both in theory and style from those that have preceded it.

Curiosity will not neglect to open it in order to learn who it is that dares trespass on the grounds of popular religion, demolish the fences that divide the various sects, and throw them all open to the light of one sun. In the Preface, and, indeed, through the whole work, the author exhibits a remarkable degree of plainness and common sense; eschewing all the bookish forms of expression, he enters upon his field with fearless step, and takes hold of his subject with unglazed hands; employing words the meaning of which cannot be misunderstood. The old formal method of darkening reason with counsel, is happily avoided, and Dr. C. writes as one would talk face to face with his brother. He does not claim that the subject is new, but, on the contrary, that it is the oldest in existence, since upon it all others rest. But he can justly say that never before has the subject been brought so prominently before the public.

I heartily congratulate Dr. C., that in his earnest aspirations toward God, he has been enabled not only to recognize the great principle of Right as the controlling power of all things—the hand, that, from behind the cloud, is put forth to paint a rainbow on his front—but likewise to present it in so forcible a manner to other minds, if not for their adoption, at least for their thoughtful consideration.

I have long looked upon this principle as the only immutable basis upon which the human soul can rest, firmly and reliably rest. It presents the only view of existence, to my mind, that can rationally and satisfactorily solve the great problem upon which man has labored for ages, and for the solution of which thousands of volumes have been written before and since Milton sought in his "Paradise Lost" to "justify the ways of God to man."

Every one, in admitting the existence of a God, does necessarily admit that whatever is, is right. He may externally deny the fact, but, far back, behind the closed door of his own consciousness, on the walls of his own spiritual temple, is written in indelible characters—*While God exists, wrong cannot.*

You may consign the apparently incoherent actualities of life to that boundless and faithless receptacle of things inexplicable—the "mystery of God"—but such a disposal of those obstacles in your path is neither satisfactory to yourself nor to the questioner who anxiously asks, *Why do they exist?* By so doing, you do not put them from your sight forever—you cannot do. Tie a millstone about them and sink them a hundred fathoms in the Sea of Oblivion, yet, be assured, that that sea is not so mighty, nor that depth so deep but that they will arise again, and more persistently than ever demand better treatment.

God is our highest conception—a Being superior to all things, to all things. Nothing can exist without his presence; He is the Cause of all effects. You admit this? Certainly. Here then are the legitimate results of this admission—what we conceive to be "good" cannot be beyond God—what is called "evil" is subject to God—in that evil, as truly and completely as in that good, God exists, and of both he is the cause. From these conclusions there is no escape.

You may say that God only permits evil to exist. Does that add anything to your argument to prove that the devil, or evil, like a roaring lion is tramping up and down this garden of God, seeking whom and what he may destroy? Not in the least.

For God is a holy God, and, in the language of Scripture, "hateth sin with a perfect hatred." Is it possible you are so driven for an argument as to charge him with permitting sin, to exist—and not only to exist, but to hold the whole world under its control, baffling him in all his own plans and deluging everything in tears?

I hope you will pause—before you assert that God either creates or permits evil.

It may be affirmed by some that "Whatever is, is right," is true in the absolute, but not in a relative sense. Yet nothing is plainer, nothing more reasonable than that which is absolutely right cannot be relatively wrong.

It may as well be said that the parts of a watch are relatively wrong, and the whole right, as to attempt to prove that one wheel, one part, the minute that flits or infinite mind can conceive of, of the infinitely, yet delicately adjusted mechanism of the universe is wrong, yet the whole is right. The worm that crawls upon our pathway may think the foot that crushes it to be the destructive weapon of an evil one, and the act a great wrong; the myriads of animals who inhale on every breath may think it a wrong that such a whirlpool of destruction should come upon them; so man, when some great crushing event racks his whole earthly frame, and paralyzes his soul with terror, may say it is wrong that he should be crushed and tortured thus. But it is not. It cannot be. No. From the act of what is considered the lowest form of crime, to that of the most angelic degree of purity—all is right. Through all the grades of existence intervening between these points, God is—he is omnipresent. No act can occur unless God wills it—he is omnipotent. Each individual of the countless multitude that composes these grades has a lesson to learn, a great truth to be taught, and it is only by the lesson that the individual has that he can learn that truth. Thus God thinks also he would not give it. We should see, not that we call evil did not God, who is infinite in wisdom and power, decree that it should be.

And now shall we, with words, contend with God, and say, "You had best try some other mode. Your relative acts are wrong, but in the absolute you are right?"

For my part, I can but believe God knows what is best; and though he may sometimes not the part of a surgeon, and cut off some darling love, or a jailor,

and find some passion of ours with manacles, or with burning lava deluge some peaceful village, let us try to trust our weakness to his strength, our ignorance and almost sightless darkness to his wisdom and omniscience, and know if that amputation had not been made disease would have spread until a more dire affliction had befallen us; if that manning had not been resorted to, we should have been torn to pieces; and if that village had not been burned, cities, and nations even, would have been banished from the earth by the heat of the pent up fires of the globe. All is right, rest assured of this; all from relative to absolute. Though we may not comprehend how the blade of grass grows, we will not doubt its growth; and though we may not see how some acts of life can be otherwise than wrong, let us find rest for all our doubts and doubts in a perfect faith that he who knoweth how the grass springs from the seed, knoweth no evil;

That he who bends the rainbow arch, And spans the world with light— Writes on each ray the living truth, Whatever it is, is Right.

The only true, deep-reaching, permanent consolation in times of affliction, is derived from a knowledge of this truth; the only light in hours of darkness comes from the same source. It is a rock of ages, against which every storm may rage but to find it immovable.

Certainly no one can inwardly desire to prove Dr. Child mistaken in his views; for, so far from warring against any faith or belief, the theory he offers accepts them all as right, and claims for each a place in the great structure of life. It recognizes all religions in all ages as right—just what God intended they should be. Their very existence proved them to be so; and, independent of this, every unprejudiced mind that acquaints itself with their various workings, will see that they were best suited to the conditions of the people, and could not, under those conditions, have been different. Religion does not make man, but man makes religion; and in all cases the religion of a people is merely the outward manifestation of the inward spirit.

Every person who is not afraid to think, who is not led by creed, or rather bound by it, will obtain this book, and find within it abundant food for thought. Those who have sufficient faith in God to enable them to know that his truth cannot be affected by anything that can be said or done by man, will not hesitate to examine the positions taken and arguments offered in this volume, even though they may at first sight appear antagonistic to their ideas of what truth is.

I do not see how, with Reason and Fact as his guide, the earnest searcher after the way of life can do otherwise than walk in the path this volume opens to his view. It is quite evident that the adoption of an opposite view, or a portion only of this, involves one in gross inconsistencies, and lands him at a point as far from an satisfactory solution of the great problem of life, as that from which he started.

At some point in the progression of every soul this doctrine must be, and will be, adopted by it. Its adoption is one of the inevitable consequences of progression. You may not have attained to that point now, but the fact that you have reached a position in which you are willing to give a thought to the subject, is a sure indication of your rapid approximation to it. Compare the position of thousands of minds to-day, in this respect, to the position of minds half a century ago, and mark the wide difference! Why, then, a man would have been considered a fit subject for a lunatic asylum, or for a prison-house, to think, even of the subject. Some prying watchman, on the walls of Zion, would have noticed a strange working of the features; and supposing he was plotting a wrong against the church, would have walked him up to an examining committee as one deserving to wear the badge of excommunication. It is not so now. There is a deep questioning in thousands of minds whether God does not govern all things, and whether, if he does so, all is not right. Plain reason and common sense, of which the early reformers dropped a minute grain into human mind, has acted like heaven, and in its increase of a million fold, brought mankind to where it now is. In all this we can see that Right prevailed, and that as whatever is, is right, so whatever has been, has been equally right.

You may say that the doctrine gives license to all human passions; that it allows you to do what, however others may view it, you consider to be a wrong. In this you are mistaken. You are at liberty to go and throw yourself from the mast head of a vessel at our wharves, but do you do it? You are at liberty to sever your hand from your body—do you do it? So with the working of this truth. If you have reached that point in soul-development where you can so recognize the beauty of it that you adopt it as a necessity of your being, you would no sooner commit any act, denominated "wrong," than you would do personal injuries to yourself now merely because you have liberty to do them.

I cannot doubt that these lights and shades, which have for so many centuries been called "good" and "evil," will attend us all, in modified forms, through the ages eternal to come, as they have through those ages that are past. The law by which they have existed, and do now exist, is a law of God, and his laws are fixed and immutable. The great painting of *Lara* is being executed by the hand of the master of all matters. Its lights and shades are placed here and there with skill that is infallible, and wisdom that has no superior. How deep and dark, and terrible even, are some of the shades! how ineffably bright and beautiful the sunlight that glides the long ranges of mountain tops! Is not the one as necessary as the other? Is not the whole right? Is not each in its place right? Shall we turn to this great artist and say, "Remove the shades; let nothing but the sunlight remain on the canvas?" I think not. I think no one would, could he stand out from the great drama of which he acts a part, and view it as God views it.

It is even so, and will be eternally; we shall forever experience joy and sorrow—there will forever be for us sunlight and shadow. These positives and negatives of existence are eternal and inseparable. Therefore, the question for us to meet and to answer to-day is, shall we bring our minds to such a rational view of things as the doctrine of this book inclines us to, or shall we go on in our old course of finding fault with God's ways, and wrangling with our surroundings, as though our feelings and complaints would alter them.

Shall we settle this question here and be at peace, or shall we pass to the next state of existence with all the disquiet and unrest which the presumption that God cannot or will not have all things right legitimately brings?

I am heartily glad Dr. Child has issued the book, and cannot too strongly recommend all who may read this to obtain a copy of it. It will arouse to energetic thought, and create discussion on the greatest subject that can be presented to the human mind; it will weaken the strongholds of theological craft and superstition, individualize manhood, and prove a mighty lever by which this world will be moved to a higher plane of thought and action than that which it has hitherto occupied.

JOHN B. ADAMS.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 25, 1890.

Herry, Colby & Co., Publishers.

WILLIAM BERRY, LUTHER COLBY, J. HOLLIS M. QUINN.

PUBLICATION OFFICES:

313 Brattle St., Boston; 143 Fulton St., New York.

EDITORS:

WILLIAM BERRY, Boston; J. B. HUTTON, New York; LUTHER COLBY.

Business Letters must be addressed, "Banner of Light," Boston, Mass.

For terms of subscription see First Page.

Herry, Colby & Co.

COURAGE.

Any bully has courage enough to strike a person who insults him, but it requires a higher sort of courage to refrain from the blow, and a higher sort still to return for the insult a spirit of kindness and love. How few there are able to do it! Sickles showed more courage in forgiving his erring wife than he did in shooting Key, and he will live to see the day when he will wish he had forgiven him, as well as her. It takes more courage to overlook than it does to shoot. Not the most muscular men are the bravest, else a gymnast would be likely to turn us all out of our inheritance. It is the lowest form of courage that rules on its big feet, but the very highest, on the contrary, that reposes in its pure spiritual force. Men are exceedingly apt to think it a proof of timidity that a person is half-shy, or even modest; but they afterwards learn to beware of the terrible claws that are hidden underneath the shining velvet of this self-destruction. It is a fact that there is more power, many times over, in one who never speaks or thinks of his power, than in a dozen men who are all the time doing nothing else.

Appearances, as the old copy books used to say, are exceedingly deceitful, and the more so, because so many think it worth while to live for appearances, and let go the realities. It is this chase after the favor of others that does the mischief, and men find themselves finally so enmeshed in their exertions that their individual force is almost entirely lost. That is the way one's courage goes, literally oozing out of him little by little. We waste on others, and the opinions, prejudices and whims of others, what ought to be carefully hoarded for ourselves. We should have more reliance, all of us, if we acted more on this suggestion. Then we should not care so much what others were going to do or say, but rather how the matter lay in our own sense of right and honor. And thus should we have a courage of our own, that would be courage indeed.

There is boast and brag enough, but much too little courage. The lack is not of talk, but of the thing. For example: the standing test is, and long has been, the perfect freedom of our country and time; yet there are few persons indeed who dare to think for themselves on matters that enlist general sympathy, and fewer still who dare express their thoughts when once they have formed them. The tyranny of the mob is not a whit less when visited upon independence of expression than of action. The brute forces that lie at the bottom of society are no more tolerant of free speech than they are of free action. They say they are, and think that makes their case out; but experiment settles or unsettles everything. And it requires a profound courage, indeed, in these times, even, to confront such an array of forces with a deliberation and self-possession that proves the absence of all fear for the consequences. It is not every man who thinks himself courageous who can safely pass so trying an ordeal.

It is a much easier matter to face a duelist's pistol than it is to face and defy the prejudices of the community in one's own lives. Any man, if he only schools himself either to indifference or recklessness, may do the former; but it is not every man who dare do the latter. It is so much more comfortable to be on the side of the numbers. It is so much less trouble to have one's self passed over in the general throng, than it is to be criticized and opposed. One feels so much easier to be considered in regular standing in any social arrangement, than to be utterly left out of the account because his ways of thinking are different from the general way. Persecution for opinion's sake is not such a pleasant matter. If one has wife and children dependent upon him, and looking confidently up to him for support, he hates nothing worse than he does to have his business broken up, or even interfered with, because he is not considered "sound on the goose" in matters of local concern. If the truth were better known and more widely published, it would be understood at once what an amount of suffering is caused by deliberate and malicious persecution on account of opinions not held to be orthodox. The mode of persecution may have become more endurable, because more secret and subtle; but the spirit of the thing is as rank and venomous as it ever was under the most malignant of the Popes or in the darkest days of the Inquisition.

We do need a higher and nobler strain of courage, and that is a serious fact. Not more brag or boast, not any stronger assertion, nor any broader emphasis, but a courage that is perfectly self-reliant, that is as brave to keep silent as to speak; that is as willing to suffer as to dare; and still, on the other hand, that will make bold and defiant utterances, on the right occasion; that dares social ease and social position by contrast with its own inspired expression; that makes all things else look small indeed, when it is sought to hold them up by the side of its own integrity and necessity. More of such a courage is needed everywhere, to-day. We require that this course animal courage, which at best finds vent and expression in swagger and threat, shall be elevated and refined, till it shall be qualified to operate in the higher regions of the nature.

It is comparatively an easy thing for a minister of the present day to assert his faith before an audience that do not dare to think otherwise than as he thinks. But if the same man was placed in the presence of opponents, who had no sort of sympathy with his methods, and were ready at every point to dispute his reasoning, he would find a very difficult matter to keep his courage up; his position would weaken to him than it ever did before; it would surprise him to see how inconclusive his logic was; he would feel that a strong proof was suddenly taken out from under him, and that his fabric, hitherto esteemed so strong, had suddenly tumbled to the ground. Much of this, if not the most of it, would be because of the perfect want of any noble relation between himself and his hearers; and here is where he would discover the leakage in his courage. A man without a strong measure of positive magnetism can be said to possess courage in but a slight, or moderate degree.

In some localities, it demands much courage to differ from the majority, especially if it is an overwhelming one, on politics. Not every man who

styles himself a free man dare do that for if he does, it is apt to be a sulen, or impulsive, or angry way, betraying the fact that he is afraid to trust altogether to reason, and sense, and breadth of view, but must needs supply the want of that with an overplus of heat and haste. This is not courage; it is only a sort of despotism. The highest courage is the highest reason; but when one dare not trust his reason, he is manifestly a coward from top to bottom. True courage is collected and cool, self-poised, and quite sufficient to take care of itself; the spurious sort blusters, and fuses about, trying to make bystanders think it is indeed the genuine article.

It takes courage to tell a man, or a community, when necessary and proper, of his or its faults; and it takes just as much to stand the talking of it without impudence or anger. A man must be courageous to withstand flattery and patronage of an agreeable kind; nor must he be less so, either, if he would control the disposition to resent such things as if they were affronts and insults. Courage may be passive as well as active. It does not always betray itself in resistance, but quite as often in silence and suffering. It is, in fact, hardly more than the perfect accord and balance of all the faculties; that happy state of things internally which tells the wisest to strike and when to refrain, how far he may go and at what point he must, desist, when to make war, and when to keep the peace. How few have as yet come into such a state of mind! What development and discipline are we not all of us yet to undergo!

Renew Your Subscriptions.
As the end of the present volume approaches, a large number of our subscribers will receive notices of the expiration of their term. The last paper due them will also have the ominous word "out" written upon it.

We will remind our friends that the heavy expense we have incurred in the enlargement of the BANNER, renders it necessary that they should be prompt in renewing their subscriptions, if they would see the paper thrive. It requires a very large circulation to keep us moving, our weekly expenses of publication being as much, without doubt, as those of all other papers engaged in the service of Spiritualism. The paper is large, and contains a vast amount of reading matter, much of which is costly. If it meets the demand of the age, we trust our friends will not only continue their patronage, but will use their best efforts to increase our list. We must add many names to it, or that reward which would have accrued to the same amount of cost and labor in many other enterprises, shall be ours.

Becher's and Chapin's Sermons.
Messrs. Editors.—Will you inform me through your paper the cause of your not printing any of Becher's or Chapin's Sermons? I have seen no reason given, and I think it lessens the value of your paper since they were stopped. Yours with respect,
BETSY H. McLAUGHLIN.

Peacham, Va., August 11, 1890.

The year having expired during which we promised to print the Sermons of Messrs. Chapin and Becher, we have concluded to omit them hereafter, giving in their stead more short essays, reports of lectures in abstract, and miscellaneous articles. To some few of our readers, this may be distasteful, but the majority will be gratified at the change. It will not do for a paper to plod along in one set track. Readers, in time, tire of long discourses, however good.

We have now engaged on our list of contributors the freshest, the ablest, and the most intuitive talent that this country affords—by which means we shall be able to present to our readers in the future a paper constantly increasing in value and interest.

Spirit Impressions.

We have received from Dr. Irish a note, in which he describes the circumstances by which he obtained the poetry published under his name in the BANNER a fortnight since. He received the words by impression, and never, he says, in his life before saw the verses. He says he has repeated, while under spirit influence, whole pages of the old standard authors, and thought, until he had been told differently, that they were original with himself. This is no doubt true. We have ourselves witnessed the quotation from ancient histories, giving volume and page, by mediums who never were placed in conditions to know normally what they said. The good character of Mr. Irish, of course, precludes any suggestion of deceit in this matter; and we earnestly hope his spirit guides will not allow him to be led into such embarrassing circumstances again.

The Christians in Turkey.

The current troubles in Syria, involving the massacre of thousands of Christians by the Mussulmans, have awakened the public mind to a desire to know all there is to be known on the subject of the Christians dwelling within the Sultan's dominions. We know it is generally supposed that the number of the Christians is comparatively small by the side of their enemy; but due investigation exposes a different state of things. Most people think they are thinly scattered over the surface of the country. The truth is, they very much outnumber the Mahomedans. By the last reliable census of the Turkish Empire in Europe, it is ascertained that the Mussulmans number a little more than six million, while the Christians count nearly ten million and a half! In Asiatic Turkey, the number of nominal Christians likewise exceeds ten million of souls. Thus is understood, at a glance, the reason why Russia has so long felt such an interest in Turkey, and why her sympathy for the "sick man of Europe" has been so strong.

Of Japan.

A New Yorker has found his way around the globe to Japan, and has just furnished the columns of a New York Journal with a hurried account of his sight-seeing in that antipodal land. He thus brilliantly sketches the appearance of the American Consulate. It rather excites us to the desire of being a consul "somewhere or other" ourselves. He observes:

"The American Consulate is on a hill, and is surrounded with a grove of evergreen oaks and camellia trees, and such a prodigious display as there is there can be seen nowhere out of Japan. I can compare it to nothing but an apple orchard of glistering leaves, loaded with the lightest crimson apples. A flight of stone steps leads from the street up to the Consulate. It is reached over by these gay trees, and its stones are carpeted with the fallen petals. In the grove you may walk on a carpet of green and crimson such as your feet never tread before. As I stand in the door, which over way I turn my eyes toward the hills, these leafy banners are hung out. The wild blossoms are all single."

A Crime.

PERSONAL.—A young gentleman, about twenty-six years of age, of respectability and means, good personal appearance and cultivated manners, being a believer in the beautiful theory herein advocated for good and sufficient reason takes this method to obtain the society of some young lady of like qualifications, whereby, in a mutual interchange of thought, each may be benefited. Those only who are actuated by sincerity will discern advantage. "Inebriate," at office of BANNER OF LIGHT.

The above was sent to us for insertion in our advertising columns, for which two dollars were

enclosed for payment. A private note accompanied the advertisement, in which the writer claims that he is actuated by the "purest" motives, and he wants only the number of a certain box in the Boston post office to be added by us, and by us to be forwarded there.

If the writer of the above note is actuated by "pure motives," we conclude that he must be a "green chap," for the rules and regulations of society force no one, in this large city, of even the most ordinary capacities, to resort to such out-of-the-way means as this to command the acquaintance of a lady, or many ladies, for the "mutual interchange of thought."

Should this insertion not prove satisfactory to the young man who sent the two dollars, the money will be refunded to him when he appears in person at our office.

Laying on of Hands.

If cures by this process are miracles, then miracles are very common even in these latter days. We are fond of recording what are called remarkable cases, though, in point of fact, one case is no more so than another. The New Bedford Standard—and nobody will presume to stigmatize that as an "epitaph"—paper—tells the following story, which will interest all:

About seven years ago the health of a well known merchant of this city failed him, and he was obliged to relinquish his business. He gradually grew weaker, and finally he was deprived of the use of his lower limbs, in which helpless condition he has been for about four years and a half. His feet and legs became emaciated to a considerable extent, and as for feeling in those members, there was scarcely none. Through all his intense sufferings he has borne himself with much fortitude, and seemed cheerful in his painful condition, and for a couple of days past those of our citizens who have been in the habit of seeing him lying near the window of his sick chamber, have missed him from his accustomed place, the fact of which we have heard, are as follows:—A gentleman has been in this city for a few days past, who has effected several wonderful cures, as he says, by the grace of God. These facts coming to the ears of a gentleman of this city, he requested him to pay a visit to the invalid, which he did on Wednesday. He, after hearing the circumstances of the case, told him he could get well, and commenced rubbing him, and otherwise laid his hands upon him, which he continued for some time. While this was going on, the invalid experienced a sensation as of returning strength in his feet and legs, and fast asleep, he was found in his bed, and swelled considerably. With assistance he arose, and could lift his feet from the floor quite readily, and also bear considerable weight upon them. Yesterday he sat up several hours, and every hour his strength increased. A large number of his friends who have heard the circumstances have visited him, and he has the heartfelt wishes of all that he may entirely recover his health.

What they say.

One subscriber says: "Enclosed I send you one of the world's yellow deliriums, (a gold dollar) for your bright and glorious BANNER, to renew my subscription for six months." Another says: "I would rather go without my dinner every day for twelve months to come, than to be without your valuable paper one week. My mind wants food as well as the body, and the BANNER feeds my mind with a rich banquet." Another says: "I send a year's subscription, which is a motive power to unfurl the ample folds of the precious columns of the BANNER or LIGHT, that shall feed the souls of my family the coming year."

A Spiritual Manifestation.

Spirits manifest themselves to mortals so often of late, outside the ranks of Spiritualism, that the secular press are making it a point to record the "Ghost Stories," as they call them. We copied one from the Boston Journal recently, and now we give another from a recent number of the San Francisco Alta California:

"Several weeks ago, a married lady residing in the San Francisco suburb, had come to this city for her health, and was boarding at a house on California street, and in the night and plainly saw a phantom of her husband, which she supposed to be her living husband, and in that position called to her son, a boy about twelve years of age, saying, 'Henry, I want your father.' She got up and advanced toward the figure and it disappeared. She pinched herself to see whether she was not asleep, but found herself to be fully awake. The vision disturbed her very much, and she was so much affected that she was unable to sleep. In a vigorous health at Honolulu, a few weeks before, she feared greatly that the vision indicated his death. When she went down to breakfast in the morning, a gentleman boarding in the same house noticed the lady's state, and endeavored to cheer her up by a good humor. She told him the cause of her uneasiness, and he attempted to remove the unhappy impression from her mind, but failed. She insisted that her husband must be dead, and that she must return to Honolulu by the first boat, so she said. A day or two later her departure a vessel arrived from Honolulu with news that her husband had died. His death, however, did not take place on the day when she saw the vision, but a week before."

Palmerston and Napoleon.

This is a story, told by the New York Evening Post, respecting the two characters above named:

"About the first time the names of Lord Palmerston and of the present Emperor of France were mentioned together by the world, was when the latter was still Prince Napoleon. Lord Palmerston said of him and of his famous inclinations, that he never opened his mouth except to tell a lie. The Prince promptly waited upon Lord Palmerston, asked him to explain the meaning of that statement, and endeavored to get a falsification on his part upon which Lord Palmerston had based this gross imputation.

Lord Palmerston declared that he had no ground whatever for his imputations upon the Prince—that he never knew him to be unfaithful to the truth, he pleaded political and official exigencies in extenuation of his conduct; expressed great regret that he had given the Prince a moment's uneasiness, and begged him to consider the remark as never having been made."

The Providence Journal.

This paper concludes a handsome notice of the Spiritualist Convention recently held in that city with the following:

"The speaking was excellent; there was much talent displayed, and say what the world may of Spiritualism and its philosophy, it must be acknowledged its advocates are not devoid of noble and rich in rhetoric. If Spiritualists are mad, there is method in their madness."

The Syrian Massacres.

The American Consul at Beirut, J. Augustus Johnson, has written an interesting letter to Rev. Dr. Wayland, which has been published in the Providence Journal. He truly says, "the facts are enough to strike the civilized world with horror." We extract the following:

"The American missionaries have estimated the loss sustained by the Christians at 10,000, and that of the Druses about 1200. The inhabitants of the Christian towns of Ghazir, Koun and Haddara, were brutally slaughtered in cold blood after a full surrender had been made. Thirty or forty convents have been plundered and burned, and the monks were put to death, some of whom were French. Nearly one hundred villages have been burned, and the crops of the country destroyed. Many churches have also been burned among them the American Mission Chapel at Haddara and the school house at Beirut. It is believed that not less than sixty thousand Christians are now homeless and starving, and have no other hope for subsistence than the charity of the Christian world."

Letters from Constantinople, via Marseilles, announce fresh violence at Aleppo, Orfa, and other places in Asia. It has again been confirmed that the Turkish soldiers took part in the massacres. The Christian Catechumen of the Lebanon, his council, and some of the principal inhabitants, had signed a declaration of peace, in which, however, the reclamation of any claim for indemnity was not mentioned. After having denounced this act, they went, by order of the Mufti of Sidon and of the Turkish authorities, to confer with the chiefs of the Druses.

DAMASCUS.—The whole Christian quarter has been utterly destroyed. 4000 Christians had taken refuge

in the house of Abdel-Kader, who defended them against all comers. 3000 had taken refuge in the castle under the Pacha, and several hundred in the English Consulate, which, as yet, being situated in the Moslem quarter of the town, had been respected. Upwards of two thousand Christians, it was calculated, had been murdered, all in cold blood; and the estimated loss of property, money, valuables, &c., was \$3,000,000.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

WITCHCRAFT AND SPIRITUALISM, an Address delivered at the Spiritual Convention, Providence, R. I., August 1st, by Hon. FREDERICK ROBINSON, of Marblehead, will be found on our third page. It is able, and (like everything else in the BANNER) will well repay a reading.

"GIMMERS IN IRELAND," No. 5, by our Junior, contains a very interesting account of his visit to some of the beautiful scenes of the Emerald Isle, and will read with pleasure. See second page of the BANNER.

THE POPE AND SYRIA.—The Pope has addressed an energetic letter to the bishops of Syria. His Holiness laments the massacres of the Maronites which have been committed by the Druses, and expresses his horror of the barbarities of the Turks. His Holiness further speaks in high praise of the French expedition, and exhorts the princes to repress the excesses of the infidels, and to arrest the enemies of morality, justice, religion, and social order.

Bro. L. Judd Pardee's address for the present will be New York city.

THE PAGES OF THE BANNER are this week filled with a great variety of choice original matter, which, we doubt not, will be duly appreciated by our numerous readers.

While the Chicago Zieglers were manœuvring on the Common recently, a countryman observed, "This is one of the finest corpses (corps) I ever saw!" A bystander replied, with a knowing leer, "Instead of the members being corpses, they are drilling to make corpses of others, sir."

Perhaps the best prescription for the cure of *felena* is hemp-poultice.—E. X.

JOSE thinks that prescription is as likely to kill as to cure.

SHOCKING NEWS.—That which comes by telegraph. GARIBOLDI'S VOLUNTEERS.—A thousand volunteers left Turin, on the 2d of the month, for Sicily. Five thousand more are to leave on the 4th. The whole number of men intended to be transported by sea is twenty-five thousand. It is stated that two Neapolitan regiments have been ordered to the city of "Viva Garibaldi!" Fifteen hundred of Garibaldi's volunteers have already landed in Calabria. It was expected he would shortly advance on Naples, whether he had been summoned. His arrival was waited for with impatience both at Naples and Rome.

JOSE very solemnly remarked, upon observing a load of logwood in the street, that some poor creature was going to die.

HUNGARY.—According to news received from Paris, the seeds of a great national conspiracy have been discovered in Hungary. This conspiracy was to have burst out on the 29th of August, the day on which is celebrated the festival of the

letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly won of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used purely vegetable No 18 Temple Place Boston Mass.
Oct 1. 1847

Correspondence.

1001

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

1990

...and the ...

the plane of hell-contrasts
efforts of goodness, is :

[illegible]