

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 22.

Written for the Banner of Light. WEALTH AND WORTH.

BY COLEMAN RUSSELL.

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,
Thread 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 Mademoiselle Descartes, 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 inspiration would take temporary possession of the soul of the noble-minded sculptor, and entering his studio he would work diligently for a few hours, until the remembrance 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, Mademoiselle Descartes, whom Claude had first met in the Forest of Fontainebleau, and of whose wondrous charms she had often heard him so enthusiastically praise. Victor, Chariton, 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 Descartes 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 Descartes. 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-brother'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 Descartes, 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 convulsed 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, 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 Chariton, 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 confidant. Pray do not increase my mother's fears. Is it not enough, Chariton, that I have of late refused her my 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, and despite 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 Chariton, petulantly. "Did I not warn you at the outset against the Siren-like fascinations of Hermine Descartes?" 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 sympathetic heart," said Claude, mournfully.

shown 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 Ponsard, 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 you, 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 Mademoiselle Descartes! I imagine, as her carriage is in the door."

"Yes, yes, you are right, dear mother, it is from Mademoiselle Descartes, 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, 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 coquette 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 Mademoiselle Descartes."

"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, man, 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 these 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 die, no, I cannot die!" and with a loud, hysterical laugh, Claude 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 poor, wretched Hermine Descartes, 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 cries for Hermine to save 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 his memory. At last Victor came, to the great relief 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 Mademoiselle 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 Mademoiselle Descartes 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 Mademoiselle Montfort, and would not be disturbed—bearing the verbal answer "that Mademoiselle Descartes 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 heretofore been disposed to be more charitable toward the sickle-minded beauty than Monsieur Chariton, who declared her to be a soulless and unprincipled woman.

Mademoiselle 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 Mademoiselle 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, inducing 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 fear of meeting Hermine again—until hearing Chariton discourse most enthusiastically upon Grisel'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 drilled 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 longuettes 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 editorial editor of "Le Moniteur" seemed to enjoy an intimate acquaintance.

Grisel and Marie 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 lover. 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 Gisela Grisel, 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 Mademoiselle Descartes—discovered with alarm that the fascinating but false-hearted Hermine was just entering an opposite stage box, accompanied by her fashionable friends, Mademoiselle 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 Grisel—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 Mademoiselle 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 Mademoiselle Descartes; but made haste to observe that Mademoiselle's attention seemed so thoroughly control in Grisel, that he had not, in all probability, noticed the entrance of the artful coquette.

For a long time Hermine Descartes 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 Mademoiselle 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 Marie and Grisel were singing a duet with that soul 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 longuettes which Monsieur Ponsard, her assiduous lover, had presented her with only a few evenings previous.

The fall of the opera glass to the uncarpeted 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 Descartes, 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 Mademoiselle Montfort look against, remembering how assiduously 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, which 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 Mademoiselle Descartes.

CHAPTER VI.

"Hermine, dearest Hermine, I began to think that you were never going to grant me audience again!" exclaimed Claude Durand, half gaily, half reproachfully, as a servant ushered him into the elegant boudoir of Mademoiselle Descartes 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 to-day."

"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. I am to be married, and I am not at all sure that I am not a little weary of my present life. 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 wildflower 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-obliterated lips of Hermine Descartes.

"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 unfolded a rich diamond bracelet from an ornate case, 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 also 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 meditated, 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 spoiled beauty.

"Claude Durand," answered Hermine, in trembling tones, "while I admire your devotion, I must still refuse your love. I grant that the thing has cost even one as heartless as Hermine Descartes 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!"

Hermine," he murmured, in tremulous tones, as he advanced to touch her lips respectfully to one slender, jeweled hand, "do not, I pray you, entirely forget me in my grief, for this grief will ere long, I trust, be a joyful one, and with a happy adieu, the sculptor turned and rushed from the apartment, before the haughty beauty could gather strength to recall him.

Gliding down upon the crimson velvet lounge, the wretched woman gave vent to a flood of passionate tears, which seemed to momentarily wash away all pride from her heart, and leave the lone who had all along tried to crush out, alone master there.

"Claude, dear Claude," she murmured with convulsive sobs, "could you bear witness to my soul's agony now, you would not recognize in me the proud and haughty woman who, but a few moments ago, coldly repulsed your love. Oh, that I had never been born to endure the misery of this hour! Poor, broken heart, you will never know how deeply Hermine Descares loved you; for once the wife of Monsieur Ponsard, I shall bury in the innermost caverns of my marble heart—and a mocking smile trembled upon her lip—the memory of a love too deep and pure to dwell long within this sinful breast. Oh, Claude, forgive, forgive the seeming deception I have practiced upon you, and oh do not curse her who has always loved, and will continue to love, the poor sculptor, so long as life shall last; and saying this, the remorse-stricken woman buried her face in her hands, and the rich pillows heaped upon the lounge.

"Hermine, my soul's loved ideal!" forlornly exclaimed Claude, as, advancing from behind, he sought to enfold the loved form of Hermine once more in his arms.

"Come, come once more to these outstretched arms, for it is I, not you, that should inspire forgiveness."

"Oh, smile upon me as of old, Hermine, that I may believe the words of love I just now heard, more real; that I am not dreaming; and a deep crimson spot burned in the center of each pale cheek, while the dark eyes grew lustrous with love.

"Claude!" exclaimed Hermine vehemently, as, springing to her feet, she hastily wiped the tears from her cheeks, and confronted her amazed lover with an imperious glance, "why are you back again? I thought you were on your way home long ago? Monsieur Durand, I must request you to leave me, for it is near midnight, and this interview has already become tedious to both of us," and the haughty beauty waved her hand commanding for the sculptor to depart.

"Oh, Hermine, do not bid me to leave you, unless you would have rest upon your beautiful head the sin of a broken heart!" and the deeply agitated man pressed his hands firmly against his heart, while an expression of sharp pain passed over his haggard face, from which all color had died out. "Tell me that your heart is not marble, that Chariton's words were a jest, that you still love me, and will yet marry me, despite my poverty," and the agitated sculptor threw himself down upon the lounge where Hermine, pale and trembling, had once more rejected himself.

"Claude Durand," said Hermine, with a forced composure, "I am weary of your importunities, your unspoken reproaches, which are written all over your blanched and sorrowful face. Much as you suffer, I am still the most to be pitied of the two. Reared in affluence by my parents, I was taught to loathe and despise the poor by my proud and beautiful mother, whose love of extravagance and society was so at variance with my father's quiet tastes and economical habits; nevertheless, for the sake of the heartless beauty he so proudly called his wife, he devoted his mind and body to the pursuit of one object—that of amassing money. Alas! in an evil day ruin came upon him, and hungry creditors stripped Henri Descares of all his worldly possessions. At that terrible moment, God called the heart-broken merchant home. My mother and I were left dependent on our object poverty upon the bounty of my father's relatives, who begrudged us even a living. The loss of friends and fortune sent my beloved mother into her grave. Even in her dying hour she called me to her bedside, and bade me devise some means for recovering the fortune, the loss of which had brought upon us such frightful misery. Upon bended knee, I promised to abide by her counsels, to sacrifice every other feeling to recover my lost position. Fortune smiled upon me in my orphanhood at last. A small property was one day left me by the decease of a distant relative of my mother, and from that day the whole current of my life seemed changed. I determined to crush out all love from my heart, and set myself to the task of making a wealthy marriage, with the view of augmenting my limited fortune."

"Oh, Hermine, do not speak thus cruelly of yourself," interrupted the weeping sculptor. "I, at least, will not believe you marble-hearted," and the tones of the sculptor's voice became tender with pity.

"It is nevertheless true, Claude," replied Hermine, with emotion. "To you I have sometimes revealed a spark of the woman's tenderness, but to the world I have been a thing of marble and a remorseless coquette; and to you, my friend," she said, rising and lowering her voice to a hoarse whisper, "I must henceforth become a statue."

Claude Durand slowly rose to his feet, and crossing his arms upon his breast, stood regarding the beautiful fiend before him with a look of stony despair.

"Claude! Claude Durand! are you here?" cried the familiar voice of Chariton in the anti-room, and the next moment Victor, hat in hand, stood beside his friend.

"Here is a letter from Estelle, which I found an hour since upon my desk at the office, where I stopped for a few minutes upon my arrival from London, which states that your mother is dangerously ill, and desires your immediate presence at home. Mademoiselle Hermine," he said, coldly bowing to the stony beauty before him, "I beg your pardon for this intrusion, but it was quite unavoidable. I trust you will excuse Monsieur Durand's abrupt departure?"

Hermine nodded a graceful assent to her friend's remark; but the sculptor still kept his eyes steadily fixed upon her classical features, apparently unconscious of the presence of Chariton.

"Come, come, my dear friend, let's to your hotel and pack your portmanteau, that we may take the first diligence in the morning for the country," said the nervous editor, slapping his sculptor friend vigorously upon the shoulder.

"Ah, Monsieur Ponsard, delighted to see you!" exclaimed the sculptor, whose heated brain was fast beginning to turn, in the violence of his grief. "I hope you are not jealous of a poor sculptor, who can only boast a few francs!" and Claude laughed a low hysterical laugh, which startled his friend Victor, and caused even Hermine to shudder with alarm.

"I fear our friend is ill," said the afflicted woman, hurriedly addressing the editor of Le Moniteur.

"His eyes are strangely brilliant, and his face has the pallor of death. Had you not better take him home at once, Monsieur Chariton? I'll order my carriage," and the terrified woman was hastening out of the room when Claude rushed after her, and clutched her by the skirt of the dress.

"Not so fast, false one!" said the crazy man. You must give me your wealth of orange blossoms first, for Estelle will want them when we go to be married to-morrow night at the church of La Madeleine," and he wrested the flowery crown from the raven hair of the dismayed woman. "Do not tell Chariton of our marriage, Monsieur Ponsard," said the brain-maddened Claude, addressing the awe-struck Victor, "for he was once my friend, and loves Estelle, too. Adieu, dear Hermine; I'll send you a chaplet of the purple nightshade in exchange for this," he said, pointing to the delicate wreath he was crushing in his fingers. Yes, Victor, nightshade will become your dark hair admirably," and, with a loud laugh, Claude Durand rushed out into the open air, closely followed by the bewildered Victor, headlessly brushing by Monsieur Ponsard in his passage along the corridor, who, entering the boudoir of his betrothed a moment later, found the beautiful Hermine in a swoon upon the floor.

"Home, sweet home!" said Claude Durand joyfully, as he feebly descending the steps of the diligence he took the proffered arm of Chariton, and entering the little vine-wreathed porch of his mother's dwelling, passed noiselessly on through the narrow corridor until they came to the sculptor's long deserted studio.

The door was slightly ajar, and releasing his hold upon his friend's arm, Claude pushed the door widely open, and entered in advance of Victor. With a sharp cry he started and fell backwards into the arms of his companion, for his eyes had suddenly fallen upon the slight form of Estelle, who, clad in a dress of deepest mourning, stood silently contemplating the unfinished statue of Hermine with a look of sadness depicted upon her countenance that only heightened her spiritual beauty.

"Claude, dearest brother!" she exclaimed, as with a wild cry of delight the young girl encircled the neck of the heart-crushed wanderer in her white arms, "you will love me, now that she is dead?" and tears sparkled in her azure eyes.

"Dead! My mother dead, did you say?" asked Claude, as recovering himself he drew the slight form of Estelle close to his heart, and passionately kissed her pale brow.

"Yes, Claude, she died a week ago, and I have been watching for your coming ever since. You remember, eh, I wrote you of her severe illness," she said, turning her gaze upon Chariton, who stood like a man stricken dumb, "some three weeks ago, and requested you to convey the intelligence immediately to Claude."

"Which letter? I did not receive until last evening, upon my return from London, after an absence of more than three weeks," replied Chariton, sadly.

"Well, it is nearly over now," said Claude, pressing his hand hard upon his heart. "Tell me, Estelle, that my mother forgave me, and I shall die in peace."

"And the fearful change which rapidly passed over the countenance of the wretched Claude, told all too plainly that death was near."

"Oh, you will not die and leave me alone, dear brother!" cried Estelle, gazing alarmedly into the blanched face of Claude, upon whose brow the dews of death had already begun to gather.

"Yes, dear Estelle, God hath so ordained it; but do not weep when I am gone. It is she that has broken my heart," he said, in a hoarse whisper, and pointing his thin finger toward the statue of Hermine.

"Her heart is marble," he added, with a porcupine shudder; but yours is warm, warm—yes, warm with love."

The exhausted man tottered and fell upon the floor. Chariton and Estelle both hastened to lift him up, but he begged them not to move him, as he was suffering intense pain.

Kneeling upon the hard floor, the weeping Estelle pillowed the dying man's head upon her gentle breast, while Chariton stood down and gently wiped the moisture from his friend's brow.

"Oh, Estelle, dearest sister," said Claude, faintly, as he pressed his fast purpling lips to the hot cheek of Estelle, "you have always loved me, and but for Hermine Descares, you might have been my own dear wife. She stood between us, beautiful alien that she was; but the spell is broken now; death has broken it." And the voice of the dying man grew fainter and fainter.

"Victor, beloved friend of my heart," he continued, slightly raising himself from his recumbent position, "you alone are worthy of Estelle's love." And motioning the two to join hands, he said, with a sweet smile, "God will make a union between two such noble hearts a happy one."

A shadow crept over the still, white face, the dark eyes grew dim, and with a farewell kiss, Claude Durand breathed his last upon the breast of Estelle.

"Claude! Claude! my own loved one!" exclaimed Hermine Descares, as she rushed wildly into the presence of the sainted dead, "I have broken with Ponsard, and have come to marry you!"

"Too late, too late, Hermine, hath repentance come to you? Marble Heart!" said Chariton, coldly warning her back. "Mother and son are both in heaven!"

A twelvemonth later, and Victor and Estelle were married, as Claude desired. Hermine Descares retired to a convent, where she died of insanity.

SISTERS' QUARREL.

One day Good-bye met How-d'-ye-do, Two girls to be dissolving;
But soon the rival sisters met,
From kissing to disputing.
"Away!" says How-d'-ye-do; "your mien
Appalls my cheerful nature—
No one so sad and so keen
As sorrow's promulgator!"
When'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it;
When'er I plant one blossom flower,
Your midwife drops to fade it.
How-d'-ye-do has turned each tongue
To Hope's delighted measure,
Good-bye in friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure.
From sorrow past my cynic skill
Draws smiles of consolation;
While you from present joys disill
The tears of separation.
Good-bye replied: "Your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded;
But pray, who'd think of How-d'-ye-do,
Unless Good-bye preceded?
Without my prior influence,
Could you have ever flourished?
And can your hand one flower dispense
But that my tears have nourished?
How oft, if at the Court of Love
Condemned to the fashion,
When How-d'-ye-do has failed to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion!
Go, bid the timid lover dance,
And I'll resign my character.
If he for ten kind How-d'-ye-dos
One kind Good-bye would barter!"

AMERICAN OAK.—Donald McKay, Esq., the eminent ship-builder of East Boston, who has recently spent some time in Europe, in a letter to the Boston Commercial Bulletin, speaks of the American oak as follows:

"I cannot help pronouncing my opinion on this occasion, that the American white oak growing along the west from New Hampshire southward to Virginia and Maryland, is the best material for ship-building existing in the world; and I say this after having had an opportunity to examine the best sticks of timber in the many yards of England and France, and in all parts of the globe. I confidently express my opinion that ships built with the best American white oak will, on an average, attain an age of over thirty years, as it has been proved by experience."

GLIMPSES IN IRELAND.

By Our Junior.

NUMBER FIVE.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.—THIRD PART.

Mucrus Abbey, Maugerton, Curran-Tuak, Glengariff, etc.

Ever to be remembered are the feelings which move and actuate one amid the varied scenery of Killarney. We do not say we regretted that we were not an Irishman; in spite of all we are proud to remain a nation, prouder still surrounded by the temptation of such sublime beauty; but had we been one, with what sentiments should we have spoken of our native land.

The locality of which we have written presents a panorama not to be surpassed. With difficulty one decides where to fix his gaze. Bewildered, dazzled, by such a succession of magnificence, the eye, as if of itself afraid to grapple with such near glory, seeks relief in remote distances, where the towering mountains, borrowing the hue of the sky, seem lost far up in the blue arch.

On the bank of the Lower Lake we were sequestered in the profound quiet of our hotel. No admissions here gained by the Killarney beggar—in fact, all signs of life peculiar to the spot are the patient women who sit day in and day out at the hotel door, offering for sale, wrought into various knick-knacks, the wool of the arbutus and oak. Let us see something of the population, which we may do by walking to Mucrus, which lies in our road to Maugerton, along a pretty road of about a mile leading to the village of Killarney. We pass the yet unfinished cathedral, begun from a design by Pugin, standing there a silent witness for an empty treasury. The Mucrus Hotel, which we pass on our way to Maugerton, is in some respect, more advantageously situated than the Victoria—although it commands no views of the Lakes, it is close to the charming walks of the Mucrus peninsula. The natural beauties of this peninsula, dividing the two lakes, and commanding some of the finest views of the scenery of each, have been very much improved, and with an admirable taste which not even the most critical observer could question.

Here stands Mucrus Abbey, a beautiful ruin. Its ivied walls loom far above the luxuriant foliage which surrounds them. Many parts are still in excellent preservation. The Abbey has lately been kept locked; but on making your presence known you are at once admitted and shown round the ruin. It was founded by the McGarries in 1440 for conventual Franciscans. It was repaired in 1602 by the Roman Catholic, but soon after suffered to go to ruin. It consists of a nave, choir, transept, and cloisters, with every other apartment, to render it a complete and comfortable residence. The cloisters, even now, are wonderfully perfect, and very few who have ever examined this beautiful relic of antiquity, will forget the impressions its sombre shades threw upon the mind. In the centre stands a majestic yew, whose sheltering branches are hung across the sacred battlements, forming a perfect canopy, and many are the legends told of it. It is a magnificent tree—rising to a fabulous height without a limb—a strange vegetable memorial of long past generations. In the center of the choir, a large modern tomb covers the vault in which in ancient times were interred the mortal remains of the McGarries More. Close to this, that on the earth, is a slab which formerly covered the vault—it has no inscription, but bears the arms of the Earl of Glancarrow. There are very many inscriptions on the stones of the walls which will attract attention. The Abbey stands in the midst of some most luxuriant groves—a beautiful contrast—the vivifying power of nature keeping watch and ward over, and cherishing the perishable works of man—clothing decay with ever springing beauty.

In the tree to which we have alluded is a wound which is generally pointed out by the guide, who with the gravest face imaginable, tells you something about a wretch who had the hardihood to, in fact, but who paid the full price of his scurrilousness for that a numbness instantly seized the guilty arm, and spread gradually over the whole frame until he died.

But let us move on, and mount our ponies, for the ascent to the mountain is very gradual, bare, and dreary. On we go for a mile or two, until the way gets steeper and more rugged. Company begin to gather about us. There is the regular Irish guide, who springs up at every turn of a road which one boasts of a view, and who begins to run off in a sing song, all the legends of the locality. He is very easily quelled. Not so the mountain girls, with their goats' milk and potheen. Thick and fast they gather at every step of the ascent, and no persuasion can induce them to let you go on in peace. They did not look as if in great want, or if so, it was hidden under bright eyes and graceful forms. A little over two miles more—along the channel of a torrent—and we look from Maugerton down on the Lower Lake. Magnificent was the view—glorious the day. It is no easy matter to gain the summit of Maugerton—though those who have climbed Mt. Blane would smile at us for alluding to our efforts—it is not the highest mountain in Ireland, though viewed from the valley it affords no indistinct idea of what a veritable mountain is. The sure footed ponies are now tried indeed—little rough-cut animals, making their way over rocks, bogs, and loose stones, through swift streams, and along the brink of precipices, where many a stumble has proved fatal—spots where we, unaccustomed to mountain travel, should not have dared to trust ourselves.

But here we are at the "Devil's Punch Bowl," a tiny lake in the midst of almost perpendicular rocks. Nothing but sight would convey any idea of its singular character. The water is intensely cold—a deep ocean in the mountain, two thousand two hundred and six feet above the level of the sea—it is apparently supplied from a spring at the bottom, in addition to the water which drains into it from the precipitous sides whose jutting crags the eagle alone may visit. It never was known to freeze; trout are not found in it, although plentiful enough in a stream which runs out of it—sometimes called the "Sixx," which supplies Toca waterfall.

As it is chiefly supplied by springs which rise in the surrounding peat beds, its water is of a very dark color, while it receives a darker tinge, even from its depth, which is said to be unfathomable. This peculiarity is, of course, by the peasantry, very generally attributed to the influence of his Satanic Majesty. It never is calm, being in agitation even on the mildest day.

Five hundred feet more, and we arrive at the perfect sought for destination. The summit is a perfect level of considerable extent, and even in smiling June the cold is quite severe. How shall we describe it! Weak in the pen, as even the tongue, to portray the pictures of memory—to reveal the revelation of sense. The scene was far more magnificent than anything we ever saw—more grand than the dream of our imagination. We caught a glimpse of that ocean that washes the shores of the Western World. It did bear to the Old Bay State one cry of welcome, as there it sparkled over the shoulder of a distant cluster of mountains? Ah, we shall never forget how the sight of that great highway of the

world, over which we came a pilgrim, lifted up our spirits! No inland sea, no channel between the sister isles of a great kingdom, hath such power as the broad Atlantic.

"There is a magnet-like attraction in these waters to the imaginative power that takes the vision with the reality, and pictures things unseen. To reach beyond the highway of the world my fancy flies."—Campbell.

In the distance, the eye slid along the beautiful River Kenmare, insinuating itself among the openings of the mountains, till again it took in the green glimmer of the far-off sea. Did we not feel the grandeur of that iron bound coast, far off as it was? Coming round from the view of the Bay of Bantry, the Bay of Dingle, and the storm beaten coast of Iveragh, we take in, further off still, the Shannon, Kilrush and Tarbert; and then with an easy sweep, such as the eye of an eagle may make when hanging aloft he turns his head, our eyes take in the mighty range of the Reeks, and rest in awe upon Erin's loftiest peak—Curran-Tuak. Midway lay mountains of all forms and altitudes, with their lakes and catenars and streams of white foam. Ever and anon the clouds, tossed about with the rough play of the wind, would settle down on us, and leave everything in dim confusion; then they would sweep away, and the golden pinnacles of the Eagle's Nest would flash out as if tipped with fire; there, tamed by a cloud shadow, they disappear, and set throws all his radiance on the Purple Mountains—

"—as when the sun, concealed Behind some cloud that near us hangs, Shines on a distant field."—Longfellow.

But the clouds, mingling into one, rose from between our vision, and left it with no obstacle, to feast on the forest of Glenna, and, as if wandering at the capricious will of some fairy's fancy, it sunk away in beauty over the lakes, and lost in mist, wandered lovingly toward the memorial isle of Inisfallen, and trembling at its own exquisite infatuation floating with it on the bosom of the waters, settled to lasting repose in that realm of aylvan beauty. At our feet lay the three lakes, with Glenna, Toro and the Toonies, the gigantic defences with which nature has girdled them round. Most of the islands have drifted to mere specks, and the larger ones look only fit for a nation of fairies. There are many legends which account for the existence of these lakes, which, though they vary somewhat, are doubtless all derived from the same source—the neglecting to close the entrance to an enchanted fountain, which resulted in an inundation, covering, in a single night, fertile fields, palaces and houses with a sheet of water. Among some of the legends, one attributes the misfortune to the daring pilferage of one O'Donoghue, who, full of skepticism and wine, scorned the tradition which doomed to destruction the person who should displace the stone over a certain well head, and resolved to expose its falsity by removing it to his castle. His subjects, with whom his word was law, awaited the result in fear and trembling—all but his favorite jester, who dared to the summit of a neighboring mountain. When the morning sun broke, he looked down into the valley, and saw nothing but a broad sheet of water. There are other and more beautiful legends relating to the same occurrence, all containing a world of poetic wealth. But all the legends agree that the men and women who lived in the lovely valley did not perish, but still exist beneath the lake, where the O'Donoghue still lords it over his people.

An hour, perhaps, was occupied in looking at the different views under the constantly varying light and shade. It was a magnificent panorama with its beautiful foreground, its grand midway, and its sublime distance. The lakes seemed to wash the feet of the giant forms that shut us from the lower world. The monarchs of the solitude looked down at the beauty beneath their feet, solemn or sad, whether in glimmer or in gloom. We know their names—strange names; often were they repeated in our ears: Curran-Tuak, Purple Mountain, Toonies, Glenna, Toro, Drooping Mountain, Cahira, Jero, Sugar-Loaf, Turran-Tuak is a thousand feet higher than Toonies, and far above where we stand; yet we regard not their comparative heights—there they stand in gigantic brotherhood, on a glorious equality of companionship. Curran-Tuak is eight miles away, yet it seems as if the eagle might wing his flight from one top to the other as quickly as a swallow skims the lake below from Ross to Inisfallen.

But the mist gathers in earnest, and we descend. We send our ponies before, for we have a path to descend in which our feet will best serve us, though on no account could we have made the descent without the aid of a guide; as it was, we were called adventurous. We descend not far. We reach again the "Devil's Punch Bowl." It is a melancholy place amidst high rocks—the torn which never plummet sounded. We sit here under the shelter of a rude stone wall. We have some sandwiches and potheen, and near are cold, cold springs. One of the women that made one of the number who followed us up the mountain, increasing as we neared the top as a snow ball increases with rolling, suddenly appears at our side. She sits down, and with a mournful endence sings one of her native songs. "Her voice is sweet, is soft, and low." Another. Her story is exhaustless. She gave us many little arguments to explain her ditties. They were unquestionably the pastoral ballads of a mountain peasantry. Say what we will of the Irish, there is in them a power of expression which touches us in spite of self. Theirs is a bold, forcible and comprehensive language, full of striking epithets and idiomatic beauty. Its peculiar adaptation for either praise or satire is wonderful. Its blessings are singularly touching and expressive, while its curses are wonderfully strong, bitter and biting. And under no circumstances are both extremes so remarkably discernible as at "the wake."

We know absolutely nothing of "the wake" out of Ireland. There it is perfection—elsewhere a farce. Mrs. B. C. Hall, who, perhaps, has done more justice to the culture of Ireland, and has acted with more than ordinary philanthropy toward its people, as an authoress, more so than any who have written before her—gives a strikingly powerful description of a *San cainne*, or "leading lamenter," which we will give, though it leaves us half way and more up the rugged Maugerton: "The Keener is almost invariably an aged woman; or if she be comparatively young, the habits of her life make her look old. I remember one, and never can forget a scene in which she played a conspicuous part. A young man had been shot by the police as he was resisting a warrant for his arrest. He was of 'decent people,' and had a 'fine wake.' The woman, when I entered the apartment, was sitting on a low stool by the side of the corpse. Her long, black, uncombed locks were hanging about her shoulders; her eyes were the deepest grey; pothole to the country, and which are capable of every expression, from the bitterest hatred and the direct revenge to the softest and warmest affection. Her large blue cloak was confined at her throat, but so closely as to conceal the outline of her figure, this and gaunt, but exceedingly lithesome. When she arose, as if by sudden inspiration, first holding out her hands over the body, and then tossing them wildly above her head, she continued her chant in a low, monotonous tone, occasionally breaking into a style earnest and animated, and using every variety of attitude to give emphasis to her words, and en-

force her description of the virtues and good qualities of the deceased. 'Half and more was his foot,' she said, 'on hill and valley. His shadow struck terror to his foes; he could look the sun in the face like an eagle; the whirl of his weapon through the air was fast and terrible as lightning. There had been full and plenty in his father's house, and the traveler never left it empty; but the tyrants had taken all except his heart's blood—and that they took at last. The girls of the mountains may cry by the running streams, and weep for the flower of the country; but he will return no more. He was the last of his father's house; but his people were many on hill and in valley; and they would revenge his death.' Then, kneeling, she clenched her hands together and cursed bitter curses against whoever had aimed the fatal bullet—curses which illustrate too forcibly the ferocity of Irish hatred. 'May the grass grow at your door! May you fade into nothing, like snow in summer! May your own blood rise up against you, and the sweetest drink you take be the bitterest cup of sorrow! May you die without benefit of priest or clergy!' To each of her curses there was a deep 'Amen!' which the *San cainne* passed to hear, and then resumed her maledictions." Though the subject of so much poetical lament is rather less poetical than we might have regarded the glorious death of some brave chieftain, still it serves fully to illustrate the peculiar fervor and power of the Irish blessing, and the exceeding force and bitterness of the curse.

But let us be moving. We bid adieu to our sweet singer. On our way down, we desire somewhat from the usual course, in order to pay a visit to Coon-na-gappal—"Glen of the Horse"—so called from one of these animals having been, it is said, with his burden, a fair girl, precipitated over the crags into a dark lake below. But there is a legend of it, that it was no accident, and that neither the horse nor the girl were ever seen again on earth. She lived in an ancient castle, which stood in the valley below. She was the fairest of all the daughters of Erin—bright as a sunbeam, gentle as a dove, and light-footed as a white roe. Her hair was darker than the sunless depths of Coon-na-gappal, and as spotless as the falling snow was her heart. Her voice was so full of music, that the birds listen to her with forsaken harps. The poor worshiped and blessed her; hers was a generous race, and her life added fresh glory to their names. She was the only child of her father, and when in the morning of her life and the bloom of her maidenhood, he said to her: "My daughter, choose thou of thyself from the princes of Erin one to be thy protector and friend, and a father to my people when I am gone!" She turned away and wept, for her heart was with him who dwelt beneath the silver waters of the lake.

Often did she wander to the lake when twilight stole along the mountains; and their forms, grown gigantic in the gloom, cast a dark shadow on its waters. Once there rose from the waves a knight on horseback, with beautiful plumes dancing about his helmet, which, like a huge diamond, seemed to light all the scene. Sweet strains of more than earthly harmony accompanied him to the shore, and when he touched the bank to greet her, all the trees of Glenna and the Toonies bent down to their native lord. She knew no fear, because she knew not evil, and her heart went out in adoration to the wonderful being who thus welcomed her. He promised to make her his bride if, on each May morning, for seven years, she would meet him on the crag. This she promised. And in company with a faithful servant, for six May mornings—each coming with its wealth of bloom and singing birds—for six May mornings are the lake winged its dizzy flight as if to perch on the ornaments of heaven—ere the thrush sought sustenance for its young, did she meet her royal lover.

Malga, knowing the determination of her mistress, was sorrowful indeed, and mourned in silence at her resolve, and the sorrow it would bring her people. Many and many were the sutors who turned away, to the grief of the nation and the pain of her aged father. Another April came; Malga mingled her tears with his showers, and for the last time she saw her mistress receive the kiss of her father, the last, and she saw her eyes fill with tears. "Surely," thought she, "she never can quit her home and the grey hairs of a dotting father." Arriving near the spot, she gave Malga her coronet and robe—her jewels. "Be thou a child unto my father, and divide these among the poor. I wear no robe but this, no crown but these." And the robe was white as snow, and the wreath was of water lilies, whose cups were more pure than silver, whose threads were more precious than gold. She placed it on her head, pressed the hand of her too faithful Malga, bade her farewell, and walking out from the canopy of trees into the balmy air—the heavens still full set with stars—the woodpecker still dreaming in her nest—she reached the appointed place. Malga followed at a distance, and saw the Lake King waiting his bride. The lady stood upon the crag, and waved her hand toward the home of her youth, then turned toward her lover, whose steel stood as firmly on the water as if his silver shoes were pressing the earth; his white plume waved and danced in the morning air; he rose in his stirrups, and while the sweetest music floated around, his steed leaped to the edge of the precipice. The lady mounted before him; and together they sprang from the earth forever, and away, away swifter than a thousand sunbeams and brighter, the prince and his beautiful bride flashed beyond the lake.

Would we might tell, as we have heard, of the legend of the lost lover. From his unshod feet the stone came. Beyond their native forest: For oft hath Glenna's dusky mount, Whose lofty brow in gloom lies, Borne load about the neck of arms, To fight the latter Toonies.

And many a fairy's step hath pressed Those grand old Irish mountains, And many a dream the night hath had Slumbering beside their fountains. Would we might tell the legends all, Of rocks and crags that glisten, And we should have a world of ears, With hearts in them, to listen.

The spot of which we have endeavored to reproduce the legend, as best we could, from memory—"the Glen of the Horse"—may be likened to a gigantic pit, protected on all sides by perpendicular rocks, in which the eagle builds his nest without the fear of man. It is utterly inaccessible save from one point, and that is where its superabundant waters have forced an opening into a still lower Glen. To reach it from the heights would be next to an impossibility under any circumstances.

We follow the course of the stream, and come out into rich pasture grounds, to the borders of a beautiful picturesque lake—Lough Kittane—picturesque, if we may use the term, without adornment, for nature has left it girdled with black and barren hills.

From this place, a ride of a couple of hours brings us to the Victoria again, and to visions of "the swatzen mutten in all Ireland," the only drawback being that the party identified as *spe*, at table consists of us, not limited to its editorial application—the walk very long—the work hard—the appetite outrageously large, and the mutton so remarkably small.

Under the hand of the present paper, though how much more so under the hand of the blind Gausey, is a peculiarly favorable time to make acquaintance with the much over-hauled, though really over-abundant instrument of music, Irish bagpipes. The fact is, it becomes sweetly harmonious, or unbearable, precisely according to the skill of the hand that rules it. The bagpipes is spoken of in the ancient tale of Deirdre, said by the best authorities to be an undoubted relic of Pagan times. It had the same use among the Irish armies, that it now has among Highland regiments. But the Irish bagpipes enjoys an improvement not yet adopted by the Scotch, which admits of many more agreeable modulations. We listened to "Will you come to my bow?" so softly and eloquently played, that for a moment we forgot our predilection for "original Irish music."

But if you desire to call forth the piper's pathos, mention "Drumminrah," then watch his face, how it betrays the interest he feels in the wailing melody he pours, not into your ears alone, but into your heart. Listen to that wretched cadence, like a zephyr sighing through a garden of roses! Catch the dying harmony of that fine drawn tone melting into air! The atmosphere grows oppressed with grief—and this, but this is a tear upon our cheek. We are not alone; our friends—the piper, too, is weeping, as they say he wept at "Drumminrah" for years. But a little "thorp" puts him in a mood for a light hearted strain, something like the over-bolling of Irish glees.

If it be true that O'Donoghue does rise from his palace under the lake, we wonder that some of the martial strains played with something akin to the fire of his day, do not call him forth. It is to be regretted that such airs as one hears at Killarney have not been more noted down. They are of value, learned by the piper in his youth, from the aged of his people, whose declining voices just barely preserved the musical traditions of their country; valuable as objects of history—valuable especially to those who linger amid the relics of by gone ages, gathering from the rules of the past, thoughts for the ever-youthful future.

Killarney is the home of Irish native melody, and an acquaintance with it would be agreeably and profitably made. We know nothing of the national music of Ireland, beyond a few melodies married to the immortal name of Moore, or distorted, though sweetly so, in "Julien's Quadrilles." Its wild, unearthly character, wonderfully striking the finest Irish, and the finest airs are not heard without difficulty; they freight only the air of the glens and fastnesses of the wilder parts of the country, and are then apparently lost and useless, they are full of stirring sentiment.

Music, nationally considered, as regards Ireland, has not been the offspring of fashion or fancy merely. Since its devotion to these ends it has deteriorated. It was literally "the voice of the people." Whether excited by sorrow or joy, love or injustice, their feelings found vent in music—grief for the dead found relief in a dirge, troops were fired by songs, prayers were offered in chorus and chant—their music was poetry, and their poetry was music.

Today is our last at Killarney, and then, Killarney, farewell! Early, very early, before the sun had lighted the mists from the lakes—though his light was dancing from peak to peak along Toonies and the Reeks—we were on our way to Curran-Tuak, (the "Inverted sickle,") so called from the peculiar form of its top. Wild, who visited it in 1812, was told he was the first stranger who had succeeded it. If so, it must have been a more serious matter than now, for even ladies contrived to accomplish the feat. On arriving at the base of the mountain, or, rather, by the side of a small, rapid river which runs from one of its lakes, we rested awhile at a small hunting lodge, preparatory to making the ascent. One always leaves behind a blessing on the builders, after the descent, when, seated there, he finds to the contents of his basket have been added fresh eggs, milk, and meaty potatoes. There was little peculiar in the ascent, save that it was excessively tedious, and some fine views were afforded. At last, we reached the "Flag's Glen." It is in reality at the base of the mountain, and, although we have been above two miles since leaving the lodge, the descent is very gradual. Here we stand, closed in on either side by two singularly denuded looking mountains. These are the "Baths of the Hag," the ruling demon of the glen. In one of these is her couch; for in the frowning cliff are her chair, her crutch and her cap, while a crag, as hideous looking as if in reality it belonged to some foul fiend, is her "tooth." From here we look up. The mountain frowns almost peculiarly above us, seeming impossible to climb. To the entrance of the "Hag's Glen" we have had the sturdy mountain ponies; here we leave them to browse on the stunted herbage, and among a few others of strong limbs and sound lungs, (and of the latter we could not say much for ourselves) we commence a

DR. CHILD'S NEW BOOK.

LITTLE BOOKS BY DR. CHILD.

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 in its teachings such ample responses to my own long-cherished views of the subject, 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 foot- steps 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 denominational nests of a thousand sects—for which outlandish 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 unguessed 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 hereonward, he has been enabled not only to recognize the great principle of *Right as it is*, but to control the power of all things—the hand, that, from behind the cloud, is put forth to point a rainbow on its 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 inconsistent actualities of life to that boundless and faithless receptacle of things incomprehensible—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—this you cannot do. A million miles 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 in all things, to all things. Nothing can exist with- out 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, "batheth 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 minutest that finite or infinite mind can conceive of, of the infinitely, yet delicately adjusted mechanism of the universe is wrong, yet that 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 net a great weapon; the myriads of animalcules we 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 inter- vening between these points, God is—He is omni- present. 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, else he would learn 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 slight delusions 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 maiming 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 knows how the grass springs forth from the seed, knoweth no evil;

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

The only sure, deep-reaching, permanent knowl- edge of this truth, is derived from a knowl- edge of this truth; the only light in hours of dark- ness 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 ac- cepts them all as right, and claims for each a place in the great structure of life. It recognizes all re- ligions 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 unpre- judiced 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 mani- festation 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 a satisfactory solution of the great problem of life, as what 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 thou- sands 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 con- sidered 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 sup- posing he was plotting a wrong against the church, would have walked him up to an examining com- mittee as one deserving to wear the badge of excom- munication. It is not so now. There is a deep ques- tioning 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 in- crease of a million fold, brought mankind to where it now is. In all this we can see that Right pre- vailed, and that 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 so.

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 these 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 masters. 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 so 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 ration- al view of things as the doctrine of this book inclines, or, shall we go on in our old course of finding fault with God's ways, and wrangling with our sur- roundings, 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, individualism, 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.

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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 man nor the bravest, else a gymnast would be likely to turn us all out of our inheritance. It is the lowest form of courage that relies on his big fists, but the very highest, on the contrary, that relies in his pure spiritual force. Men are exceedingly apt to think it a proof of timidity that a person is bashful, or even modest; but they afterwards learn to beware of the terrible claws that are hidden underneath the shining velvet of this self-esteem. 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 cooling out of him little by little. We waste on others, and the opinions, prejudices and whims of others, what ought to be carefully husbanded for ourselves. We should have more *reserve*, 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 doing. For example: the standing toast 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 deliberateness and self-possession that proves the absence of all fear for the consequences. It is not every man who thinks him- self 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 which one lives. Any man, if he only schools himself either to indifference or recklessness, may do the former; but it is not every man who dares do the latter. It is so much more comfortably to be on the side of the numbers. It is so much less trouble to have one's self passed over in the general talk, 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 mat- ter. 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 mat- ters 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 per- secution 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 empha- sis; but a courage that is perfectly self-reliant, that is as brave 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 so- cial position by contrast with its own inspired ex- pression; that makes all things else look small in- deed, when it is right 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 coarse animal courage, which at best ends 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 audi- ence 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 it a very diffi- cult matter to keep his courage up; his position would look weaker to him than it ever did before; it would surprise him to see how inconclusive his logic was; he would feel that a strong prop was sud- denly 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 mag- netic 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 pos- itive 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 over- whelming one, on politics. Not every man who

styles himself a free man dare do that; or if he does, it is apt to be in a sulky, or impulsive, or un- happy 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 apertuous sort blusters, and fusses 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 cour- ageous 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 be- tray 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 man when 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! How few develop- ment and discipline are we not all of us yet to un- dergo!

Renew Your Subscriptions.

As the end of the present volume approaches, a large number of our subscribers will receive notice of the expiration of their term. The last paper due them will also have the ominous word "out" writ- ten 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 so 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 read- ing 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 ef- forts to increase our list. We must add their names to it, ere that reward which would have accrued to the same amount of cost and labor in many other enterprises, shall be ours.

Beecher's and Chapin's Sermons.

MEANS EDITORS.—Will you inform me through your paper the cause of your not printing any of Beecher'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, BERT H. McLAUGHLIN.

Proctor, N. Y., August 11, 1890.

The year having expired during which we pro- mised to print the Sermons of Messrs. Chapin and Beecher, 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 inventive 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 au- thors, and thought, until he had been told differently, that they were original with himself. This is no doubt true. We have ourselves witnessed the quot- ing from ancient histories, giving volume and page, by mediums who never were placed in conditions to know normally what they said externally. The good character of Mr. Irish, of course, precludes any sug- gestion 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 mas- sacre of thousands of Christians by the Musul- mans, 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 the Moslems; 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 Moslems. By the last reliable census of the Turkish Empire in Europe, it is ascertained that the Moslems num- ber a little more than six million, while the Chris- tians count nearly ten million and a half! In Asiatic Turkey, the number of nominal Christians likewise exceeds ten million of souls. Thus is un- derstood, 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 bril- liantly sketches the appearance of the American Consulate. It rather excites us to the desire of be- ing a consul "somewhere or other" ourselves. He observes:

"The American Consulate is on a hill, and is sur- rounded 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 glancing leaves, loaded with the brightest crimson apples. A flight of some birds from the street up to the Consulate; it is as if they were flying to the apples, 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 foot never trod before. As I stand in the door, which over my head I turn my eye toward the hills, these fairy banners are hung out. The wild blossoms are all gone."

A Game.

PERSONAL.—A young gentleman, about twenty-six years of age, of respectable 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 bene- fitted. These only who are actuated by sincerity will please address, "Inclosure," 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 mir- acles are very common even in these latter days. We are fond of recording what are called remarkable cures, though, in point of fact, one case is no more so than another. The New Bedford Standard—no- body will presume to stigmatize that as an "spirit- ual" 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 fortitude and 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 from the window of his sick chamber, have missed him from his accustomed place, the facts of which, as we have them, 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 con- tinued for some time. While this was going on, the invalid expressed a feeling as of returning strength in his limbs, and his legs and feet assumed a pinkish color, and swelled considerably. With assistance he arose, and could lift his feet from the floor quite read- ily, and also bear considerable weight upon them. Yes, he has not up several hours, and every hour his strength increases. 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 deliries, (a gold dollar) for your bright and glorious *BANNER*, to renew my subscrip- tion 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 repast." Another says: "I send a year's subscrip- tion, which is a motive power to unfurl the ample folds of the precious columns of the *BANNER OF 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 Cal- ifornian:

Several weeks ago, a married lady residing in the Sandwich Islands, who had come to this city for her health, and was boarding at a house on California street, awoke in the night and plainly saw a phantom of her husband, who she supposed to be her living husband, and in that supposition called to her son, a boy about twelve years of age, saying, "Hurry, hurry, 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 much, notwithstanding the fact that she had left her husband in 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 countenance, and endeavored to get into her 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 trusted that her hus- band must be dead, and that she must return to Hon- olohu by the first boat, and so she did. Her husband, however, had departed 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 while the latter was still Prince Napoleon. Lord Palmerston said of him and of his famous uncle, that he never opened his mouth except to tell a lie. The Prince promptly replied upon Lord Palmerston, asked him to explain this remark, and to supply evidence or instance of 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 untruthful 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 what was the world of Spiritualism and its philosophy. It must be acknowledged its ad- vance has been in logic and rich in rhetoric. If Spiritualists are mad, there is method in their mad- ness."

The Syrian Massacres.

The American Consul at Beyrout, J. Augustus John- son, has written an interesting letter to Rev. Dr. Way- land, 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 Moslems at 12,000. The inhabitants of the Christian towns of Beirut, Hama, and several hundred in the Enghel quarter of the town) had been respected. Up- wards of two thousand Christians, it was calculated, had been murdered, all in cold blood; and the estimate of loss of property, money, valuables, &c., was \$3,000,000."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

WITCHAMPTON AND SPIRITUALISM. An Address deliv- ered at the Spiritual Convention, Providence, R. I., August 1st, by HON. FREDERICK ROBINSON, of Mar- blehead, will be found on our third page. It is able, and (like everything else in the *BANNER*) will well repay a reading.

"Glimpses 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 expedi- tion, 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 fully appreciated by our num- erous readers.

While the Chicago Zephyrus was manufacturing on the Common recently, a countryman observed, "This is one of the finest corpses (corpses) 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 *jelons* is lamp-pollution.—E. J.

Dr. C. C. thinks that prescription is as likely to kill as to cure.

In the house of Voltaire, who defended them against all enemies, 5000 had taken refuge in the castle under the *Pacha*, and several hundred in the Enghel quarter of the town) had been respected. Up- wards of two thousand Christians, it was calculated, had been murdered, all in cold blood; and the estimate of loss of property, money, valuables, &c., was \$3,000,000."

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