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MY AFFINITY.

BY ELIZABETH DOTEN.

CHAPTER I.

ISBEK AND FIND.

I am now a man full sixty years of age, but when I look back upon the eventful past, I feel that I ought much rather to be a hundred. My experience possesses little of romance or thrilling interest, and yet, because of its significance, and to save others from falling into a like pit-fall of delusion with myself, I claim the privilege of relating it.

When a young man of eighteen I wrote poetry for the papers; I parted my hair in the middle, and let it fall in long, flowing curls upon my shoulders; I also wore a "turn over collar," which was for me from some of my unsympathizing neighbors the undignified title of "goose-neck;" and I was seldom without a rosebud, or some other flower, in the upper button-hole of my waistcoat. My first poem, published in a weekly, known as "Cupid's Courier," was a "Sonnet to the Moon;" my second was entitled, "The Lone Lover's Lament," in which I poured forth all my passionate longings for that companion ship which, at that period, seemed the grand desideratum of life. It was quickly responded to by another contributor, who signed her name as "Myra Myrtle;" and soon after I received a sweetly sympathizing letter, traced in fairy-like characters, with this same name placed at the conclusion.

Of course I answered without delay, praying for a continuation of the correspondence. This favor was granted in a sweet note, which came soon after, written on pink, embossed paper, scented with musk, and sealed with two hearts cruelly thrust through with a murderous dart. I felt that this device was exceedingly apropos, for I was sensible that the corresponding organ in my own breast was effectively pierced by the arrow of the "blind god;" and if my fair unknown was in the same case, I deeply sympathized with her.

We exchanged letters many weeks, and I completely exhausted my brains for delicate expressions and endearing terms in which to address her. Finally I could endure suspense no longer, and I besought the lady most passionately for an interview, but she seemed unwilling to grant it. I became almost frantic; for the ideal image of the fair face that beamed above those sweetly scented missives, and the hand that traced those delicate lines, was before my vision night and day. I placed my petitions in every form of speech which human ingenuity could invent, and finally threatened suicide, which seemed to have the desired effect, for the next note informed me that she would meet me upon the following evening at a place called "The Lover's Retreat;"—a secluded spot, and well calculated for such an interview.

How long that day seemed! I watched the sun, as it slowly sank in the west, with feelings of an unmingled impatience. Then the great, full moon rose gloriously from behind the distant hill tops, pouring a flood of silvery radiance over the face of all nature, and paling the light of the evening star, which had shone forth so brightly amid the crimson glories of the sunset. The clock upon the village church struck eight, and the appointed hour had arrived.

With a palpitating heart in my bosom and a tongue in my hand I started for the hallowed spot. A few moments hasty walk by a rippling stream and through winding wood paths, brought me into the presence of my beloved. She sat with her head leaned upon her hand, and her face turned from me, but the white dress, the gracefully disposed shawl, and the gypsy hat suited my taste perfectly.

"Myra, dear Myra!" I murmured, as I stood beside her.

"Barnet!" she exclaimed, and, springing up, she threw her arms about me, and almost suffocated me with kisses. I was surprised at such a cordial reception, and it was some time before I could recover myself—for her embrace greatly resembled that ascribed to a Greenland bear. When I did regain my composure, however, the first thing I observed, by the tell-tale light of the moon, was, that my sweet Myra wore whiskers, and a second glance revealed to my astonished gaze the well known features of my cousin, Billy Wentworth—a very sensible fellow, but a most incorrigible wag, and the greatest practical joker in the village. I felt for a moment as if my head was a wind mill and was grinding my heart to powder.

"Billy," I gasped, as soon as I could take a long breath, "are you my Myra Myrtle?"

"You're ill! death do us part!" replied Billy, with a dramatic air.

"Did you write that poem for the paper, in answer to 'The Lover's Lament?'"

"Ask the editor and publisher," he said, "for they both had my true name."

"And have you kept up the correspondence ever since?"

"Yes, with the help of sister Kate, who did the copying, and if you had not been as blind as a bat you would have recognized her hand!"

"Here," he continued, drawing a large packet of letters from beneath his shawl, "are the answers—they are capital!" And a glance confirmed his words; they were indeed the affectionate missives which I had sent my fair unknown.

Reader, if I had been a bores-constructor at that moment I should certainly have swallowed Billy Wentworth, hat, frock and all, but nature having denied me the capability, I refrained from the attempt. I made several very months in the way of laughing, but there was no mirth at heart, for I was cruelly disappointed.

"Billy," said I, at last, with a tolerable degree of composure, "it's a good joke, but I think you have been rather hard upon me."

"Not at all!" replied he, "for just think what in all probability I have saved you from. If it had been in reality a lady who had answered your letters, she could have been none other than a bold, designing person; for no true lady would ever have adopted such a method of urging herself upon a

gentleman's attention; neither would she have followed it up, even if he made the first advances, without becoming previously and personally acquainted with her correspondent. You, however, was too blind to consider this, and committed yourself beyond recall. Suppose, now, that when you came here to night, instead of your affectionate cousin you had met with a homely, disagreeable old maid, who had victimized you for her own interest, without the least regard to your happiness, what then? Why, you would have been obliged either to submit quietly to your fate, or to beat a most dishonorable retreat. Now, instead of putting on such a rufous countenance about it, cousin Earnest, thank heaven that it is no worse, and learn wisdom for the future."

I had a sufficient degree of common sense left to feel the force of Billy's remarks, although I was at the same time very ungrateful for the lesson he had taught me. It was several years older than my self, possessed of much genius, and engaged to a beautiful and accomplished lady. Upon reflection, I felt that he could not sympathize with me, and I turned silently and coldly away.

"Look here, Earnest," said he, in his winning, good natured way, as he laid his hand upon my arm, "I can't have you offended with me, for I intended no wrong. It is true, I think you are somewhat of a simpleton, but at heart I know you to be a good fellow, therefore I cannot bear to see you make a fool of yourself. This finding of one's own true counterpart is no light or trifling matter. If you once get your head into the matrimonial noose, and find you do not like it, the harder you pull the closer it will draw, and the more painfully it will choke. Therefore be very careful, in the first place, how you get into the difficulty. Take my advice. Apply your mind to some definite course of study, which will bring out the talents that are in you, ripen your judgment, and establish you as a man. Then you will be fitted to choose wisely and well, and I have no doubt that, acting under such influences, you will find the future Mrs. Maywood all that you could desire her."

I felt convinced of the truth of his reasoning. Somehow, a broader and deeper view of life was unfolded to me at that very moment, and notwithstanding my disappointment, his words inspired nobler purposes and brighter hopes in my heart.

"You are right, Billy," said I, with much sincerity. "In return for your compliment to me, I will say to you, I consider you an ardent rogue, but will give you credit for much practical good sense. And now, my dear Myra," I continued, as I politely offered my arm, "shall I have the pleasure of waiting upon you home?"

"Not in this plight, beloved Barnet," replied Billy, and quickly divesting himself of his formal apparel, he rolled up the dress and shawl, and stuffed them into the hat, tying the strings tightly over them. Hanging the sword worn basket on his arm, he drew his own much worn and shabby coat from a neighboring bush, and taking my arm, we walked home in friendly converse together.

Acting from the new impulse which I had received, I soon took my departure for New York, where I commenced a course of solid reading and study, which soon led me to look with shame and contempt upon my former frivolous pursuits. About this time, however, I became acquainted with a young man, by the name of Jasper Vassalvane, who was making no small stir in society, on account of his peculiar views, and his originality in thought and expression. He was what is properly termed a "leading intellect," for before his interested listener was aware, he would induce him into his own train of thought, and by a species of psychological sympathy make him see things in the same light with himself. The definition which "Novella" has given of a character, as being "a completely fashioned will," found its true application in him. He was also transcendental in the highest sense of the word—delighted in abstract thought and metaphysical reasoning, and devalued with intellectual eagerness, the most abstruse works of the German philosophers. My mortal nature craved precisely such an associate, and after a few weeks' acquaintance, I followed him as closely as ever a dog followed his master.

It was from him that I first learned the doctrine of "affinities," which has since become quite popular, and my mind was soon laboring under a sense of my helplessness—the incompleteness of my being, without that counterpart of myself which was to make up the sum total of a compound individuality, and form an indissoluble union throughout the ages of eternity. Whether that concerned being, who, according to my theory, Divine Providence had destined for me and none other, was yet living upon the face of the earth, or had been removed by some of the accidents which flesh is heir to, to a higher sphere, I could not tell. Moreover, important as it would seem that every true seeker should find his own affinity—that he should not "ask a miser" in his innocence and ignorance, and when his prayer was granted, find it a mistake, (forgive me reader for this accidental pun upon a serious subject) yet Providence for once seemed to have made an important oversight, in not affording a sure test for deciding this momentous question.

In the midst of my doubts and difficulties, I applied to my friend, and he informed me, after some reflection, that he had an impression that my affinity was still living, and that I should meet her accidentally in the streets of the city. So great was the influence he had gained over me, that I had as much faith in this impression, as if it were a divine revelation, and inspired by the confidence which it gave me, I sallied forth several times a day, and after walking through a number of the principal streets, I would turn into courts, alleys, by-ways, and all sorts of out-of-the-way places. I also intruded my head like a reconnoitering thief, in at shop doors of confectioners, milliners, ice cream saloons, and dry goods merchants—took numerous rides in crazy omnibuses and crowded street cars—frequented various places of evening amusement, and attended a different place of worship every Sabbath, but all in

vain. If, at any time I had met my affinity, she did not seem to be governed by the usual law of attraction, for not one of the innumerable host of females which I had encountered, seemed in the least magnetically influenced toward me.

It did occur to me at times, that perhaps my personal appearance might act as a preventive, for I had become a "mannerist" in dress and externals, and from the consideration that human eyes were upon me, affected a thousand moods which I did not really feel. Thus I became artificial and unnatural, and lost that ease and dignity which so truly becomes an intellectual, independent man. I allowed my beard and hair to grow in any way which nature in her frankness would have them. After infinite trouble among sensible and conscientious tailors, I managed to get my garments cut in the oldest of fashions, and I never went into the street, without giving my hat an extra poke in the side, and pinch at the top, by way of finishing touches. I put myself to no small trouble to dress and conduct thus, for three particular reasons—first, I wished people to know that I paid not the least attention to externals; second, that an extraordinary man could not be ordinary in appearance; and third, as I afterwards discovered, I unconsciously desired to attract attention and admiration by my eccentricities. I knew that others before me had succeeded by such a course, and I asked myself—why should not I? I did not reflect, however, that the peculiarities of those individuals whom I strove to imitate, had their foundation in character and natural proclivity, while with me it was a mere affectation, and lacked that charm which genius and originality ever give to such things.

It happened one morning as I was rushing up Broadway with my cane under one arm and a volume of philosophy under the other, as if in pursuit of a fugitive idea, that I encountered an old friend of mine—Nicholas Fairfax—who had long been a resident in the city, but whom I had not seen for something more than a year. He was a middle-aged man—very philanthropic, calm, and dignified. He seldom used any extravagant forms of speech or excess of language, but always spoke his mind with a plainness, which did not admit of the slightest misunderstanding. He did not appear to recognize me, and was about passing when I saluted him.

"Gracious! goodness!" he exclaimed, stopping short and contemplating me with unforgotten astonishment—"Maywood, is that you? Why, I should much sooner have taken you for a German professor of music, or a returned Californian! What is the name of common sense has induced you to make such an appearance? Have you become a Jew, or made a solemn vow not to be shaven or shorn till you find the future Mrs. Maywood?"

"Look here, my dear boy," he continued, as he took me by the beard and looked me directly in the face—"there is not a sensible woman in the whole universe, who would be willing to marry such a nondescript as you are at present. Why look much more like a baboon, or a horned owl, than a sensible human being. If you have any regard for yourself or friends, or desire the love and companionship of any respectable woman, go and make yourself look more like a rational man, directly."

After a few more words of friendly conversation we separated, but he had thrown out a suggestion I could not forget, and I came to the conclusion at last, that the appearance of my outer man had really hindered my success in seeking for my affinity. I acted upon the conviction immediately. Dropping into a fashionable barber's, I engaged him to cut and arrange my hair in the latest and most approved style. Also to take off the larger portion of my beard, leaving only a respectable pair of whiskers and a modest moustache. Next, I arrayed myself in a new suit from top to toe, and purchased a hat perfectly faultless as far as form and fashion were concerned. This metamorphosis, I surveyed myself before the mirror, and although of a nervous temperament, small in stature, and by no means plump in person, I had the vanity to think that I was quite a good looking fellow.

Toward evening I sallied forth again upon another affinity-hunting expedition. Feeling that I could pursue no definite course with such an object in view, I sauntered leisurely onward till I came to the Battery. It was a most glorious sunset, and the harbor seemed literally alive with the various craft which were gliding over the crimson and golden waves. A stately merchant ship was just coming into port, and formed a prominent object in the scene. I leaned over the railing, and watched her progress with interest. Not far from me stood a young woman, holding a little girl in her arms, who also seemed to be observing the ship. As the child was large, she relieved the lady of a part of her weight, by resting her feet upon the top of the railing.

"You, aunt," said the observant little one, "whose great ship is that yonder?"

"Oh, I do not know," replied the lady, carelessly, "it belongs to some man, I suppose."

The child seemed unwilling to give up the question, and stretching out her little hand toward me, called out, "You, man, is that your ship?"

"No little one," I replied, "all the ships I own, sail in the air, and get wrecked against every passing cloud."

The child turned her large blue eyes upon me with a questioning glance, and the lady smiled—a sweet smile, such as only visits the faces of those who have been disciplined by sorrow and a trying experience.

"Is that one of your ships, up there?" asked the child, pointing to a light cloud which was floating through the ether, all radiant with the crimson glory of the sunset.

"Hush, Minnie!" said the lady, in a tone of gentle reproach. "You are troublesome to the gentleman with your questions."

"Not at all," I replied. "The thoughts of such little ones, however simply expressed, are full of freshness and originality. Music, flowers and little

children are a divinely appointed trinity, to remind man of the peace, beauty and innocence of his eternal home."

"Thank you, sir, for that sentiment," replied the lady, with modest alacrity; "you have spoken my thought precisely—a thought for which I have ever looked suitable words of expression."

Once more we turned our attention to the ship, and then, how it happened I cannot tell, but by an unguarded movement on the part of the little one, her feet slipped, and she fell directly into the yielding flood. A simultaneous shriek burst from the lips of the lady. Without a moment's reflection, I sprang quickly over the railing—for which my early exertions had well qualified me—and as the child rose to the surface, I caught hold of her. Assistance from every quarter was immediately extended to me, and in a few moments I had the pleasure of restoring the little one again to her relative. Beyond being thoroughly drenched and frightened, the little one was in other respects unharmed. I procured them a hack immediately, and after receiving an invitation from the lady to call and see the mother of her little charge, together with a card on which was written the street and number of her residence, I returned to my own lodgings.

Here, as I reflected upon my singular adventure, I came to the decided conclusion that I had, at length met with the long sought for object. I looked at the card. The name upon it was Faith Anderson. It was peculiar, but I did not object to it. Why should I? Was the question I asked myself. If she proves to be a true Faith—one that will not fail me either in joy or sorrow, and upon which I can find my fairest hope of happiness, her name will be possessed of such significance that it will ever be harmonious in my ears.

I could not wait for the morrow. That very evening, at eight o'clock, I rang at the door of the dwelling where so many hopes of my heart were already centered. I gave my card to the servant, and was ushered into a pleasant, neatly furnished parlor. Faith herself rose from the piano to welcome me. I was introduced to the parents of the precious little one. I was so cordially received that I felt myself at home directly, and as time passed on, what with the animated and interesting conversation, Faith's playing and singing, and the cheerful influences which seemed to pervade the very atmosphere of the room—I felt that I had never passed a more delightful evening. When I parted with them, it was with regret that my visit was so soon over, and they too seemed to feel the same, for they urged me, most earnestly, to call again.

Of course I availed myself of the invitation, hardly waiting for a proper interval of time to elapse. About this time I procured a bottle of hair oil, which I plentifully deluged my hair and whiskers—with a white silk handkerchief, perfumed with the odor of roses—purchased a pair of light kid gloves and a gold watch key—became very particular about the appearance of my linen—wore gold studs and silver buttons—well, to tell the truth, I was in imminent danger of falling quickly over from "mannerism," into the opposite extreme of dandyism. At every succeeding visit, I became more interested in Faith who seemed the perfect incarnation of my hitherto ideal counterpart. Her quiet grace and gentle dignity of manner were wholly unaffected, and the serene expression of her countenance attested the fulfilment of my heart, and exerted a powerful influence over my whole being.

Suffice it to say that I wooed her with all the passionate ardor of my nature, for I had not the slightest shadow of a doubt that she was my true affinity. I wooed and won her. Six months after our first interview, Faith Anderson became my wife. My friend Vassalvane was present at the bridal, and at the first opportunity I asked him what his impressions were concerning my affinity, and more particularly if he thought our union would endure throughout eternity. He said that, as far as he could see, he thought it would, and in my infatuation I fondly believed that my friend Vassalvane's vision was without limitation.

CHAPTER II.

I DISCOVER MY MISTAKE.

Thus far I have been quite minute in detail, from a desire to give the reader a fair understanding of my aims and character. Allow me now to pass over a period of some ten years from the time of my marriage. The small but comfortable fortune which my father left me had long since been expended, in my endeavors to do all, and a little more, than my wife desired. At last I was obliged to seek employment, and soon obtained an excellent situation as a clerk in a dry goods store. The salary was sufficient for our needs, if we practiced economy, but the employment was so little suited to my taste, that I bo disgusted with it. Nevertheless I was obliged to persevere, for our family was becoming large and expensive. Twice, heaven had blessed us with a pair of twins, and at the end of the ten years I counted seven little ones around my table. I will confess, as far as my children were concerned, that what I gained in quantity, I lost in quality, for they were all fretful, sickly, nervous creatures. As we could not afford to hire help, my wife was all worn out with domestic duties. She was low spirited, and her health miserable. In fact, she was burdened more heavily than her human nature could bear, and was sinking slowly beneath it. My light employment in the store did not weary me much through the day, and at night, as my wife had no leisure time to interest or entertain me as she had done formerly, I went away to some literary or scientific lecture, to a reading room or a concert, and thus managed, not only to refresh myself, but to improve my mind, and to keep up with the progressive spirit of the times.

Often when I went home at ten or eleven o'clock at night, I would find Faith sitting upon some old garment which was much the worse for wear, or holding a crying child in her arms. It is true, that under the circumstances she was very patient and uncomplaining, but then she did not smile as formerly, and was not as interesting in conversation. In

fact, she began to betray very sensibly that lack of general information which I could so easily obtain, but from which she was hindered by the multiplicity of her cares. I did not consider this, however, but began to grow discontented, more especially when some one of the children cried all night with an ache or ail, as often happened, or perhaps two or three of them had the whooping cough. I proposed sleeping up stairs, to which Faith readily assented, and thus I secured to myself comfortable rest, nights, while she kept her wearisome vigils below.

As matters continued thus, we became still more dissatisfied in feeling. At length Faith, in the loneliness and desolation of her heart, sought the only refuge which was open to her, save the grave itself. To use a common expression, she "experienced religion," and joined a church. She previously asked my consent, and as I did not wish to play the traitor I gave it, but my friend Vassalvane did not believe in such things, therefore I did not. The secret suspicion which I had long entertained, now deepened into a conviction. I felt certain that I had been laboring under a great mistake, and that when I married Faith Anderson, I had not found my true affinity. It was exceedingly unfortunate, for now, what could I do?

At this juncture, my friend Vassalvane returned from a lecturing tour, and as usual I applied to him in my difficulty. After hearing my partial and one-sided statement of the case, he shook his head wisely.

"I see how it is," he said, "although I would hardly have believed it, yet circumstances have proved that you are certainly mismatched, otherwise she could not thus have grown apart from you."

"But what can I do?" I asked.

"Do?" he replied; "I shall not advise you. You can readily see, however, that by leaving matters as they are, you are not only keeping yourself from your true affinity, but Faith, also, from the one for whom Providence designed her, which is an evident injustice."

"But the children?" I suggested.

"Ah!" he continued, "that is unfortunate,—but then they are the offspring of error, and therefore will be of but little account in the world; as barren children only come of true affinities. You must dispose of them in the best advantage, and leave it to the All-wise Father to provide as he may see fit, for their temporal and eternal happiness."

I went away perfectly contented with this piece of pious advice, but did not find it easy to put it in practice. My conscience smote me as I looked in Faith's pale, wasted countenance, and when I saw how tenderly she cared for the little ones, and how they clung to her as though she alone was the grand centre of their hopes and childish joys, I felt that it would break her heart, should I dare make such a monstrous proposition to her as I was then revolving in my mind. Yet what erring mortal is there that cannot understand me, when I say that, with my treacherous inclination at heart, I looked the error in the face so long that finally it seemed like the right itself, and I felt that it was my painful duty to carry it into practice. A trifling matter at length decided me.

One day, while waiting upon the customers, as usual, two ladies entered the store, and the personal appearance of one attracted my attention immediately. She was not handsome, but there was a peculiar charm in the continued light and shadow of feeling which played over her expressive countenance, and beamed from her large, dark eyes. Never had I looked upon a face which spoke such volumes in itself. Her bearing and movement betrayed at once, to my searching eye, a decided and original character. While I was attending to other customers, the two ladies seated themselves, and continued their conversation. I listened attentively to every word. Her voice was firm and sweet, and her remarks clear and forcible. Moreover when she addressed me, in order to make her purchases, I discovered in her a most praiseworthy virtue, which all women do not possess,—that of knowing precisely what she wanted, and desiring nothing else. Before they left, another lady entered, and the moment she beheld the countenance of my fair unknown, she exclaimed, "Why, Grace Thorndale! I am delighted to see you! How long have you been in the city?"

"Only a few weeks," was the reply, "and I return to H— to-morrow."

"Then you are still residing in H—?"

"Oh, yes! and I see no good reason why I should not continue there the rest of my days."

"Unless you should chance to get married?" laughingly returned her friend.

"Of what there is not the slightest danger," was the immediate reply.

"Oh, don't be so sure of that, Grace!" said her friend. "You ought to hear what Vassalvane says on that subject. He tells us that every one has his or her affinity, and that sooner or later, in the course of Time or Eternity, they will be united."

"Then I shall wait till mine comes to me," was the reply, and they all went out.

"Ah!" I said within myself, "and what if I should prove to be to your affinity, Grace Thorndale, and a mysterious providence had sent you hither to inspire my soul to action?"

Her last words seemed to me like the speech of an oracle. "Will she indeed wait till I come?" I asked, and I revolved this question in my mind night and day. I became a complete monomaniac on the subject, and my Faith seemed more distant from me than ever. She, poor soul, read her Bible and prayed, and to her it was an infinite consolation, while I mocked at it, for, as I before said, my friend Vassalvane did not believe in such things.

Finally, I became so wearied and oppressed by my contending emotions, that I applied to Vassalvane for advice, and he told me "to follow my impressions of right," which was quite equal to telling me to follow my nose, for my "sense of right" had become entirely subjected to my inclinations. After going through with the farce of consulting my conscience, I determined to take advantage of my approaching vacation—a generous period of six weeks

—to visit H—, and look up Grace Thorndale. When the time arrived, I informed my wife that I intended taking a journey, and she, in the kindness of her heart, believing that my health required it, assented at once, although I should leave her with scarce money enough to supply her necessities till my return. She worked early and late to prepare my wardrobe, and at last bade me farewell with the tears of affection in her eyes.

My heart sickens as I reflect upon the insane course of conduct I pursued, after arriving at H—, in order to make the acquaintance of this strange lady. It is enough for me to say that I did so without exciting her suspicions, and became a visitor at her house. She seemed to be living in very easy circumstances, with her mother and sister. Her father was absent on a tour in Europe. Grace Thorndale, I found, was the sister of the circle in which she moved, and as I was of an ambitious turn, I felt that to win such a prize, would be no small honor. I exerted every power of my nature, and soon found that I had interested her. I was possessed of an oily tongue—when I chose had a pleasing address, and felt a certain confidence in my own ability, which is one of the essentials to success. I resolved, however, not to offer myself to her, before conferring with my wife, and if Faith consented to a divorce, I would state to Grace Thorndale the case precisely as it was, leaving her then to act from her own judgment.

At the end of the six weeks, I took my departure from H—, with a most decided conviction that I had only to offer myself in order to be accepted. I promised, in answer to the entreaties of the whole family, that I would return again in the course of three months, as I hoped, by that time, to have matters all arranged with Faith; I was several weeks, though, before I could look my wife in the face, and make that selfish proposition.

One evening, however, when the little ones were all asleep, I summoned courage. I first laid before her the whole doctrine of "affinities," and discoursed, at some length, upon the awful consequences which resulted to parents and children, and society in general, from mistaken marriages. She listened to me patiently, only venturing one remark, which, at the time, I considered trivial and childish in the extreme.

"Strange!" she said, "that the Lord should not have arranged matters so as to prevent the world from ever getting into such a mess."

Since that time I have concluded that there was some slight sarcasm in her words, although I did not then detect it.

After having thus preface the main proposition, I told her I had at length come to the conclusion, that we were not true affinities, and that for our sakes, and for the sake of the little ones, I felt it was best we should separate. I turned my face from her as I said this, for I feared she might weep, and I wished to spare myself, for it always made me feel unpleasantly. I waited for her to reply, but she did not.

After a few moments of silence I told her what I proposed doing with the children, which was, to scatter the youngest among our relatives, and put out the two eldest (twins, sisters) into separate, wealthy families, where they could take care of the smaller children, in return for their board.

"Barnet!" she exclaimed, with an energy I never knew was in her composition, "if you want to leave me and our children, go! But as for me, so long as these little ones, who are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, are in existence, I will stand by them at all events, and never leave! never! forsake them!"

CHAPTER III.

"A LION IN THE WAY."

For some weeks after my conversation with Faith, I did not allude again to the subject, for her vehemence upon that evening alarmed me; but as the time approached for my second visit to H—, I became anxious, and finally laid the proposition again before my wife.

"Barnet," she answered, with a pale face but a firm voice, "I have told you that if you wished to go, you could. The Lord will be my helper, and if the father of my little ones will not provide for them, I will appeal to the charities of the world."

I saw at once that I could not expect a calm and rational consideration of the subject from her, and therefore applied to the oracle—Vassalvane. After considering the matter long and carefully, he told me that "if I felt there was a strong reason why I should go, to go; and if I felt there was a strong reason why I should stay, to stay." I was greatly obliged to him, for I took the first part of his advice into consideration, and found it so forcible, that I wholly overlooked the last, and accordingly started for H— without saying anything further to my wife.

My reception by the Thorndale family was as cordial as I could have expected, although not exactly what I wished. I had resolved, at the first favorable opportunity, to throw myself entirely upon the womanly sympathies of Grace, and plead my cause upon the very ground of my unfortunate circumstances.

A convenient reason soon offered itself, for upon calling one evening, I found her at home alone. I immediately seated myself by her side, and telling her that I wished to have a conversation with her, I took her hand. She instantly withdrew it, and, like a discreet woman remarked, "That if I had anything to say, I could do so without personal contact." As I had previously done with Faith, I unfolded to Grace the doctrine of affinities—explained my unfortunate situation—assured her that I was quite certain she was my true affinity, and ended by making her a formal offer of my hand and heart. As for fortune, I humbly informed her I had none.

Through the whole of my speech she did not make one word of reply, but sat with folded arms, listening attentively. I never shall forget the singular

when he would gather camp and revival meetings as more genuine under the wing of mesmerism than that of the Holy Ghost. He admits, like (Napalm), the "epitaphic media," and resultant phenomena; but then it is a "mystical principle" of an unknown law, not applicable to the stellar phenomena of the Bible. Thus making confusion between his primates and ultimates when the Bible intervenes and breaks the connection. In that case, what is "mystical principle" suddenly transformed into God or spirit as the operative motive power. Mahan is another of this priest-caste who strives to reframe modern spiritual rays that they shall not infuse upon the Bible. Any Spiritualism outside of this is only "Old Force"; but he, like his clerical brethren, very easily transforms this "Old Force" into the Holy Ghost when alike manifested on Hebrew and on Christian ground, and recorded in the Bible.

Now here are three men of the priest-caste confounding the unknown God, giving it different names, and all declaring that it is not the manifestation of the spirit, though they cannot philosophically separate it from the same series of causation which includes their book of holy mysteries. These men, while talking about the natural law of Spiritual manifestations outside the Bible, are very quick to jump the track when this same law is about to take them over Judean ground. Natural law is, then, broken from the chain of causation, trampled down the embankment, and the mystery of godliness, with miracles, are thrust in to fill up the gap. Yet not more self-satisfying is this than if a musician should claim a scale of music unlike any other scale, having an original transcending natural law, and capable of emitting such sounds as could find no corresponding tones upon any scale of sub-natural capacity. But now search this scale in all its diatonic and chromatic revelations, and lo and behold! there would be discovered a very common-sense likeness of the natural to the supernatural scale, whatever variety of music there might be played. Just so it is with the Bible, when compared with other kindred mystical lore; the scale that would measure the source of one will equally as well measure the source of the other.

Dunlap, having traced to a common origin, the ancient religions, says, "This settles the question of the identity of the Hebrew, Phœnician, Egyptian and Chaldean philosophy." Not so would say our revelator of the priest-caste Judean wise. Looking upon said revelation, he would claim for his Hebrew scale an exclusive supernaturalism for the discarding of trans-natural music, and would make his claim somewhat on this wise. This scale was found secreted in the cave of Egeadit—had long been divinely preserved from the eyes of the vulgar as the one from which the sweet melody of Israel took its persons under the talisman of God, the Seer. It was found to transcend all principles of music, whether of contemporary Gentile or of modern times, in its divinely-inspired revelations—a music so ravishing in its nature, that, although it failed to charm the evil spirit from the Lord who sat upon Saul, it completely soothed the savage beast of the four hundred freebooters whom David entertained in his cave, and speedily added two hundred more of like filibuster stamp. Then changing mysteriously from a minor to a major key, rang out a supernatural Marcelline, which so fired these filibusters of the Lord that they rushed, as if swept by a divine tornado or mighty, rushing wind, to storm a fort or take a nursery; but these not being at hand, they pounced upon Nabal, shearing his sheep, and but for Abigail, his wife, whose person David accepted, with five damsels in the train, and other cheer, the sweet psalmist declared, in a bold, oriental figure of speech, that "there had not been left unto Nabal by the morning light any that—against the wall."

Now we do not see that this scale is any more supernatural than corymbium, revivalism, or camp-meetingdom, with Elder Knapp as Lord or Devil, according to the party he performs upon the scale. Though in all these there are often, as in the better estate of David, beautiful strains of music, and "harp-seem touched by fairy fingers," yet the basic principle of them all is the same, through infinite variety of parts. In Hebrewdom, the Caleb Quotem of all these things is the Lord. So David "blessed the Lord God of Israel" for sending Abigail to meet him; but Nabal was not quite so well pleased that David had accepted the person of his wife, so "the Lord smote Nabal that he died."

Indeed much of the Biblical scale, so far from being supernaturally divine above other scales, and having nothing in common with them, is rather early in another sense, if not shockingly blasphemous in the light of more highly developed or spiritual scales; and not quite the best of training to teach the young idea how to shoot. But we are quite willing it should stand at its true worth as well as gentle counterparts. As scale as both Hebrew and Gentiledom may appear in more, more ethereal shades, yet from the same beds a filly-growth may be seen putting forth with most exquisite fragrance and purity of spotless white, receptive of highest spiritual adorning.

"Zoroaster, who effected this change in the religion of his country," says Malcolm in his history of Persia. "He termed a prophet or impostor, as the events of his life happen to be drawn from Polio or Mahomedan annals. The former pretend that he was everything that was holy, and enlightened; while the latter assert that he was only a good astrologer, who was himself deceived by the devil into becoming the teacher of a new and insidious doctrine. All seem agreed that he lived in the time of Gush-tasp, and that he led that monarch, either by his arts or his miracles, to become a zealous and powerful propagator of the faith which he had adopted. For this reason, we are told, the devil spoke to Zoroaster from the midst of a flame."

"The Bible informs us that God spoke to Moses from the midst of a like flame or burning bush; but Fordist, or some other person of opposite religion to Moses, related the following account. It would have been not God but the Devil who had fired up for Moses. It must ever be borne in mind that the Bible account, in all it relates, is from its own interested household, and that we had the opposite accounts of neighbors and rival sects, the Jewish relations might appear under very different aspects. In searching records antiquity, it is very difficult to hear both sides sufficiently to determine. If we had the ancient archives of Canaan or Phœnicia, old Jewry might appear far more shady than even now in her profile as given by the members of her own house. It is never well to make up judgments upon one-sided testimony. There is against the Persian Lawgiver a charge of hypocrisy which has come down to us. There may have been many such against Moses, though the record of the same has not reached us. Probably when the earth opened and swallowed Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, their documents went with them—so that not having their record, we cannot refer to it for the matter in dispute between them and Moses. But of the Moses of Persia, Zoroaster, "The following extract from the Shah-Namah," says Malcolm, will show the feelings excited at the Court of Tarsary, by the change of the national religion of Persia.

"Know ye," said Arjasy to his assembled chiefs, "that glory, wisdom, and the pure religion, have fled from Persia. A certain sorcerer, styling himself a prophet, hath appeared in that region, and introduced a new form of worship among the people; to whom he hath said—I am come from above; I am come from the God of the world; I have seen the Lord in heaven; and lo! here are the Zand and the Uta, as written by himself. I also saw Arjasy in the midst of hell, but was unable to compass the circle that enclosed him. And behold! I am deputed by the Almighty to preach the true faith to the king of the earth; and now all the most renowned warriors of Persia, (continued the Sovereign of China), with the son of Sohrasp at their head, have fallen into his snare; the brother, too, of Gush-tasp, that valiant cavalier and champion of Persia, Zoroaster, may all have embraced his doctrines; all have vainly sacrificed their eternal happiness to the old Magian, whose pernicious precepts threaten to pervade the whole world. He rules already over Persia as a prophet."

Let us for a moment take a shy at Greece and Rome, not forgetting apt glimpses at old Jewry by the way.

Through all there was manifestation of spirit, whether by candle-light, by sun-light, or all the lights of heaven—that being heretical and damnable which questioned the prevailing superstition. The first part and played by the interposition of the Lord for the people whom he led to pass through. The Phœnician scale seemed by the interposition of the Lord to make a new path for Alexander and his army. An oracle had pronounced that to the person who should untie the Gordian Knot, the Empire of Asia was destined. Alexander met the demand of the oracle by cutting the Knot, and this was ratified by the Gods in a storm of thunder and lightning, as demonstrative as that which flanked Moses and his oracles in the thunder and lightning of Mount Sinai. The Grecian chief, though claimed to be a Son of God and Lord of Asia, though this would include the dominion for which the Hebrew Lord had thundered and lightning and thrown down great stones from heaven, which, in church faith he would only do for his beloved Jewry. "The prophet Aristander had predicted," says Grote, "that Alexander should receive a severe wound through the shield and the breast-plate," which came to pass as foretold, as well as other predictions. The Gods were consulted, and favorable responses obtained by Alexander for building Alexandria in Egypt, the same as old Jewry got responses for building the Lord a house at Jerusalem. He consulted the Infinitesimal oracle of Jupiter Ammon to learn whether he was one of those sons of God so common in title when applied to barbarous chieftains in old time. "He was," says Grote, "distinguished by manifest evidences of the favor of the Gods. Unexpected rain fell just when the thirty soldiers required water. Two ravens appeared, preceding the march and indicating the right direction." These and kindred matters are attested by Ptolemy, Aristobolus, Kallisthenes, and others. Surely there are as credible as kindred marvels in old Jewry. Who shall say that these Gentile marvels which plumed this army were not akin to the one which led Balaam? Who shall say that this water from heaven for the multitude of Alexander, would not quench thirst equal to that which gushed from the rock by the dividing rod of Moses? Alexander also on one occasion proved himself equal to Moses or Joshua, in executing the wrath of the Lord upon a people for sins committed by their forefathers—equal to Samuel, who, in the name of the Lord, doomed a people to destruction four hundred and thirty years after the sin of the forefathers, because the Lord had sworn that he would have war with Amalek forever.

Baye Mr. Grote, "In his onward march, Alexander approached a small town, inhabited by the Brauchim, descendants of those Brauchim near Memphis, on the coast of Ionia, who had administered the great temple and oracle of Apollo on Cape Pædon, and who had yielded up the treasures of that temple to the Persian King, Xerxes, one hundred and fifty years before. This surrender had brought upon them so much odium, that when the demolition of Xerxes was overthrown on the coast, they retired with him into the interior of Asia. He assigned to them lands in the distant region of Sogdiana, where their descendants had ever since remained; bilingual and partially hellenized, yet still attached to their traditions and origin. Delighted to find themselves once more in commerce with Greeks, they poured forth to meet and welcome the army, tendering all they possessed. Alexander, when he heard who they were and what was their parentage, desired the Milesians in his army to determine how they should be treated. But as these Milesians were neither decided nor unanimous, Alexander announced that he would determine for himself. Having first occupied the city in person with a select detachment, he posted his army all round the walls, and then gave orders not only to plunder it, but to massacre the entire population—men, women and children. They were slain without arms or attempt at resistance, resorting to nothing but prayers and suppliant manifestations. Alexander next ordered the walls to be leveled, and the sacred groves to be cut down, so that no habitable site might remain, nor anything except solitude and sterility. Such was the revenge taken upon these unhappy victims for the deeds of their ancestors in the fourth or fifth generation before. Alexander doubtless considered himself to be executing the wrath of Apollo against an accused race who had robbed the temple of the God. The Macedonian expedition had been proclaimed to be undertaken originally for the purpose of revenge upon the contemporary Persians the ancient wrongs done to Greece by Xerxes; so Alexander would follow out the same sentiment in reverting upon the contemporary Brauchim the acts of their ancestors—yet more guilty than Xerxes, in his belief. The massacre of this unfortunate population was in fact an example of human sacrifice on the largest scale offered to the Gods by the religious impulses of Alexander, and worthy to be compared to that of the Carthaginian general, Hannibal, when he sacrificed three thousand Grecian prisoners on the field of Himera, where his grandfather, Hamilcar, had been slain seven years before."

This piece sacrifice of Alexander is well worthy to be classed with those of like bloody stain in old Jewry, when Moses, John, Samuel and David, would propitiate the Palestine God by heaving men, women and children with cattle, to pieces, before the Lord, and leaving nothing to breathe. See Mackay's fuller setting forth of the sanguinary, sacrificial infernalism of Judean barbarism, yet consecrated in our churches, as presentist offerings to the Most High. There never were more frightful immolations of human victims than in the Jehovahism of Israel. Long have these been cloaked in mystery by our priest-caste, but triply damnable do they now appear, as the veil concealing them is rent away.

Whatever served to illustrate and confirm the truth of prophecy, had peculiar interest in the eyes of the pious Greek. The Chaldean Soothsayers, in their clairvoyant or spiritual vision, foresaw and announced the impending crisis to Alexander if he entered Babylon. "At first," says Grote, "he was inclined to obey the oracle, but his scruples were overruled by the Greek sophist, Anaxarchus, and other influences; thus leaving him grappled to his fate; and this God, sea, would be Lord of all, ignominiously divorced his soul from body by measuring himself in the cap of Hercules."

Now in Rome more than in Greece and in Jewry were portions of the Gaulish gods, Godstones moving of the Winds, and all the hosts of heavenless evil-cast of the powers of the air, as may be read from "Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay, And Lavinia's pictured page." So, too, from Tibullus—

"When stormy tempests fell, when comets glared,
Intestate were their Oracles declared!
The sacred groves (our ancestors relate)
Fetters the changes of the Roman State;
To charge, the clatter sounded in the sky;
Arms clashed, blood ran, and warriors seemed to die;
With monstrous prodigia the gods began,
And avarice defied the whole globe of Jove;
Apollo shone of every beamy ray,
Gleams of light, and stars in vain to light the day;
The stations of the Gods were laid bare;
And speaking omen BIRD mankind with fears."

See the counterpart of this in the Infinitesimal Word of Jewish and Christian scriptures, and all along the ages of European civilization—in Cotton Mather's Magnalia, or great and wonderful things in early New England—also an excellent tract on Witchcraft and Miracle in connection with Mesmerism, by Allen Patnam. The early Christian teachers appear so to have read the signs of the times as if all things portended the rolling together of the heavens as a scroll. The sun is about to be darkened, and the moon turned to blood—sea and waves roaring, and men's hearts failing them for fear—some calling upon the rocks to fall upon them, others gathering up their torgery to be caught up in the clouds, to be thrust down again by the prince of the power of the air, because flesh and blood cannot enter the Kingdom of heaven. A divine soul-sear saw horrible portents at Patmos. The astronomical serpent, or dragon-satan, the Ahirman of Persian astrology, leading the third part of heaven down to hell, or to the winter solstice. From the Patmos observatory was also seen winged and horned animals, as also a scarlet lady at Babylon. Stewart's Hieroglyph affords a sketch of the ancient visions in

this direction. Mackay, Dunlap, and many others, in astro-theological telescopes of somewhat Roman dimensions, for catching each "far-off light of comet," and relieving it to order, which Billon has set Chon and old Night to smudge in such paludose as stiches to utmost vigils of orthodox theology.

Contemporary with Milton was the learned Dr. Henry More, who, in his "Antidote against Atheism," thanks himself with manifestations from the spirit-world, showing, as all along the ages, that unbelieved humanity, or spiritual beings, could return in identity and individuality of being, after their shells or bodies had mingled with kindred dust. Our modern unfoldings have more tangibly proved all this from the earliest stage of individualization in conception by mesmeric and feminine conjunction; and so through all, directly trace our lineage to the Great Spirit, or Infinite fount of all being. This was the Luminous Ether, or Light, or Word—the transcendent or unknown (God of the heathen philosophers—the same whom Paul adopts when he cites the heathen poets as setting forth the God head in whom "we live, move, and have our being." The same as the overlying "Principle," personified by Swedenborg, and often by the ancients; and though Agassiz would seem to rest the world upon a turtle, he does not fall to set forth the "Supreme Spiritual Principle" as the evolving source of every variety of individual life, and is even receptive of the correspondential, transmundane, counterpart of the same, as may be seen in his Natural History of Turtle-dove. We, too, see no escape from a boundless spiritual programme. Having proved the transmundane identity of angels, and of some who were created a little lower, with whom we once walked in flesh and blood, we shall not stand upon the order of non-consecutive prunings—particularly we do not see where we can top our human infamy from any stage of its individuality of being.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TRYEPHON.

BY G. L. SWANSON, MEDIC.

Tryephon, the sea is calm to-night;

My bark is gliding on the Tuccan wave;

The shore is falling in the hazy light,

And I have come to find my watery grave.

Give me thy hand, Tryephon, I will go.

To the lone chamber where the carols grow.

The world is strong in its unholy might;

Its laugh is ringing in my tortured ear;

The sea is calm as I, this holy night,

And I will make its waves my watery bier.

To wait me to the caverns of the deep,

Where I will find the long and welcome sleep.

I have been lingering in a troubled dream—

I have been thinking of thy coming fate;

The world will be too strong for thy esteem,

And shut upon thee its relentless gate.

Where are thy early dreams of earthly fame?

Give me the whisper of a lover's name.

In the still night my spirit will be near,

And with its soothing dream inspire thy rest;

I will not want the solace of a tear,

Nor lack the graces of a welcome guest.

When from the shores of Thémis I shall come

To the far shadows of thy woodland home.

I will come to thee in the silent night;

I will engrave my being into thine—

Give me thy hand, this lovely Tuccan night,

The shore is sparkling like Faberian wine.

I will entreat the muses for thy sake,

That they will not their promise to thee break.

GLIMPSES IN IRELAND.

NO. I.

By Our Journal.

DUBLIN AND ITS ENVIRONS.

London, on a Sunday, is a dull, lifeless day, save

when its streets are crowded by the going or returning

of its millions to the various places of worship. And

on a Sunday evening, when the great city was as quiet,

as an unpeopled island, we took our departure

for Holyhead. The train bore us from Eastern Station

precipitately at 8 P. M. Away we rolled, sometimes at

the rate of forty, sometimes at sixty miles an hour, leaving

behind us the fading lights of the town, its empty

close atmosphere, far out into the beautiful country,

over whose choice scenery—biding slowly from our

view all its minute beauties—the shadows of the

night were slowly lengthening. On past Stafford and

Nottingham, the picturesque scene of "Tam

Brown's School Days,"—until the puffing engine, like

a weary laborer, came to a halt at Crewe. Here we

were joined by our Dublin friend, and soon after the

usual greetings and conversation, entered by the ex-

pressing comfort of an English rail carriage, we fell into

a sleep, which, with one or two drowsy starts, lasted

until we woke to find the morning with us, Holy-

head near, and an enchanting view of the Irish Sea

stretching far away to our left.

We were soon on board the small, but stout, safe-

looking steamer Llewellyn, and at 8 A. M. we steamed

off, and were soon lost in the dense fog which hid from

our view the craggy heights of the Welsh mountains.

We reached Kingston in four and a half hours, during

which time we saw scarcely beyond the length of the

steamer; and as our course formed almost a direct cen-

tre line from the point of a triangle made by the course

of different steamers to Dublin, from Bristol, Liver-

pool and Holyhead, we found ourselves asking if ac-

cidents, collisions, &c., were frequent. As it was, we

finally got lost in the fog, and had recourse to the can-

non, which, after having been fired half a dozen times,

brought a reply from H. M. ship Ajax, lying in King-

stown harbor, and the bell of the lighthouse tower,

which, when we first heard, to our surprise we found

the pier not over five lengths off. On landing, her

majesty's mails took precedence, and after their de-

parture, we disembarked, and were soon seated, for

the first time, on an Irish jaunting "char," which

set us down, in about twenty minutes, at Glanulla

Lodge, at the top of Killiney Hill.

Here we were, then, in Ireland, a country of which

we have had many dreams, perhaps thought more of

within the last year, than even of our own native land.

But we are dreaming. Let us away to Dublin, a city

not unlike our own, as far as regards the plan upon

which it is built. One does not expect to encounter

architectural beauty in Ireland—for what reason, we

are not informed, save that it seems to be universally

connected with ideas of poverty and desolation; hence

Dublin challenges admiration, and a higher respect for

Ireland and her people. Some of the best views of

Dublin may be had from the bridges of the Liffey—

perhaps from Carlsberg Bridge. Turn whichever way

you will, the view is hardly to be surpassed by any ur-

bansceny we have ever met. To the north, Sack-

ville street—the Broadway of Dublin, where may be

seen her fashion and her beauty—stretches away with

its vast width. The view is, however, interrupted by

Nelson Pillar, a tall Doric column of some hundred

and twenty feet in height, which stands somewhere

about the centre of the street. The shaft rises from a

square foundation, on either side of which is the name

of one of the hero's most remarkable victories, viz.,

Copenhagen, Trafalgar, Nile, St. Vincent; and on the

anniversary of each a flag is unfurled from the top. A

spiral stair takes you to the top, where the statue is

placed. From this height may be had the most mag-

nificent view of Dublin and its surroundings. Further

to the north reaches the grand vista of Sackville

street, closed on the left, at almost the extreme end,

by the foliage of the Rotunda Gardens; while far

away, outlined against the sky, towering high above

the residences of Cavendish Row, is seen the symmet-

rical spire of St. George's.

Looking away to the southward, the view, though

not so expansive, is nevertheless equally interesting.

D'Olier and Westmoreland streets are perhaps as beau-

tifully planned and built as any streets in the city.

Down the latter you catch a glimpse at the side of

Trinity College and a portion of the Priests' Garden,

while the former affords a view of the facade of the College, on the one hand, and a segment of the majestic colonnade of the Bank of Ireland on the other. Away to the east rolls the Liffey, and beyond the countless masts of the shipping is seen the dome of the Custom House. To the west the eye follows the river, slowly rippling along between its low stone walls, which form the quays, winding by its graceful bridges of stone and iron. The winding of the river strikes off its course, leaving us unable to trace it further with the eye; but how gratifying, how splendid, is the panorama thus afforded us from the Nelson Column! We shall not soon forget it. Further to the west still is seen the new Presbyterian church, of Norman gothic architecture. Let us walk along Ormond's Quay, and we reach "The Four Courts," which occupies a large frontage, facing the Liffey, crowned with a majestic dome, and is without doubt one among the noblest structures of the kind in the world. Its front occupies four hundred and fifty feet, consisting of a centric building, flanked on either side by a spacious quadrangle, with the various law offices around forming the wings, enclosed by arcade screens of cut stone, surmounted by a rich balustrade, each wing having a majestic gateway, with emblematical designs. In front of the centre is a fine portico of six Corinthian pillars, with corresponding pilasters in the rear, supporting a rich pediment surmounted by allegorical statues; the apex of the pediment crowned by a figure of the great Mosco law-giver; at either side Justice and Mercy. At each extremity of the front are Wisdom and Authority, reembodying figures. The square formed by the centre is about one hundred and forty feet in diameter, the four principal courts radiating to the angles of the square, the intervals between being occupied as chambers for judges. The interior hall has long been the theme of a just admiration. The front of the building, which had become somewhat dilapidated from the friable nature of the stone, has been renewed, and extensive additions have been made, with a view to the completion of the building, and the concentration of the various courts and law offices in one spot.

The splendid quays extend on, the one side from the north wall light-house to Phoenix Park, above three miles, while on the other they reach for six miles. In the palmier days of Dublin's commercial prosperity the houses on this line of quays were in great demand and obtained high rents, but the value of such along the Liffey has depreciated by reason of the effluvia from the river at low water, and are held in as bad repute by the citizens as are the houses nearest the Thames. The post-office, on Sackville street, is a fine building, but its aspect is so nearly the same as that of post-offices in general, and it has been so often represented in pictures of this part of the city, that it needs no description. The custom house, which was built at a cost of five hundred and forty-six thousand pounds, is an extensive and universally admired structure. Its river front is upward of three hundred and seventy-five feet, with Doric portico, its dome one hundred and twenty-five feet high, crowned with a statue of Hope. The commercial decline of Dublin has caused it to be almost deserted from its original purposes. It is now the Somerset House of Dublin—a depot of government communications.

The City Hall, or the Royal Exchange, Cork Hill, which stands near the upper end of Parliament street, is a fine structure; but its fine hall, which is universally admired, has lost much of its charm, its beauty having been sacrificed to economy and convenience, and marred by the closing up of the spaces between its pillars supporting the dome, to form offices for municipal purposes. By this course, its graceful proportions have been very materially destroyed. A pleasant view is afforded from this place.

We return back through the handsome thoroughfare of Dame street, hesitate for a moment—only for a moment—before the store with the clock, look into its attractive windows, see a milliner face, and pass on to the centre of College Green, where stands the equestrian statue of William III., the scene of many an exhibition of practical bigotry in the time of the Orange ascendancy. The Bank of Ireland stands to the left—formerly the Irish Parliament. On the passing of the Union Bill, it was converted into a bank, for which it is unique in the extreme. Its front is semicircular, being so constructed from its site being the corner of a street. Its exterior is very fine, but its interior presents many incongruities.

Fronting College Green, is Trinity College, forming three spacious quadrangles, comprising the chapel, refectory and library. The second contains many portraits of eminent Irishmen, amongst which are Flood and Grattan. The library is perhaps as fine a room of its kind as any in Europe, containing upwards of 100,000 volumes, having in addition a celebrated Holland collection, the Pagan Library, (18,000 volumes). The manuscript room is crowded with records of all sorts, the most highly valued, of course, being those which relate particularly to Irish history, including a copy of the Breton Laws; Mary, Queen of Scots' Salutation, of sixteenth century, with her autograph therein; the Book of Kells, one of the most ancient MSS. of Western Europe; some of Wickliffe's MSS.; the oak harp of Brian Boro, Brian Boruighmo, Brian Bouroughme, as the name is variously spelt, the more popular or more Irish being the second spelling and the first pronunciation. The museum erected in the College Park is open to strangers presenting cards. Amongst many other rarities it boasts of three perfect skeletons of the great fossil deer of Ireland, two males and one female, and a series of antlers of this mighty mammal, from an early growth to the mammoth size.

A little to the left, opposite the Bank, stands a statue of Thomas Moore, "the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own." It was erected by Christopher Moore, the poet's namesake; the likeness is regarded as a success, not by the figure, though its proportions are by no means bad. The statue represents the poet with a long cloak falling gracefully from his shoulders, in his left hand a small scribbling book, his right extended before him holding a pencil, while his attitude is that of one either waiting for the inspiration of a new thought, or making the greatest use of some present idea which demands the choicest use of language to properly express it.

The house where the poet was born still stands in Anguster street. All of us who have read his sweet

Such a book in a bare book, of necessity it will stir the hearts of the multitude who read it, like the notes of an awakening clarion. All along the advancing pages may be found thoughtful and thoughtful, for whose companionship men go hungering and thirsting from the beginning to the end of their lives. When such utterances are made to the world, proceeding as they do from a soul plunged in the profundity of its deep sympathies for all other souls, and lying open on all sides, like the wide land-capes, for the reception of spiritual light and life—that world will be likely to take heed, to gather new strength, and to continue on in a new and clearer path of life. Dr. Child proves himself the most radical of reformers, because his clear intuitions tell him that the laws of the spirit are superior to all the merely mechanical, external and material laws ever invented for the professed advantage of man.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

THE HAMMONTON SETTLEMENT.—We publish on our eighth page a lengthy and elaborate advertisement of the enterprise of Messrs. Landis & Byrnes, at Hammonton, N. J. Also, on the seventh page will be found a communication in reference to the same subject from a resident in the town. This settlement is worthy the attention of all our readers, who desire a home in a genial climate, and in a refined and progressive community.

IMMORTALITY AND NON-IMMORTALITY.—A Review of Prof. Payson Spencer, M. D., by J. S. Loveland, will appear in our next issue.

Why are the English like Admiral Nelson? Because the last thing Lord Nelson did was to die for his country, and that's the last thing they'll do. A letter from Mr. Squire, giving a graphic account of Dublin and its environs, will be found on our third page.

Read the Messages on the sixth page. Several are very interesting, viz.: "What is the Spiritual Condition and Destiny of the American Nation?" "What is the True Condition of Thomas Parker in his new home?" &c. "The Mission of Jesus, and the Free-Grace of Man."

There are certain people in this world who are always calling in question the motives of others. Would it not be as well for all such to first look within, and see if everything is right there?

Mr. J. V. Mansfield, the medium for answering sealed letters, requests us to give notice that he may be found at his residence in Chelsea until further notice.

Bro. Ezra Willis requests us to state that his address hereafter will be Williamstown, Vt.

The following whimsical epigram appears upon a white marble slab in a churchyard in England: "Near this place are deposited the remains of Peter Gedge, plater, who established the first newspaper that has ever been published in this town. Like a worm of time, he has returned to the founder, in the hope of being recast in a better and more perfect mold."

GRAND WARRIORS.—A fine lot of this delicious fruit found its way to our domestic fast week, having been sent thither by our friend, L. C. Briggs, Paw Paw, Michigan.—The New Covenant.

No wonder our contemporary drags about it.

It is a good rule always to back your friends and face your enemies.

Boston is said to be the only city in the country which has annually observed the Anniversary of National Independence, since the Peace of 1783, by an oration.

Two returning miners from Pike's Peak, who had reached Alton, Iowa, represent that there is much suffering at the mines. Those who went without means, many of them, without money or respectable clothing, and were begging for the meager pittance with which to sustain life. We saw a Pecker here in Boston the other day, and such another ragged fellow as to have no sort of beard. It would be impossible for us to do any more of justice to him, and we therefore forbear giving a sketch of his person.

The census taken last great difficulty in ascertaining the ages of girls, a large majority of them being only sixteen. In one family in a neighboring State, there were found to be twelve girls between ten and sixteen years of age.

OSAGMIA CHANON.—giving penance to an organ-grinder.

Ma, get down on yer hands and knees a minute, please. "What on earth shall I do that for, pot?" "Cause I want to draw an elephant."

Here is the last of "President Brigham Young," who has just established a school for boys and young men at Great Salt Lake City:

"Men able to ride in their carriages, and not able or unwilling to pay their children's tuition ought, I think, to have a little composition, or catnip tea, and then, perhaps, they will be able to send their children to school. I know such persons are weak and feeble, but the di-evil is in the brain and heart, not in the bones, flesh and blood. Send your children to school."

A young lady, of a fine evening dress, said to her cavalier, "Please clasp my cloak." "Certainly," said he, clasping his arms around her, "and the contents, too!"

A merry heart is a continual feast. On what a heaven this earth would be, were all mankind in harmony. Everybody should cultivate music, and patronize the song.

Those who are about furnishing or redecorating their rooms with carpets, are referred to the advertisement of the New England Carpet Co., Boston.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

There is a fellow traveling about the country, lecturing about the Sons of Malta, &c., under half-dozen aliases, who invariably "steps out" without settling his hotel bills. The police are on his track.

The Cleveland Leader states that five dealers in that city shipped three thousand seven hundred bushels of strawberries and cherries during the three first weeks of June.

The artisan well at Toledo, Ohio, was completed last week, the augur having penetrated the inexhaustible reservoir underlying the city, and letting out the water in a strong and copious stream.

When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

CURE FOR WARTS AND CORNS.—The bark of a willow tree, burned to ashes, mixed with strong vinegar, and applied to the parts, will remove all corns and excrescences on any part of the body.

ROMANTIC.—The Oswego Times tells a good story of a fashionable lady of that village, whose parents are not possessed of wealth in proportion to her pretensions, who excused herself to a visitor for doing house-work, thus: "Mother and I do our housework because it is so exceedingly romantic."

"Come here, Master Tommy. Do you know your a-b-c?" "Yis, sir, I know a bee sees."

If words could easily enter the heart, The heart might feel less care; But words, like summer birds, depart, And leave but empty air. The heart's a pilgrim upon earth, And finds often when it needs That words are of as little worth As just as many weeds.

A little said—and truly said—Can deeper for import Than words of words, which reach the heart, But never touch the heart. The voice that wins the way, A lonely home to cheer, Hath oft the sweetest words to say; But oft these few—how dear!

Over four hundred clergymen of the Episcopal Church of England are in great pecuniary distress, and the Secretary of the Poor Clergy Relief Fund has put forth a circular containing some sorrowful statements.

The records of life run thus: Man creeps into childhood—bonds into youth—sober into manhood—and some into age—others into second childhood, and some into the cradle prepared for him.

New York Department.

G. D. Williams, Resident Editor.

OFFICE, NO. 143 FULTON STREET.

REVIEWER'S DEPARTMENT.

"CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS: collected and republished by Thomas Carlyle, in four volumes. Boston: Published by Brown and Taggard, 1850."

The first collection of the Essays of THOMAS CARLYLE was made in this country, and it soon found numerous appreciative readers. In New England, especially, many independent thinkers and scholars took a great interest in "Sartor Resartus," and gave it a wide and remunerative circulation. It was not alone the introduction of grotesque imagery, quaint devices and forms of expression; and the writer's illustrations of the largest liberty in the use of the language, that fascinated the American mind. The Author's Essays possessed other distinguishing characteristics, of less questionable and more substantial merit. Beneath the surface the dilettante reader could not overlook the revelation of the subtle power that penetrates to the vital principles of things, and comprehends, as by intuition, their essential character. Accompanying this profound insight—and still more apparent to the ordinary mind—is Carlyle's humorous propensity to uncover whatever is either false, incongruous or unseemly in human nature and human life. We have laughed and we have been sad by turns, as we followed him into the midst of the great masquerade men call society; and have looked behind the veils that he lifted with such quiet audacity, or through mists sent by the free use of his polished cutlery. (Grave men smiled and experienced a feeling akin to gladness, as he complacently uncovered the whole family of Shams; and even facetious people were sorrowful when they saw what he revealed. Our sympathies were in both directions—glad to see the mask stricken from the face of falsehood and the mantle torn from foul hypocrisy; and yet sorrowful to find that the Sham family is quite as distinguished for the mean depravity of its members, as for its wonderful power of profligation.

The earlier edition of the Author's Essays produced a remarkable fermentation among the elements of the American mind, and we shall not soon forget the ludicrous and abortive attempts to imitate his peculiar style. Multitudes heard the mysterious voice of the Apocalypse saying unto them, "Write," and forthwith they were seized with a comical scribbled. Stupid aspirants for literary honors, who were never able to "strain from hard-bound brains eight lines a year," resolved to become genuine of the Carlyle stamp. These craniums straightway appeared to be filled with something like new wine or brewer's yeast. The effervescence promised to be troublesome, and it certainly was so for a time; and every editor of a country newspaper was expected to open a safe-valve, through which the restless and explosive elements might find vent and seek their equilibrium. We know a certain Doctor who is still under the hallucination that he is a second Carlyle. He was taken with the foregoing *oneness scribbled*, at an early period, and may be regarded as an incurable case. Striving chiefly to reproduce whatever was most striking in the seeming affections and exaggerations of his great prototype, he has grown prematurely gray in the tireless exercise of his imitative faculties, and become abnormally garrulous in his parody.

They are not always the most instructive writers who deal in sharply defined ideas and positive opinions; and who vainly imagine that they are duly commissioned to fashion fables and philosophies for the rest of mankind. On the contrary, the most suggestive author—the writer who awakens the latent mental and moral faculties of the reader, and acts them out at work, to the end that they may perform their own appropriate functions, and thus secure the strength and beauty of a complete normal development—is the one to whom society is most indebted. Such writers help to do our own thinking; and for will question the right of Carlyle to an honorable position among the authors of this class. He evidently discerns far more than is embraced in any formal description, or comprehended in a logical analysis; at the same time he makes us feel, more or less perfectly, what is doubtless clearly revealed to his own mental and moral vision. The author is not wanting in a serious purpose when he contrives us to laugh at the follies of the world, and the strange incongruities of our social existence; nor is he either misanthropic or unjust when he exposes the hollowness of our public morality, the gilded falsehoods of fashionable society, and the emptiness of our religious professions. While he is doing this in his own quiet and quiet manner, he yet causes the thoughtful reader to feel more deeply the sublime harmonies of Nature and the dignity of a true Manhood.

There are some authors who seem to proceed upon the presumption that the reader's head is an empty garret, that may be appropriately used as a storehouse for the worthless lumber of the dogmas they inculcate. While enlightened people—who have not quite lost their respect—will promptly dismiss such importunate fellows, they will still find it profitable to peruse the suggestive Essays under review. The author's treatises on German literature, which so strongly influenced public opinion in England, are admirable both in substance and style. We are conscious of bestowing high praise when we say that even Carlyle cannot surpass them. The papers on Goethe, Richter, Schiller, Voltaire, Johnson, Burns, and others are quite sure to preserve their place in the best literature of the language.

The elegant edition of the "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays," just issued by Brown and Taggard of Boston, in four large 12mo volumes, is in many respects superior to any of the earlier editions of the Author's works. The errors which disfigure the old copy in our library, have been carefully corrected in this by the author himself. The initial volume is embellished with a spirited portrait; and the last one in the series is furnished with a complete index to the whole. The book is printed on delicate pink tinted paper of the finest quality; the typography is in the best style of the art; and, indeed, the entire mechanical execution is such that it most inevitably satisfy the exacting demands of the artistic eye and the most cultivated taste.

NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW. We were favored with an early copy of the initial number of this elegant and scholarly publication, issued from the press of Messrs. Putnam and Russell, and conducted, in its editorial department, by Edward L. Beane, A. B. Our notice has been delayed by several circumstances, but especially that we might find a convenient opportunity to enjoy the rare entertainment opened in its ample pages to all the lovers of literature.

Our previous knowledge of Professor Sears and the design of this new work, led us to anticipate much pleasure and instruction from its perusal; but our expectations are certainly more than realized in the first fruits of this new literary enterprise. The number before us displays a wide and familiar knowledge of the elegant art; an intimate acquaintance with classic authors and modern literature; superior judgment; a critical and comprehensive judgment; and, withal, a truly catholic spirit; which is certainly not the least essential prerequisite to complete success and honorable distinction.

If the National Review is not well received we shall be disposed to regard the fact as an impeachment of the national ability or disposition to appreciate a work of such obvious and substantial merit. However, we readily apprehend that in certain quarters its reception will not be characterized by any great degree of cordiality. Perhaps the Editor does not belong to the Mutual Admiration Society; and he may not depend for his earthly immortality on a place in the "logographical department of The New American Cyclo-

pedia. But it is a gratifying reflection that there are some men who can well afford to forego any distinction that depends on favor rather than merit, and leave the recognition of their claims to those who are neither paid for observing nor disregarding them. Professor Sears is a gentleman of this class. With a mind that is eminently rational in its constitution, of liberal culture and philosophical tendencies; rendered, moreover, conscientiously critical by the habit of careful observation and sharp discrimination, he enters upon his labors with every necessary qualification, at once displaying remarkable fairness and freedom, and combining equal delicacy of feeling and vigor of thought, in the treatment of every subject that invites his facile pen.

The first number of The National Quarterly Review contains able papers on the following named subjects: I. DANTE. II. GODWIN'S HISTORY OF FRANCE. III. THE MODERN FRENCH DRAMA. IV. THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. V. THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. VI. A GLANCE AT THE FINE ARTS. VII. THE POEMS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWN. VIII. ITALY, PAST AND PRESENT. IX. NOTES AND CRITICISMS.

The present number extends to 278 pages, octavo, and is handsomely printed on fine paper. Hereafter we may be able to indulge the strong inclination we feel, by extracting several passages from the Editor's contributions. In the meantime we recommend such of our friends who have a taste for enlightened and candid criticism, and a desire to become better acquainted with belle-lettres, to subscribe for The National Review, published by Putnam & Russell, 70 John street, New York; at Three Dollars per annum, or two copies for Five Dollars.

WRITINGS AND ESSAYS OF ALVAN STEWART ON SLAVERY. Edited by Luther Watson Marsh. New York: A. B. Beane. Alvan Stewart was a man of strong feeling and lively imagination. He was characterized by a deep instinctive hatred of oppression, and a love of human liberty that was hopeful and enthusiastic. With his mental and moral constitution, and his warm, impulsive temperament, his strong partisan tendencies were natural and inevitable. Whatever was spoken by him on various occasions, that is deemed to be most worthy of preservation, is here offered to his friends and the public. The book contains the earnest utterances of a bold, conscientious and original mind. The reader will not fail to discover that not less than a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Stewart employed all the principal arguments, used by the present advocates of the same cause, and with a clearness, eloquence, and power that have been equaled by few of his successors.

The book is well printed and bound, and is embellished by a fine line and stipple portrait, engraved by Ritchie. There is little doubt that Plus IX is in a rather tight place. Archbishop Hughes, of New York, recently delivered a discourse on the unhappy man, and discussed the pre-emptive Italian question somewhat. He urged his hearers to send on their aid to His Holiness, if they intended to do so at all, as speedily as possible, and added that "an American Prelate, lately returned from Rome, intimates that this aid cannot reach the Holy Father too soon. He has to sustain, as yet, the expenses of the Papal Government, whilst the resources, to a great extent, have been cut off. It has even been intimated that if things go on as they are now for any prolonged period, the Pope will not have the means to supply the wants of his own household."

The Big Ship's Hull. The bottom of the Great Eastern is said to be so very foul, that she loses in speed at least two knots an hour in consequence. The problem is, how to clean her. On this matter the New York Herald says: "It has been proposed to try the effect of a powerful electric current applied continuously for several days to the copper on the bottom. It is surmised that this might have the effect of loosening the extraneous matter to such an extent that a few days' sailing would entirely detach it from the ship's hull." But the trouble is again, her bottom is not coppered! And then, too, where is the dry dock in whose basin so immense a craft may be floated for such a purpose?

From Mr. Greeley. Horace Greeley writes, in the course of a letter giving good advice to a country journalist, "Begin with a clear conception that the subject of deepest interest to a human being is himself; next to that, he is most concerned about his neighbors." There's a deal of truth compressed into that sentence.

Rev. Theodore Parker's Spirit. Last Sunday forenoon the writer of this was in the Swedenborgian church, in this city, seated between a young lady and her father. The latter requested him to call the lady's attention to a spirit, who was standing behind the pulpit. She replied that she had seen the spirit when she entered the church, and saw him standing in the place indicated by her father. At the close of the service, the writer requested the father to describe the spirit, and subsequently repeated the request to the daughter. Without communicating with each other, or either hearing the description given by the other, for the daughter was walking in advance with her mother, their accounts nearly agreed, with this difference, that the daughter's description was more minutely that given by her father. The spirit appeared like a venerable man with a long, white beard, and was robed in vestments of pure white. But perceived by his interior affections that he was from a society to whom he was communicating the truths revealed in the Word concerning the Lord's body and blood. He was seated upon a throne, and his feet were visible to the writer, and he appeared to be listening with earnest attention. The perception by his condition, that when he entered the church, and saw him standing in the place indicated by her father. At the close of the service, the writer requested the father to describe the spirit, and subsequently repeated the request to the daughter. Without communicating with each other, or either hearing the description given by the other, for the daughter was walking in advance with her mother, their accounts nearly agreed, with this difference, that the daughter's description was more minutely that given by her father. The spirit appeared like a venerable man with a long, white beard, and was robed in vestments of pure white. 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The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was written by the spirit who came to it, through the medium of the person named. It is not published on account of literary merit, but as a record of the spiritual communion between friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and to show the erroneous idea that they are more than happy beings.

We believe the spirits who come to the BANNER are not the same as those who come to the other mediums, and we do not expect that spirits will show the same characteristics to all mediums.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expression is a matter of truth as perceived by the spirit. They may be said to be a means to draw the spirit to the other world.

Answers of Letters.—As a medium who in no way wishes to answer the letters we should have sent to you, we are unable to do so. We are sorry that we cannot attempt to pay attention to letters addressed to us. They may be sent as a means to draw the spirit to the other world.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 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3173, 3175, 3177, 3179, 3181, 3183, 3185, 3187, 3189, 3191, 3193, 3195, 3197, 3199, 3201, 3203, 3205, 3207, 3209, 3211, 3213, 3215, 3217, 3219, 3221, 3223, 3225, 3227, 3229, 3231, 3233, 3235, 3237, 3239, 3241, 3243, 3245, 3247, 3249, 3251, 3253, 3255, 3257, 3259, 3261, 3263, 3265, 3267, 3269, 3271, 3273, 3275, 3277, 3279, 3281, 3283, 3285, 3287, 3289, 3291, 3293, 3295, 3297, 3299, 3301, 3303, 3305, 3307, 3309, 3311, 3313, 3315, 3317, 3319, 3321, 3323, 3325, 3327, 3329, 3331, 3333, 3335, 3337, 3339, 3341, 3343, 3345, 3347, 3349, 3351, 3353, 3355, 3357, 3359, 3361, 3363, 3365, 3367, 3369, 3371, 3373, 3375, 3377, 3379, 3381, 3383, 3385, 3387, 3389, 3391, 3393, 3395, 3397, 3399, 3401, 3403, 3405, 3407, 3409, 3411, 3413, 3415, 3417, 3419, 3421, 3423, 3425, 3427, 3429, 3431, 3433, 3435, 3437, 3439, 3441, 3443, 3445, 3447, 3449, 3451, 3453, 3455, 3457, 3459, 3461, 3463, 3465, 3467, 3469, 3471, 3473, 3475, 3477, 3479, 3481, 3483, 3485, 3487, 3489, 3491, 3493, 3495, 3497, 3499, 3501, 3503, 3505, 3507, 3509, 3511, 3513, 3515, 3517, 3519, 3521, 3523, 3525, 3527, 3529, 3531, 3533, 3535, 3537, 3539, 3541, 3543, 3545, 3547, 3549, 3551, 3553, 3555, 3557, 3559, 3561, 3563, 3565, 3567, 3569, 3571, 3573, 3575, 3577, 3579, 3581, 3583, 3585, 3587, 3589, 3591, 3593, 3595, 3597, 3599, 3601, 3603, 3605, 3607, 3609, 3611, 3613, 3615, 3617, 3619, 3621, 3623, 3625, 3627, 3629, 3631, 3633, 3635, 3637, 3639, 3641, 3643, 3645, 3647, 3649, 3651, 3653, 3655, 3657, 3659, 3661, 3663, 3665, 3667, 3669, 3671, 3673, 3675, 3677, 3679, 3681, 3683, 3685, 3687, 3689, 3691, 3693, 3695, 3697, 3699, 3701, 3703, 3705, 3707, 3709, 3711, 3713, 3715, 3717, 3719, 3721, 3723, 3725, 3727, 3729, 3731, 3733, 3735, 3737, 3739, 3741, 3743, 3745, 3747, 3749, 3751, 3753, 3755, 3757, 3759, 3761, 3763, 3765, 3767, 3769, 3771, 3773, 3775, 3777, 3779, 3781, 3783, 3785, 3787, 3789, 3791, 3793, 3795, 3797, 3799, 3801, 3803, 3805, 3807, 3809, 3811, 3813, 3815, 3817, 3819, 3821, 3823, 3825, 3827, 3829, 3831, 3833, 3835, 3837, 3839, 3841, 3843, 3845, 3847, 3849, 3851, 3853, 3855, 3857, 3859, 3861, 3863, 3865, 3867, 3869, 3871, 3873, 3875, 3877, 3879, 3881, 3883, 3885, 3887, 3889, 3891, 3893, 3895, 3897, 3899, 3901, 3903, 3905, 3907, 3909, 3911, 3913, 3915, 3917, 3919, 3921, 3923, 3925, 3927, 3929, 3931, 3933, 3935, 3937, 3939, 3941, 3943, 3945, 3947, 3949, 3951, 3953, 3955, 3957, 3959, 3961, 3963, 3965, 3967, 3969, 3971, 3973, 3975, 3977, 3979, 3981, 3983, 3985, 3987, 3989, 3991, 3993, 3995, 3997, 3999, 4001, 4003, 4005, 4007, 4009, 4011, 4013, 4015, 4017, 4019, 4021, 4023, 4025, 4027, 4029, 4031, 4033, 4035, 4037, 4039, 4041, 4043, 4045, 4047, 4049, 4051, 4053, 4055, 4057, 4059, 4061, 4063, 4065, 4067, 4069, 4071, 4073, 4075, 4077, 4079, 4081, 4083, 4085, 4087, 4089, 4091, 4093, 4095, 4097, 4099, 4101, 4103, 4105, 4107, 4109, 4111, 4113, 4115, 4117, 4119, 4121, 4123, 4125, 4127, 4129, 4131, 4133, 4135, 4137, 4139, 4141, 4143, 4145, 4147, 4149, 4151, 4153, 4155, 4157, 415

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