

Literary Department.

RECOLLECTIONS

OLD WOMAN.

RECALLED FROM THE GRAVE BY EDWARD BROWN, FROM THE BATHS OF SWITZERLAND, BY CORA WILSON.

My father was a soldier. The time of the going out of the past century and the coming in of the present, was a strange and by means of his time, though much that was good and worthy struggled into existence, and strove with all its strength. By the side of the new, however, flourished a mass of olden ideas, of prejudices and habits that originally were right and good; while, through the long continued, indolent peace, had turned to mere conventionalities in the homes and heads of the people. Therefore, the better and the new were either not received at all, or it had to take the most heroic modes, and submit to the utmost difficulty to ensure its reception. The temper that passed over our Fatherland in the first decade of the century, was needed for this purpose, for it tore away the cobwebs from all corners, overthrew the petty lords, and with them the unprogressive conditions of their state. Nothing remained standing but that which owned a healthy support.

The officers of the army were compelled, as the custom then was, to appeal for the consent of their superiors when they desired to marry; but as in our day, was this consent dependent solely upon the pecuniary condition of the applicant; there existed a number of objections, diseases, and formalities, and the permission depended so strongly upon the personal will of the ruler, that it was almost impossible to obtain it. Many, therefore, refrained from the request, contenting themselves with a life of loneliness, until promotion to a higher grade, or other favorable circumstances made it convenient for them to found their domestic happiness even in matrimony. And, as in the case with all human conditions, when they are so severely guarded and held to the observance, and are not modified at the right time; this, too, served as a means of obstruction and the growth of exorbitance. The unnatural exception had become the rule; and there were regiments in which not one of the officers was married. From the Colonel downwards, and the exception in this accepted rule was looked upon as a flagrant dereliction, and the officer who sought its evasion was almost compelled to seek his discharge or removal into another regiment to escape the ridicule and rebukes of his comrades.

The regiment that my father commanded was one of these unmarried ones. Since the last great war not one of its officers had committed matrimony; and they boasted also, that not one of their number had ever been silly enough to marry out of it. Even the sergeants were single men, and the only women in the regiment were the wives of two privates, poor devils, who were ordered to stand up before the altar, because it was deemed proper that the washerwomen and scullardies should be attached to the regiment in this way.

My father had been in that regiment over thirty years, and having been promoted by several fortunate vacancies, was assured of the favor of his ruler; and as I have heard from others, really distinguished by his talents and good qualities, had been for a year its Colonel; and was in his fiftieth year when he became acquainted with my mother, and soon resolved to demand her hand in marriage. She loved him, and gave her consent. But from that time commenced for him a series of annoyances, whose effects followed him to the end of his earthly life. The ruler, whose declared favorite he was, placed no difficulties in his path, but replied to his personal application:

"A good family, but poor. And it is a foolish thing, to marry poor. How can you with such an idea, and in your regiment, too?"

And as my father smilingly shrugged his shoulders, he continued:

"Well, after all you have told me, the thing is not to be avoided. So you must console yourself with your will and my friendship. That remains to you."

But in the regiment there broke out a temper—a sort of rebellion; and the position of my father that had hitherto been so pleasant, became so unendurable; that a year after his marriage he demanded his removal. For he felt too poor to ask for his discharge.

"I could have told you this before, Tothoppan," said the great man, as he presented himself. "Well, you would have it so, and I am glad that I can help you. I have just been informed that Steinbart is dead, so you can take the regiment, which is somewhat falling into decay. There are married officers there, and you can help them as you see fit."

Soon after the removal of my parents I was born, and remained their only child.

Although the ruler appeared friendly and condescending, he was still dissatisfied with my father, for what he called his "foolish act"; and deemed him therefore no true soldier. Such a one, he thought, should sacrifice all to his profession. "One must be a soldier from the heart to the sole of the foot," he would say, jestingly, but in well meant earnest. The proofs that my father gave that a married man can do his duty, sufficed not; and to this was added the pain of his not being well received in the new regiment; they called him, in secret, an interloper. And when the old ruler, after the lapse of some years, inspected the regiment, he called it a badly arranged one; and said to my father:

"You are fast growing old, Colonel Von Tothoppan."

In two weeks afterwards my father received his appointment as Commandant of S—; that despite of the seeming advancement was nothing more than a polite setting aside. He accepted it, nevertheless; for he could not spare the income, and he longed to place his invalid mother in a healthier locality. His fond, charming society and presence in S—, and the joyous, cheerful, and the commendations of life there formed the other bulwarks of my recollections. I went on the one hundred and fifty miles to the new station.

Like almost all cities whose development has been bound and fettered by the presence of old fortresses, was S— at that time still more than now, somewhat gloomy, populous, and not very pleasant spot, without important commerce, without much industrial activity or bustle of changing life. It is situated in one of the remotest corners of the empire, too far apart for the busy highway to lead by, and in a position where the soil is so moist and fertile, that the inhabitants thought of no other trade than that of the earth's cultivation.

Though the city is neither agreeable nor enticing to the eye, yet are its surroundings celebrated for their beauty, and deserve the full measure of praise and song. Not as we look back upon the reminiscences of childhood, and describe its happy experiences in glorified hues of partial love; but as an old woman, who has had opportunity to behold the largest portion of Europe, who has had ample opportunities for comparing the beautiful, do I say with full conviction, I know of no scenery that can excel that of S— in loveliness, in mild placidity, in harmonious charms, in the blessings of healthful air; and the fullness of a fertile earth. Hills covered with mysterious depths of forest close around in soft lines, and shield it from the cold, rough winds; though a delightful gleam from the swift young stream from the neighbor land, winding with evergreen green flood through the teeming valley, past the city to the outlet of the plain, where it unites with the great river awaiting it. Monthly rushing on and the towering banks, it enlivens and refreshes the landscape, without overcausing devastation by its overflow.

The plain is thus guarded and blessed; the spring comes there earlier and more lovely; the winter is later and milder than in other portions of the land; and in summer there is a truly Italian sunshine that lasts for weeks. The great heat at this time is the only drawback to this genial climate. But even this has its remedy; those who are not compelled to their daily labor, wander out into the shady woods, and there find relief from the summer's glow.

Thus much for the city and its surroundings. But not so pleasant for us as it is in regard to society. The majority of the inhabitants were poor people; then a step beyond the laboring class, then the traders and their like; then the wholesale dealers, doing business only among themselves. A couple of old patrician families, who had saved their wealth out of the past, were inaccessible. The members of the jurisdiction, the dwellers in a noble educational establishment, the old and conventional officers of the garrison—all these formed among themselves a sort of club and exclusive life for the gentlemen; and the visits of the ladies, but separated all pleasant family reunions; all cheerful, untroubled intercourse. All lived there within themselves, as the badge in his hole; meeting but seldom in the still tedious, and calculated visits with their kind.

We were not satisfied with all the beauty and the graces of Nature. They are a source of pleasure, but in the end we cannot live with them; they form the background of life, if we so will it; but we need the society of our species, and this seemed to be wanting here. Therefore it was a chance to be deeply grateful for, when for some cause a family of French emigrants took up their abode in the fort. With them we soon became acquainted, and found a pleasant and most congenial intercourse. The family consisted of the Colonel Von Bory, his wife, a growing niece, a sister of the wife, the widowed Countess of St. Leon, and a maiden aunt of the same. The relatives would not, however, live together. The Colonel, with wife and niece, and trusty servants, occupied a house which he had furnished with taste and elegance, as his means were ample.

Countess Marie, as she was called by her people, had taken a dwelling far less commodious in a by street, as her fortune had been considerably diminished by the expenditures of her warrior husband. Her income was principally derived from the money paid for board that was given her by the rich but penurious aunt. Why she should willingly accept anything from the elder who would willingly have given her all, I know not. The intercourse of both houses was not very frequent nor affectionate. To them was added the persons of two single gentlemen; one a former Abbot, who earned a livelihood by teaching; the other, a younger and a handsome man, Herr Meroy, who had settled in the place as a physician, and who, by degrees, was gaining a limited practice.

This was the general circle in which we moved, especially in that of the Colonel's family we soon became intimate. And there was every reason to hope for the continuance of this friendship. The Colonel, no longer young; was a tall and slender man, with sharply defined features, and dark, benevolently sparkling eyes; he was a model of the old French amiability and refinement; possessed of varied knowledge, and of a rich fund of experience; he was for us all a real friend, a treasure beyond price. Not less estimable himself, his wife was the most accomplished hostess, the most exemplary lady of society, the most cordial friend. She had a stately appearance, and had preserved a beauty and clearness of complexion such as I had never seen in a woman of her age. The niece, Louise, was a growing, cheerful girl, more graceful than beautiful, the favorite of all, flattered by her uncle and aunt, and reported their praises.

When our acquaintance began, I was a child about six years old; and, according to all received ideas, on the subject, I could not find congenial relations; and the intercourse suited to my child mind, with those so unphosphoric exponents. Nevertheless, I found both pleasure and profit there. As the only child of my parents, I was seldom out of their presence. My father loved me tenderly, and incessantly bowed himself with me; my mother did the same. My father, self was thus early developed, sooner than in the case with hundreds of children, and my physical development, also. Like many others, I incurred the danger of becoming a "smart child," one of the most formidable enemies there is, in the world. I had no companions of my age, but my kind and amiable mother, guarded me from extremes, and the father always gently applied to me as my own. The father fully understood how to deal with children, when to govern in their lives, to play with them, and to encourage in their character by story. There were, when I began, the child's mind, in some instances all one astonishing odd

to teach it gently the "wisdom" of authority. In this none are more skilled than the mother. It was so with me, and I added to my infinitely grateful for that which I did not understand, I received in that family circle. I know nothing of the heavy weight of time; I might not for other playmates; for I was accepted as a member of the society I frequented. They laughed often at my timid advances of opinion, and my words were wise, but they never mocked, nor repulsed me. In this wise you can understand how it was that I obtained the knowledge of the following, not from later communications, but from my own observation and knowledge. Only a portion of the lacking narration, that was spoken, was known to the parties interested, but was intelligible to the child; I have gathered from the older ones. The first introduction of that which I have to tell you is still vividly clear in my remembrance.

One lovely evening we had assembled in the garden that stretches along the fort, and which was one of the most charming retreats in the city. It was at the time of the full bloom of the jessamines and the roses, as I well remember, for I could stand with Herr Meroy before a hedge of full-blown roses, and she was arranging a bouquet from the flowers he eagerly handed to her. I see her yet in her white, narrow dress, with its short waist and white gloves, her hair in golden ringlets becomingly arranged around her well-shaped head. My mother and Frau Von Bory sat near by in an arbor, occupied with some needlework, and my father and the Colonel were pacing up and down the walks, while I assisted in the selection of the flowers, or sought silk to bind them with, or hung upon my father's arm; I was here, there, and everywhere.

The universal topic of conversation at that time consisted of the war that had newly broken out against Austria. The news of the battles of April and May had been received by us with far different feelings from our real ones, as we were obliged to appear officially glad, while in our hearts we longed for opposite results. At that moment we were deeply despondent, and deemed ourselves bound more than ever beneath the away of Napoleon, as the hero of the great victory at Wagram reached us. The Colonel expressed his doubts, and gave his opinion as to the probable and far different issue of all this, for my father replied, as he stood still for awhile.

"You have a good faith, my friend, a strange one, if we are to judge from your own words, and yet you seem certain of the result. One might almost believe," he added jestingly, "that you had some particular acquaintance in the spirit realm, or that you possessed a sort of clairvoyance."

"Well, indeed, I do possess such a power," said Herr Von Bory cheerfully, "as if he were conscious of my father's jesting tone. The man in red, visited my wife last night, and expressed himself somewhat obscurely, but with the certainty that the star of Bonaparte was on the wane."

"What do you mean, my dear Bory?" inquired my father with astonishment—"the man in red visited your wife last night? I do not understand you."

"What, General! have I never told you of our house-spirit, or messenger, who honors my wife and I with occasional visits, and the communication of interesting news?" replied Colonel Bory, laughing.

"Joking aside, what does all this signify? I have never heard of it before," said my father, completely mystified, "and Elise has not heard anything of the kind from you."

"Well, my dear General, such matters happen without the knowledge of our honored Commandant. But all jesting aside, as you remark; the affair is serious, as I have every reason to believe in it implicitly, and to rely upon it. Let me relate to you," he continued, "the strange circumstance. My wife, from her maiden years, has been accustomed to the appearance of a house-spirit, a 'tine' guardian' and steadfast spirit-friend, who at intervals appears at her bedside, clad in red, as a venerable little man. He converses with her, gives her counsel in trouble or difficulty, dispenses consolation, and gives insight into the future on much that it is pleasant to know. It must, indeed, be a wise and good spirit, for whenever, as is sometimes the case, he prophesies evil, he gives at the same time soothing advice and consolation, and whatever he has announced has unfailingly been verified."

"You must be joking, Colonel!" was the answer, and there was somewhat of reproach in the cheerful tone.

"Not in the least. The matter is as I tell you, and you can question my wife, and she will repeat and corroborate what I have told you."

During this conversation, the gentleman had approached the arbor, and I was then clinging to my father's arm, was excited beyond measure with wonder, terror and curiosity on hearing such a story of so recent a date. As he spoke the last words, the Colonel Von Bory turned to his wife and requested her corroboration of what he had said. And, much to the surprise of my father, she expressed her entire belief in the improbable occurrence, and spoke of them as of customary and familiar events.

"What can I say, my dear friend?" she replied. In answer to my father's skeptical remarks. "The appearance of that spirit is so welcome to me, I am so accustomed to it, that it has become a part of my being. I have been acquainted with it not only from my own experience since youth, but even from the narrations of my mother, to whom it likewise was awarded, and which was no secret to her children."

"I am falling out of the clouds!" exclaimed my father, in surprise at the seeming conviction and earnestness of the Colonel and his wife. "I have never heard this like, and have always treated with stories with mockery, that I must confess. And now this! I can scarcely collect myself. But do, please, tell me more, unless," he added, with still somewhat of a mocking smile, "you dare not speak too openly on so delicate a subject."

"Dear me," said Frau Von Bory, laughing, "I am grateful to my spirit-friend; I love him, and revere him. But I have nothing extraordinary to relate. It was known in my father's house that my mother was visited by a spirit, in the guise of an old man attired in red. He would sometimes come in the night, after she had retired, and would converse with her upon subjects connected with her thoughts, her feelings, or her cares; or he would tell her of events to come to herself or family, or in the outside world, and he warned, or gave consolation as the occasion warranted. When he foretold events, he did not express himself as clearly as upon other subjects, but his words were enveloped in a sort of mystical veil, through which we conjectured rather than understood his meaning. We knew that this spirit appeared to the female portion of my mother's family. One day my sister Marie and I went to our first confession, and before we left for church, our mother told us that we should probably behold our spirit-friend that night for the first time. And so it was; but, despite of all preparation, I was terribly frightened when I saw the good, old, being standing visibly before me."

"Did your sister also behold him?" inquired my mother.

Frau Von Bory shook her head. "Only one member of the family may see him. And when Marie heard my scream, and the voice at my bedside, she knew that I was the chosen one. She envied me not a little for this privilege. And since that time," she continued, and sighed, "there has been a golden peace between us, which I strive to say, she does not try to overstep."

"You said your sister heard the voice? How do you understand that? You do not mean that the spirit's voice can be heard by other mortal ears?" observed my father, after reflecting for a time. "Of course, that is what Madelon means," said the Colonel. "The man in red spoke aloud, that is, for a spirit; for in our sense it is more of a whispering, but it is audible to every one in the room. It is, of course, however, that although the rest hear a language spoken, and can even distinguish words in good French, yet no one can comprehend the conversation of the spirit. That is the privilege of my wife alone. I cannot tell you of the strange impression this hearing and not understanding creates, while listening to the second voice—that of my wife, speaking intelligibly in questions and answers. I assure you," he added, laughing merrily, "that I was at first much disturbed and almost jealous. But I accustomed myself to it in the course of time; and now, when I hear the voice, I let them converse together while I sleep peacefully."

After some time spent in remarks upon that narrative, Frau Von Bory resumed the story where she had been interrupted. On the first night of his appearance, the spirit had gradually conquered the young girl's terror and alarm, and had soon inspired her with perfect confidence. He did not at first foretell coming events, but as soon as he commenced, the verification followed. Her marriage, and that of her sister; the death of her parents, or her only child, and her brother-in-law; her household cares and joys; family occurrences; the threatened revolution; the execution of the royal pair; the Republic; the Consulate and Empire; all had been foretold to her. The spirit-friend would be absent for months, and then again he would appear frequently. He was ever a welcome guest, and during the past months had often made his appearance with prophecies concerning the Emperor Napoleon.

In all this there was no room for doubt. It was to be accepted as a fact, and I remember well the deep impression the narration made upon me, as well as upon my parents.

At last my father remarked: "Indeed, it is incomprehensible. But do you know, my friends, what seems to me most extraordinary in this? It is the strange coincidence of that which is related of the Emperor. It is said that at momentous times he, too, sees the spirit form of a little man clad in red. He beholds it even in the day time, and as your visitor seems to know so much about him and his affairs, why it seems—"

"No, General," interrupted his friend, "not seems; it is the same; we know that from himself. And it is no wonder, as my wife's mother's family are originally from Corsica, although we are not aware of any relationship with Bonaparte. He had announced to us several times that the Corsican star is on the wane, no matter how bright it may seem to gleam. And he hints at a forthcoming family event, that is nearer than the world expects."

"In fact," responded my father, thoughtfully, "the possibility of a divorce has been more than once debated over, and has lately been mentioned as a certainty about to take place. Who can blame him under the circumstances for desiring an heir? Our ancient dynasty has ancestry; a new one needs children to be, or to become, legitimate."

"Poor Josephine!" said Frau Von Bory, I have met with her a few times when she was Madame Beauharnais. It would be a terrible, annihilating blow to her! A double blow aimed at the heart of the mother as well as the wife. If I were to choose one out of the whole family, I would choose the son; he is a nobleman, of whom she can be proud; and Bonaparte should feel forever contented with him."

They conversed thus upon the occurrences of the times, that of so much public importance waived aside all private interests. The marriage of Napoleon with the Austrian Marie Louise, and the birth of the King of Rome were tidings of dread to our friends, and weighed more heavily against their hopes than all the preceding years of victory. When the news reached us of the unappetizing union, the Colonel evinced the utmost agitation and loss of self-control. He seemed so deeply troubled, that my parents sought in vain to tranquillize him. At last, my mother said:

"I, like yourself, do not believe in the happiness of this marriage. My dear friend, neither do I trust in the continuance of Bonaparte's greatness. Something within me contradicts it. And you should entertain the same views, for you have a truly magnetic, who always brings you good news and consolation. What says the man in red?"

need, and have no consolation for us. He has been so long, a number of times; but has spoken nothing but some strange and unintelligible medley about opening one's eyes, and taking heed and harboring doubt, and so on. Of our present most important interests not a word. If he would serve us, now is the time. I had the idea last night while he was talking, and judging from my wife's replies on the same interesting topic, to put in a word, for once, and entreat him not to disturb our troubled repose with such nonsense. For indeed, Madelon is suffering as much as I, and imperatively needs rest."

"I observed yesterday that Frau Von Bory seemed troubled about something," said my mother. "We are all troubled," replied the Colonel. "And not least for our niece, Louise. What ails her we cannot fathom. There is disease of the body and temper; she is gay to extremes, and despondent in the same measure without a cause. We have sought for the reasons without result. She answers laughing, or in tears, that it is nothing, she is the same as always. We have sent August to her, but he, too, cannot divine the problem, but thinks it may be one of those inexplicable moods and changes that stray over such maiden's hearts."

"Is the matter really so inexplicable?" said my mother, with some embarrassment in her smile. "May not Mr. Meroy—understand me, my dear Colonel?"

"I do not, indeed, my friend," he replied. "What do you mean? What may not August?"

"Well, Colonel, may not some feeling for him, thus agitate Louise's being? Both are young, of prepossessing exterior and imaginative heads—would it be impossible?"

"You do the girl an injustice, my dear lady," he cried, interrupting her with a hearty laugh. "And poor August, too, neither of them think of anything so impossible. They are both of them honest and sensible children. And yet," he added, as my mother doubtfully shook her head, "they know that it could never be, and would another such thought if it arose within them. Indeed, you wrong them both; especially our good August, he is the soul of honor, and dear to us as a son and real friend."

You will remember that I have spoken of Mr. Meroy, as a young man who had settled in the fort as a physician; he was received in his professional capacity in the families Bory and St. Leon. As an excellent countryman, he was ever a welcome guest; and his amiable qualities known, became possessed of the entire confidence of both families. He was entrusted with the worldly affairs of the Colonel; with the arrangements of his and his wife's fortunes, and performed his office with fidelity and promptness. Of course, I could not form an opinion of him at that time. I remember him as a handsome young man of a small, slender, but symmetrical figure; with a pleasant countenance, a pair of blue eyes, and the brightest golden hair. His manners were elegant in the extreme; and towards me he was always friendly, almost as a playmate. It was therefore no wonder that I was enthusiastic for Monsieur August, and loved him with all a child's intense love. My parents did not like him. My father did not trust him, and looked upon him as one from whom we should guard ourselves. My mother declared she could not like a person whose eyebrows met like Dr. Meroy's; in such, the human weaknesses and sins held preponderance. She had heard him pass remarks on the Bory family, that denoted a lack of gratitude and respect for the benefits received from them.

I must relate this, although I can link no further recollections to it, of either good or evil. We met Countess Marie still more rarely; not because we desired it; but she withdrew of her own accord, more and more from our society. She lived retired in her home and gained a reputation for piety. The former Abbot, then teacher of languages, De Broo, visited her often; also a Herr Von Bering, who had lived in the place for some time, and called himself a distant relative of the St. Leon's. To us and the Bory's, he appeared an adventurer, a man of very doubtful character. But nothing could be said or proved against him, as he had brought all the necessary recommendations, and was deep in the favor of old Francis St. Leon.

I remember it was in the beginning of April 1811, on a lovely day, that we returned from our customary walk with Herr and Frau Von Bory. I was then almost thirteen—I grew rapidly—and was soon wearied, so that I sank down in the window niche, and laid my tired and heavy head upon the sill. My father, the Colonel, was in the room below; Louise had gone home and my mother and Frau Von Bory were in the room with me, pacing up and down beside each other like persons who have a burden on their hearts, and know not how to communicate their trouble. My mother at last took heart and said:

"You seem despondent, my dear friend. I have observed it for several days. What is the reason? Can we help you in any way? Will you not feel better by telling me the cause of your trouble?"

Frau Von Bory sighed.

"Yes, I feel despondent," she answered. "I know that we are threatened by some evil, but I know not what it is, nor whence it will come. And this it is that affects me."

"Has the little man in red been with you?" asked my mother, with a smile. "I have not heard from him for a long time."

"Nor, I either; he has been away a length of time," was the reply.

"You, remember, Elise, he has warned us against the coming evil, and has said we might avoid it. His counsel in regard to the 'how'—his opinions and lacunae were all so mysterious, that could give them no solution, and I was obliged to remain content with the impossibility of obtaining it. And, as a year has passed and nothing has occurred, I had almost forgotten the prophecy. But, since three days, he comes every evening, and reminds me of what he has foretold—this me endlessly and in sorrow, or half angry and threatening to beware against a person he does not name. He says we did not heed his warnings, and have lost confidence in his advice. It is now too late. The evil may not now be averted, but with forethought and care it may be turned to our advantage. What does all this mean?"

"Do not ask the wherefore?"

"Of course, but in vain. We are told to beware of the evil."







living inspired as it flows down from the new sealed fountains of the New Jerusalem. Then the angels descend and lay upon thy heart's altar the white flowers of peace and love, and thy soul will be clothed in the garments of truth, whose splendor array shall make thee free and happy.

Mercé D. — I had long ago promised myself this visit, but as my rustic baskets must be checked for the New York fair, it could not be made until the January had been driven in the packing boxes, and they were labelled and stamped as the law directs. I then dressed myself in hat and shawl, and turned my steps toward Happy Valley, the home of Aunt Linda.

The morning, after shaking hands with a dark and stormy night, came up from the depths of old ocean with her robes decked with the best jewels sparkling in the glass luncheon. Was there ever mortal so happy, then, I on this bright, frosty morning? No, not climbing the old zigzag wall, or sitting down and letting the snow to look at the pretty mosses growing on the rough, gray stones—bleased texts, that have preached to me so many lessons of truth and wisdom; now tripping over the fields gathering bouquets of crystalline grasses; now sliding across the glazing ice ponds, and picking the frozen cranberries from the crisp meadow vines.

But as all our earth journeys must come to an end, soon had the satisfaction of seeing the smoke curling up among the trees from the broad chimney top, as the old iron padlock hanging loose upon the door as I lifted the great wooden latch and entered the low porch of Aunt Linda's dwelling. It is a simple illustration of country life, nestled down on a bright spot of sun shine in the heart of a great woods, where the forest serenades the moon and stars through the warm spring nights, and the birds haunt the vales in the summer time. An old oak spreads its giant arms and keeps guard over the little gate-way, and wild elders, entwined with raspberry bushes, form a hedge by the roadside—for Aunt Linda lets Nature have proclaimed her own way, and the result is, she has many more attractions than her rich neighbors, who live in large, painted houses, and train yellow trumpet-towers on checker board trellises.

Would you like to see this little home, Larry? Then let me jog your memory, for methinks you have seen many such an one standing near the bend of a road in the old country woods, when you used to go to that little willow basket on your arm, and go blithely carrying away down in the golden fields of childhood.

Sitting by the seven-by-nine window that had let the sunshine for nearly a century, looking at the drooping leaves over the walnut-framed looking glass, thought of the old loom and the warping beam, of the garret—the little wheel and the cradle—the red-velvet that Gess and Esther dreamed away the happyhood in, to the tone of—"Hush, my dear, lie as and slumber," while Aunt Linda drew out the old alky threads from the maple distaff.

Supper being ready, we sat down to the low pine broke table, neatly spread with its snowy cloth. There were the white plates with the green edges—the blue-and-white cups and saucers—and such a capital—gentle reader, Aunt Linda was made in the days when nerves were not fashionable. Then warm cakes, the nice yellow butter, the pitcher of quince preserves that had been brought out from hiding-places in the little closet under the stair—and, lastly, the apple pie! Oh, ye ravens of city, who taddle in corporation dinners and Beacon street parties, better exchange plates—take a trip down the old country woods, and drink tea with Aunt Linda and the angels; for she often feels the presence of the unseen visitors from the Better Land, and "pokes" them with pleasure to the day when she, too, shall come one of their number.

Being naturally possessed with a knowledge of medicinal properties of roots and herbs, she is instantly sought for to administer her cordials to the sick and suffering, and to speak words of hope and consolation to the departing. Many are the spirits she has followed down to the shores of the Blue River, and Aunt Linda will soon go over to them; for the threads are fast breaking in her loom, but countless jewels, strung upon the cords of love and sympathy will she find laid up with—"moath and rust doth not corrupt," when the seal of the great Earth Book is broken.

**Farewell, New England.**

I leave thee if not in the cold or not, to go on the cold myself. Sorrows and joys are intermingled and closely woven among thy hills and vales, around thy rock-bound coast. Grief caulkers in a heart, and sorrow drops the family altar in the home. Many are the causes, and varied are the motives.

"Every heart knoweth its own sorrow," and many may exclaim,—"the power I have were given to my coat"—the power to enjoy, which carries it the shadow in its suffering. How many have I who have waded themselves back nearer to, or to a rock in feelings, and although often reproached, have been in the same condition, and wished it myself, when my grief too, seemed then I could bear. Then the angels came and bright spot, though small and distant, appeared in the heaven, and hope hung her anchor there.

The proof sheet from the ledger, the account of nearly every family, or person, whether quarterly or annually, will show a debt and a debt, and few will balance without borrowing from future joys to offset the sorrow, especially in the trying times, when homes have been desolated, hearts have been forsaken, when discords have been the closest ties, and misery has walked into the quiet parlor, and stirred the amoultedog embers the most quiet firesides.

"It sometimes seems as if God was scourging earth. Certainly our country has borne its heart scourging. Why should not individuals? How can escape? If Jesus bore the sins and sorrows of the wicked, shall the good of our day escape? Shall burden fall only on the shoulders of the wicked?"

No, no, New England. You have given birth to principles that are now being tried in the battle and in the school-house, on the platform and in the pulpit, in the dens of thieves; and by the quiet side, in the cabinet and the kitchen.

Born and hardened among your rocks, I carried principles, which were ingrained in my education the westward. I have traveled and traded, and exchanged thoughts and feelings—have returned your homes, and been welcomed and spurned—blessings and curses, and thanked God for joyous afflictions; and that I can join in, and share with pleasure and pain, misery and delight, sunshine and storm, poverty and wealth, purity and crime, crime must be, and I only, and ever, ask strength to do and me, that we may bear our burden, be to the sufferer of each hour, carry our crosses, fulfill missions, and "grow better and wiser all the way"; and I hope; if I never visit your mountains again, with this body, that has but walked and securely slept in your cities and towns, to country homes, that my soul may often come to homes where suffering is, and administer comfort sometimes to a sorrowing breast that will and longs for deliverance, and that I may be permitted to meet many of you at the threshold of the world, as you have met me at your thresholds and share with you there, at you have shared with here, whatever of good we may reach.

"Glad tell me if my earthly work was near?"



although I have found sunny spots along the shore and among the mountains, in the prairies, in the groves, in the cities and cottages, and have found loving hearts and God, unhalloved ones—both to me, the children of God, and to him, for aught I know, equally sacred and dear. I have long ceased to envy the good, or despise the bad, if indeed there are any bad. And, indeed, I have ceased to seek a rule to judge by, for in politics I take one party standard; all others are bad and theirs perfect to themselves. If in religion I take one sect, all others are wrong, and the nearer to their own the better, and the further from them the worse. If in morals, every person has his or her standard, and all others are fallible and defective, or wicked and corrupt. If I seek the standard of social life, each has reared his or her own altar, and that is the right, all others wrong, and to each I say, in all of these, leave me "out in the cold;" to me you are all right and all wrong. I bless you all, and wish you all happiness, and feel sure there is a law in Nature of compensation for every society and every soul, for every sorrow and every joy, for every affliction and every blessing.

Many of you, whose faces have smiled or frowned on me in my early or late visits, will see my face no more, even if I should visit New England again, which is very uncertain, and to you all I say, God bless you. My blessing is bestowed alike to friend and foe, to those who bless, and those who curse me; for even curses and abuse, even "envy, malice, spite and lies" have done me good, and schooled my soul in lessons I could not have otherwise learned.

There are none of you whose sufferings I would not share—whose burdens I would not bear. If I could, and could thereby bless you and aid you in development.

Yes, New England, I love thee still, for still my heart is with thee, and I could not, if I would, would not if I could, tear it away from thee. With thee I have seen my saddest and my happiest hours, and drank deeply of the bitter drops of sorrow, but never alone. As I journey to the westward, I shall cast the lengthening shadow of memory back in sadness, for it will ever reach thy valleys, even should I stand on the golden shores of the Pacific, or cross the cold Jordan stream. Blessed and sacred to me are all the trials and lessons I have learned with thy sorrowing sons and weeping daughters, as are those shared in joy and gladness with the happy and buoyant in heart. But ye must remember it was on the cross that the most precious blood burst from its veins, and from the heart's agony are pressed the most sacred and precious gems of feeling and thought. In the hour of deepest sorrow, Jesus exclaimed, "Father, forgive them;" the most precious words credited to his life, and the most sacred prayer in our language. I trust it will be on my lips when the spirit leaves the body, as it is, and often has been, when the bitter curse and withering hatred have reached my sensitive soul, and whitened and ripened my physical form.

But I often think I see the rainbow of promise suspended over New England, and her anvil of hope hanging on it, as I surely have over many suffering and sorrowing souls.

Once more, farewell, home of my childhood, land of the brave, farewell! Hearts of sorrow and joy, alternate, or blended, let me pass in form away, but in spirit let me dwell and share with you still, at least in the sorrows and afflictions of this short life.

Marblehead, March, 1893. WARREN CHASE.

#### What an Army—Its Future.

There are supposed to be full five millions of Spiritualists in this country and the Canadian Provinces. The estimate of course is but precarious; nevertheless, the sun shines upon few hamlets, either in the Atlantic or Western States, where may not be found many believers in the facts of Spiritualism and the general principles of the Spiritual Philosophy, saying nothing of the multitudes that prefer it to any of the old systems of theology; and yet as a body how much moral influence do we wield? To what extent are we moulding public opinion and laying foundations for fashioning coming ages, preparatory to ushering in Plato's ideal "republic," Campanella's beautiful "City of the Sun," or Bacon's "Atlantis," joyous with the mingled harmonies of the brotherhood of the races? At the call of the death angel our pioneers are passing to the thither side of Jordan, and where are the new recruits? Where the youth ready and paunting to fill their places? Attending the "Quarterly Meeting of the Friends of Progress" a few weeks since, in Lockport, N. Y., I counted, at one of the early sessions, fifteen gray-haired men, while hardly a youthful countenance dotted the audience. And why? Effect presupposes cause. Where the strongest motives tend, thither the young flock—aye, the aged, too. Chiming bells, and orchestral music fill many Catholic cathedrals. All feel the attractive influence of neatly furnished halls, fine church edifices, paintings, flowers, music and cultured speaking.

Five millions of us! And how many Sunday Schools do we number? Can we claim three schools to each million of believers? Our children are religious beings. They will worship somewhere, and will be religiously taught by somebody. (The Atholists are religious in his way, and often bigoted in his tirades against bigotry.) Therefore if we do not teach the young our beautiful truths, others will teach them their traditional errors, and early impressions are often as enduring as life. Emerson says, "A true belief aids to a true life;" and we add, that it scatters flowers all along the pathway of human existence. Oh, how many millions are made happier, and I trust better, by their belief in—aye, knowledge—of the present ministry of spirits to mortals. Upon the subject of moral education, as teaching children and youth, I wonder at the stolid indifference and doltish deadness of parents and reformers generally. Bro. A. J. Davis, in shaping and putting in motion, the "Children's Progressive Lyceum," is worthy of what he does not ask—ten thousand thanks. May it "leaven the whole lump" of Spiritualism.

The future of this army militant: The novelty of phenomenal Spiritualism is passing away. Most of the physical manifestations may be counterfeited. The trance is well; but exalted and highly unfolded spirits bring truths, mediums from the nonphysical to the conscious trance, and from thence to the inspirational plane as rapidly as the conditions will warrant. Progression, by methods diverse, intense and converse, is enabled by every inspired soul. The age is transitional. The seventh angel has sounded. The angelic dispensation is upon us, the "door to heaven," as the apocalyptic John declared, having been "opened." And as conditions change, so must means. Happy those moral workers that understand the law of adaptation. Wisdom is a jewel pow, for the lustre of the future depends much upon the polishing hands of the present. Then work well; Spiritualists must organize, must perfect sound, substantial organizations upon a spiritual basis. The history of the world demonstrates not only the feasibility, but the indispensability, of organized efforts to carry forward any worthy enterprise successfully.

Recently, they must support regular meetings, if not weekly, then semi-monthly, quarterly or yearly. Order is of heaven, and system a necessity. Transient meetings are well for a time. It did the work, as did John the Baptist; but compared with three months, six months, or yearly settlements, it was a mere meteoric flash. It is the "settled" principles, sustained in daily life, that give the true substance to his teachings. The work lives, though the work does not.

many such; but there are needed. In fact, the times demand thinkers upon, and scholarly productions from the "rostrum." Being versed in Jewish, Greek, Roman, and Oriental History generally, as well as conversant with the living metaphysics of human thought, exalts a speaker's ideal, and serves as a corrective for that petty pride and vanity, which, because flattered by superficial hearers or silly female flirts, leads him to imagine himself a rare brilliant, when in reality his attainments are barely respectable, style crude, and effusions, as a whole, worthy only the waste paper of a justly constituted intellectual equation. I have no choice between normal and abnormal speaking; providing they are equally effective and educational. The intelligent certainly prefer "sense" from mortals, to "nonsense" from immortals—the metaphysics of Emerson, the philosophy of Davis, and the blended argument and eloquence of Emma Hardinge, to that loose "slipshod" reasoning and "humdrum" verbiage of ten reeled off to us from the "other side of Jordan," through various mediatorial instrumentalities.

Fourthly, Spiritualists must secure music, excellent, if possible, to arouse and inspire with harmony their Sunday meetings. Elegant buildings, flower-enfringed desks, and soul-gushing music, lift the speaker into the realm of the inspirational, and aid the soul—all souls—in their efforts to attain the mountain heights of the true and the beautiful. Says the poet: "Music is worship—the world is singing." "Music is worship—the world is singing." Listen! that eloquent choral uprising Speaks to thy soul of Nature's great heart."

Our churchmen understand this, hence their deep-toned organs, brass and stringed instruments, mingling with well-trained voices, attracting the masses. Is it not a lesson to us? Step into our popular churches, and you'll see the raptures of thoroughgoing, the timid and the brave, the old and the young, all beaming with the inspiration of melodious sounds. The mystic "John's" description of the "harps" and "harpers" round about the throne, "ever delighted me. Oh, music is immortal, and in some form is indispensable to the success of our spiritualized gatherings.

If, then, as a great banded brotherhood, we do our duty—our whole duty—making use of organizations, regular meetings, Sunday Schools, music, and social yet heightened circles, with a corresponding zeal, guided by wisdom, our "fire" will soon become ten millions of believers; and finally the ever-pulsing, ever-expanding heart of humanity itself will throbb to the grand echo of universal spiritual communion, while bigotry, persecution and sectarianism will find their places with fossils, among the museums and cabinets of ghostly curiosities, or historically incriminated in the racks, pillories, thumb screws and branding irons of the olden ages. So mote it be. J. M. FRENCH.

Battle Creek, Mich., April 3, 1893.

#### Letter from H. T. Child, M.D.

Ferdinand De Soto, who is now giving me a most thrilling narrative of his experience in the Spheres, during the last three hundred years, in speaking of the organ of Time in the human brain, says, "This is like a clock noting the passage of event after event, ticking forever, and moving the hand on the dial-plate of Eternity, and marking the ever onward course of human life." We must all conclude that the clock is running very fast at the present time.

I find this old Spanish Cavalier one of the most powerful and intelligent spirits I have ever had intercourse with, and the plan which he has laid out for his narrative, which I am now writing for him, leads me to think that it will be an important book. I have received four Chapters, under the heads of—1. Life on Earth. 2. Experiences in the Inner Life. 3. Mysteries of the Infernal Regions. 4. Descent into Hell. 5. Terrible Realities. 6. Metaphysical Mysteries at the Age Three Hundred Years. 7. Influence of Spirits on Mortals, and Mortals on Spirits.

My object in writing at this time, is to fulfill an old Scripture injunction, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."

We have been having a great feast here in a most excellent course of lectures by Miss Hardinge. Beside the regular lectures on Sundays, she has given two; one on the 23d of March, at the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, for the benefit of the Soldiers, to a large and appreciative audience, on "Joan of Arc." It was an exceedingly interesting narrative of this wonderful child of inspiration, given from a spiritual standpoint. The other was given on the 27th of March, at the Musical Fund Hall, in this city, to a large and respectable audience, "on Oliver Cromwell and the Times." This was one of the finest discourses that the Spirits have given through Miss Hardinge; it was full of striking and beautiful illustrations of human character and destiny, and closed with a poem which I am glad to furnish for the readers of the BANNER. Who among us has not felt in this hour of our country's peril, when traitors without, and fear more mean and contemptible traitors within, are seeking to stab our Government to the heart, and bury it beneath the sighs and groans of a free people, that Spiritualism is indeed a boon; and that when our hearts grow sad and weary, under the deep discouragements that surround us, it is glorious to feel and know that the Iron men of the past, the great and good patriots and lovers, not only of their own country, but of the entire race, are with us now in the advocacy and defence of the right.

What though his body lies mouldering in the grave. What though his armies long have crumbled in the grave. The Iron man's spirit has arisen with the brave.

And still goes marching on.

Marching as a Soldier in the army of the Lord, Sworn as a Captain in the legions of his Lord. On to Armageddon with his Sun-bright sword. His soul goes marching on.

Hark to his battle-cry! and hear him as he comes! God! Truth! and Liberty! he thunders as he comes! With the booming of the cannon, and rolling of the drums.

For earth is marching on.

Iron forms may perish and moulder in the dust; Steel hearts may cease to throb, and crumble to dust; But great souls can never sleep in monumental rust.

But march immortal on.

Ay! they are marching on!—the earth's great dead! On! on! to glory! Hears ye not their tread? Mark who advances as the vast host's head; The Iron man's marching on!

He flies with the foremost where the ranks of battle form.

Faces with the mighty where the squares of battle form; Treads in the thunder cloud, and charges in the storm.

For Heaven is marching on.

On, till the Freedom of Humanity is won! On, till the reign of Truth and Justice is begun! On, till Omnipotence's God shall shout, "Well done!"

Forever go marching on.

Yours for light and truth.

HENRY T. CHILD, M.D.

Philadelphia, Pa., to Boston 684 Race street.

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**MRS. MABELA M. JENNINGS**, wife of late  
residing at the residence of her husband's family,  
**SANCTUARY TRAVEL**. Mrs. Jennings, who was born  
and married Mr. Jennings, died last night after a long illness.  
of a person whose residence it is now known to their mother-  
the fact she obtained information from him or either  
of the boys since 1860. She is very anxious about them, and  
wishes to know where they are, and from any one who has  
any news regarding anything about them. She is now permanently located  
in Louisville, Kentucky. Please address:  
March 23, 1893.

**UNION FLOWER SEEDS.**  
Desiring to give my children seeds more extensive in-  
troduction, I will send 50 varieties and a packet of  
White Grape Currant seed (patented) paid, on receipt of  
\$1.00 per variety for 50 cents (wholesale price). Will send  
those desired by the client free, or from any one who  
collects makes a nice present. Will spend full collection  
on the wires or widows of loyal soldiers for 50 cents.  
I am ready to supply you most reliable and extensive stock  
than we know of!—John A. G., New York City.

**J. B. NEEDHAM**, Washington, D.C.  
The Editors inserting this advertisement will receive the  
full collection. 1c April 16.

**SOPHERIA FLETCHER**, M.D., Eight Bay-  
vindicator and Physician for Ladies, No. 240 Broadway,  
New York, Boston. April 16.

A New Work of Great Interest.

JUST PUBLISHED.

PRE-ADAMITE MAN:

THE STORY OF THE HUMAN RACE,

From 35,000 to 100,000 Years Ago!

BY GRIFFIN LEE, OF TEXAS.

INTRODUCTION:

Adam not the first man; Men built cities in Asia thirty-five  
centuries before Noah; Nineveh and Babylon were founded  
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dation of Adam and the Adamic theory.

Price, \$1.35; postage, 20 cents. For sale at all offices.  
March 28 1f

LANDS!  
A rare opportunity for all wanting Farms in the large  
N.E. England settlement of HAMMOCKVILLE. Fine climate,  
best fruit soil and markets in the Union; 30 miles southeast  
of Philadelphia. \$10 to \$300 per acre. Terms cash. Write  
for full information and apply to E. J. BYRNE, Hammoctown,  
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A PRAGMATO TEACHER  
Liberal and progressive principles, and friendly to the  
idea of associated interests, may learn something of some  
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DR. WILLIAM L. JOHNSON,  
DENTIST,  
Office in Nassau Hall, Washington Street,  
Boston, MASS.  
(Fourth entrance on Common Street.)  
Be gives attention to Dentistry in all its branches  
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JAMES BURK, JR.,  
(Successor to Louis Belrose),  
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN  
PAPER HANGINGS  
628 Chestnut Street,  
PHILADELPHIA, PENN.  
March 14. Cms

UNION SOCIABLES  
AT LYCEUM HALL  
THE SECOND COURSE OF UNION SOCIABLES will  
commence at Lyceum Hall, ON WEDNESDAY EVENING,  
November 31st, and continue every Wednesday evening  
through the season.  
Package of six tickets, \$5; single ticket, 15 cents. Mu-  
sic by Don't Quadrille Band. Dancing to commence at  
7:30 o'clock. 3m Jan 21.

ASTROLOGY AND MEDICINE.  
Dr. LISTER'S Lowell street can be consulted in per-  
son or by mail. Full (Astrological) 50 cents; oral,  
three questions answered by letter, for 50 cents in U.S. cur-  
rency. A written Nativity, three years to come, \$1.  
Music by Don't Quadrille Band. Dancing to commence at  
7:30 o'clock. 3m Jan 21.

BOOKSELLERS' AND NEWS-VENDERS' AGENTS  
Sinclair Tousey,  
121 Nassau St., New York, General Agents for  
THE BANNER OF LIGHT,  
Would respectfully invite the attention of Booksellers, Dealers  
in cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to his unique  
facilities for packing and forwarding everything in his  
line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptness  
and dispatch. Orders solicited.

ISAAC B. RIOE,  
MACHINIST.  
MACHINEERY OF ALL KINDS MADE AND REPAIRED.  
Crew Cutting, of all kinds and sizes.  
From nine feet in diameter down to the smallest.  
MODEL MAKING, DRAWING,  
And setting up Plans of New Machines. Sole Proprietor  
and Manufacturer of "Woodworth's Patent"  
MACHINES FOR SPINNING, CORDBAGE, HANDLING  
BEINS, AND FISH LINE.  
Near of 76 Sudbury Street, Boston.

TOMAS S. NISLEY, . . . STEREOTYPES.

FAMILY DYECOLORS!  
LIST OF COLORS.

Black, Salmon,  
Dark Brown, Scarlet,  
Snuff Brown, Dark Blue,  
Light Brown, Light Green,  
Purple, Yellow, Orange,  
Slate, Reddish Purple,  
Orange, French Blue,  
Royal Purple,  
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FAMILY DYE COLORS.  
For dyeing Linen, Woolen and Mixed Goods, Shirts, Scarves,  
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Glorious Colors—Chickens, and all kinds of Weaving—a  
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A SAVING OF SO PER CENT.  
These Dyes are mixed in the form of powders conve-  
niently packed, and put up in neat packages.  
For twenty-five cents you can color as many goods as would  
otherwise cost five times that sum. The process is simple  
and any one can use the Dyes with perfect success. Dyed  
clothes do not fade.

Manufactured by HOWE & STEVENSON, 234 Broadway, Bo-

For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every City and Town.  
Feb. 25. Cms

GENERAL DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES  
OF THE  
SOCIETY OF THE LYCEUM CHURCH  
OF SPIRITUALISTS,  
WITH A PLAN OF ORGANIZATION,  
Embodying the following subjects: Objects of the Society;  
Articles of Faith Commonly Accepted as Truths to  
Spiritualists—Sum of Spiritual Revelations Concerning the  
State of the Soul in the World After Death—General Principles  
Regarding the Character of the Address of Speakers—  
Of Internal Management—Of Sources Of Membership—  
Organization of the Society, and heads of the business of a very  
young spiritualist church, being the Report of the Committee  
on Organization of the Society of Spirituality of Boston,  
as adopted by said committee. Spiritually all over the  
world.

For sale at this office. Price 3 cents; by mail enclosed.  
Sept 25.



**Smile Down.**







**Beasts.**  
And speak of men, and beasts, and birds,  
And of the human form, and of the birds,  
Sparkle forever.

**THE STORM.**  
Far out on the wide waste of waters we roll,  
Swift onward we speed through the surge of the sea,  
The winds, with wild will and restless control,  
Bid clouds and the ocean obey their decree.

The storm will not stay at the bidding of man;  
It hastes on its mission as broad as the earth;  
It cleanses the air with its winnowing fan,  
And calls from decay a new life at its birth.

The waves swell to mountains and sink to their deep,  
And sport with the barks that are wrapped in their spray;  
Yet 'neath them the tide its direction will keep,  
Safe bearing its freight on its world-blessing way.

Convulsions may rage 'mid all nations and clans;  
The face of the world may be marred in its storm;  
Yet God over all is unfolding his plans,  
To bring the good home to a haven and calm.

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be,  
since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.

**CHARITY.**  
Give! let the gift be ever so small;  
Better do little than nothing at all;  
An act of kindness, a word, a prayer,  
To lighten the burden of sorrow and care.

Little hands, little hearts, their little may do,  
Little words of advice, so kind and so true;  
Little errands of mercy, and actions of love;  
Little prayers prayed in earnest for help from above.

The cheerful giver is loved of the Lord;  
And charity never shall lose its reward;  
Even the poor widow's mite was better than all—  
'Twas the best she could do, though the gift was small.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun,  
and the two are never far apart.

**THE PROGRESS OF TRUTH.**  
"God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,  
They touch the shining hills of day;  
The Evil cannot break delay—  
The Good can well afford to wait;  
Give earnestness their hour of crime;  
We have the future, grand and great,  
The safe appeal of Truth to Time!"

The universe is the visible garment of the Invisible.

**REPLY TO HORACE DRESSER.**

Mr. Editor—Dear Sir: I have to thank kind Providence and you for the privilege of free discussion. That sacred boon, so indispensable to the maintenance of civil and religious freedom, long since disappeared from the sunny South, the chivalry well knowing that the light of truth would certainly dispel the delusion, that "to have and to hold a slave is a right granted by the Constitution," as held and affirmed by your able correspondent, Horace Dresser, in your paper of March 21. In reply to my strictures in the BANNER of February 23.

In his reply, Mr. D. seems to lose sight of the point at issue, and introduces very adroitly, and seemingly unconsciously, another subject.

It will be remembered that I based my first criticism upon what I deemed his unwarranted assumption that "we need neither arguments nor authorities to establish the fact of the right of the Colonists to have and to hold a slave, both before and after their separation from Great Britain." To this I demurred, and asked in the name of justice, where such right originated? In his attempted answer, he confounds the right to hold a slave, with the holding of a slave. When I said that the right of holding a slave could not have originated by statute, for "Statutes against fundamental morality, are void," (Story,) he replies: "The justice says truly, but the critic unfairly, for SLAVERY could have originated by statute." Any person may see that there is a radical difference between the holding of a slave, ("slavery") and the right to hold a slave. He must admit my position, or take the ground that a statute which is null and void can confer the right of man-stealing. I should have added that from what appears, there was no statute in the Colonies intended to legalize slavery; and if there had been, it would have been invalid, because contrary to the decision of the Supreme Court in the Somerset case; as the Colonial Charters bound the Colonies to make their laws and usages conformable with the laws of the British Realm, of which they were a part. I must repeat, (notwithstanding Mr. Dresser's exclamation, "How dare I?") that ALL THE SLAVERY OF THE COLONIES, UP TO THE TIME OF THEIR SEPARATION FROM GREAT BRITAIN, WAS IN OPEN VIOLATION OF THE LAW. Mr. D. replies: "Not so; but if custom ever makes law, as every lawyer well knows it does, then on the contrary, all the slavery of the Colonies, and of the States afterwards, was in accordance with the law." He then proceeds to argue the case; that as the practice of slavery was a custom of long standing, it "became an institution." "Long usage was itself, the law," &c.

Now mark: he has before admitted that slavery "was an offensive thing, needing forth its poisonous effluvia to corrupt and destroy," and yet claims that long usage has made it law, needing neither statutes nor Constitutions.

Amazing! But let us look at some authorities. "When custom is adopted without reason, it ought rather to be called usurpation than custom." "Because in judging of customs, strength of reason is to be considered, and not length of time. The reason which supports them ought to be regarded, and not the length of time during which they have prevailed." [Luttrell.] Will my friend contend that slavery, which originated by man-stealing, is founded in reason? "All customs or prescriptions which are against reason are void." "Evil customs ought to be abolished." [Luttrell's 2d. ed.] "Every custom is evil which is against reason." [Ogden.] "What is invalid from the beginning, cannot be made valid by length of time." [Noyes' Maxims.] "By the Common Law, no man can have property in another." [Chief Justice Holt.]

By these quotations from Common Law writers, it will be seen that Mr. D.'s views are in direct antagonism. I respectfully request that in his next article he will tell us how long practice of slaveholding legally, in his estimation, entitle it to validity and legality. He tells us that slavery would have been declared legal in Great Britain, had it been used as long as in the Colonies. Wm. Goddard tells us in his "History of Slavery," that slavery had been practiced in that country "for at least three-fourths of a century," and confirmed by the highest official authority for forty-three years. Nevertheless, Chief Justice Mansfield declared it illegal, which decision, I think, it will be hard for Mr. Dresser to show, did not apply to the Colonies; at least till 1776, the time of the Declaration of Independence. Will any person in his senses deny that the Common Law of England was the Common Law of the Colonies? Mr. D. virtually admits this, when he says: "The Common Law, as administered in England, will allow of no such tenure, but the Constitution of the United States does allow it, which abrogates the Common Law of England in this behalf." If the Constitution abrogated it, then it was in force up to the time of the Constitution.

I proceed now to show that the Common Law of England is founded upon the laws of Nature, which are God's laws, and consequently never can make valid the practice or custom of the right of enslaving mankind, nor the right of man-stealing.

notwithstanding. He says, "Long usage was itself the law. It was thus, slavery obtained, and came to be a civil institution." "Slavery has as good claims to existence as any usage, in England or the United States, deriving its support from the Common Law." The Common Law says: "The Law of Nature being coeval with mankind and dictated by God himself is of course superior to obligation to any other. Those rights which God and Nature have established, and which are therefore called natural rights, such as life and liberty, need not the aid of human laws to be more effectually vested, in every man than they are." [Introduction.] I proceed now to show that the Common Law of England was the Common Law of the Colonies, and is our Common Law. The Colonial Congress adopted a resolution saying: that the Common Law of England was the Common Law of the Colonies. Governor Pownall said that the Common Law of England was the foundation of their law, in all the Colonies. Our own pre-eminent Chief Justice Ellsworth, pronouncing from the bench of the United States Supreme Court, said, "The Common Law of this country remains the same as before the revolution." Chief Justice Marshall said authoritatively from the same bench, "When our ancestors came to America, they brought with them the Common Law of their own native country."

Now I demand again, in the name of justice, where "the right of the Colonists to have and to hold a slave" originated? It is difficult for me to understand Mr. Dresser when he says, "No one ever supposed or asserted the right to hold a slave to have originated there"—that is, by the Common Law. Further on he says, "Slavery has a quasi Common Law origin, and the Constitution gave it a rightful foothold in the land." "Enforce!" cried one, "I have found it." Now I most respectfully request that Mr. Dresser will tell us in his next, where, in what article, section or clause of the Constitution does he find "granted the right to have and to hold a slave?" I confess most freely that I have not been able to find it, neither in its "history," "genesis," or "chronology."

Upon the subject of immunities, or national citizenship (Art. 4, Sec. 2), I remark again, that the courts of Louisiana, Mississippi, Kentucky, Pennsylvania and New York have held and published judicial opinions diametrically opposite to those of Mr. Dresser; and as these are clearly just and right, surely we need no special pleadings from Mr. Dresser to help forward the cause of injustice and oppression in the land. In relation to the passage of the great ordinance of freedom for the North West, Mr. Dresser inquires, "What Congress does the learned critic mean?" I reply in his own words: "Is he ignorant or forgetful of the recorded facts of American history? Let me commend to him an examination of the journals of the Constitution, and a revision of his historical studies, with occasional glances at chronology." I reply further: The first Congress under the new Constitution ratified the ordinance by a special act. It had the approval of Washington and the unanimous support of Congress, with the exception of one Mr. Yates, of New York.

One more question and I close, with thanks to the printer and to Mr. Dresser for his reply. If slavery is a usurpation—an insufferable nuisance—an offensive thing, sending forth its poisonous effluvia to corrupt and destroy, so that the moral sense of mankind can no longer endure the outgrowth from the putrescent heap, for it is "rank and smells to heaven," as Mr. Dresser very truly says, and if the Constitution was made to establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty to the people of the United States, "as its preamble declares, and if Congress is charged by the Constitution to provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States, as the Constitution affirms, (see Art. 1, Sec. 8,) then why should he not sweep it with one fell blow forever from the land?"

Greenville, N. Y. THOMAS P. ROYD.

**Spiritual Pictures in a Wash-tub.**

Mr. D. J. Mandell, in the BANNER OF LIGHT of the 4th inst., under the heading "Medicinal Follies. Decalogue," &c., gives an instance of medicinal powers which he seems to conceive demonstratively clear of all doubt of spiritual origin. To wit: "The developing," or "imprinting of a picture in a wash-tub."

If he will turn his attention to calico printing, he will find that not many years since cotton handkerchiefs were of frequent sale, containing pictures of Clay and other prominent characters, and others, if not those of him, with tomblike embellishments. Now it is well known in calico printing, that the mordants for coloring remain in the cloth even after all the colors are washed or faded out, and that under certain chemical agents, reagents and reactions, those faded pictures upon calico, can be made to reappear as good as new. Indeed, in the process of printing calicoes, I am informed, the first impression of the design in colors upon them are uniformly washed out, leaving the designs invisible, but the mordants indelibly incorporated with the cotton basis or fabric, which is subsequently submitted to appropriate colors in solution, that immediately attach themselves not to the appropriate or elective mordant, thus bringing out the pictures of designs upon the cloth. There were probably sufficient chemical reagents in the wash-tub with that *crude soap* conjoined, to produce the illusive spiritual picture of Clay and his tomb, and a wreath beside.

I have as heartily the desire to prove Spiritualism demonstratively true as any man living; but have seen enough of the treasury of dark circles and tellings and untellings by the "spirits" to make me chary of all possibly illusive statements that affix my attention, and can have no faith without demonstration, and can conceive of no crime equal in magnitude to intentional deception by professional mediums or their imitators. I believe in nothing as spiritual evidence that cannot be proven to be not of mortal origin. Give us solid facts and phenomena in Spiritualism, and let each man do his own digestion of them, in my motto, and I verily believe that for the recent years of these in our journals of Spiritualism more thinking men are turning from us in disgust than we are probably acquiring to our ranks.

Yours, &c. WILLIAM J. YOUNG.  
New York, April 2, 1868.

**THE BATTLE DATE.**  
The battle date we were to see  
We must confess we have not seen,  
But surely those that are to be  
Will pay for all the past has been.

**Obituary Notices.**

Departed for the better life, March 27th, 1868, Albra, second son of J. O. and Sophronia C. Bump, of Green County, Wis.

He was a member of the Second Wisconsin Cavalry, and was discharged for disability, and during some six weeks since. Thus has another life been laid down on the altar of our country, and still the demon of slavery cries out, "More—give us more!"

The Baptist Church was opened, and the funeral discourse was delivered by Miss M. J. Woodbury, who spoke in her usual eloquent style. The choir sang "We are written by my hand, and do communicate to come from the altar of Albra, who has been in spiritual life many years, and has given many tokens of his love to those who were dear to her while lingering here.

We mourn not those who have no hope, for we feel our brother still lives; and will watch, guide and shield us from danger in the hour of need. He died in the full belief that he was to be with his friends with mortal, and he felt it was well with him in spirit.

Broadhead, Mass. April 1, 1868.

Passed to the spirit-land from this world, Pa. Col. 17th, at 10 o'clock, P. M., on the 27th of March, and in his 70th year, after a long and painful illness, Mr. J. O. Bump, of Green County, Wis.

**NOTIONS OF MEETINGS.**  
SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LEXINGTON, MASS., THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1868. The Spiritual Conference, held every Tuesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock.

**GOVERNMENT HOUSE, No. 145 SOUTH STREET, BOSTON.**  
The Spiritual Conference, held every Tuesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock.

**CHARLESTOWN.**—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at 7 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at the residence of Mrs. M. A. Wood, No. 10, South Street, Charlestown. The meetings are held on Sunday, April 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and August 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and September 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and October 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and November 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and December 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 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