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TO WRITERS AND READERS.

A letter X on the margin opposite this notice is made to indicate to the subscriber that his subscription will expire with the next number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.

The Editor will be accessible to his friends and the public only on each Wednesday, at the publication office, a few doors east of Broadway.

Let no contributor conclude, because we postpone or respectfully decline the publication of an article, that we are, therefore, prejudiced against the writer of it, nor that we necessarily entertain sentiments hostile to his. We shall make every reasonable effort to satisfy both reader and correspondent.

Non-official letters and unbusiness correspondence (which the writers design for only the editor's personal) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."

The real name of each contributor must be imparted to the Editor; though, of course, it will be withheld from the public, if desired.

We are earnestly laboring to pulverize all sectarian creeds and to fraternize the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

J. W. E., AURORA, ILL.—"Alzina" is received. We think it will be published.

"FORWARD," QUINCY, ILL.—Your contribution, entitled "Help Yourselves," is very welcome.

C. C. T., PORTLAND, ME.—His eyes are as tender as black Spanish eyes can be; but there is that in his face and temper which you cannot long endure. Be not deceived.

P. L. B., BOSTON.—We consider genuine Spiritual Intercourse a reward to purity and truth; it is impossible that every one, whether worthy or not, should be in favor with the great and good departed.

J. H. M., OF YONKERS, AND OTHERS, are making inquiries for reliable psychometrists, or persons who can read character by sympathy with handwriting. If any persons so endowed will give us their address, we will report accordingly.

Mrs. C. C. T., COLUMBUS, WIS.—The knitting machine was invented by Mr. J. B. Akin, of Franklin, N. H. Write to him and get all needful information as to price, &c. Request him to send you his "Treatise on the Art of Knitting."

L. H. M., PATERSON, N. J.—There are many improvements in firearms just now, and it is highly improbable that you could get a patent on your suggestion. Your plan is embodied in an improvement by Mr. W. H. Elliot, of Plattsburg, N. Y.

WM. D., PHILADELPHIA.—Your poem, "To the Unknown," is accepted, though some time may elapse before its publication, owing to press of matter. Brother,

"If thou hast a truth to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God."

D. H. P., HUDSON, N. Y.—Unalloyed eternal happiness is an impossibility. That would be unmitigated bliss! No soul could forever live in a world without shadows. An orthodox heaven is enough to bring spirits to Paul Pry for relief. "More anon."

F. T. M., PHILADELPHIA.—Yes, if numbers prove anything. In all parts of the country the most advanced and enlightened minds are aroused to the questions of "Life and Immortality." The number of believers, outside of churches, is increasing almost beyond computation.

ALBERT C., NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Hush, Brother! He is yet in a Rip Van Winkle slumber, in which he has quietly reposed for five years, ever since the knee-joint and toe-joint theories were broached by flippant and charlatanic philosophers.

M. O. S., TROY.—On the first Mountain we found persons from all parts of the Summer Land. Some had traveled many millions of miles; while others, since their admission to the immortal world, had remained like hermits in one Brotherhood.

"PACIFIC," YONKERS.—The value of Spiritual Intercourse is seen in one fact, namely: Wherever the facts have appeared, skepticism in the existence of a Supreme Intelligence, or in a future state, have been converted to belief in both, and a reformation in individual life and character, in most cases, has followed such conversions.

M. W. L., NEW YORK.—In coming from the Better Land, the procession entered the earth's atmosphere about 9 o'clock, A. M., Tuesday, Nov. 5th. Their full, and supernal, and swan shouldered forms, with military manners and majestic mold, gave promise of much good to come of their mission.

T. M. M., MADISON, WIS.—Your contemplations are too literal. As yet your reasoning powers are not enough assisted by intuition. The poet, without logic, is almost a seer. He exclaims:

"Oh, happy place!
Methinks by faith I catch a glimpse
Of its eternal pleasures; its Tree of Life,
Beneath whose fragrant shade recline
The white-robed spirits of the sacred and blest,
While rapture trembles o'er their sunny wings!"

"High lies that better country,
The land of morning and perpetual spring;
But graciously the warder
Over its mountain border
Leans to us, beckoning—bids us 'come up hither!'
And though we climb with step unfix'd and slow,
From visioning heights of hope, we look off thither
And we shall go."

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

INTEGRITY—FRATERNITY—UNITY.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF THE AGE:

ONWARD TO HARMONY!

"Through the years and the centuries, through evil agents, through things and atoms, A GREAT AND BENEFICENT TENDENCY IRRESISTIBLY STREAMS."

The War for Freedom and Progress.

Be watchful, O Americans! . . . For when you think that your Government is complete, then are you on the way to death; and when you think that your Church can enlighten you, then are you on the road to papal supremacy.—Report of American Delegation in 1853: See PRESENT AGE AND INNER LIFE, p. 117.

For the Herald of Progress.
ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND WE ARE FREE.

BY C. N. KENYON.

To that sister of the sea,
Fair and sun-bright Italy,
Hope unfurled her banner bright,
Rousing patriots to the fight
For Liberty.

Crushed and bleeding Hungary
Struggled with her destiny;
And the wail of Poland rose,
From the midst of armed foes,
For Liberty.

France remembers days gone by,
And emits a smothered cry;
"Tranquil" still, she gathers strength,
And will cast her yoke at length,
For Liberty.

In this home of Liberty,
Birthright of the brave and free,
Men are waging desperate strife,
Staking honor, wealth, and life,
For Slavery.

Let us now, with all our might,
Strike a true blow for the right,
And this home of Liberty
Shall forevermore be free
From Slavery.

With long-suffering Italy,
Freedom-loving Hungary,
And the grand German throng,
We will chant the choral song
Of Liberty.

May all nations, one by one,
Circle round this central sun,
Rich in truth and love of right,
Living, glowing in the light
Of Liberty.

For the Herald of Progress.

The Great Crisis.

FREEDOM AGAINST SLAVERY.

BY S. J. FINNEY.

It is time for every lover of liberty to speak his convictions, and thus add the force of his own soul to the power of American Civilization. Our country is in a transition from a state of political anomalies and social heterogeneities toward the condition of national unity, and of pure Republicanism.

Our past history is one of confusion—of conflict between great philosophical and political contradictions. The spirit of American Civilization is not yet possessed of itself; its contents, its central idea, its vital principles, have not yet arisen into the reflective consciousness of this American mass, [a People it cannot yet be called;] nor has its genius yet seated itself on the throne of republican empire, nor, in the name of God, Liberty, and Humanity, has it swayed the scepter of secular power, and by its magic unity made us one.

The history of our politics and legislation is the history of chaos and confusion, of irreconcilable anomalies, each of which aims at, but neither of which has attained the unlimited control of national affairs. There are anomalies in our U. S. Constitution, anomalies in our legislation, and grosser anomalies still in the political convictions of the masses. Look at the "compromises of the Constitution;" at the legislative contradictions based thereon; look at the pro-slavery and anti-slavery convictions of the masses in different sections; behold the distraction of American Churches North and South, based respectively on pro-slavery and anti-slavery texts of "Scripture." See the contentions of American parties on the single question of liberty for man, and then say, if you can, that we are a people—a nation held together by a great central principle of national unity.

True, we conquered our independence of the British Government, but the more dangerous enemy of national unity—constitutional, legislative, and political anomalies—has distracted our national councils, divided the spirit of our people, and now threatens our national existence.

The seat of our difficulties is in the compromises of the Constitution, and the conflicting legislation growing out of it. That Constitution, professedly based on the declaration that

all men are possessed of certain inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, yet recognizes the institution of despotism—of human bondage—and allows it to stand peacefully and loyally on the floors of both houses of Congress, in the persons of men who buy and sell, and get gain out of their chattelized fellow men.

The fugitive clause, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, and carried out in the legislation of Congress, is also anomalous to the great doctrine of human rights. American parties have arisen on these issues, and distracted not only the councils of Congress, but the convictions of the people, until the whole country is enveloped in the fogs of political confusion. Neither "Democracy" nor "Republicanism" longer means human liberty—security of human rights—but they are only the miserable shibboleths of party.

Even our love of country has degenerated into love of the parchment—not the principles of the Constitution; the idea that the Constitution was made to subserve the interests of the nation has given place to the doctrine that the people must serve the Constitution and the laws. I believe it is this tendency to "strict construction," which makes our Government timid in the midst of rebellion and revolution, and drives it to attempt to deal with treason too much by civil and peaceable processes.

This crisis calls upon us to examine the grounds of national existence, to ascertain the bond of national unity, and discover, if possible, the anomalies of American civilization. As it is the genius that afflict and confuse us, it is time to find out what great principle is ignored and contradicted, and which, when put in undisputed and legitimate possession of the Republic, shall give it the solid basis of unity of power and peacefulness of empire. Never, until our people do this, until they comprehend the central principle of our civilization, and proceed to organize it into the institutions of both the nation and the several States thereof, will they become "a nation" in the true and fullest sense.

Having ascertained the central idea that alone can hold us together as a national unity, and having planted that truth on the throne of empire, nothing in the local Constitutions and legislation of the several States, must exist in contradiction thereof, or in any way inimical thereto. Where a State is allowed institutions which are, in spirit, opposed to great national ideas, contests of a political and rebellious nature must arise.

How can a nation be born and sustained? In other words, how is nationality possible? I answer, a true nationality can arise and triumph only on the foundation of a principle of truth and justice. It is only truth and right that can permanently and entirely command the unabated confidence, and worship, and support of humanity. A lie, or a wrong, may, through the base selfishness of man's animal nature, and the force of depraving influences, for the hour, take possession of individuals, or even of society; but no man or society was ever yet base enough to yield them the spontaneous worship of the human spirit. Man worships the good, the true, the just, and the divine, because he cannot help it; and the centuries are pledged to the triumph of those principles which command the spontaneous worship of the great heart of humanity. Wrong and despotism are never in command of the movements of millenniums. They may take some of the outposts of the political world, but they never penetrate to the core of the spiritual world that lays within. And hence no nationality can be secure on a lie; it cannot be held together by injustice, but it may be destroyed by it; indeed it must be, if the injustice is central in its position. It is the intuition of this truth, that drives all the despots of the world to pettifoggery both themselves and victims into the notion of their political "legitimacy." So much dust on the parchments of their pedigree—so much "political legitimacy."

Great principles of truth alone are the only permanent foundations for empire, and the only security for the permanency of Republics. Men, Societies, and States, may be, and are united by truth and justice, but not by lies and injustice. To make a nation, therefore, that shall endure, it is only necessary to adopt certain great central ideas, or truths axiomatic in their nature, and which, organized into the national institutions, shall compel, by force of logic, and just laws, all the several States to conform their local laws to the great central doctrines of the nation. A Republic cannot be peaceful and prosperous if it allow a nullification of the vital principles of its existence.

Let us in the light of these thoughts, look at our Republic.

There are three general ideas—axioms—which constitute the central doctrine of the

* Let it here be distinctly understood that I would use none but constitutional means to get out of this constitutional paradox.

Republic. They are embodied in the charter of American liberty—"the Declaration of Independence." One sentence contains this great doctrine—viz: "All men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Here is the great American idea embodied. Around it rallied the heroes of the Revolution; to it, through the smoke, and blood, and stormy fire of that seven years' contest, did those earnest spirits look, when darkness settled on their retreating but not defeated banners. This idea alone awoke the dormant fires of enthusiasm in their breasts, and nerved their sturdy arms to smite the foes of freedom down. Could slavery have commanded and received such worship?

Analyzing this sentence, we find it composed of three great axioms, viz: The Liberty of all men growing logically out of the Brotherhood of humanity, because derived from Divinity as the Universal Father. The Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of man, and Equal Rights—the grandest sentence of the centuries, and the fruit of the combined experience of all past ages. It shone, a divine trinity, in the political heavens, and to the anxious heart of the waiting world it was the glorious harbinger of liberty, peace, and plenty.

When that constellation arose, the oppressed of the old world hailed it as the bright and morning star, breaking through the long, dark night of years, and shining blessedly on the westward path of empire. Crowned heads gathered together to consult how they could best extinguish principles with bayonets, and thus invited the great contest on their own soil. That contest deepens around the ancient seats of despotic power, whose sons and daughters have for years sought our shores, to share the blessings of unexampled prosperity that smile even under the partial and still obscured beams of those blessed stars of light.

But our Republic is not pure. Its power, its prosperity, and its peace, are limited, and to a sad extent nullified by causes at home, while abroad its influence is being greatly lessened, if not destroyed. Over half the Republic waves the black banner of bondage. Half its soil is cursed with the unpaid labor of slaves, whose masters, by a clause of the Constitution, gain the political power of three freemen for every five bondmen they own, thus making the Constitution, which ought to be the logical sequence and legal guaranty of human rights, the support and defense of despotism. No greater anomaly exists.

This crisis is, therefore, only the result of the logic of events. If liberty is truth, then slavery is a lie; and this war arises just here. Between these eternal antagonisms the Republic is placed; and soon, one or the other of these forces must take entire and unlimited mastery of the nation. The hour has come when these forces are brought front to front in the last trial of solid power. This is not merely a rebellion—it is also a revolution. No compromising to slavery, no political tinkering or patch-work, can restore the nation to its old status. The people already see that the crimes which constitute the contents of this rebellion, are only the logical and necessary fruit of slavery itself. Shall an institution which, in the name of God, steals humanity, not also in God's name steal everything which humanity can produce? Can it be content to chattelize human genius and not touch august civil society—the blessed fruit of that genius? Let no man deceive himself; let us look these facts squarely in the face.

I said this is a revolution. Do not the facts bear me out? Can any loyal man hereafter look at slavery as he did before the "fiery tongues of Charleston harbor" spit the venom of that slavery in the face of the angel of liberty? Can any sane man believe that despotism—the slavery of the South—is not intrinsically unholy and suicidal? Can the genius of Northern free society longer trust its loyalty, its usefulness, or its justice? Can we longer believe that, at best, slavery is only an "abstract evil," while events are demonstrating it to be the very embodiment of social anarchy and war? Can an institution which begins by a war upon the rights of man, and logically in a state of civil and social peace, plenty, and happiness? Can the nation longer trust an institution which knows no law but its own blasphemous appetite for power? Suppose we could obtain a peace, either by compromise or by simply putting down the rebellion, without changing the status of slavery, but leave it just where the war found it,—could we still retain faith in its integrity? Not at all. It has already trampled upon the strongest possible of obligations—the Constitution itself, and the moral laws of God—and ought never to be trusted again.

But, let us ask, why have the supporters and defenders of slavery rebelled? Has the Government trampled upon any of their constitutional rights? Not at all. Why, then, this rebellion? It is the practical logic of slavery.

When, at the ballot box, the people deposited that veto to slavery extension, the slaveocrats saw the result of the inevitable logic of liberty. "What," said they "do you freemen of the North believe slavery an evil in Kansas, and not also an evil in Arkansas? If you oppose its extension into the territories on the ground that its nature and office is inimical to the august interests of civil society, how can you long tolerate its existence under the flag of the Republic in these Southern States of the Union?" The people replied: "In the States, it exists by constitutional permission; we cannot constitutionally touch it there; but the territories belong to the whole people, and we can prevent its organization into municipal law." But the oligarchs saw clearly enough that the free instincts of the mass were slowly being aroused to their native hatred of despotism, and that, sooner or later, these instincts would, in the name of God, liberty, and equality, demand the modification of even the Constitution itself, so as to rescue the Republic from the anomalous function of protecting at the same time both liberty and despotism. The logic of principles, like the movements of Providence, may seem slow, but it is sure as the law of gravity, which holds solid worlds in order and orbit. Divine Justice moves through time, like the gods of Homer through space; "it takes a step, and ages have fled." But the step it takes is never retraced, and unjust and irreclaimable empires are crushed out under its mighty tread. Assyria, Egypt, Greece, and Rome—where and what are they? The admonitory voice of experience, speaking from the sepulchres of these buried nations, warn us to beware of a government which nurses slavery in its vital blood; which allows the permanent and legal existence of masters and slaves, those two irreconcilable classes, between whose horrible contentions the proudest monuments of ancient civilizations have been smitten into shapeless fragments. Americans! listen to that voice, or soon this splendid Republic, too, is fallen.

It is often asked: Why don't our Government avail itself of the necessities of war, and emancipate the slaves—of at least the rebel masters? The reasons undoubtedly are, not that it cannot constitutionally do so, but that such a course would have driven the Border States into the Southern Confederacy (Conthieracy.) And, beside, governments, administrations, rarely take the initiatory in a great crisis like this. The doctrine that the rebels retain their original rights to property under the peaceful operations of constitutional law, is not recognized by our administration, nor should it be; but its hesitation and apparent timidity may be attributable to motives of policy. But no policy can long avoid the real, plain, and logical issue of the events which must flow from the contest between these contending principles of liberty and slavery. True, there are some political editors, who, like moles that so long have pursued such devious paths out of daylight, under ground, as to have lost their eyes, cannot see that slavery has anything to do with this contest; but no man with his eyes open can convince himself that this crisis does not arise from the nature of slavery as opposed to the genius of liberty—the central idea of the Republic.

Again, this is a contest of ideas; it springs from the agitation of thought in the intellectual and moral world. If we could conquer this rebellion without touching slavery, would the agitation cease? Not at all. Even political economy drives us to the discussion of slavery, in its effects upon society in a financial point of view, and unmistakable evidence shows it to be an economical blunder. The very Declaration of Independence inaugurates the discussion of its moral and religious nature and influence, while every unperverted instinct of the Anglo-Saxon race, demanding liberty for itself, is logically driven to its tacit acknowledgment for every other type of man. No lines drawn upon parchment can keep these eternal antagonisms from conflict, for both demand the unlimited control of the affairs of the Republic. Both cannot have this control, and since they are essential antagonisms, one or the other must conquer—must at last seat itself on the throne of administration, to the entire exclusion of the other. And what we demand is, that we bravely face this issue, and strike for liberty.

The common mind, during such an excitement as this, becomes often so confused and entangled in the labyrinth of details, as to be unable to take in the whole field of events at a view; it cannot, in this condition, lift itself into that high estate of philosophical thought in which the clear, calm light of impersonal principles beams on the true path of empire. To this light of philosophic patriotism Americans are now called. The GREAT PEOPLE should leave the low ground of party, and elevate themselves to the summit of the great ideas of American civilization. The Fatherhood of God, the resulting Brotherhood of all men, and universal Freedom—these are the

stars of republican empire, to which we should look until transformed into the images of their divine beneficence. Is it not the true function of our Republic to work up these golden truths into the whole fabric of administration? Slavery is the only reason why this business was not done long ago; and who does not know that it is the anomalous element in American civilization? Could this rebellion have occurred if there were no slavery at the South?

Consider the origin of American civilization. The elements and forces thereof are derived from the very nature of man, and have come down to us from the combined experience of the countless congregations of the generations which have gone before. Each type of man, and all the truths of history, are flowing to our shores. Here the grand cosmopolitan experiment of a free Republic, in which the highest liberty of the individual shall prove consonant with the most permanent social order, is being made, and that, too, on the acknowledged authority of the axioms of man's intellectual and moral being. The "higher law" is the only accepted authority for the great charter of American liberty. Our Declaration of Independence is a clear embodiment of that "higher law;" and though proslavery democracy may ignore or deny it, it is the only thing that is worth fighting for. Did the blood of our revolutionary heroes enrich American soil only to enlarge the crop of cotton, cultivated by the hands and watered by the tears of an exiled and an enslaved people? O Americans! can you not raise yourselves to the summit of our great Republican idea, and swear by Eternal Justice to emancipate the nation from the dominion of this despotism?

'Tis not on the battle-field alone that you will be called to contest the despotism of our Barbary States. There is a greater work to do, in organizing liberty as an universal principle of the whole Republic. Our "principles of liberty are localized and partial in their operations;" the whole nation is clothed in cotton, which enslaved fathers, mothers, and children have grown; and the demon of this despotism is still enthroned as the Dagon of American partisans. You will soon be called upon to say whether the Constitution shall longer represent or allow the existence of this institution, which thus threatens all the great interests of man and of free society. But little longer will you be able to blink the great issue of universal liberty or unmitigated slavery. The great contest deepens. On, ye brave, until freedom shall triumph or sink to its grave!

The Spirit's Mysteries.

"Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

An Artist's Experience in Spiritualism.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22, 1861.

MR. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: You are doubtless aware of the contempt with which Mr. Charles Dickens always treats Modern Spiritualism; for, though his writings abound with sentiment, he never loses an opportunity to sneer at and ridicule any actual proof of life or power manifested apart from bodily form. According to his account, all mediums are knaves, and all believers in exhibition of spirit power are dupes. Under these circumstances, I was surprised to find in his weekly journal, "All the Year Round," No. 125, a contribution called "Four Stories," professing to be founded on fact, the first three of which are not difficult to explain by those who know and believe in spirit power after the death of the body. My surprise was greater, however, to see, in No. 128 of the same journal, "Mr. H.'s Own Narrative," where, according to Mr. Dickens' own words, the gentleman to whom the extraordinary circumstances happened comes forward, and gives his own account, satisfying Mr. Dickens, at the same time, of his reliability, identity, &c. Can Mr. Dickens be aware that he is actually publishing the strongest kind of evidence (because involuntary) in favor of a cause he has always before been at so much pains to ridicule and damage by his sarcasm? He states always that he never will believe in, nor will care to investigate what is supernatural—losing sight of the fact that mankind is every day enlarging his knowledge of the natural, and that anything, however extraordinary or wonderful, which does actually occur, is, by the fact of its occurrence, NOT SUPERNATURAL. The following is the narrative in question, prefaced by Mr. Dickens' editorial comments.

Yours, very respectfully, C. K. F.

MR. H.'S OWN NARRATIVE.

There was lately published in these pages, (No. 125, page 589,) a paper entitled "Four Stories." The first of those stories related the strange experience of "a well-known English artist, Mr. H." On the publication of that account, Mr. H. himself addressed the conductor of this journal (to his great surprise) and forwarded to him his own narrative of the occurrences in question.

As Mr. H. wrote, without any concealment, in his own name in full, and from his own studio in London, and as there was no possible doubt of his being a real existing person, and a responsible gentleman, it became a duty to read his communication attentively. And great injustice having been unconsciously done to it, in the version published as the first of the "Four Stories," it follows here exactly as received. It is, of course, published with the sanction and authority of Mr. H., and Mr. H. has himself corrected the proofs.

Entering on no theory of our own towards the explanation of any part of this remarkable narrative, we have prevailed on Mr. H. to present it without any introductory remarks whatever. It only remains to add, that no

one has for a moment stood between us and Mr. H. in this matter. The whole communication is at first hand. On seeing the article, (Four Stories,) Mr. H. frankly and good humoredly wrote, "I am the Mr. H., the living man, of whom mention is made; how my story has been picked up, I do not know, but it is not correctly told; I have it by me, written by myself, and here it is."

I am a painter. One morning in May, 1858, I was seated in my studio at my usual occupation. At an earlier hour than that at which visits are usually made, I received one from a friend whose acquaintance I had made some year or two previously in Richmond Barracks, Dublin. My acquaintance was a captain in the Third West York Militia, and from the hospitable manner in which I had been received while a guest with that regiment, as well as from the intimacy that existed between us personally, it was incumbent on me to offer my visitor suitable refreshments; consequently, two o'clock found us well occupied in conversation, cigars, and a decanter of sherry. About that hour a ring at the bell reminded me of an engagement I had made with a model, or a young person who, having a pretty face and neck, earned a livelihood by sitting for them to artists. Not being in the humor for work, I arranged with her to come on the following day, promising, of course, to remunerate her for her loss of time, and she went away. In about five minutes she returned, and, speaking to me privately, stated that she had looked forward to the money for the day's sitting, and would be inconvenienced by the want of it; would I let her have a part? There being no difficulty on this point, she again went. Close to the street in which I live there is another of a very similar name, and persons who are not familiar with my address often go to it by mistake. The model's way lay directly through it, and, on arriving there, she was accosted by a lady and gentleman, who asked if she could inform them where I lived. They had forgotten my right address, and were endeavoring to find me by inquiring of persons whom they met; in a few more minutes they were shown into my room.

My new visitors were strangers to me. They had seen a portrait I had painted, and wished for likenesses of themselves and their children. The price I named did not deter them, and they asked to look round the studio to select the style and size they should prefer. My friend of the Third West York, with infinite address and humor, took upon himself the office of showman, dilating on the merits of the respective works in a manner that the difference that is expected in a professional man, when speaking of his own productions, would not have allowed me to adopt. The inspection proving satisfactory, they asked whether I could paint the pictures at their house in the country, and, there being no difficulty on this point, an engagement was made for the following autumn, subject to my writing to fix the time when I might be able to leave town for the purpose. This being adjusted, the gentleman gave me his card, and they left. Shortly afterwards my friend went also, and on looking, for the first time, at the card left by the strangers, I was somewhat disappointed to find that though it contained the name of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck, there was no address. I tried to find it by looking at the Court Guide, but it contained no such name, so I put the card in my writing-desk, and forgot for a time the entire transaction.

Autumn came, and with it a series of engagements I had made in the north of England. Towards the end of September, 1858, I was one of a dinner-party at a country-house on the confines of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. Being a stranger to the family, it was by a mere accident that I was at the house at all. I had arranged to pass a day and a night with a friend in the neighborhood, who was intimate at the house, and had received an invitation, and the dinner occurring on the evening in question, I had been asked to accompany him. The party was a numerous one, and as the meal approached its termination and was about to subside into the dessert, the conversation became general. I should here mention that my hearing is defective; at some times more so than at others, and on this particular evening I was extra deaf—so much so, that the conversation only reached me in the form of a continued din. At one instant, however, I heard a word distinctly pronounced, though it was uttered by a person at a considerable distance from me, and that word was—Kirkbeck. In the business of the London season, I had forgotten all about the visitors of the spring, who had left their card without the address. The word reaching me under such circumstances, arrested my attention, and immediately recalled the transaction to my remembrance. On the first opportunity that offered, I asked a person whom I was conversing with if a family of the name in question was resident in the neighborhood. I was told, in reply, that a Mr. Kirkbeck lived at A—, at the farther end of the county. The next morning I wrote to this person, saying that I believed he called at my studio in the spring, and had made an arrangement with me, which I was prevented fulfilling by there being no address on his card; furthermore, that I should shortly be in his neighborhood on my return from the north; but should I be mistaken in addressing him, I begged he would not trouble himself to reply to my note. I gave as my address, the Post-office, York. On applying there three days afterwards, I received a note from Mr. Kirkbeck, stating that he was very glad he had heard from me, and that if I would call on my return, he would arrange about the pictures; he also told me to write a day before I proposed coming, that he might not otherwise engage himself. It was ultimately arranged that I should go to his house the succeeding Saturday, stay till Monday morning, transact afterwards what matters I had to attend to in London, and return in a fortnight to execute the commissions.

The day having arrived for my visit, directly after breakfast I took my place in the morning train from York to London. The train would stop at Doncaster, and after that at Retford Junction, where I should have to get out in order to take the line through Lincoln to A—. The day was cold, wet, foggy, and in every way as disagreeable as I have ever known a day to be in an English October. The carriage in which I was seated had no other occupant than myself, but at Doncaster a lady got in. My place was back to the engine and next to the door. As that is considered the ladies seat, I offered it to her; she, however, very graciously declined it, and took the corner opposite, saying, in a very agreeable voice, that

she liked to feel the breeze on her cheek. The next few minutes were occupied in locating herself. There was the cloak to be spread under her, the skirts of the dress to be arranged, the gloves to be tightened, and such other trifling arrangements of plumage as ladies are wont to make before settling themselves comfortably at church or elsewhere, the last and most important being the placing back over her hat the veil that concealed her features. I could then see that the lady was young, certainly not more than two or three-and-twenty; but being moderately tall, rather robust in make, and decided in expression, she might have been two or three years younger. I suppose that her complexion would be termed a medium one; her hair being of a bright brown, or auburn, while her eyes and rather decidedly-marked eyebrows were nearly black. The color of her cheek was of that pale transparent hue that sets off to such advantage large expressive eyes, and an equable firm expression of mouth. On the whole, the ensemble was rather handsome than beautiful, her expression having that agreeable depth and harmony about it that rendered her face and features, though not strictly regular, infinitely more attractive than if they had been modeled upon the strictest rules of symmetry.

It is no small advantage on a wet day and a dull, long journey, to have an agreeable companion, one who can converse, and whose conversation has sufficient substance in it to make one forget the length and the dreariness of the journey. In this respect I had no deficiency to complain of, the lady being decidedly and agreeably conversational. When she had settled herself to her satisfaction, she asked to be allowed to look at my Bradshaw, and not being a proficient in that difficult work, she requested my aid in ascertaining at what time the train passed through Retford again on its way back from London to York. The conversation turned afterwards on general topics, and, somewhat to my surprise, she led it into such particular subjects as I might be supposed to be more especially familiar with; indeed, I could not avoid remarking that her entire manner, while it was anything but forward, was that of one who had either known me personally or by report. There was in her manner a kind of confidential reliance when she listened to me that is not usually accorded to a stranger, and sometimes she actually seemed to refer to different circumstances with which I had been connected in times past. After about three-quarters of an hour's conversation, the train arrived at Retford, where I was to change carriages. On my alighting and wishing her good morning, she made a slight movement of the hand as if she meant me to shake it, and on my doing so she said, by way of adieu, "I dare say we shall meet again;" to which I replied, "I hope that we shall meet again," and so parted, she going on the line towards London, and I through Lincolnshire to A—.

The remainder of the journey was cold, wet, and dreary. I missed the agreeable conversation, and tried to supply its place with a book I had brought with me from York, and the *Times* newspaper which I had procured at Retford. But the most disagreeable journey comes to an end at last, and half-past five in the evening found me at the termination of mine. A carriage was waiting for me at the station, where Mr. Kirkbeck was also expected by the same train, but as he did not appear, it was concluded he would come by the next—half an hour later. Accordingly, the carriage drove away with myself only. The family being from home at the moment, and the dinner hour being seven, I went at once to my room to unpack and to dress; having completed these operations, I descended to the drawing-room. It probably wanted some time to the dinner hour, as the lamps were not lighted, but in their place a large blazing fire threw a flood of light into every corner of the room, and more especially over a lady, who, dressed in deep black, was standing by the chimney-piece, warming a very handsome foot on the edge of the fender. Her face being turned away from the door by which I had entered, I did not at first see her features; on my advancing into the middle of the room, however, the foot was immediately withdrawn, and she turned round to accost me, when, to my profound astonishment, I perceived that it was none other than my companion in the railway carriage. She betrayed no surprise at seeing me; on the contrary, with one of those agreeable joyous expressions that make the plainest women appear beautiful, she accosted me with: "I said we should meet again."

My bewilderment at the moment almost deprived me of utterance. I knew of no railway or other means by which she could have come. I had certainly left her in a London train, and had seen it start, and the only conceivable way in which she could have come was by going on to Peterborough, and then returning by a branch to A—, a circuit of about ninety miles. As soon as my surprise enabled me to speak, I said that I wished I had come by the same conveyance as herself.

"That would have been rather difficult," she rejoined.

At this moment the servant came with the lamps, and informed me that his master had just arrived and would be down in a few minutes.

The lady took up a book containing some engravings, and having singled one out (a portrait of Lady M—) asked me to look at it well and tell her whether I thought it like her.

I was engaged trying to get up an opinion, when Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck entered, and, shaking me heartily by the hand, apologized for not being at home to receive me; the gentleman ending by requesting me to take Mrs. Kirkbeck in to dinner.

The lady of the house having taken my arm, we marched on. I certainly hesitated a moment to allow Mr. Kirkbeck to pass on first with the mysterious lady in black, but Mrs. Kirkbeck not seeming to understand it, we passed on at once. The dinner-party consisting of us four only, we fell into our respective places at the table without difficulty, the mistress and master of the house at the top and bottom, the lady in black and myself on each side. The dinner passed much as is usual on such occasions, I having to play the guest, directed my conversation principally, if not exclusively, to my host and hostess, and I cannot call to mind that I or any one else once addressed the lady opposite. Seeing this, and remembering something that looked like a slight want of attention to her on coming into the dining room, I at once concluded that she was the governess. I observed, however, that she made an excellent dinner; she seemed to appreciate both the beef and the tart as well

as a glass of claret afterwards; probably she had had no luncheon, or the journey had given her an appetite.

The dinner ended, the ladies retired, and after the usual port, Mr. Kirkbeck and I joined them in the drawing room. By this time, however, a much larger party had assembled. Brothers and sisters-in-law had come in from their residences in the neighborhood, and several children, with Miss Hardwick, their governess, were also introduced to me. I saw at once that my supposition as to the lady in black being the governess was incorrect. After passing the time necessarily occupied in complimenting the children, and saying something to the different persons to whom I was introduced, I found myself again engaged in conversation with the lady of the railway carriage, and as the topic of the evening had referred principally to portrait-painting, she continued the subject.

"Do you think you could paint my portrait?" the lady inquired.

"Yes, I think I could, if I had the opportunity."

"Now, look at my face well; do you think you should recollect my features?"

"Yes, I am sure I should never forget your features."

"Of course I might have expected you to say that; but do you think you could do me from recollection?"

"Well, if it be necessary, I will try; but can't you give me any sittings?"

"No, quite impossible; it could not be. It is said that the print I showed to you before dinner is like me; do you think so?"

"Not much," I replied; "It has not your expression. If you can give me only one sitting, it would be better than none."

"No; I don't see how it could be."

The evening being by this time rather far advanced, and the chamber candles being brought in, on the plea of being rather tired, she shook me heartily by the hand, and wished me good night. My mysterious acquaintance caused me no small pondering during the night. I had never been introduced to her, I had not seen her speak to any one during the entire evening, not even to wish them good night—how she got across the country was an inexplicable mystery. Then why did she wish me to paint her from memory, and why could she not give me even one sitting? Finding the difficulties of a solution to these questions rather increase upon me, I made up my mind to defer further consideration of them till breakfast time, when I supposed the matter would receive some elucidation.

The breakfast now came, but with it no lady in black. The breakfast over, we went to church, came home to luncheon, and so on through the day, but still no lady, neither any reference to her. I then concluded that she must be some relative, who had gone away early in the morning to visit another member of the family living close by. I was much puzzled, however, by no reference whatever being made to her, and finding no opportunity of leading any part of my conversation with the family towards the subject, I went to bed the second night more puzzled than ever. On the servant coming in, in the morning, I ventured to ask him the name of the lady who dined at the table on the Saturday evening, to which he answered:

"A lady, sir? No lady, only Mrs. Kirkbeck, sir."

"Yes, the lady that sat opposite me dressed in black."

"Perhaps, Miss Hardwick, the governess, sir?"

"No, not Miss Hardwick; she came down afterwards."

"No lady as I see, sir."

"Oh, dear me, yes, the lady dressed in black that was in the drawing-room when I arrived, before Mrs. Kirkbeck came home?"

The man looked at me with surprise, as if he doubted my sanity, and only answered, "I never see any lady, sir," and then left.

The mystery now appeared more impenetrable than ever—I thought it over in every possible aspect, but could come to no conclusion upon it. Breakfast was early that morning, in order to allow of my catching the morning train to London. The same cause also slightly hurried us, and allowed no time for conversation beyond that having direct reference to the business that brought me there; so, after arranging to return to paint the portraits on that day three weeks, I made my adieu and took my departure for town.

It is only necessary for me to refer to my second visit to that house, in order to state that I was assured most positively, both by Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck, that no fourth person dined at the table on the Saturday evening in question. Their recollection was clear on the subject, as they had debated whether they should ask Miss Hardwick, the governess, to take the vacant seat, but had decided not to do so; neither could they recall to mind any such person as I described in the whole circle of their acquaintance.

Some weeks passed. It was close upon Christmas. The light of a short winter day was drawing to a close, and I was seated at my table, writing letters for the evening post. My back was towards the folding-doors leading into the room in which my visitors usually waited. I had been engaged some minutes in writing, when, without hearing or seeing anything, I became aware that a person had come through the folding-doors, and was then standing beside me. I turned and beheld the lady of the railway carriage. I suppose that my manner indicated that I was somewhat startled, as the lady, after the usual salutation said, "Pardon me for disturbing you. You did not hear me come in." Her manner, though it was more quiet and subdued than I had known it before, was hardly to be termed grave, still less sorrowful. There was a change, but it was that kind of change only which may often be observed from the frank impulsiveness of an intelligent young lady, to the composure and self-possession of that same young lady when she is either betrothed or has recently become a matron. She asked me whether I had made any attempt at a likeness of her. I was obliged to confess that I had not. She regretted it much, as she wished one for her father. She had brought an engraving (a portrait of Lady M. A.) with her, that she thought would assist me. It was like the one she had asked my opinion upon at the house in Lincolnshire. It had always been considered very like her, and she would leave it with me. Then (putting her hand impressively on my arm) she added, "She really would be most thankful and grateful to me if I would do it," (and, if I recollect rightly, she added, "as much depended upon it.") Seeing she was so much in earnest, I took up my

sketch-book, and by the dim light that was still remaining began to make a rapid pencil sketch of her. On observing my doing so, however, instead of giving me what assistance she was able, she turned away under pretense of looking at the pictures around the room, occasionally passing from one to another so as to enable me to catch a momentary glimpse of her features. In this manner I made two hurried but rather expressive sketches of her, which, being all that the declining light would allow me to do, I shut my book, and she prepared to leave. This time, instead of the usual "Good morning," she wished me an impressively pronounced "Good-by," firmly holding rather than shaking my hand while she said it. I accompanied her to the door, outside of which she seemed rather to fade into the darkness than to pass through it. But I refer this impression to my own fancy.

I immediately inquired of the servant why she had not announced the visitor to me. She stated that she was not aware there had been one, and that any one who had entered must have done so when she had left the street door open about half an hour previously, while she went across the road for a moment.

Soon after this occurred I had to fulfill an engagement at a house near Bosworth Field, in Leicestershire. I left town on a Friday, having sent some pictures that were too large to take with me, by the luggage train a week previously, in order that they might be at the house on my arrival, and occasion me no loss of time in waiting for them. On getting to the house, however, I found that they had not been heard of, and on inquiring at the station, it was stated that a case similar to the one I described had passed through and gone on to Leicester, where it probably still was. It being Friday, and past the hour for the post, there was no possibility of getting a letter to Leicester before Monday morning, as the luggage office would be closed there on the Sunday; consequently, I could, in no case, expect the arrival of the pictures before the succeeding Tuesday or Wednesday. The loss of three days would be a serious one; therefore, to avoid it, I suggested to my host that I should leave immediately to transact some business in South Staffordshire, as I should be obliged to attend to it before my return to town, and if I could see about it in the vacant interval thus thrown upon my hands, it would be saving me the same amount of time after my visit to his house was concluded. This arrangement meeting with his ready assent, I hastened to the Atherstone station on the Trent Valley Railway. By reference to Bradshaw, I found that my route lay through L—, where I was to change carriages, to S—, in Staffordshire. I was just in time for the train that would put me down at L— at eight in the evening, and a train was announced to start from L— for S— at ten minutes after eight, answering, as I concluded, to the train in which I was about to travel. I therefore saw no reason to doubt that I should get at my journey's end the same night; but, on my arriving at L— I found my plans entirely frustrated. The train arrived punctually, and I got out intending to wait on the platform for the arrival of the carriages for the other line. I found, however, that though the two lines crossed at L—, they did not communicate with each other, the L— station on the Trent Valley line being on one side of the town, and the L— station on the South Staffordshire line on the other. I also found that there was not time to get to the other station so as to catch the train the same evening; indeed, the train had just that moment passed on a lower level beneath my feet, and to get to the other side of the town, where it would stop for two minutes only, was out of the question. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to put up at the Swan Hotel for the night. I have an especial dislike to passing an evening at a hotel in a country town. Dinner, at such places, I never take, as I had rather go without than have such as I am likely to get. Books are never to be had, the country newspapers do not interest me. The *Times* I had spelt through on my journey. The society I am likely to meet have few ideas in common with myself. Under such circumstances, I usually resort to a meat tea to while away the time, and when that is over, occupy myself in writing letters.

This was the first time I had been in L—, and while waiting for the tea it occurred to me how, on two occasions within the past six months, I had been on the point of coming to that very place, at one time to execute a small commission for an old acquaintance, resident there, and another, to get the materials for a picture I proposed painting of an incident in the early life of Dr. Johnson. I should have come on each of these occasions had not other arrangements diverted my purpose and caused me to postpone the journey indefinitely. The thought, however, would occur to me, "How strange! Here I am at L—, by no intention of my own, though I have twice tried to get here and been balked." When I had done tea, I thought I might as well write to an acquaintance I had known some years previously, and who lived in the Cathedral-close, asking him to come and pass an hour or two with me. Accordingly, I rang for the waitress and asked:

"Does Mr. Lute live in Lichfield?"

"Yes, sir."

"Cathedral-close?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can I send a note to him?"

"Yes, sir."

I wrote the note, saying where I was, and asking if he would come for an hour or two, and talk over old matters. The note was taken; in about twenty minutes a person of gentlemanly appearance, and what might be termed the advanced middle age, entered the room with my note in his hand, saying that I had sent him a letter, he presumed, by mistake, as he did not know my name. Seeing instantly that he was not the person I intended to write to, I apologized, and asked whether there was not another Mr. Lute living in L—?

"No, there was none other."

"Certainly," I rejoined, "my friend must have given me his right address, for I had written to him on other occasions here. He was a fair young man, he succeeded to an estate in consequence of his uncle having been killed while hunting with the Quorn hounds, and he married, about two years since, a lady of the name of Fairbanks."

The stranger very composedly replied:

"You are speaking of Mr. Clyne; he did live in the Cathedral-close, but he has now gone away."

The stranger was right, and, in my surprise, I exclaimed:

"Oh dear, to be sure, that is the name! What could have made me address you instead! I really beg your pardon. My writing to you, and unconsciously guessing your name, is one of the most extraordinary and unaccountable things I ever did. Pray, pardon me."

He continued, very quietly:
"There is no need of apology; it happens that you are the very person I most wished to see. You are a painter, and I want you to paint a portrait of my daughter; can you come to my house immediately for the purpose?"

I was rather surprised at finding myself known by him, and the turn matters had taken being so entirely unexpected, I did not at the moment feel inclined to undertake the business; I therefore explained how I was situated, stating that I had only the next day and Monday at my disposal. He, however, pressed me so earnestly, that I arranged to do what I could for him in those two days, and having put up my baggage, and arranged other matters, I accompanied him to his house. During the walk home, he scarcely spoke a word, but his taciturnity seemed only a continuance of his quiet composure at the inn.

On our arrival, he introduced me to his daughter Maria, and then left the room. Maria was a fair and a decidedly handsome girl of about fifteen; her manner was, however, in advance of her years, and evinced that self-possession, and in the favorable sense of the term, that womanliness, that is only seen at such an early age in girls that have been left motherless, or from other causes thrown much on their own resources.

She had evidently not been informed of the purpose of my coming, and only knew that I was to stay there for the night; she, therefore, excused herself for a few moments, that she might give the requisite directions to the servants as to preparing my room. When she returned, she told me that I should not see her father again that evening, the state of his health having obliged him to retire for the night; but she hoped I should be able to see him some time on the morrow. In the meantime, she hoped I would make myself quite at home, and call for anything I wanted. She herself was sitting in the drawing-room, but perhaps I should like to smoke and take something; if so, there was a fire in the house-keeper's room, and she would come and sit with me, as she expected the medical attendant every minute, and she would probably stay to smoke, and take something.

As the little lady seemed to recommend this course, I readily complied. I did not smoke, or take anything, but sat down by the fire, when she immediately joined me. She conversed well and readily, and with a command of language singular in a person so young. Without being disagreeably inquisitive, or putting any question to me, she seemed desirous of learning the business that had brought me to the house. I told her that her father wished me to paint either her portrait or that of a sister of hers, if she had one.

She remained silent and thoughtful for a moment, and then seemed to comprehend it at once. She told me that a sister of hers, an only one, to whom her father was devotedly attached, died near four months previously; that her father had never yet recovered from the shock of her death. He had often expressed the most earnest wish for a portrait of her; indeed, it was his one thought, and she hoped, if something of the kind could be done, it would improve his health. Here she hesitated, stammered, and burst into tears. After a while she continued: "It is no use hiding from you what you must very soon be aware of. Papa is insane—he has been so ever since dear Caroline was buried. He says he is always seeing dear Caroline, and he is subject to fearful delusions. The doctor says he cannot tell how much worse he may be, and that everything dangerous, like knives or razors, are to be kept out of his reach. It was necessary you should not see him again this evening, as he was unable to converse properly, and I fear the same may be the case to-morrow; but perhaps you can stay over Sunday, and I may be able to assist you in doing what he wishes."

I asked whether they had any materials for making a likeness—a photograph, a sketch, or anything else for me to go from.
"No, they had nothing."
"Could she describe her clearly?"
She thought she could; and there was a print that was very much like her, but she had mislaid it. I mentioned that, with such disadvantages, and in such an absence of materials, I did not anticipate a satisfactory result. I had painted portraits under such circumstances, but their success much depended upon the powers of description of the persons who were to assist me by their recollection; in some instances I had attained a certain amount of success, but in most the result was quite a failure. The medical attendant came, but I did not see him. I learnt, however, that he ordered a strict watch to be kept on his patient till he came again the next morning. Seeing the state of things, and how much the little lady had to attend to, I retired early to bed. The next morning I heard that her father was decidedly better; he had inquired earnestly, on waking, whether I was really in the house, and at breakfast-time he sent down to say that he hoped nothing would prevent my making an attempt at the portrait immediately, and he expected to be able to see me in the course of the day.

Directly after breakfast I set to work, aided by such description as the sister could give me. I tried again and again, but without success, or, indeed, the least prospect of it. The features, I was told, were separately like, but the expression was not. I toiled on the greater part of the day with no better result. The different studies I made were taken up to the invalid, but the same answer was always returned—no resemblance. I had exerted myself to the utmost, and, in fact, was not a little fatigued by so doing—a circumstance that the little lady evidently noticed, as she expressed herself most grateful for the interest she could see I took in the matter, and referred the unsuccessful result entirely to her want of powers of description. She also said it was so provoking! she had a print—a portrait of a lady—that was so like, but it had gone—she had mislaid it from her book for three weeks past. It was the more disappointing, as she was sure it would have been of such great assistance. I asked if she could tell me who the print was of, as if I knew, I could easily procure one in London. She answered, Lady M. A. Immediately the name was uttered the whole scene of the lady of the railway-carriage presented itself to me. I had my sketch-book in my portmanteau up stairs, and, by a

fortunate chance, fixed in it was the print in question, with the two pencil sketches. I instantly brought them down, and showed them to Maria. She looked at them for a moment, turned her eyes full upon me, and said slowly, and with something like fear in her manner: "Where did you get these?" Then quicker, and without waiting for my answer: "Let me take them instantly to papa!"
She was away ten minutes, or more; when she returned, her father came with her. He did not wait for salutations, but said, in a tone and manner I had not observed in him before: "I was right all the time; it was you that I saw with her, and these sketches are from her, and from no one else. I value them more than all my possessions, except this dear child."

The daughter also assured me that the print I had brought to the house must be the one taken from the book about three weeks before, in proof of which she pointed out to me the gum-marks at the back, which exactly corresponded with those left on the blank leaf. From the moment the father saw these sketches his mental health returned.

I was not allowed to touch either of the pencil drawings in the sketch-book, as it was feared I might injure them; but an oil picture from them was commenced immediately, the father sitting by me hour after hour, directing my touches, conversing rationally, and, indeed, cheerfully, while he did so. He avoided direct reference to his delusions, but from time to time led the conversation to the manner in which I had originally obtained the sketches. The doctor came in the evening, and after extolling the particular treatment he had adopted, pronounced his patient decidedly, and he believed permanently, improved.

The next day being Sunday, we all went to church—the father, for the first time since his bereavement. During a walk which he took with me after luncheon, he again approached the subject of the sketches, and after some seeming hesitation as to whether he should confide in me or not, said:

"Your writing to me by name, from the inn at L—, was one of those inexplicable circumstances that I suppose it is impossible to clear up. I knew you, however, directly I saw you; when those about me considered that my intellect was disordered, and that I spoke incoherently, it was only because I saw things that they did not. Since her death, I know, with a certainty that nothing will ever disturb, that at different times I have been in the actual and visible presence of my dear daughter that is gone—oftener, indeed, just after her death than latterly. Of the many times that this has occurred, I distinctly remember once seeing her in a railway-carriage, speaking to a person seated opposite; who that person was I could not ascertain, as my position seemed to be immediately behind him. I next saw her at a dinner-table, with others, and amongst those others unquestionably I saw yourself. I afterwards learnt that at that time I was considered to be in one of my longest and most violent paroxysms, as I continued to see her speaking to you, in the midst of a large assembly, for some hours. Again I saw her, standing by your side, while you were engaged in either writing or drawing. I saw her once again afterwards, but the next time I saw yourself was in the inn parlour."

The picture was proceeded with the next day, and on the day after the face was completed, and I afterwards brought it with me to London to finish.

I have often seen Mr. L. since that period; his health is perfectly re-established, and his manner and conversation are as cheerful as can be expected within a few years of so great a bereavement.

The portrait now hangs in his bedroom, with the print and the two sketches by the side, and written beneath is: "C. L., 13th September, 1858, aged 22."

For the Herald of Progress.

Hand-Communications from the Spirit World.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

FRIEND DAVIS: If, by your superior "light," "intuition," "impression," or "divinity," you can solve a question for me, I shall be much obliged. I am here at "New Love," my mother's residence, not exactly enjoying the "dolce far niente," for I have a goodly collection of old German philosophers, and also daily lessons in modern tongues, which, together with delightful excursions on the broad bosom of the brave Atlantic, or strolls through grand old forests or over moss-grown rocks, with gorgeous sunsets, delicious moonlights, good health, and a harmonious mind, form not a "delicate laziness," or "dreamy do-nothingism," but an active, cheerful, and most enjoyable existence.

I could not help thinking, as I went to take my accustomed bath this morning—the birds singing around me, the lofty trees, the healthy, green, eye-resting verdure, the fleecy luxuriance of the floating clouds, wreathing fantastic forms on the clear azure—Is there, among the vast worlds of immensity, a lovelier or more soul-entrancing world than this of ours? Yet have the creed-infected blasphemously termed it "a vale of tears." But I must rein in my phæton steeds, and come to my question. For several years the power has been given me to communicate, through my own hand, with my spirit friends; and many elevated and beautiful sentiments and instructions have been given; but "here's the rub!" all these communications have been in accordance with my own views, and never have surpassed my usual style of writing. The only thing is, they are written with great rapidity, and without premeditation.

To illustrate: The other evening I had been reading some essays and letters of Shelley, whom I have ever esteemed the truest poet (in the highest essence of poetry) since Shakspeare, and also as one of the noblest of human beings, which opinion I have often expressed by voice and pen. Now whether this love brought me "in rapport" with his spirit, or whether I was self-psychologized, is the point in question.

Though it was late at night, and I was rather sleepy, I took up a pencil and asked Shelley the following question, to which the

answer was given through my own hand: "Friend Shelley, have your views of Christianity essentially altered since your residence in the spirit world?"

After waiting a few minutes, my hand was taken, and the following written, in a quiet and self-possessed manner:

"Oh, yes! with increased light comes the power of discerning truth. My views on earth were limited, and therefore imperfect; but with the enlarged faculties of spirit power, we see clearer, reason more justly, and determine more wisely. The dignity and moral beauty of the character of Jesus Christ was always a theme of admiration with me, though my reason rejected the supernaturalism attached to his history, and the views I formed of him on earth are confirmed in spirit life. That he was largely gifted with divine influence and power I ever believed; but that he was, or is, the GREAT FIRST CAUSE, I did not on earth believe, and do not now. I have not seen or personally conversed with him since I have been in spirit life; but I have conversed with many spirits who have. I have not sought him; and as the quality of my mind is known to him, there is no necessity of his seeking me, there being other spirits who command more of my sympathies and attention. This is not said in irreverence towards that illustrious person; but there are thousands of spirits who, through life, have associated all their ideas of the beautiful with the character of Christ, and in the spirit world they inquire for Jesus, even before breathing the holy name of the Father of spirits. This arises from their substituting him on earth for God, the Eternal; but after being a sufficient time in the spirit world to understand him in his true relation to man and the earth, they see him as an exalted spirit, the companion and friend of others of like excellence, and in no way exceeding them, except in the depth of the love element, which entered so largely into his earth life.

"Those who, like yourself, worship God alone, and never offer their homage to his creatures, are in direct 'rapport' with Him, and (when pure) direct recipients of his light. 'A house divided cannot stand,' the element in the human soul that impels to devotion, if subdivided into reverence and adoration of several Deities, or deified mortals, is weakened, if not lost, in dreamy abstractions, and may, as with the illiterate Catholic, be eventually fixed in pure idolatry upon the senseless image that represents their God, Savior, or Madonna.

"The doubts that you have had upon the necessity of worshipping Christ, are from distrusting the intuitions of your own soul, and the efforts of certain theological spirits who wish to use your powers for the propagation of their dogmas. But they will not succeed. All your intuitions point to the Fountain of all light. I do not deny that the love element of Christ would invest your soul with a diviner beauty; but what you gain in love, you lose in spiritual truth. For God, the Father, is the source of all light and truth.

"The spirit is the divine essence or emanation from God; this is the highest quality of man, linking him with Deity. The soul is the active principle employed by the spirit to influence the brain and direct the faculties and affections. Thus you see they must act in harmony. Inharmony occurs when the soul and spirit are antagonistic; and this is, when dogmas received from books are imprinted on the brain, that the spirit intuitively rejects, producing a spiritual and intellectual warfare in man's nature; and all warfare is inharmony. Thus, my dear friend, with your spiritual perceptions you will at once see there can be no harmony, unless the faculties of the mind, soul, and spirit, forming the only trinity, act in most perfect unity. And so you are right to study the Creator in his works, and not in revelation, which, even when containing truth, is adulterated by the medium through which it is received. Go to Nature to learn, the wonders and power of God, and consult your own soul to know his will.

"I write thus much not to bend you to my views, but to confirm by my spirit experience your own. I thank you for the kind things you have said of me in the world I have left but still love, and for the admiration you have ever expressed of the gifts our blessed Father bestowed upon me, but even more for the tenderness you have towards my errors, and your appreciation of the good qualities which those who knew me best have said I possessed.

"But you must not over-tax your nature. I should be happy to exchange ideas with you at some future time, and will say 'Au revoir,' not 'Adieu.' Your affectionate friend,

PENNY BYSSHE SHELLEY,
Once imprisoned in the flesh, now a happy and progressed spirit."

Now, friend Davis, can you feel any difference in the quality of this writing and my own? Are you "impressed" that there is anything spiritual in it at all? or is it but the involuntary action of my own mind, psychologized by a love and admiration of the genius of Shelley? My hand moved without my own volition, and the words flowed from the pencil, and I did not anticipate them, or make a mental effort; yet I cannot give answers to mental questions, or give spirit names; and I ask myself the question, "Am I a writing medium?" This question I am unable to answer to my own satisfaction, therefore I appeal to thee.

Well, thou knowest that a new thought, like a new flower, or even a new comet, is a source of intellectual delight, charming long after the comet has passed on its way, and the flower has lost its fragrance. Tell me, oh, Seer! what are the laws which govern writing mediums? Yours, truly, A. W. FENNO.

NEW LOVE, SWAMPSCOT, MASS.

Is there a good time coming? We shall know there is, when we see woman turn from folly and frivolity to more ennobling pursuits. From the paltry ambition of becoming queen of fashion, or a star in the beau monde, to the more lofty endeavor of being a genuine woman, of living a true life, and of cultivating graces of spirit as well as of person.

O. N. K.

Good service is prompt service. It ceases to be a favor when he upon whom the service is conferred has lost in patience and hope deferred what he might have bestowed in love and gratitude.

Voices from the People.

"Let every man have due liberty to speak an honest mind in every land."

For the Herald of Progress.

Need of Self-Reliance and Charity.

A VOICE IN BEHALF OF SPIRITUAL REFORMERS.

DEAR HERALD: In justice to myself and the large body of reformers now scattered over the land, as well as for a better understanding with the public generally, I would beg a hearing at the present time through the hospitable columns of your widely circulated journal. The field before us has lost nothing of its importance by the knowledge derived from the last two months' experience in this section. And every subject connected, even in the remotest sense, with the healthy development of the race, assumes a multiplied importance when viewed from the early twilight of this opening era.

It may be said that those who have their names written in the table of modern "heretics," *alias* "reformers," from being made a mark for all kinds of misrepresentation and abuse, have a right to be heard, both in their own defense and in defense of others.

In our late convention, at Oswego, N. Y., it was impossible, amid the press of opinions, for all parties to get a full, or even a partial hearing, nor could it be expected, on this or any other occasion of like nature. Doubtless there were many full ripe thoughts laid away by their not over-intrusive possessors, for the reason that the banquet-table was already filled to its utmost capacity. Our external lives are, of necessity, in many respects, fragmentary; but we are not to forget the righteous injunction, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." And we may wisely bear in mind the truth, that the full store will be wanted in the coming time. The meager and imperfect knowledge to be gathered from an imperfect or brief report, can, at best, but serve as a preface to the new editions of our work, which are to follow, and which must be made up of successive chapters, till we become "known of all men" in our true characters.

Now it is this subject of "character," which called up so much discussion in our convention, that I propose to "sift," in my own humble, but honest way. And I feel to do it, in justice to myself and the whole body of reformers, society, and the world, without regard to age, sex, party, or creed, and yet in regard to the welfare of all mankind, individually and collectively.

More than ever do I feel that, in these times of peril, humanly considered, we must be true to ourselves; and to be true to ourselves we must be faithful to others. A morbid public opinion, as regards "character," rears its bold front in the face of reformers, and even on the platform of a National Convention demands the erection of a tribunal to decide the merits of each individual aspirant to the heavenly honor of a disciple. And few, indeed, of all our trained band, dare scale that whited wall, and from its tottering height look calmly on both sides. Could they, in truthfulness to themselves, thus stand, and view realities, they would no longer wish to hurl any individual heading into the whirlpool of human passion; but they would rather assist him in making his own comparisons, and that with the kindness of a teacher, rather than the cold severity of a judge.

I must confess that I am surprised that many of our public teachers are so extremely sensitive in regard to what the world may say of them. I would ask, who are the parties that make up this "world" of judgment? Are they perfect patterns of propriety, or worthy models, in every sense, for us to imitate? Are we not warring against false standards of propriety in every direction? And are we to become imitators of that we cannot practically accept? Are we to bow down to the gods we are sent out to destroy? Shall we not boldly, fearlessly, and righteously live out our own teachings? I ask you, fellow laborers and co-workers, one and all, in the coming time which shall try us, as in the fire of a new and practical purification, are we to be true to our glorious faith, or shall we lick the dust in our homage to oppressive systems, because they are popular? It is more than a question with me if a reformer can be popular. If the popular standard is the best, why do we seek reform? But if we break away from the strict line of conventional usage, we shall be misunderstood, misrepresented, and grossly slandered. Did Christ and his followers escape this? Did ever hero or patriot escape it? Was not Christ denied, betrayed, and forsaken of his followers even? But was he or the cause of Christianity injured thereby?

I repeat the language I used on the floor of the convention (for the report in this respect does not agree with my sentiments or words): "Our own true characters are our best credentials;" nor can we rely on the "endorsements of Spiritualists" alone; as it cannot be denied that many calling themselves Spiritualists are as "unjust still" as the world's people—indeed, they are "of the world," not having outgrown the jealousies of business and party strife, or the love of authority. There is no denying that many who were called to the exercise of spiritual gifts have sold the heavenly heritage for the paltry pottage of "Opinion." There are many, too, who have allowed Madame Grundy and Dame Rumor to take a seat at the fireside altar till they have become "our folks."

But I would say, let us all protest against these questionable worthies whispering in our ears, or imposing upon us their presence even, and we will soon do away, most effectually, with the disrepute that may attach to our characters, by our association with these foes to individual peace. I believe the character of a real reformer is completely invulnerable to the shafts of any foe; nor does it hang upon the "reputation" of another; and it is time we set our foot against this merciless invasion of our most sacred liberties, by tearing up the foul tree of slander, root and branch, and flinging its corrupting Upas influences to the Lethæan tide of annihilation.

But I hope to be understood. Many questions may be asked; so, in anticipation thereof, I would reply, I endorse nothing I know to be wrong, and I know I shall not be deliberately guilty of that which to me is sinful. I mean to do right, and verify this is the standard I would erect for my brother or sister, be their actions what they may. If they err

from my standard, what is my highest, best duty toward them? Why, "forgive, not only seven times, but until seventy times seven." And what would this order of forgiveness lead me to do? Why, "tell him of his fault between me and him alone," in kindness and love, not judging harsh judgment, but rendering blessing instead of evil. But if he heard me not, and I am disposed to carry out the Scripture injunction, I would accept it in its spiritual sense. Were he as a "heathen and an infidel," to me, I should not forget that we all have one Father, and, though separated by a great gulf of opinion, I should not feel justified in oppressing him on account of his infidelity to the right within me.

Then again, our philosophy teaches us a charity broad and comprehensive enough to take in every soul, and that philosophy guarantees to us the rights of life, liberty, and happiness, without excusing oppression of any kind.

The time has come for a practical exhibition of those cardinal points in our belief, which strike directly home to our most sacred and dearest relations and interests. Spiritualism, phenomenal and philosophical, is a fixed fact; but the light of the Harmonical era, with its holy, gentle, loving baptism, has but just revealed, amid the darkness, the glorious picture of life. Life! oh Life! Consecrated to divest ends and uses, shall we not feel thy living presence calming the disturbed waters of human passion? Wilt thou not speak in the ears of earth's children, and quell this mad riot where bitter strifes misconceptions wrap a weeping humanity in their serpent coils? Is it not this thirsting for an earthly name and character—this struggling for position—this lust for power—this fear of the world's censure—this love of ambition—this jealous rivalry, which involves individuals in sorrow, and nations in war? Then, as reformers, let it concern us most, to know how each of us, as individuals, can do the greatest good. Certainly humanity has claims upon us, and the character and nature of those claims are not to be decided for us, as individuals, by others than ourselves, in that we all differ. It is impossible for any two to think exactly alike on all points, or to view any one subject from the same standpoint. And we may severally and separately differ in regard to the application of the golden rule, but we shall all agree that this same rule is the only standard by which we, as individuals, would be judged.

It is this same rule whose bright arc spans, with its descending light, every humanitarian institution; and many of our noble brothers and sisters who have felt its holy baptism in their own lives, are now seeking efficient channels whereby to lead the suffering millions to a practical realization of the same blessings. The true worshiper is not satisfied with mere lip-service; with him, all that the true gospel of his soul teaches, must be made practical—and that too, in every department of life. If, as reformers, we are teaching that we are not prepared to accept in its daily application to our own lives, let us be silent till we have grown stronger. Admitting that all public teachers do not live up to the spirit of their teachings, the fundamentals of our faith are bold and striking, and not easily to be mistaken. When it is recognized that man is the creature of circumstances, that causes entirely beyond his control produce their corresponding effects in him, we may well ask ourselves what right have we to judge in the spirit of condemnation? For to condemn, is unrighteous judgment, and a virtual denial of the cardinal principles of our holy faith.

Our noble sister, Emma Hardinge, God and the angels bless her! has dared to trust her "character" in the scales beside thousands of abandoned women, whose precious virtues a false standard of society has prostituted! And to what? Why, to its own merciless lusts. This foul, gross stain, on the pages of our Christian civilization, cannot be charged to Spiritualism or Reform.

And to-day, with all these facts before us, shall we pay tribute to a system which cloaks the blackest crimes that can afflict a people? Martyrs there must be in the inauguration of a harmonious state, who will dare to act the Christ regardless of the speech of men. Not until we are proof against the empty bubbles of opinion, that may float against us ere they are broken, do we deserve to be called reformers. With a growing knowledge and acquaintance with the world at large, this human heart of mine has been deeply pained to find such an absence of that deep religious love so acceptable to the soul, so productive of practical good to all who possess or receive it. If there is any one ruling attribute of our nature more redeeming in its essential qualities than another, it is that divine love which, conjoined in its operations with its heavenly companion, wisdom, becomes the God in Nature to consecrate our every faculty to the individual and general good of the race. Under the guidance of this Deity, we shall make no bargains to pay tithe in support of oppression of any nature whatever; but we will be free to live out the higher law within us. In this we may be forsaken of the world and the false friends of a summer season; but with the angel of Righteousness at our right hand, and Justice at our left, we shall be supported. It may be a long time before we shall be understood of men, but we are sowing seed for the future generations to harvest. Heaven grant that when they reap the golden grain, to find beneath the stubble of the earth-life our humble tombs, they may find written thereon the simple word "Faithful." No matter what the "reputation" we have borne among the crowd of earth worshippers, this one simple word, with its touching brevity, will reveal the operations of the spirit in our hearts, and touch the mystic chain of thought, till it ring out its never-dying anthems of recorded devotion. How sweet, then, to know that even now, with all our imperfections, we may have a foretaste of the coming fruition in our hearts, by living obedient to the law within us, rather than the external requirements of a speculative and selfish policy.

I believe it to be a duty to free ourselves from false and oppressive conditions; but in order to do this we must look within ourselves to find the rule of action; and in looking outside of self, it is far better to stand on the bright side of humanity than in the darkness thereof. I have observed that authoritarians, as a class, are great fault-finders, and the opinions of those persons make but little impression upon my mind, inasmuch as I find them retailers of every species of calumny in the calendar of human imperfection. Again, they are not unfolded on the plane of a true harmonious wisdom; for when one reaches this plane, he is entirely above the petty consider-

ations of temporary misunderstandings. But it is to be expected that men and women will trouble themselves about the good opinion of others, as long as they are in bondage to the flesh, and we may reasonably expect to find them "exposing" and "warning" all to beware of "imposition," "bad influences," &c. I would not give much for the honor and virtue of any party which is in such immense danger of being lost to the possessor unless locked up in the very limited and questionable safe where we are invited to bestow our goods.

But, in conclusion, I do not deny that all these anxious keepers of the public properties are as instruments doing their work, and by taking the arbitrary course they assume they are throwing out our boldest, best reformers, on the straight road to individual independence—a road their predecessors have traveled with a different object in view. The Priests and Levites who have taken their respective degrees in the canonical ranks, may pass the wounded, neglected, forsaken Brother or Sister by; but the good Samaritan reformer, who bends not the knee to the popular standard, will be "faithful."

M. J. WILCOXSON.
LYSANDER, N. Y., Oct. 11th, 1861.

Poetry.

"The truly beautiful ever leaves a long echo of harmony in the soul."

For the Herald of Progress. DOWN THE RIVER.

BY L. L.

Down the river, down the river,
Floating onward, side by side;
Deep of dusky gold are gleaming
In the sky-reflecting tide.
On the misty, far horizon,
Purple mountains softly dream,
Gorgeously the autumn forests
Glow above the glassy stream.
Floating onward to the sunset,
Gazing still, with dreamy eyes,
On the orb of crimson, swimming
Westward through the golden skies;
Softly, to the river-margin,
Downward sweeps the swelling shore,
Whose green breast the burning summers
Waste and wither now no more.
But the aster flowers bloom purple
On the grassy bank below,
And the gentian's azure fingers
O'er the silent waters glow.
Not a gloomy cloud is lying
On the heaven's beaming breast;
Only gentle zephyrs sighing;
Only rippling waves replying;
Only drowsy echoes dying,
Dying to the distant West!

Darling, sitting here beside me,
Tranced in happy visions now,
With your hand in quiet resting
Like a blossom on my brow,
Surely all the peace of heaven
Glow within our hearts to-day;
Vanished are the fire and fever,
Pulse of pain and passion's play.
Let the world, now dim and distant,
Struggle on through painful years,
Burdens by the toiling millions,
Red with battle's reeking spears—
Down the river, down the river,
Still we'll drift upon the tide,
Where the billows, on and ever,
Toward the western ocean glide.
Brighter landscapes yet shall meet us
Where the pleasant waters flow;
Richer, heavenlier hues, shall greet us;
Realms of deeper peace await us,
Wait us in the lands below;
And the broad and brimming river,
When its windings all are past,
Out into the tropic ocean
Shall our shallow sweep at last—
Where the coral isles are blooming,
Spicy gales the seas perfuming,
Royal palms forever growing,
Passion-flowers and roses blowing,
Ruby bells of blossoms chiming
Softly to the weary breast,
Breathing of the endless ages,
And the everlasting rest!

For the Herald of Progress. THE ROSARY.

BY VINE W. OSGOOD.

We have all a rosary of woe!
No matter how the faint heart bleeds,
Or how the silent tear-drops flow,
Our trembling hands must tell the beads.
Some tell them o'er in gorgeous homes—
Pale fingers count the beads of gold
With breaking hearts and bitter moans,
Until their rosary is told.
Some tell them clasped to another's breast;
Some all alone in the piercing cold;
With not a place their heads to rest,
They weep until their beads are told.
Some keep the rosary in their hearts,
Hidden beneath a smiling face;
The beads corrode like poisoned darts,
And rankle in their hiding place.
Some, where the ocean bleakly foams,
Look yearningly, o'er open graves,
To loved ones in their inland homes,
And sigh, while sinking 'neath the waves,
"Alone! alone in the roaring sea,
Life's rosary is over-past!
The waves of death float over me,
The fearful beads are told at last!"
It is ever thus! Through all the earth,
In hovels and in homes of light,
Sorrow's rosary has its birth,
And casts o'er all its withering blight.
It is well to see God's hand the while
The chastening rosary is told,
And feel, when it is through, His smile
Will lead us to the gates of gold.
Within those portals, broad and fair,
We'll hold a rosary of light—
Our beads of woe shall count to prayer
And joy beneath the Father's sight.

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ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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MRS. WILCOXSON'S Voice, in behalf of Spiritual Reformers, merits careful perusal.

EVERY progressively-inclined patriot will read and respond to the loyal and free utterances of our Brother, Selden J. Finney.

AN important question, respecting the reliability of "Writing Mediums," is propounded by a correspondent. We shall give our answer next week.

"THE LEGEND OF THE PIRATE'S CAVE," incorporated in the story of Regina Lyle, is an admirable composition, displaying rare descriptive power. Few of our readers will regret the length of this interesting chapter, especially when it is known that the Pirate's Cave is the "Dungeon Rock," near Lynn, Mass.

We copy from the *Tribune* a brief but merited tribute to General Fremont, whose unexceptionable conduct at the time of his removal, on the eve of a battle, proves the possession of many excellencies. To be a man is better than to be a General. To rule one's own spirit is better than to win a battle. If Gen. Fremont sees the "secret victory" that ever dwelleth within any defeat that may follow an honest effort, his is the greatest success!

"AN ARTIST'S EXPERIENCE IN SPIRITUALISM," on our second page, is a well-authenticated statement, indorsed by Charles Dickens. The narrative has all the fascination of a romance, with the additional charm of evident candor in the relation of the strange occurrences.

Some of the most satisfactory evidences of the truth of "Spirit Intercourse" are now furnished by the unbelieving world, whose reluctant testimony is all the more conclusive.

A Memorable Vision.

The first Tuesday in November, 1861, was to us a strange, prophetic, fearful, mystical, memorable day—never to be effaced from the history of our inner life—but, rather, always to be remembered, and hallowed, and revered, as marking the period of a vast movement among higher powers in behalf of the earth's inhabitants.

In the morning of that day we felt peculiarly unfit for either thinking or writing, notwithstanding the large packages of letters, and the numerous contributions for our columns, which demanded immediate attention and editorial labor. There was a complete solstice in our mental machinery. Not a thought-wheel would turn that morning. Being thus disqualified for study and labor at the desk, and just then having "nothing to do" about the house or in the garden, we went motivelessly forth for a ramble "anywhere, anywhere," on the solid earth beneath the autumnal sky.

Our favorite resort is away among the hilly slopes and mountain-paths of Llewellyn Park, one mile west of our home in the beautiful village. From the sheer force of attraction and habit, one would naturally think, our steps would have involuntarily turned thither; but, unthinking and objectless still, and contrary to the routine of custom in rambling, we went through the village eastward, in the direction of Newark, following the railroad as far as the Bloomfield Station, where we took the side path leading toward a grove of almost leafless trees.

At length, observing a beautiful rock near the corner of an open field, we hastened to its side, and rested tranquilly for many minutes. Those moments were filled to the brim with a peculiar happiness. Strains of distant bands of music seemed to touch the very fibers of the brain, thrilling each organ with thoughts and sensations of melody, more delicate and enchanting than any emotions ever awakened by the music of earth.

The reader will not require us to apologize for the length and particularity of our prefatory remarks, inasmuch as, without them, he could not conceive why the first Tuesday of November, 1861, made on us an impression so memorable and prophetic. If we had been long laboring in mind to solve the problem of the present War, or if we were considerably anxious to get at the ultimates of the recent naval expedition, the following Vision might be in part accounted for on common causes, like dreams and visions of the night, after a day of intense mental activity, anxiety, or suspense. The case with us was exactly the reverse. We have had no great anxiety or curiosity about the operations of our army, nor any sleepless hours over the results likely to flow from the bosom of Destiny, during the

terrible struggles and exceedingly sorrowful experiences of this people, in their patriotic efforts to preserve the present form of Government.

Naturally enough, when the music reached the outer ear, stirring the waters of our inner life to wavelets of corresponding harmony, we turned our eyes in all directions, looking over the adjoining fields, to discover the authors of such exquisite strains. Language will not convey any just conception of that music which was wafted over the earth like the melodious breathings of celestial seas. No earthly compositions exactly resemble any of the combinations of sounds that floated dreamily, musically, sacredly, through the upper air; and yet there was, now and then, a strain that reminded us of certain national hymns, and of choice fragments of operas, which we have had the happiness to hear from human lips and instruments. There was a wonderful blending of vocal with instrumental sounds. We thought of earthly minstrels whom we had heard; of anthems from the sweet singers of cathedrals and church choirs; of bands of music in the street, concerting with the sustaining voices of a singing multitude; but all such thoughts were soon swallowed by the incomparable melody which pulsed and waved through the heavens. The delicious sensations that bridge over from physical consciousness to spirit life, crept stealthily, dreamily, musically, over our individuality, and, as thousands of times before, the curtains of the interior world were rolled up, disclosing a scene of beauty and grandeur far beyond the power of words to picture. It would require the pen of a "ready writer," and the descriptive powers of a Shakespeare, to convey to mankind the realities of that Vision.

Facing the East, and looking with spirit-eyes into the upper immensity, we beheld an ocean filled with islands. They arose one above another, and between each other, as far as clairvoyant sight could reach, apparently beyond the path of the planet Saturn, millions upon millions of leagues away into space, until lost in the mystical and unexplored depths of infinitude. The islands were barren of vegetation—dark, rough, rocky, desolate—with not so much as one bird of night to redeem the dreary solitude. The waves of the ocean gently kissed their craggy lips, and gave forth a musical sound as of many waters laving the rocky sides of a distant shore. But the music before heard was heard no more. A sad sound of low, wailing, mournful melody, went up from the feet of those desolate isles, and died away with innumerable echoes, or was lost amid the dreary distances and empty spaces of the immensity. "Alps on Alps" arose before our vision, and we began very earnestly to ask for interpretation, or else a change of scene.

Months seemed to depart—oh, how long we waited—ere the scene was changed. During all those weary weeks we suffered intensely, in body and in soul, dying daily and being resurrected again with the sound of mournful music vibrating through ear and brain, until the clouds, and isles, and oceans, melted away into chaos, and the heavenly music first heard, again filled the air and world.

The heavens opened all the way across from the North to the South, in the form of a vast rainbow spanning the entire eastern section of the sky, the clouds sailing rapidly behind each other, and floating off in mountainous masses toward the North-west and the South-west, until the open *buena-vista* to the east, beneath the over-arching rainbow, was renovated and gorgeously arranged for the exhibition of some new scene. Meanwhile the whole heavens were filled with the sounds of that first most marvellous music, emanating from performers and vocalists not yet visible to the eyes of the spirit, and every preparation was made for a stupendous development.

Behold! In the dim distance, beneath the many-colored archway, emerging from the remote infinity, was visible what seemed to be the shining vanguard of a mighty army: with all the precision of military order, keeping step to the sound of the indescribable music, onward came the resplendent host. The golden light of an unseen sun shone on their armor, and upon their beautiful faces and symmetrical forms, producing an effect the most inexpressibly enchanting and bewildering to the beholder. As the celestial army drew nearer, it was easy to discern all the system and discipline of an army—Generals, Colonels, Captains, Lieutenants, and subordinate officers—at the head of brigades, battalions, regiments, companies—away, far away, as remote as the eye could trace the divisions and persons. And as the hosts marched nearer still, the features of many faces became distinct enough to recognize, and lo! we beheld many whom we now well know in private life, and renowned characters also, with celestial mold and military manners—Ellsworth, Winthrop, Lyon, Baker, and others yet in this world—all at the head of immense battalions, obedient to the sublimity of a divine impulse, marching above the world of men to encounter foes yet unseen in the wilds of mind and matter.

It seemed to us that hours were consumed in marching from the encampments of an unexplored infinity to the front, beneath the gorgeous archway of many colors. Arrived at the foreground, the advance guard separated in equal numbers, and marched harmoniously to the right and left of the rainbow, halting at each extreme of the arch. The central column continued its march, in time with the music, and as they approached, the faces of other acquaintances shone with the radiance of enthusiasm.

All this seemed to occur in the upper heavens, centrally over the Atlantic Ocean. As the army drew near the base line of the grand arch, the white-clad soldiers, with armor un-

spotted, and their two-edged swords unnotched by crime, divided into four separate and independent columns or armies, and stepped out into the atmosphere over the continent of America. One of these armies slowly marched over a portion of Connecticut, over a part of the State of New York, and as it wended its way toward the extreme North-west, it seemed to take in only a part of Ohio and Indiana, all of Michigan, and a part of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa, and reached all the way to the Pacific shore. The second of the four armies marched directly West, until it reached the Illinois River; it then turned South-west, crossed Missouri and Kansas, and disappeared far over the mountains of California. The third army marched directly North, separated New England from New York and New Jersey, and disappeared in the clouds over Canada. The fourth division of the mighty host, obedient to its commanders, who are now recognized generals in the Southern army, marched to the South, separated Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee from more Southern states, and disappeared in the clouds over the land of Mexico.

Still the invisible bands and choristers continued to pour music upon the scene. When the different armies had disappeared, there suddenly formed beneath the arch, a regiment of white-clad soldiers, each with a deep blue sash about his waist, and each in his left hand carrying a book, and in his right hand a small gold hammer of exquisite workmanship. These were venerable men, beautiful in their faces, exceedingly intelligent and refined—their uncovered heads and snow-white brows radiant with light. The music sounded grander than before, and new strains of inexpressible sweetness, filled the whole temple of the heavens, as these venerable soldiers commenced their march toward Washington.

They reached the capital of the country while Congress was in session, and halted in the air just above the palatial edifice. At a word of command, each man raised his strong right arm, hammers in hand, and with the quickness of lightning each hammer fell upon the vast structure, which, as if rent by an earthquake, trembled, reeled, crumbled, and was scattered into countless fragments over the soil. A cloud of dust filled the air, and there were some faint sounds of suffering and shouts for help. But rapidly the dust departed on the winds, and the place where the capital stood was grassy, and looked like the land of the Silent.

It was suddenly changed into a burial place, or cemetery, of great solitude and quiet beauty. Amid the trees and flowering shrubs which ornamented the grassy slopes, we beheld the tombs of all the Senators and Representatives who had assembled in the capitol.

Their names were distinctly carved on the little marble tombs that covered the sacred dust beneath.

Meanwhile, above, in the air, calmly stood the venerable soldiers who had wrought all these wonderful changes. They seemed to bend down over the grave of each Congressman with beaming countenances. While stooping thus, each at a word of command, lifted his book and dropped it upon a grave. Each buried politician was thus provided with a book from the sky. Again the hammer of each soldier was uplifted high in air, and simultaneously each grave-stone was struck as by lightning, when lo! the grass opened in wide folds, and each Senator and Representative, dressed in white, with pale face and uncovered head, walked forth from his tomb, armed with a book in his left hand and a golden hammer in his right.

The whole heavens were again filled with music, and a sound of rejoicing came up from the surrounding country, while distant people seemed to express great consternation, and trembled with fear. A great thunder-storm now arose in the east. It rolled violently through the rainbowed archway, which was thus effaced from the sky. The storm-cloud seemed to be filled with armed soldiers from other countries. They sped onward, amid peals of thunder, over New York, and rolled toward Washington. Instantly, in another spot, the Capital became visible. The seats were all filled with the newly arisen men, each with a book and a hammer, and the storm passed over the land like a whirlwind, terrifying the people, destroying their crops and cattle, but without injuring the new capital, or disturbing the resurrected men.

Suddenly all the music ceased, and there was nothing more exhibited. The Vision was thus terminated, even before one question could be asked as to interpretation, and thus we were returned to the ordinary state. The first impression was that we had been from home several months, lost in a journey of observation and enchantment; but on reaching our study, we found that only three hours of our life had passed in this manner. That there is a world of prophetic meaning in the foregoing we cannot doubt; and that something more will be given, by way of interpretation, we fully believe.

THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH.

This new medical volume is meeting with a most rapid and flattering sale. The first edition of one thousand copies was exhausted some days since, and the demand continues unabated.

A slight delay occurred in filling some orders, owing to the unexpected rapidity with which the first edition was disposed of. Our supply is now ample, and future editions will be put to press in season to meet all orders without delay. Agents and dealers can rely upon prompt attention.

The wide circulation of this volume cannot fail to greatly aid the cause of human health and happiness. Our readers will render a kind

service to their neighbors and friends by calling their attention to this volume, full of practical hints and directions eminently serviceable to the sick and suffering. [Pss.]

"Perfectly Wonderful."

GODFREY'S CORDIAL OUTDONE.

Paul Pry, in a contribution to the department of "Spiritual Phenomena," in the *Banner of Light*, gives his experiences in attending to the wants of "Spirits in Prison," as he terms it—performing a mission which no saint or philanthropist in the spirit world seems to have the power or disposition to do.

The spirit of a Mr. White, murdered some twenty years since, and still a "poor, feeble old man," when "called," complained of not feeling quite well! The benevolent Paul Pry makes this record:

"I then administered a cordial with which I am accustomed to relieve spirits of the pangs of thirst for strong drink."

The poor victim of an unappeased thirst of twenty years' standing is represented as saying, "I feel like a new man." The same, or a similar cure was administered to Zachary Taylor and his daughter, Mrs. Jeff. Davis, with an "electrical" effect. The remedy, says the writer, was a prescription that Swedenborg had given him.

A queer world must it be, in this new spirit's elysium, where Dr. Parkman is represented as saying:

"I am miserable—most miserable. In life I was respected, but here I wander alone, for none care for me!"

Poets, dreamers, and seers are all wrong. They have mistaken the locality of the true elysium. It is not "yonder," but here, that the balm of sympathy is freely extended. The poor denizen of the spirit realm has to wander there "alone," none caring for him! And he turns to earth, and to mortals, for common human sympathy, and ordinary instruction, advice and assistance. How fortunate for the unhappy spirit that such a world remains to which he can return for the bliss for which he seeks!

It has been ordinarily supposed that much of this encouragement, sympathy, and assistance is reserved in this "cold world," and pertains more largely to the future and brighter stage of existence. Happily, through the investigating propensities of Paul Pry, we are cured of all these sadly erroneous notions.

Happy for us to learn thus early, as the grand attainment of Spiritualism, that death sears human sympathies, blunts the tender feelings, and transforms the affections, so that the weary, sad, and oppressed there, turn with infinite relief from careless and indifferent associate spirits, to tender, sympathizing mortals for a cure for heart wounds, for lessons in forgiveness, and even for a taste of soothing cordial to quench a thirst for strong drink!

One point in this new "revelation" strikes us as peculiar. With all the indifference surrounding spirits, and the inflexible necessity for their return to earth for a release from their sufferings, the "Cordial" which operates as a universal panacea is compounded from a prescription communicated by a spirit! The reason why Swedenborg had to call on Paul Pry to make and administer his "cordial," is doubtless one of the dark, inscrutable, and mysterious things which, in the order of Providence, it is not intended we should understand.

May we not know how spirits imbibe? Does Paul Pry furnish the cordial in demijohns, pocket-pistols, wine glasses, or nursing bottles? And what are the elements of the compound? Surely the world is entitled to know, that a stock of the cordial may be prepared and hung at the chimney tops, or on a street corner, for convenient use, when a thirsty spirit comes down to drink!

Will this infallible cordial operate as effectually before the spirit leaves the body? If so, we can save the expense of "Asylums for Inebriates." If it is purely a spiritual affair, designed solely for use after crossing the dark river, it would be well to let people know how to prepare and administer it, that they may not only buy their friends out of purgatory with postage stamps, but cure them of a love of liquor by this new "cordial." Must one have a medium to administer it through, or will it do to hang it out nights? Paul Pry cannot object to curious questions.

Ce Empe.

THE LOYAL SOLDIER A MISSIONARY.

Rev. Dr. Bellows, in a recent discourse, said: "There is no difference in the world between upholding justice, principle, equity, truth, goodness, purity, in one part of God's dominions or in another; in New York or in Ceylon; or in one form or another; be it in the form of a principle or in the form of a man—in the maintenance of a sentiment that, like an atmosphere, affects millions, or of the rights and dispositions of a single benighted and alienated private soul. The missionary of Christ, laboring seven years, like Judson, to convert a single poor Karen to the knowledge of Christ and of God, is doing only the same blessed, sacred work that the Christian statesman is engaged in who is defending a moral or political principle that involves the spiritual rectitude, the moral independence, the intellectual liberty of generations to come; or that the simple citizen is, who pours out his fortune and his blood, and gives his children and his earthly prospects to uphold a government that shelters the educational, the moral, and the religious privileges of unborn millions. They are all, with equal faithfulness, and essentially for the same sacred ends, doing God's work and Christ's will, testifying the gospel of the grace of God."

We earnestly wish every believer in Orthodox Christianity and its fearful perils of another life could accept Dr. Bellows' apprehension of the importance of this struggle, and the value

of such a martyrdom for the right, as the patriotic soldier volunteers to hazard. He says: "The times are helping us to realize that the things that are seen are temporal, the things that are unseen are eternal. Now, every patriot's sword-belt becomes a cross of Christ. Every field of battle a Calvary. A man's country now reaches to heaven, and a man's life includes immortality."

VILLAGE LECTURES.

The *American Agriculturist* offers a sensible suggestion respecting country and village lectures the coming winter, to this effect—that the speakers be all home-made. This plan will save the heavy fee usually paid to "imported" talent, and the encouraging influence upon "home genius" will be most salutary. It is also recommended that the chief dependence be not on lawyers, physicians, or clergymen, but upon mechanics and farmers, each to speak on the subject with which he is most familiar. The plan is a good one, and we trust will be acted upon in a thousand country towns.

John C. Fremont.

Whatever other faults may belong to the character of John C. Fremont, an over-weening self-esteem is not one of them. It may be that he is too proud to be vain—for vanity and pride do not go often together—but certainly he has none of that self-love which is quick to take offense, and is so apt to lead its possessor to rash and ill-judged, and sometimes to criminal acts for his own justification. It may be that he is not great enough for the military command of the Western District; that he wants experience, judgment, energy, and that insight into character which would be a safeguard against his surrounding himself with dishonest men. On these points we have nothing to say here, for it is on such charges that he is arraigned by the government. But surely it is not improper for us to affirm that if he is not great enough for that command, he is at least, great in his removal from it. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

For in truth it seldom falls to the lot of man to be placed in a position more trying than his. It is not within the range of possibility that he believes himself guilty on those points whereof he is accused; for, if that were the case, he would long ere this have relinquished his command voluntarily. However wise and just the government may be; however wrong Gen. Fremont may be, most assuredly his confidence in his own innocence is unwavering, and he looks upon himself as an injured man.

The order for his removal comes to him at the head of an army in the field—an army of 40,000 men, every one of whom is bound to him with a personal devotion and attachment such as has been rendered to no commander of any country, except Napoleon. It is something that he should obey the order for retiring without a murmur, though we trust there is no General in the service who would not have been equally prompt in obedience to such a duty. But it is not only that he was at the head of such an army, so bound to him by that peculiar influence which he wields over all who become his followers; but he was on the eve of a battle long looked for and longed for. The enemy whom he had followed for hundreds of miles; the enemy by whose defeat the country for weeks had told him he might justify himself; the enemy who, with fire and sword, had made a State a desert, was at length before him, and about to be delivered to his bow and spear. In the temper of that army at whose head he stood, not merely a General but a beloved chief, he could have fanned the spark of mutiny—who can doubt it?—into the flame of rebellion, by a word. Was the word spoken? Was there even the thought of speaking it? Clearly not. "Soldiers!" he says, "I take leave of you. I regret to leave you sincerely. I deeply regret that I shall not have the honor to lead you to the victory you are about to win. We have grown up together, and I have become familiar with your brave and generous spirits. I thank you for your regard and confidence."

If there is in all this a shade of sadness, there is, much more, a tone of unbounded trust in the personal relations and the sense of duty that bound them together. For, he says, "Continue as you have begun, and give to my successor the same cordial and enthusiastic support with which you have encouraged me; emulate the splendid example which you have already before you, and let me remain, as I am, proud of the noble army which I have thus far labored to bring together." Measure these words by the temptation which the times, the circumstances, and the hour, would have been to common men, and they are simply noble and sublimely right. There was no temptation for him to trample under his feet, because it is in the character of the man to forget himself and remember his duty. He had no self-love, and no ambition to justify, but remembering that the enemy he had followed so far, was before him, and by his side an army whom his lightest word could sway, he bade them follow their appointed leader to victory, claiming only the right to share with them their triumph. There are not many instances in history of such entire abnegation.

Whatever, then, may be the result of the court-martial which we presume, will be accorded to Gen. Fremont, the praise, at least, is due him of being a man who can fall with dignity, and without losing, at the moment of a great and sudden trial, his keen sense of self-respect, and of his duty to his country. Whatever may be his faults as a General, if it shall be proved that he has any, the strength and the purity of his patriotism even the best among us may emulate. Even his enemies, who have expected, perhaps hoped, a different course of conduct in him, must, at last, give him credit, at least, for the integrity of his character and purposes.—*New York Tribune*.

FREMONT'S FAREWELL ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
SPRINGFIELD, MO., NOV. 2, 1861.

SOLDIERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI ARMY: Agreeably to orders received this day, I take leave of you. Although our army has been of sudden growth, we have grown up together, and I have become familiar with the brave and generous spirits which you bring to the defense of your country, and which makes me anticipate for you a brilliant career. Con-

tinued as you have begun, and give to my successor the same cordial and enthusiastic support with which you have encouraged me. Emulate the splendid example which you have already before you, and let me remain, as I am, proud of the noble army which I have thus far labored to bring together.

Soldiers, I regret to leave you sincerely. I thank you for the regard and confidence you have invariably shown me. I deeply regret that I shall not have the honor to lead you to the victory which you are just about to win, but I shall claim the right to share with you in the joy of every triumph, and trust always to be personally remembered by my companions in arms. JOHN C. FREMONT,
Major General.

RUSSIAN PERSECUTION IN POLAND.

Direct accounts from Warsaw confirm the telegraphic statements respecting the pitiless severity with which the Russian authorities punished the persons who took part in the Kosciuszko demonstration on the 15th ultimo. In spite of the prohibition of the police, the shops were closed throughout the city, numerous congregations assembled in the churches, and the streets were thronged. Parties of Cossacks cleared the streets by charging the people, and beating all whom they overtook with the flats of their swords and the staves of their lances. The churches were surrounded by soldiers, who arrested every man that came out; and as most of the persons in the congregations consequently refused to leave the churches, detachments of soldiers entered and carried off to prison all the men and lads whom they found. Those prisoners who were too old, too young, or too infirm for military service, were subsequently released; but the others, some 2,000 in number, are expected to be drafted into regiments quartered in distant provinces of the Russian Empire. Some 500 tradesmen were afterward fined 15 guineas each for the offense of closing their shops. Since the 15th the churches have been closed by order of the ecclesiastical authorities; and according to a Cracow telegram, the people gather round the church doors to pray.

The Russian Government is said to have given orders for the arrest of the most conspicuous young men of Warsaw, in order that they may be condemned for political offenses, and then incorporated in the Russian army. Latest dispatches say agitation in Warsaw was increasing.

Brief Items.

—The only newspaper in the Bohemian language published in the United States is the "Slavie," at Racine, Wis., edited by Frantz Mracek.

—Two or three instances of the perforation of lead by insects have recently been brought under the notice of French naturalists. In one case, as happened in the Crimea during the Russian war, the balls in several packets of cartridges had been rendered utterly useless.

—At the celebrated reformatory near Tours, France, it is the custom to photograph an orphan when he enters ragged, filthy, and miserable; and again when he leaves well clothed, clean, and happy. The contrast presented affords a good argument for the reformation of others.

—The mortality of London during the thirteen weeks ending September 28, amounted to 14,932; an increase of 2,000 deaths over the same period last year.

—An extraordinary power of memory is noted in a Scottish newspaper, in the case of a son of a farmer named Gordon, living at Renaton. This young man remembers everything, even to days and hours, repeats whole sermons, cites any passage from Scripture without missing a word, and does other wonderful things with his phenomenal organ of eventuality.

The Pope has acknowledged the gift of a quantity of St. Julien claret, said to be of a very fine quality, sent him by the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux. Inferior clergy may not partake of such luxuries; but his holiness is so much elated that he prays of Heaven to pour upon the Cardinal and his flock celestial gifts in abundance.

—The Boston Post remarks that this year proves that frost has no special agency in the autumn coloration of leaves. The ripening of the leaf has for a long time been explained by scientific men as a simple process of vegetable growth. As yet there has been no frost this year, but the foliage has assumed its wonted autumnal gorgeousness. It would seem to be proven that the scientific explanation is correct.

—A wretch in McGregor, Iowa, in a fit of passion seized his wife, stripped off her clothing, and held her upon the stove until her body was burnt to a crisp in places. He was fined \$100 for the deed! The wife's prayer for release from such an inhuman monster would, in Eastern courts, be denied on the ground that "What God has joined together, let not man put asunder."

—During nine months past 844 lives have been lost by falling from vessels at sea.

—A young man, seriously affected by the hard times, advertised in a late paper for a situation as son-in-law in some respectable family.

—The latest reports from Virginia represent the roads entirely impracticable for military purposes.

—Bishop Timon, of Buffalo, has addressed a letter to Christian women upon the subject of low-necked dresses, to which he makes strong objections.

—A Hartford paper says: "We once had the felicity to know a man who owned a Doctor of Divinity, and he was sold for three hundred dollars! Not that that is, by any fair quotation, the market price for all the virtues embodied in that doctorate, but his owner sold him 'as he ran.' And doctors of all sorts, as they run in Secession, are held at a very reasonable figure, for the very reason of their extra liability to run."

—A profitable whaling voyage is noticed in the New Bedford papers. The ship James Arnold arrived at that port on the 4th inst., from the South Pacific, having been absent since August 18, 1857, during which time she has taken 2,600 barrels of sperm oil, worth at the present low price nearly \$100,000.

—It is stated that the rebels have appointed a day of fasting and prayer. This we are glad to hear; but would it not answer a good purpose if they would appoint a day for paying their debts and returning stolen property?

—To-morrow is the day on which lazy people work and fools reform.

Attractive Miscellany.

"All things are engaged in writing their history—The air is full of sounds; the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures; and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

For the Herald of Progress.

Regina Lyle.

BY CLARA WENTWORTH.

CHAPTER V.

THE LEGEND OF THE PIRATE'S CAVE.

"Her lot is on you! silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sunless riches from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!"

[FELICIA HEMANS.]

I sat on "Look-out Rock," and read to Allan Graham the wild story of the pirate chieftain's bride. From the current old tradition I had taken the alleged facts, and had named the characters anew, and had given to the Lady Leonora a disposition kindred to my own—a proud, all-defying, but keenly sensitive spirit, that could dare all for love save the world's brand of dishonor and the soul's sense of unworthiness. Thus ran my tale:

From the first recollections of childhood, the eyes of the English-born Leonora had rested upon the vaunted beauties of the famed Italian land. Its olden spirit of poetry and song had spoken to her being, and entwined the warm young heart within its mystic folds; she was the beauty of the household, the pride and joy of the fair English mother and Italian father, the pet of her older sisters, Christina and Luella, and, from a child, the admired of all. Conscions of her own excellent loveliness, of the pride of station and the homage it evoked, Leonora was proud, self-willed, and capricious, yet gentle as the tamed gazelle to those she loved. Her queenly form, majestic and symmetrical as that of the fabled Diana, bore itself with a regal haughtiness; the dark eye flashed its bewildering splendor from beneath the veiling curtains of her midnight lashes; the rose and lily of her native clime were blended on the rounded cheek; and the small rosebud mouth could smile with tenderest grace, or curve with the most repellant disdain. Over her dazzling fair neck and shoulders streamed, in rich luxuriance, the jet-black curls that formed the crowning glory of that peerless maid—they were looped back from the pure white candid brow by strings of pearl, and by a circlet of glistening gems like to the diadems of that time. The costliest robes, the rarest veils, embroidered with the choicest devices, were hers; an atmosphere of luxury and abundance surrounded her from her birth. Stepping over the ground with the air of one born to command, Leonora cherished in her heart a wild and all-absorbing ambition for distinction, honor, worldly preferment. Her gentle mother checked, her proud father fostered these aspirations. Leonora dreamed of princes at her feet, of royal feasts at which she presided, of the homage of the multitude, the adoration of some hero-chieftain's heart, of wealth, and pomp, and power, the triumphs of beauty, and the delights of an exalted station.

But these ambitious dreams were rudely broken by the appearance of that summoning angel, whose cypress touch transforms life's blooming gardens to arid and desolate realms; the hand of disease was laid upon the stalwart frame of Leoni Montardo, and in the prime of life he departed, his fading lips vainly essaying to comfort the mourners assembled around his dying bed. His last words and last given blessing were for Leonora, his youngest and best beloved.

The death angel came not unattended; misfortune, in the guise of adversity, stood by his side, and beckoned to the stricken household. Thenceforth, relinquishing the position they had held among the noble and the influential of the city, they were compelled, at the mandate of stern necessity, to seek retirement and the sole consolations to be derived from the strict fulfillment of duty. The debts of the improvident husband and father were paid, and, with her daughters, Alice Montardo removed to a humble cottage many miles from the city. The new home was picturesque in the extreme; it was surrounded by the vine-climbed hills, and overlooked the blue sea, on whose mirrored surface the glorious sky of Italy was reflected. Mountains, woods, and fertile valleys, where the orange bloomed and the fig-tree flourished, quaint dwellings here and there, and lumbering foreign ships, and white-winged native skiffs, there met the eye; and Christina, the housewifely genius of the altered home, was delighted; the saintly Luella clasped her hands and uttered a prayer of thankfulness; the pensive mother sighed, yet was content; but Leonora chafed against her destiny, and brooded dreamily over the lost opportunities of her life.

She was but sixteen when her father died, and already half a dozen cavaliers had rendered homage to her beauty and offered her their hearts, their ancestral title, and their wealth. But, aspiring far beyond, she turned mockingly away, and with a scornful smile dismissed them all. Now, in her solitude, she sighed for the past pleasures of the city, and with the true filial tears of her sorrow, mingled the bitter drops of a proud heart's disappointment.

One incident of their departure from the city was deeply impressed on her memory, and from it she drew a fund of romantic conjecture

and extravagant hope. A youth, a son of an old-famed noble, called Hyronimo Baldini, had returned to her mother a costly service of plate and several articles of value that her father had forfeited as a debt to their house. He had urged their acceptance of that for which he declared he had no use or place, and most reluctantly Alice Montardo had accepted the gift; for the fame of the old nobleman was that of a reckless and unscrupulous personage, who was suspected of many secret crimes.

But Sartori, the son, was a youth of brave and open countenance, richly endowed with manly grace and comeliness, haughty of step and mein, yet gentle in speech and deferential of manner in the presence of female loveliness. With the air of a prince conferring a favor he spoke to the Senora Alice, but he bent the knee to the Lady Leonora with the humility of a lowly petitioner, and implored her to accept his humble offering.

She received it with a smile and graceful bend of the head, and Sartori Baldini left the house with a secret glow of exultation mingling with the fervor of his love.

"It's my turn now," he whispered to himself, as he passed along. "Circumstances have changed with them; the great and noble will no longer throng around her; her pride is subdued, she will be won—she will fly with me beyond the seas, and share my roving life when the time comes. She will not, she cannot resist her fate!"

And in the secluded home Leonora dreamt off of the love-worshipping glance of her young admirer, and longed for his presence. As for her former associates and wealthy suitors, they had forgotten her existence, and cared not to seek her in the lone retreat.

For some months young Leonora wept, and dreamed, and idled with the passing time; then to her ear was borne the charming refrain of a lover's song, and to its impassioned pleading she bent in lowly and pleased acknowledgment as the minstrel stood revealed to her delighted gaze. It was Sartori; and with stealthy steps she stole forth to meet him beneath the myrtle shades. His fascinating presence, musical speech, and loving flattery, soon won the unsuspecting heart; and though he promised the return of all the luxuries she had been accustomed to, though he spoke of treasures far transcending her most glowing dreams, she learnt to love him for himself alone; and a poetic nature and a loving, trusting heart, endowed him with all the godlike attributes that distinguish the just and good. They met often from the day when first his lute and voice awakened the slumbering echoes of the maiden's heart; but they met in secret, at early dawn or beneath the midnight stars, and the glorious eyes of Leonora were heavy with weeping; for her proud, but truly honorable soul, revolted at these clandestine meetings, and yet she dared not confide in her mother, nor tell the tale to her sisters' ears, for an insurmountable prejudice existed in their minds against Sartori and his father.

So the months sped on, and the lovers met occasionally, and the vow of Leonora was registered on high; and she turned from the pleadings of the honest vintner who sought her hand with all her former haughtiness and scorn. Within the year, Christina, sought more for the qualities of her heart and mind than for the graces of her person, became the wife of a neighboring landholder, and was restored to a portion of her former accustomed comforts. Luella, the heaven-devoted girl, whose foreboding visions were all of a home beyond the stars, faded slowly, with an unknown wasting that could not be called disease; for the same bright color flushed her cheek to the last, and the large blue eye was lighted up by a supernatural brilliancy that seemed to borrow splendor from some heaven-lit shrine. But the once elastic step grew feeble, and the transparent tracery of the veins shone through the pearly skin. Yet the flush and glow of life and youth were retained to the end.

A prophetic spirit seemed to possess her in her parting hour; for, kissing the weeping Christina, she said: "Yours will be a happy, uneventful life, and we shall meet above, dear sister." To her mother she spoke with filial tenderness, and the docile obedience that had ever characterized her, imploring her not to mourn her departure, and whispering in her ear:

"You will rejoice me soon, dear mother! Your breast shall be my home pillow in the paradise above, as it has been in this valley of tribulation. The Holy Mother and the blessed angels guard you!"

To Leonora, dissolved in sorrow at her side, she said: "There are thorns in thy path, beloved!—a sorrowful error—a cruel awakening—a distant rocky coast—and there—release and victory! But we shall all meet above!" and with her calm eyes fixed upon the sunset skies, her spirit winged its flight to the eternal realms.

She was buried according to the rites of her church, and above her myrtle and rose-decked grave, Leonora wept often with a sadly-foreboding heart; and the pale mother thither dragged her weary limbs to pray, while Christina twined around the simple mound the choicest flowers of that abundant clime.

Filled with the inspiration of the higher life, and devoted from her childhood to the self-ordained service of heaven, Luella had penned the following lines shortly before the summoning angel of the better life had called her hence:

River of Beauty! strangely, swiftly flowing,
On to the haven of eternal rest,
With love divine imbued, thy mystic summons
Thrill with deep joy this weary, longing breast!

River of Peace! the life-bark hither winging
Is decked with floral triumph signs for me;
O'er the gold-tintured waves, at morn and even,
Float the refrains of immortality!

River of Joy! with eyes and hands uplifted,
In earnest trust and all-confiding love,
The child, with eager spirit long expectant,
Listens to the Father's summons from above!

River of Life! no threatening storm-clouds darken
The azure splendors of thy rapid flow;
Flowers in my pathway, palm and myrtle waving—
With low-breathed music to thy realm I go!

Weep not for me! but sing in joy and gladness;
Soon I shall pass the gold and azure tide,
And worship where revealed his glory lingers,
The spirits of the Beautiful abide!

No tears for me! smiles for the new Immortal!
Touch the light lute and sing my favorite strain;
Soon past the turmoil of life's weary journey,
Beloved of earth! we all shall meet again!

River of Death! all hail! my heart is throbbing,
Wildly exultant with its freedom's bliss;
From the star-fanes of yonder world of glory
My soul shall turn to the beloved in this,

And whisper often to the heart of sorrow,
And chase the gloom-cloud from the brow of care.

And waft its peace-spell from yon courts of beauty,
A loving memory and a hallowed prayer!

Fast flows the stream! my very feet 'tis laving!
The bark is nearing, the calm angel smiles
And beckons onward, where the star-worlds
Glisten,
And rise the music-haunted spirit isles.

I go—that strain, entrancing, sweet, and clear,
Is my soul summons from the angel sphere.

Six months longer, and Alice Montardo lay upon her dying bed, and with her failing strength, with the last effort of her motherly solicitude, she warned the innocent Leonora against the wiles of designing man. "Beware of the Baldinis," she said, for she had read her daughter's secret, and with tears and sobs the infatuated girl had confessed her love and her inability to conquer its resistless power. "My blessing upon you wherever you go, whatever you do, my child," whispered the mother, feebly; "but strange stories are afloat concerning this race; it is said their title of nobility cannot be proved—they even style themselves simply 'the Baldini.' It is said—but I will not mention what, after all, may be mere hearsay; but oh, my child! look well before you take the final step! your mother pleads with you for your own happiness; oh, strive by prayer to invoke the assistance of God's mighty angels, that you may be saved from sin and sorrow!"

Tender and solemnly impressive were her words, uttered by the dying voice, and they smote the heart of Leonora with a swift, strong pang. That night her mother died, and the orphan's tears were kissed from the grief-weighted eyelids by a sister's lips, and Christina urged her removal to her own happy home; but Leonora persisted in remaining, and with a strange woe and terror clung to the home in which she had endured so much.

The broken heart of the mother was placed beside the flower-covered resting-place of Luella, and the grave strewn with choicest leaves and blossoms, and watered by the pious tears of Christina. Her other child visited the sacred spot but once; then, securing herself from all intrusion, she passed the first weeks of her bereavement in utter solitude; then, of her own accord, she paid a visit to her sister, and bade her farewell with a choking voice, and kissed her for the last time. When next Christina called at the vine-embowered cottage, she found it closed and deserted, and the people in the village told her that the Lady Leonora had gone to the city with a gayly-attired young cavalier, who had come to claim her for his own.

The faithful sister heard of a hasty but splendid bridal; of the sudden death of old Hyronimo Baldini, and of the departure of the newly married couple for distant lands. In vain Christina hoped and waited for news of the beloved one—the tidings never came; and to the day of her death she remained in ignorance of Leonora's fate. Her own life passed on in domestic blessedness, undimmed by one cloud of sorrow; her children lived and thrived; her sons were valiant and brave; her daughters beautiful and good; and hers was the tottering step, the whitened hair of extreme old age before the summoner came and bade her follow, and she was tenderly beloved unto the last.

Laying aside the insignias of mourning at the command of love, Leonora stood at the altar with Sartori, a radiant, hopeful bride. In that hour of her triumph and bliss, not a thought, even, of her who reposed in the village churchyard, came to disturb the happy current of her thoughts. All enraptured in the joy-promise of the present, reposing on the truth of him she loved and honored, Leonora breathed the sacred marriage vow, and took upon herself its fearful responsibilities. Attired, according to the fashion of the times, in gleaming cloth of gold and virginal white, with precious stones and ocean pearls glistening in her bridal diadem, and flashing from her neck and arms, her streaming locks bound up with diamond and with ruby sprays, the long gold-embroidered veil reaching to her very feet, Leonora looked and moved a queen; and with her conscious love there mingled a feeling of earthly triumph—a sense as of a position won, an exalted station attained. But a dark cloud overspread even this dawning hour of her happiness. A messenger arrived in haste from the Baldini palace, just as the priest had given to the newly-wedded his parting benediction, and he brought tidings of the sudden death of Hyronimo Baldini. With a loud, despairing cry, Sartori caught his wife to his bosom, and wept, in utter abandonment of grief. She, too, commiserating his stormy woe, and sharing his filial regret, wept with

him, and essayed the gentlest means of consolation.

"I must look upon his face! I must see him once, once more!" he cried, and throwing a mantle around the shivering form of Leonora, and vailing her face from the gaze of the curious, he hurried with her from the church.

They found the dead man already laid out on his bed of state. With a shudder and a moan, the young wife turned from the distorted countenance, the somber hangings, and the flickering tapers, to the pale, care-embossed face of her husband. He seemed oblivious of her presence, so absorbed was he in grief; and Leonora, casting herself upon her knees, prayed fervently for the soul of the departed, and mourned afresh for the beloved mother whose remembrance rushed upon her with all the poignancy of a begun remorse. From that chamber of death she was borne half fainting by the hushed and wondering attendants, and Sartori passed the night in vigil by his father's bier.

A pompous funeral followed the inauspicious wedding, and on the third day after the burial, Sartori, with his weeping bride, embarked for a distant shore.

For a year or more they wandered, sailing hither and thither, and resting awhile in cities, or lingering in the beautiful country; but on the heart of Leonora Baldini, lay oppressive shadows, and a great fear banished peace and enjoyment from her path. There was that in the manner of her husband which inspired her with a vague dread, with suspicions too terrible for utterance; for he muttered strange things in his sleep, and his wealth seemed drawn from mysterious sources. His extravagant love of display was boundless, yet was it ever supplied; gold and silver, and gems that might have decked a royal crown, were at his command; and servants ever willing to obey, waited upon them both. Sartori was sometimes away for weeks, and when he returned, his face denoted a savage joy: a deep exultant triumph sparkled in his dark gray eye, and he showered upon Leonora, caresses and treasures; but he never permitted her curiosity to gain an insight to his guarded secrets. That he kept from her knowledge things of weighty import she knew; to find that the mystery surrounding him concealed no wrong was the fervent prayer of her life.

But as time sped on, he grew moody and restless; the desire for change pursued him constantly, and in vain Leonora pleaded for a return to the beloved Italy. "Never! never!" Sartori said, emphatically, and she, having learnt to fear him in his sullen hours, dared not repeat her timid request. They visited the land of her birth, but no associations of the past arose to welcome her.

Over distant seas, through foreign lands they journeyed; he with the darkly plotting soul; she, with the yearning, homesick heart.

It was while the soil, now trodden by the free-born sons of America, was in the power of its first British rulers; while yet the Indian roamed in these forests, his rightful home, and the now populous cities were mere scattered villages, that rumors were rife in this vicinity of a band of pirates that infested these waters, and who were said to have their stronghold in the "Pirate's Glen;" in the cave said to have been formed there by the hand of Nature. There, it was believed, these marauders of the seas concealed their ill-gotten booty; and there they held their subterranean revels whenever the men and their chieftain met. The superstitious inhabitants shrank from all explorations of the unhallowed place, for they deemed it haunted by the spirits of the slain, as well as visited by the grim living pirates. Vessels sailing past the "Glen" offered up a prayer of thanksgiving when they had safely passed the dreaded site.

One fearfully stormy night, while the Equinoctial raged in all its fury, a ship was drifted by the winds and waves towards the gloomy "Glen," and the rocky ledge defending it. The blinding flashes of the lightning revealed the dismantled ship, with the terror-blinded faces of her crew, as she hurried on to what seemed inevitable destruction. The riven thunder-clouds hung low in shattered masses; the cold rain poured in torrents; and the cruel North-east wind shrieked the storm fends' gladness over the departed summer joys.

In the sumptuously furnished cabin a lady lay, pale, almost bereft of life, while overhead the tramp of many feet, the half-heard stentorian tones of the commander, drowned in the whirling rush of waves and the shrieking madness of the gale, told of danger imminent and pressing.

Leonora lay with closed eyes in an agony of terror; remorse was tugging at her heart-strings; she had disobeyed a mother's sacred wish; she had turned from home and kindred with ungrateful spirit, and now the insatiate waves cried hoarsely, "Come!" and the voices of the tempest called. "Oh home, home!" she whispered, and the briny tear-drops flowed adown the pallid cheek, and sparkled on the gemmed mockery of her costly robe.

A soft touch on her arm, and she opened wide her eyes, to behold Sartori bending over her with a look of renewed affection and an expression of deep compassion.

"My husband!" she cried, "oh, must we die? will the treacherous sea engulf us?"

He smiled bitterly, as he replied: "I almost wish it might; but we shall come to shore safely. I have a skillful pilot, and already the worst fury of the storm is spent. But arouse your courage, Leonora, for you must go ashore this night, and you must brace yourself to behold as storm-lashed a sea as you ever gazed upon, and to look upon scenery far different from what your eyes have been accustomed to."

The color had returned to her cheek, and a ray of hopeful light to her eye. Throwing

back the dishevelled tresses, with their glistening chains and loops of pearl, she looked into her husband's face and smiled. A tender pity and a great resolve seemed struggling in his breast; he took her hand and said, earnestly: "Leonora, if you have not questioned, you have yet borne in your thoughts a desire, which I am about to fulfill, let the consequences be what they may. You would know who and what I really am; to-morrow you shall be gratified; there shall be no more mystery and reserve between us; as my wedded wife you should know all. To-morrow the curtain shall be uplifted that has enshrouded my life to your sight. But mind, Leonora, summon up your courage, all your woman's bravery, all your religious fortitude; for that which I have to say will startle you, perhaps alienate you from me forever."

She had paused again to the color of her snowy kerchief, but, with fond eyes uplifted in devoted love and trust, she said, "Be it what it may, I shall not cease to love you."

He uttered a fervent blessing on her name, and, wrapping her carefully in a mantle, he placed her again on the couch and returned to the deck. In the course of an hour, during which time the storm had abated considerably, the damaged ship came to an anchorage, and the Lady Leonora, carefully screened from the yet falling rain and biting wind, was lowered to the boat by the strong arms of Sartori, and with their stalwart crew they rowed ashore, in the face of the still dangerously rolling sea.

It was a fainting form that was borne alternately in the arms of Sartori and those of his confidential mate; for the dread and the exposure to the elements had been too much for that frail and sensitive frame. All unconscious of the rocky winding path, of the almost impenetrable depth of the pine forest they traversed, Leonora was borne to the Pirate's Cave, and when she awoke to consciousness she gazed around her in wonder, deeming herself enwrapped in a dream of Eastern enchantment.

She found herself in a large apartment, gorgeously decorated with the costliest offerings of all lands, and lighted by a lamp of silver. The floor was inlaid with marble of varied hues, with rare and precious mosaics. The walls were hung with tapestry of richest coloring, and divans of rose-colored and azure silk were luxuriously disposed around. Rare mirrors, of the elaborate fashions of those times, reflected the profusion of silken hangings, gold and ivory images, pearl-inlaid and diamond-studded caskets, wherewith that room abounded. Leonora reclined upon a couch of ebony, covered with rose-hued silk, on which embroidered flowers and leaves gleamed with all the borrowed tints of nature. Strange birds were there in carved and gilded cages, and flowers, fashioned by the hand of art, and endowed with their own sweet perfume, greeted the weary sea-wanderer with the remembered thrill of long-past joys; for flowers, mute teaching angels, are the remembrances of joy and pain. These imitations of the forest and the garden uprose from vases of silver and porcelain; and in the further end of the vast room there stood a table with a banquet ready spread, and by its side a merry wood fire sent aloft its ruddy gleams and diffused a genial warmth. Before the lady's couch was spread a rug of leopard skins, and the chair to which her husband led her was cushioned with the softest down. She took her seat beside him at the table in utter bewilderment, having first changed her partially wet garments, and arranged her disordered locks. At his shrill whistle, from a side-door, before unseen, came in the crew of the "Leonora," then a strange face appeared, another and another, until there was a dense gathering in that part of the spacious apartment. They were all clad in a foreign and becoming garb, something between a soldier and a sailor's costume, and they wore jaunty coverings of red, twined turban-fashion around their heads. All were armed, and some looked ferocious, and Leonora quailed and trembled as she gazed upon them, and unconsciously averted her eyes from their rude and astonished glances.

"This is your lady—my wife Leonora; make your obeisance, my men!" spoke, in a tone of command she had never heard before, the loud, resonant voice of Sartori.

She started as she heard him speak, and was silent from excess of amazement as each sullen, scarred, or pleasantly-smoothed brow was bent before her, and their voices said, in thundering accord, "Welcome to the Pirate's Cave! welcome to the Pirate's Glen, my lady!" She could not smile nor move a muscle in reply; she stood there like a statue, petrified with horror and surprise. Who were these men? What were her husband's relations with them? Where was she? Was it all a mocking fever fantasy? and what did the boding strokes of her feebly beating heart foretell? She grasped Sartori's arm, and whispered with blanched cheek and wandering eye, "Tell me, for mercy's sake—"

"To-morrow—not until to-morrow! If you ever loved me, Leonora, if you love me still, bear with me until then; compose yourself, I entreat you; these men are my faithful followers, they would lay down their lives for you. Leonora, I beseech, nay, I command you! bid them welcome, seat yourself, and smile!"

Still, with a puzzled look, but accustomed ever to obey his harsher as well as his more loving demands, she complied, and bade the men be welcomed, with a pensive smile. As many as could be seated took their places round the board, and the brimming wine-cup was passed, the well-prepared food was eaten, and Sartori chatted gayly with the strangers that had entered, and told of their narrow escape from the storm. But Leonora could not

taste of food, and she recoiled from the proffered cup. Soon, with another deep obeisance, these unwelcome guests departed, and those who had not eaten with their host, gathered up the remnants of the feast and departed, bowing low before the lady. Overcome with fatigue and excitement, she slept at last, and the silver lamp, suspended from the ceiling, cast on her care-worn face its shaded light. She slept long after the sun had risen and her husband had gone forth. So bewildered by the occurrences of the past night was her brain, that she remembered not where she was, nor that Sartori had carried her into an inner chamber and placed her on a couch of leopard skins. Learning on her elbow, she looked around; a ray of blessed sunlight illumined every costly object in the room. Gold, silver, precious stones, gleamed around her; but her heart was heavy and her frame was very weak, and, thinking of her lost mother's warnings, of the sainted sister in the Edenland, of dear Christina, home, and humble friends, the wretched lady wept, wept long and bitterly in the utter overthrow of her regnant self-control, borne away by the stormy waves of a sorrow whose depth she had not yet fathomed, and from whose entire revelation she shrank with a fear unspeakable.

She arose and knelt awhile in prayer, then attired herself and twined the customary chaplet of pearl amid the raven darkness of her flowing curls. In his beloved colors of crimson and white, she arrayed herself, and drawing her dark mantle around her, and throwing a thick veil over her head, she sought for the pathway leading to the upper air. She found it easily—a narrow, winding stairs, part of stone hewn in the solid rock, and partly formed of wood. As she gained the entrance, and stepped upon the overhanging rock, the scene that met her eye called from her enthusiastic love of the beautiful an exclamation of delight and wonder.

A summer balminess of air, and a fragrance born of the forest and the sea, was wafted to her reviving sense; the blue sky was without cloud or sign of the past night's tempest passing, the waves yet beat in unrest on the sanded shore, but it was in the utter exhaustion of their power; the sun was dazzlingly bright, and over the pools and lakelets, bounded by green fields and skirted by the solemn woods, brooded the melancholy charm of silence and of peace. The dark, untrodden forest, was embellished by the artist hand of Nature's coloring, the maples glowed in crimson and in golden farewell robes, the oak was clad in russet brown, the chestnut wore its deepest garb of green, and gay autumnal flowers upreared their hardy fronts in purple and in scarlet, in orange and in vivid blue. There the humble villages dotted the sea-shore, and tangled sea-weed and shells, cast there at the storm king's mandate, lined the way. Afar, the main road was visible, and over it the laborer and the fisherman was wending his inland path. Dimly seen, were the towers and church-spires of the distant city, and the islands blooming in that Northern sea. Nearer by, the lighthouse and the outer ledge of rocks, the hills looming hazily in the distance, and the mystic horizon line gleaming clear and defined in the unclouded azure like the believer's trust of heaven—the boundary line of faith and knowledge drawn by angels on the soul of man!

Leonora gazed, and her heart grew calm and prayerful, and her strength returned. Just then she saw him approach for whose coming she longed, and her eyes filled with tears, and her hands were outstretched towards him in tenderest entreaty. As she looked upon him, her spirits sank, and the great, vague fear returned with a redoubled force; for his brow was gloomy, and his lip sternly compressed.

"Leonora," he began, in a husky voice, "the time has come for me to prove the endurance of your love; to know whether you regard the world's opinion as paramount, or whether, at all hazards, you can love me still. The men you saw around me last night, and whom you shrank from in such unconcealed disgust, have been for some years the associates of my life; they are brave men and true, and I am their chosen leader, as was my father before me. Nay, do not start and tremble, Leonora; my father bore a double character in the world—a nobleman, courted and wealthy at home, he was abroad, what I am now in his stead—a pirate of the seas!"

A loud, piercing scream burst from the white lips of the affrighted wife, and she burst from his encircling clasp, and cast upon him a look of unutterable loathing, before which, strong man as he was, he recoiled with an exclamation of surprise.

"Oh, my mother! my mother!" cried the unhappy Leonora, "for this I left my home! for this I scorned your timely warnings! Oh, I am punished—punished severely! Yet do I deserve it all!"

The first grief of this wretched young creature was terrible to witness; the first shock of such an announcement was overwhelming to her brain and heart. With frenzied looks she rushed hither and thither, blindly seeking for escape from the misery of her fate; she tore her flowing locks, and cast to earth the gems and pearls that bound them. A glimpse of her splendidly attired figure, and the sound of the frantic cries she uttered, must have reached the eyes and ears of some chance passer-by—for the tradition is current to this day of a phantom lady, gorgeously arrayed, who, from the high rock guarding the Pirate's Cave, waved aloft her snow-white arms, and with unbound hair and thrilling cries, called upon great heaven for deliverance.

Exhausted by the violence of her emotions, Leonora lay half fainting on her knees; and, struggling with alternate anger and pity, Sartori bent above her, vainly striving to calm

the agitation that shook her slender form, and choked her voice in sobs.

"Listen to me, Leonora," he pleaded; "on my house have been heaped the greatest injuries that man can inflict on man; we have been pursued, hunted, unjustly driven to the death! My father formed his vow of revenge, and well he kept it! On that humanity that has wronged us so cruelly we have been fully avenged! Young as I am, I have known the glory of the conqueror, as I trod my selfish, long-exultant foes beneath my feet! Two beings, of all this earth, have claimed my love,—my father and yourself, Leonora. Will you, too, turn from me, because according to the world's code I am not innocent of crime? Because this hand—"

"Is stained with the blood of the innocent! Oh, monster! demoniac deceiver!" cried Leonora, rising and confronting him with flushing cheeks, and eyes that glittered like newborn suns. "Was it for this you lured an innocent girl from her filial and sisterly duties?—for this you kept me in ignorance so long? And you think, now that the veil is uplifted, to cover the atrocity of your crimes against God and man, by the plea of revenge? Sartori—or whatever your dreaded name may be,—revenge is the attribute of a demon—never of a Christian and a true, brave spirit. And would you doom me to this life of bloodshed?—to companionship with your vile band, a witness to your manifold—"

"Hold, hold! Leonora, I can bear no more! This from you, whom I deemed docile as the lamb!"—he cried, with livid face, and lip that quivered with yet restrained passion.

"You have infused into my soul a portion of your demon spirit!" she wildly made reply. "While you were worthy, noble, blameless, while my cheating fancy fondly deemed you so, I loved you. Now—"

She paused, and pressed both hands to her strangely throbbing heart.

"And now, Leonora, you hate and detest me!" he said, and his hand played nervously with the hilt of his dagger.

There was a sudden revulsion of feeling in the soul of Leonora; then a bright illumination from heaven rested upon the darkness of her lot, and an angel pointed the way. She threw herself upon her knees before her husband, and all the olden music vibrated in her sorrowfully pleading tones: "Forgive me!" she cried, with streaming tears and hands clasped in all the fervor of her supplication—"forgive my harsh words, for I was mad just now! The terrible revelation that so suddenly overcame me has crazed my brain! I was prepared—but not for this. Oh, Sartori, for the love of him who died forgiving his enemies! by the remembrance of your mother! by your innocent days of childhood! by all that man holds sacred, and dear heaven holy, I implore you—"

And her voice died away in a low, wild wail, at which, involuntarily, he shuddered.

"What would you have me do?" he faltered.

"Renounce at once this life of crime and horror! dismiss those unscrupulous robbers—your associates; return to innocence, to God, to the world, by repentance and a better life," she said, with solemn impressiveness, still on her knees before him.

"It is impossible, Leonora!" he replied.

"I am bound by oath, and no earthly power can release me from it. But this I promise—I will never again take life—"

"But you will stand by and witness it," said Leonora, with a heart-breaking sigh. "Oh, Sartori, think of the future! of God! of the unfailing retribution! See, already remorse is stealing all the life-hues from your face; your sleep is troubled, and your eye beholds accusing shadows everywhere; oh, for the love of God! do not cast aside my warning! Human justice will track your foot prints, and a shameful, a horrible death awaits you! Oh, come home—home to honor, innocence, repentance! to the bosom of the eternal forgiveness! Sartori, shall I plead in vain?"

"And you, Leonora, will you still love me?"

"My heart is cold; it is cold and stone-dead," she answered, with a weary, self-pitying glance. "It makes no reply to your question. Oh, Sartori!" and she shivered "neath the noon-day beams as with an ague-fit, "your hand is stained with blood! Never more can I clasp it with a wifely trust. See, the phantoms of those your crew—yourself—have murdered, rise around me and wave me from your side! But I will pray for you; my life henceforth shall be dedicated to the service of Heaven, as was my pure Luella's. Take me to Italy—take me to my home! I will bear the weary transit, all the dangers, without a murmur. Take me home to die, Sartori!"

She was the only being that ever exercised a gentle and benignant influence over that early hardened soul. But as she spoke of the negation of her love, of the cold and isolated future she marked out for him, rage and disappointment usurped the place of his ardent affection; he had looked for sorrow and tears, to be followed by a loving submission; he had not dreamt of the holy strength of principle, the guiding, saving power within that weak woman's heart! He saw her changed, as it were, by the passing of years, estranged for ever; and as he noted the gleam of determination in her eye, the fixed resolve of the marble countenance, he felt that to hope was in vain. That frail reed could not be bent at his will; it was sustained by a diviner power.

Giving way to his ungoverned impulses, he burst into imprecations and threats, to which she listened unmoved, and without one sign of fear. Even when he brandished the glittering steel before her eyes, she trembled not, but cast upon him a steadfast, accusing look, in which lurked a faint shadow of bitter scorn.

Exasperated beyond control, he plunged the dagger into her breast, and she fell without a moan, bleeding at his feet. Then realizing what he had done, he threw himself on the ground beside her, lifted her in his arms, and wildly prayed her to forgive him—to live for him—to ever be his own—his beautiful Leonora. She still breathed, though a crimson stream flowed from the dagger-wound over her gorgeous drapery; her eyes were closed, and her face had the hue of death. He tried to staunch the oozing blood; he pressed her to his heart, and called upon her with fondest caresses and the most endearing epithets; his strong frame was shaken, and his eyes streamed with tears in the anguish of remorseful love. "Oh, Leonora!" he cried, "my bride, my darling, my angel! Live!—live for me! I will take you to Italy—we will see the sunny skies you love, and breathe the balmy air—I will cherish you tenderly! Oh, forgive, forgive me! Live, my precious bride, and we will yet be happy!"

Slowly she opened her dying eyes and fixed them sorrowfully upon him. All the tenderness of her youthful love was mirrored in their depth, and their silent language was that of compassion, forgiveness, and entreaty. He put forth his hand, and she took it fondly. "One moment, Sartori," she whispered; and as he bent down, she kissed him lovingly, as of yore, on brow, and cheek, and mouth. "I forgive thee, dearest. I am going home; but, oh! my husband—"

The words died upon her livid lips—her head fell back—her features relaxed—she was dead!

With the strength of one insane he lifted her lifeless form as if it had been that of an infant, and bore it to the cave. There, in the solitude of that rocky retreat, with the pallid form of his beautiful, lost, murdered Leonora stretched on the couch before him, he gave way to the violence of his remorseful grief. How that hardened transgressor wept and raved in his impotent despair, how he prayed on bended knee for her forgiveness, it is not in the power of language to portray. Yet when the night shadows fell around him, and he arose and lit the lamp, and gazed once more upon the still and happy face, he gathered calmness to compose the beloved and silent form for its last resting-place. There, on the rose-colored couch, beneath the hanging draperies of amber and white silk, lay the sweet lady, pale, peaceful, regally attired; her black hair bound with pearls and glistening with gems; the white hands folded meekly over the troubled bosom now at rest. Then Sartori once more bent over her and covered with kisses her clay-cold lips; once more struck to his agonized heart the realization that the long lashes drooped over eyes whose love-beams no more should gladden his dark life—that the repose, the calm beauty, was that of death—death by his own right hand!

She was buried 'neath the green autumnal sod, close by the overhanging rock, and in sight of the cave that held the pirate's untold treasures. In her quelled array, with the flashing gems within her hair, and gleaming from her arms and bosom, she was laid to rest by the rude hands she shrank from in life. At this day the spot is marked by a young cedar tree; and all around the grave of the ill-fated Leonora blooms with the fragrance, charm, and poetry of her young and innocent life, ere she had incurred the penalty of disobedience, and known the fiery ordeal of sorrow. 'Tis said she haunts the spot, but that she comes in blessing now, and that, in a better life, reunited to all she loves, she is a bright and beautiful spirit, endowed with choicest heavenly gifts.

Sartori, or Claude, or Harris—is for he varied his name as he journeyed—it is said, continued his nefarious career; and after the death of Leonora, pursued a more heartless, reckless course than ever. Many of his crew were taken by the king's cruisers in these very waters; but Sartori escaped, though it was believed that many years afterwards he paid the penalty of his crimes on English ground. Tradition says that the cave remained in the sole possession of one remaining pirate, who lived as a quiet, hard-working man in the nearest village, occasionally visiting his hiding-place and gloating over its concealed magnificence. It was said that the cave contained treasure sufficient for the ransom of a monarchy, and it was while engrossed in their contemplation, on the fatal day of the great earthquake, that this sole survivor of the pirate-crew lost his life. By the upheaval of the rocks around, the mouth of the cave was closed, and he, the unfortunate Tom Veldon, was in its gorgeous chambers when the catastrophe took place. Its closed mysteries have never again been revealed; its treasures lie in the safe keeping of mother earth; and the good man toiling there, perhaps for a mere chimera, has, by dint of incessant hard labor, formed a cave by the excavation of a portion of the flinty rock. Whether it will ever lead to the real cave, to the finding of the pirate's treasure, is for time alone to determine.

I have written of two centuries ago, substituting for their ancient address the manner and the language of to-day. Then, as now, was woman's heart both weak and strong. At that remote period, rapine, cruelty, deception, and injustice, existed as now; and as in our time, truth and goodness gained the victory, even in death. Now and ever will the violation of God's sacred laws be punished; now and forever the prayer of the anguish-stricken heart be heard. Such is the "Legend of the Pirate's Cave."

(To be Continued.)

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Deeply though thy heart is shaken,
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Though the tenderest earth-ties bound thee,
Though thy young heart-hopes are risen,
Still enshrining love binds o'er thee,
Purely wedding thee in heaven.

She, thy loved one, still bends o'er thee,
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Dry thy tears, I fain would lead thee
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MARY DUZENDY.

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: From Northampton, Ohio, October 24, AMANDA, daughter of Harlow and Mary Smith, aged five years and eight months. She was a beautiful flower, just blooming in the garden of Humanity; but the earth-clime was too cold for her sensitive spirit, and the angels took her home—transplanted her to the Paradise above. Funeral discourse was given by the writer on the Sunday following. Her parents are Spiritualists, and enjoy the conscious faith of spirit presence. To them their darling has only gone before to welcome them when their earth-life is done, and make a heart's home for them full of love in the bowers of the summer land. S. P. LELAND.

Of Writers and Speakers.

"Our Philosophy is affirmative, and readily accepts testimony of negative facts, as every shadow points to the sun. . . . No man need be deceived. . . . When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens."

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will answer calls to lecture, addressed 1905 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Scott Hatch speaks at Dordrecht's Hall, 806 Broadway, morning and evening.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson may be addressed, till further notice, Hammon, N. Y.

Mrs. Frances Lord Bond will respond to calls to lecture, addressed box 878, Cleveland, O.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe may be addressed, till further notice, at Sturgis, Mich.

Mrs. M. J. Katz will answer calls to lecture addressed Laphamsville, Kent Co., Mich.

Mrs. J. A. Banks will answer calls to lecture, addressed Newtown, Conn.

Geo. M. Jackson, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at Prattburgh, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Mrs. M. B. Kenney will make engagements for lecturing. Address Lawrence, Mass.

James Cooper, M. D., will respond to invitations to speak, addressed Bellefontaine, Logan Co., O.

J. H. W. Tooley will lecture on Temperament, Physiology and Phenology. Address Penn Yan, N. Y.

J. H. Randall will respond to calls to lecture, at the East, addressed Northfield, Mass.

Dr. H. F. Gardner may be addressed, 46 Essex Street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will not visit the west this season, but will answer calls to lecture in the Eastern States. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. S. L. Chappell, Inspirational Speaker, will receive invitations to lecture, addressed Hastings, Oswego Co., N. Y.

H. B. Storer, Inspirational speaker, will accept invitations to lecture in the Eastern States during the fall, if addressed, New Haven, Conn., box 612.

E. Whipple will lecture on Geology and Philosophical Spiritualism, this fall and winter. Address Sturgis, Mich.

Frank Chase, Impressionist Medium, will answer calls to lecture on Politics and Religion. Address Sutton, N. H.

Herman Snow, formerly Unitarian minister, will address Spiritualists and friends of Progress not too remote from his residence, Rockford, Ill.

Rev. M. Taylor speaks every other Sunday, at Stockton, Me., once in two months at Troy, Me., and will answer calls for other days.

Rev. J. D. Lawyer will attend to any invitations to deliver six or more lectures on Doctrinal Christianity, directed to Oxsackie, N. Y.

Mrs. A. F. Patterson (formerly A. F. Pease), will respond to calls to lecture. Residence, Springfield, Ill.

W. K. Ripley speaks in Bradford, Me., each alternate Sunday; every fourth Sunday at Glenfern and Kenduskeag.

William Denton has closed his labors in the mineral regions of the West, and will spend the winter in the Eastern States and Canada. Address Painesville, O.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller will receive calls to lecture in Northern Ohio and Michigan next winter; also attend on funeral occasions, if required. Permanent address, Conneaut, Ohio, care Asa Hickox.

Miss De Force can be addressed in December, at Cambridgeport, Mass.; February, Philadelphia, Pa.; March, Omaha, N. Y.; April, Lyons, Mich.; May, Milwaukee, Wis.; through the remainder of 1892 at La Crosse, Wis.

G. B. Stebbins will speak in Springfield, Mass., Dec. 8 and 15; Portland, Me., in January. Address for engagements in Massachusetts through December, at Rochester, N. Y., till Dec. 5. After, care Bela Marsh, Boston.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Taunton, Mass., in November; in Sutton and Milford, N. H., Lowell and Portland, Me., up to December. For week night lectures, or Sundays of next year, address care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

E. Case, Jr., may be addressed care Mrs. James Lawrence, Cleveland, or at Florida, Ellendale Co., Mich., for engagements this winter in the West. Mr. Case opens his lectures with appropriate songs.

Lee Miller will speak in Summerville, Conn., November 17 and 24. Mr. M. will answer calls to lecture week evenings. Address Hartford, Conn., or as above.

William Bailey Foster, M. D., will lecture on Scientific Spiritualism in Western New York and Northern Ohio until spring. Address care of C. S. Hoag, Medina, N. Y.

F. L. Wadsworth will lecture in Battle Creek, Mich., every Sunday until further notice; in Providence, R. I., four Sundays of May, 1892; Taunton, Mass., first two Sundays of June; Marblehead, Mass., three last. Address accordingly. He will answer calls to lecture in New England during the summer of 1892.

Strangers' Guide

AND
N. Y. CITY DIRECTORY

Prepared expressly for this Journal.

Those who visit the metropolis during the pleasant season are often at a loss how or where to obtain information which will guide them to the various points of attraction found in and near so large and wealthy a city. It is to meet this demand that we have expended the labor necessary to gather and condense the information here appended, and which we trust may prove a valuable "guide-board" to those of our readers who visit the city, and useful also to citizens for reference.

Any of our friends in possession of useful data not here given will confer a favor by supplying it.

PARKS AND PUBLIC SQUARES.

Battery, with Castle Garden, lower end of Broadway. Bowling Green, entrance of Broadway, near Battery. The Park, opposite Broadway from Nos. 229 to 271. St. John's Park, bet. Light, Varick and Hudson Sts. Washington Sq., west of Broadway, bet. 4th & 8th Sts. Union Square, Broadway, from No. 860 to 17th Street. Gramercy Park, bet. 20th & 21st Sts. and 3d & 4th avs. Stuyvesant Park, 2d av. bet. 15th and 17th Sts. Tompkins Sq., bet. Aves. A and B and 7th and 10th Sts. Madison Sq., junction Broadway & 5th av. and 23d St. Central Park, 5th to 8th avs., and 59th to 110th Sts. Reached by 34, 4th, 6th, or 8th Av. horse cars—most conveniently by the 6th and 8th, which leave head of Canal St., cor. Broadway, and also head of Barclay St., cor. Broadway, adjoining Astor House, every 3 minutes; fare 5 cents.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Merchants' Exchange, Wall St.
Custom House, Wall St.
City Hall and Court Houses, in the Park.
Post-office, Nassau, Cedar, and Liberty Sts.
The Tombs, Centre, Franklin, and Leonard Sts.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Astor Lib. Lafayette Pl. bet. Astor Pl. & St. Jones St.
Woolen's Library, University Bldg. Washington Sq.
Cooper Union, bet. 7th and 8th Sts. and 3d and 4th avs.
Mercantile Library Association, Astor Pl. nr Broadway.
N. Y. Society Library, University Pl. nr 12th St.

HOTELS.

Astor House, Broadway, fronting the Park.
St. Nicholas, 515 Broadway.
Metropolitan, 582 Broadway.
Lafarge, 671 Broadway.
Fifth Avenue, junction of 5th Av. Broadway & 23d St.
Brevoort House, 5th Av. cor. 8th St.
Everett House, fronting Union Square.
Clarendon, 58 and 60 Union Place, Union Square.

PRINCIPAL FERRIES.

To Brooklyn, from Whitehall St. to Hamilton Av. and Atlantic St.; from Wall St. to Montague; from Fulton St. to Fulton St.; from Roosevelt St. to Bridge St. near the Navy Yard.

To Williamsburgh, from Peck Slip to South 7th St.; from Grand St. to South 7th and Grand Sts.; from East Houston St. to Grand St.

To Greenpoint, from 10th and 23d Sts.
To Jersey City, N. J., from Cortlandt St.
To Hoboken, from Barclay, Canal, and Christopher Sts.
To Weehawken, from Christopher St.

To Long Dock N. Y., or Erie R. R., from Chambers St.
To Staten Island, from Whitehall St. nr Battery, every 15 min.

EXPRESS OFFICES.

Adams' Express Co., 59 and 412 Broadway.
American and Kinsey's, 72 and 416 Broadway.
Härdens, National, and Hope, 74 and 412 Broadway.
United States, 82, 251 and 416 Broadway.
Manhattan City, for baggage, 276 Canal St.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

Academy of Music, East 14th St. cor. Lexington av.
Laura Keane's Theater, 624 Broadway.
Winter Garden, 667 Broadway.
Bowery Theater, 48 Bowery.
New Bowery Theater, 82 Bowery.
German Theater, 57 Bowery.
Bryant's Minstrels, 472 Broadway.
Christy's Minstrels, 657 Broadway.
Barnum's Museum, 218 Broadway

GALLERIES OF ART.

International Art Institution, 694 Broadway.
Collection of Paintings, 548 Broadway.
Goupil's Gallery, 772 Broadway.
Private Galleries are open on certain fixed days, for details of which inquire of the janitor, at the Artists' Studio building, 10th St. near 6th Av.
N. Y. Historical Society Rooms, 2d Av. cor. 10th St.
Brady's National Photograph Gallery, 785 Broadway.
Gurney's Photograph Gallery, 707 Broadway.

LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

Historical Society, 2d Av. cor. 10th St.
N. Y. University, east side Washington Square.
Columbia College, 49th St. nr 5th Av.
Free Academy, 23d St. and Lexington av.
New Bible House, 8th and 9th Sts. and 3d and 4th avs.
N. Y. Hospital, Broadway, bet. Duane and Worth Sts.
Orphan Asylum, in Bloomingdale rd, 7 miles from City Hall.
Insane Asylum, Bloomingdale rd, 7 miles from City Hall.
Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Washington Heights or 150th St.
"Institution for the Blind, 9th Av. bet. 33d and 34th Sts.
Pease House of Industry, 5 Pts. nr Centre & Pearl Sts.
Odd Fellows' Hall, cor. Grand and Centre Sts.
Homeopathic Dispensary, 15 East Eleventh St.

PROMINENT CHURCHES.

Grace Church, 804 Broadway—Episcopal.
Trinity, Broadway opposite Wall Street—Episcopal.
Rev. Dr. Chapin's, 548 Broadway—Universalist.
Dr. Osgood's, 728 Broadway—Unitarian.
Dr. Bellows', 249 Fourth Av. cor. 20th St.—Unitarian.
Dr. Cheever's, Union Square—Presbyterian.
Dr. Hawkes', 267 Fourth Avenue—Episcopal.
Dr. Tyng's, Stuyvesant Sq. and E. 10th St.—Episcopal.
Rev. H. W. Beecher's, Brooklyn, nr Fulton Ferry.
Rev. T. L. Harris, Brooklyn Hall, Washington Sq.
Rev. G. T. Flanders, 2d Av. & 11th St.—Universalist.

SUBURBAN RESORTS.

GREENWICH CEMETERY, on Gowanus Heights, L. I., is reached by ferry from foot of Whitehall St., near the Battery, to Atlantic St. or Hamilton Av. Brooklyn. Thence by horse car to the Cemetery. Fare, 25 cents. 2 cents, care 5 cents. Cards of admission obtained at the office of the Company, 30 Broadway. THE FERRY CARRIAGES, including the Presidential, Lunatic Asylum, Depot for Sick Emigrants, and the House of Refuge, are located on Blackwell's, Ward's, and Randall's Islands. They are reached severally by ferries foot of 61st, 106th, and 122d Sts. The shortest route to these streets is by 2d or 3d Av. horse cars. Fare 6 cents, ferriage free.

East River is accessible by Harlem Railroad; fare 12½ cents. Also by Harlem boats, leaving Peck Slip nearly every hour, with landings at 10th and 120th Sts., East River. Fare 6 cents to Harlem.

To FLEMING an agreeable passage may be made for 15 cents, by boats from Fulton Market Wharf, foot of Fulton Street, East River.

ASTORIA is beautifully located on the East River, opposite Blackwell's and Ward's Islands. Route by 2d or 3d Av. cars to 86th St. thence by ferry to Astoria. Cars 6 cents, ferry 4 cents.

UP THE HUDSON RIVER, as far as Poughkeepsie, a boat leaves foot of Jay St. daily, at 3¼ P. M., and returns from Poughkeepsie at 6¼ A. M. It makes several landings on the route.

FOR YONKERS, HASTINGS, DOBBS' FERRY, IRVINGTON, TARRYTOWN, AND NYACK, a boat leaves foot of Jay St. at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.

FOR CONY ISLAND, a ferry boat leaves pier No. 4 North River, at 10, 1, and 4 o'clock. This is a famous bathing place. The last return trip is at 6¼ P. M. from Cony Island. Boat stops at Fort Hamilton. Fare, with return ticket, 25 cents.

FOR SWEETWATER, LONG BRANCH, RED BANK, and other localities in that neighborhood, a steamboat leaves foot of Robinson St. daily. Time according to tide.

FISHING EXCURSION boats leave Pier No. 4, North River, daily, at 9 A. M. Fare 50 cents.

THE SPIRIT OF TRINITY CHURCH may be reached at any time, on application to the Sexton at the Church. Fee voluntary, if any is given.

SUNDAY CONCERTS.

Good Music may be enjoyed by lovers of this art if they will attend service at Trinity Church, Broadway, opposite head of Wall St. on Sunday at 10¼ A. M. or 3 P. M.

Mass is performed by a choir of artists at the Catholic Churches on West 16th St. near 6th Av. and on East 28th St. near 3d Av. every Sunday morning at 10¼ A. M. Admission 10 cents, which is paid to the sexton after he has shown a visitor to a seat.

VEPSE SERVICE is performed at the 16th St. Church at 4 P. M., and at the 28th St. Church at 4¼, free. The music is generally very fine, and visitors are expected to drop a small silver coin into the plate at the Unitarian Church over which Dr. Osgood officiates, No. 728 Broadway, a new form of Vesper Service has been introduced. It is held on the first and third Sundays of each month at 7:30 P. M. QUARTETTE CHOIRS, made up of efficient vocalists, may be heard at all the churches named in this list.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

NEW YORK SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, Tuesday evenings, Clinton Hall, Eighth and Ninth Sts. and 4th av.
SUNDAY CONFERENCE, 19 Cooper Institute, 3 P. M.
LAMARINE HALL, cor. 29th St. and 5th av. Sunday 10¼ A. M.

PUBLIC MEDIUMS.

Mrs. Abbott, Developing, 221 6th av. Hours 2 to 5 P. M.
Mrs. M. L. Van Haughton, Test and Medical, 54 Great Jones St. All hours.
Mrs. H. S. Seymour, Psychometrist and Impressionist Medium, 21 West 13th St., between 5th and 6th avs. Hours from 9 to 2 and 6 to 8.
Mrs. D. C. Price, Natural and Medical Clairvoyant, 103 Prince St. 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Charles Colchester, Test Medium, 371 Fourth St.
J. B. Conklin, Test Medium, 599 Broadway. 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Mrs. Fish, Medical Clairvoyant, 344 Second avenue, near Twenty-second Street. 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Mrs. Johnson, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, 52 Columbia St.

Mrs. Sawyer, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, 84 High St., Brooklyn.
Mrs. Sarah E. Wilcox, Test & Healing, 558 Broome St.
Mrs. R. A. Beck, Test, Developing, and Healing Medium, 27 Fourth St., N. Y. 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

MAGNETIC & ELECTRIC PHYSICIANS.
James A. Neal, 371 Fourth Street, Hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M.
Prof. S. B. Brittan, 407 Fourth Street.
Dr. N. Palmer, 60 Amity Street.

Dr. W. Reynolds, 287 Bowery. Hours 2 to 5 P. M.
Mrs. P. A. Ferguson Tower, 152 East 33d Street.
Mrs. Ward (Electric) 195 Nassau St. Brooklyn. Take Flushing avenue cars from Fulton Ferry.

Mrs. A. D. Giddings, 238 Greene St., cor. 4th.
J. E. F. Clark (Electric) 64 West 26th St.
John Scott, 407 Fourth Street.

Mr. Towne, Milton Village, Ulster County, residence of Beverly Quick.
Dr. J. Loewendahl, 163 Mott St. bet. Grand & Broome.
Mrs. M. C. Scott, 90 East 28th Street, near 3d Av.

Mrs. Gookin, Medical Clairvoyant and Developing Medium, 1151 Broadway.
Mrs. W. R. Hayden, Medical Clairvoyant, 66 West 14th St., west corner 6th avenue.

FARES.

To the Central Park, or any point below it, by the 3d, 6th, or 8th Av. cars, 5 cents.
To Yorkville and Harlem, by 2d or 3d av. cars, 6 cts. Anywhere on the route of 9th or 4th Av. cars, 5 cents.

To 23d St. cor. 8th Av. or any point below it on the 8th Av. Bleeker St. and Broadway below Bleeker, 5 cents in the Knickerbocker line of stages. These are distinguished by their color—dark blue.

Other lines of omnibuses, through Broadway and the various avenues and leading streets of the city charge six cents, payable on entering.

Ferries to Brooklyn and Williamsburgh, generally 2 cents, or 16 tickets for 25 cents.

For public hacks the legalized rates are: For any distance not exceeding one mile, 50 cents for one passenger, 75 for two, and 38 for each additional one. For any distance exceeding one mile, but less than two, 75 cents is allowed for one fare, and 38 of a dollar for each additional person. Every passenger is allowed one trunk, portmanteau, or box \$1 per hour is the time tariff.

CARTAGE AND PORTERAGE.

Heavy parcels are carried upon drays. The carmen who own them are allowed to charge ¾ of a dollar per mile. Household furniture 50 cents, and 50 cts. extra for loading, unloading, and housing it.

There are City Expresses having offices in various locations, that carry parcels and packages generally from place to place within the business limits of the city for 25 cents each.

Porterage is 12 cents for a package carried a distance of half a mile or less, and 25 cents if taken on a wheelbarrow or hand-cart. If half a mile is exceeded, 50 per cent. is added to the tariff, and so on.

The central office of the Metropolitan Police is located on Broadway, Street, corner of Elm, where may be seen the "Rogues' Gallery"—a collection of photographs of most of the notorious rogues in New York and other cities. It is an object of considerable interest, and is open to the public.

AGENTS FOR THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

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CLEVELAND, O.—Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, 288 Superior Street, is duly authorized to act as our agent in Ohio and the West.

PHILADELPHIA.—SAMUEL BARRY, south-west corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets.

CANADA AGENTS.—Messrs. W. H. WARD & CO., Booksellers and News Agents, Toronto, C. W., will supply the trade with our books and papers, and also act as Agents for Canada subscriptions.

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