

NICHOLS' MONTHLY.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1855.

A WESTERN TOUR of the editors of the Monthly has so far delayed its issue, that the date is extended, with the intention of issuing soon a double number.

We have visited portions of Ohio and Michigan, on business connected with the PROGRESSIVE UNION, and the work of Social Reorganization; and though not prepared to make public the details of our work, we may say that it was satisfactory, and that one of its results will be an early removal of the center of our operations to some western city—probably Cincinnati, preparatory to a final settlement in the HOME.

We find in the West a broad and fertile field of usefulness; and the western mind seems to us, like its soil, more open to culture and more productive than the eastern. We cannot state the precise period of this removal, as it will depend upon circumstances beyond our present control.

The work goes on, we feel assured, steadily and thoroughly. Great changes are taking place. The alteration in public opinion, since we began our work, three years ago, is very marked in many places. Here and there, the elements of bigotry and persecution are stirred up, but they work more good than harm.

We have received a copy of the Ripon, Wisconsin, *Herald*, containing the proceedings of a mass meeting, held at that place to denounce the members of the "Ceresco Union," a society of Individualists, Spiritualists, &c., who are endeavoring to live in Freedom and Equity. The report of a committee previously appointed by the movers of this business, denounces Esoteric Anthropology, Marriage, and all who accept their teachings. After a long de-

bate, in which much truth was elicited—much more than the managers had bargained for—a series of characteristic resolutions were passed;—one authorizing a “Vigilance Committee,” or in other words a mob, to crush out Ceresco, and another denouncing the *Ripon Herald*, simply for having the independence to give both sides a fair hearing through its columns. Some of these proceedings have been copied into the *New York Herald*, and other papers, and our Ceresco friends are in a fair way to have their enterprise as extensively advertised as they could desire.

The members of the Progressive Union will find matter of personal interest, we hope, in the Third Report of the Central Bureau, contained in the present number. It will not suit those who wish to rush into some effort at realization, without suitable preparation. Have we not had failures enough from such immaturity? External causes have been given for such failures, but in no case have they been the true ones. It has been always individual unfitness, and consequent internal discords. These we must avoid. We must have harmony of principle, motive, and life. We must have truth of being, and devotion in doing. There are already a few, so true, so harmonized, so devoted to this work—but they are very few, and widely scattered. These will soon come together, and draw others by their united attraction. The state of many is that of isolate, individual, selfishness—the state that asks everything and gives nothing. These will have to come into an opposite condition—into a devotion that will seek to give everything and ask nothing—then will come the equilibrium of rights, and all will have their own.

Those who are truly with us, in the beginning, must do as we are doing—they must devote all to the Harmony; such shall have it for their reward in the future.

We give the LIFE OF FOURIER in this number, as one of our series of World's Reformers. Those who have already read it in our weekly, will not object to giving it a second perusal, nor to having it in a shape adapted to more convenient preservation.

Some promised serials are delayed, that we may hasten others to a conclusion, but all will find their place in due season.

We have every reason to be encouraged with the signs of the times. Surely, the brighter day is dawning.

CHAPTER IX.

BUYING A HORSE, AND BECOMING A FREEMASON.

“MISS CAR’LINE, it’s no use talkin’—we can’t git over it, or under it, or round it—the black mare Vixen belongs to Rawson. I should a been Rawson’s witness, if I had knowed enough. As it was, he took Mr. Frederick’s hand write. The young man had a realiyin’ sense of it all, when he see the bill o’ sale next mornin’. I saw the tears when he led out the mare Vixen, not because she’s a sort o’ spiritual namesake of his mother, but because he has a heart under his jacket.

“‘Rawson,’ said Fred, ‘I’ll give you double what you paid me, to leave the mare.’

“‘I am satisfied with my bargain,’ said old Bite, as politely as if he had been askin’ one o’ the brethren to pray, at the weekly prayer meetin’.

“Fred threwed his arm over the mare’s neck, and the tears rained. ‘Rawson,’ said he, ‘I don’t want to say I was drunk, and did not know B from bull’s foot, when I sold this beauty; but you know it—you know I would not take three hundred dollars for her, if she were really for sale. You have paid one hundred, and have a bill of sale, with my signature, in your pocket. I wish to Jordan I could not write my name, or that I had the comfort of being a minor again, and hopin’ and trustin’ in the day when I would make wise bargains. I’ll give you two hundred dollars to put Vix back in the stable, and hold your tongue.’

“‘Couldn’t do it for three,’ said Rawson; ‘I like the mare, as much as you do.’

“‘But you didn’t bring her up, and trot her out the first time,

and then I'll be Jo snagged if you ever loved anything but money, not even Cogniac.'

"I or to tell you, Miss Car'line, that Mr. Frederick has been tryin' to leave off swearin' ever since he knowed you'd go to live with the old one."

"Who said I would ever live with Mrs. Sherwood?" said Caroline, acridly.

"Not I," said Jerry; "but, as I was sayin', Mr. Frederick has been careful of his words of late. I asked him one day if he did not think one idle word as bad as another? 'Why no,' said he, 'or I would not use three to one. I never say, 'I'll be cursed' now, Jerry,—that would be profane, and might hurt Deacon Meadows' feelings. I therefore intend to be careful; and hereafter I shall always flagellate the venerable Nicholas round the pedicular remnant of a tree, instead of whipping the Devil round the stump, and I shall say 'I will be Jo snagged,' instead of something the Deacon might not like as well."

"When Mr. Frederick said to Rawson that he never loved anything but money, the jockey turned blue—he allus blushes blue—I think because he has relations to that are place that burns blue. He did not speak, and Mr. Frederick went on.

"'Will you take two hundred dollars, Rawson, and hold your tongue?"

"'You say,' said Bite, 'that you were drunk. It would cost you more than your mare, if that were known.'

"Now, Miss Car'line, Mr. Frederick is a good tempered fellow. He allus bore with the old one, like a Major, all breakfast and dinner time, and when he was scourin' his gun, or blackin' his boots, or doin' anything that he could not leave. She scolded him, and grumbled at him, and told him how much money he'd cost—the price of the dogs, and what it took to keep 'em, and how good for nothin' they were. She went over the miseries of clear starching sich lots o' collars—she did not say anything by way of complaint o' the horses ever, for they were her delight. (More trouble for Fred now, for that.) Well, as I was saying, he is a good tempered fellow, as ever broke bread, or treated a poor, white nigger

to hot stuff in a cold night—but when Rawson hinted to him about you?”—

“What did he say of me?” said Caroline, with flashing eyes.

“He said it would cost Mr. Frederick more than the mare, if it were known that he got a brick in his hat, meaning that he would lose you, Miss Car’line. But Bite had better not a said it. I think the young man had not the fear of your father before his eyes then, for he did not say a word of pitching Rawson into Jordan, and he did not speak of being Jo snagged, or anything o’ that sort, but he did use a good many Bible words—and that’s one o’ the things I can’t understand, why that book should be so good, and yet have so many bad words in it—and another thing, why is it a righteous faith for Deacon Meadows to believe that Rawson will be damned, and deserve it, and a very profane business for Fred Sherwood to tell him all about it, in the best of Bible words. Rawson never minded it a bit, as long as Fred talked about his soul. I don’t believe Bite has the ghost of a notion, that he has any soul, and I could not believe it, even for the comfort of thinking that he might have to pay in another world, for some of his capers in this. Mr. Frederick said, he knowed ’twas no use talking o’ the church to him, ’cause he could backslide to-day, and come forard to-morrow, to be prayed for; ‘but,’ said he, ‘there’s one place where a —— sneak can’t come;’ and then I heard under his breath, *black ball*—and I went into a bit of cal’lation. I’ll bet my striped jacket, (and he looked patronizingly at the same,) that Rawson is on trial at the Mason Lodge, and that was what Mr. Frederick meant. I expect to find Vix in the stable to-night. I shall happen along arter the old one’s asleep, and see if the lady’s out, or engaged eating her allowance, in her own quarters; an’ I’ll come and tell you, bright an’ airy, Miss Car’line, but not a word to nobody that I have told you anything. Mr. Frederick’s a kind friend to Jerry—I never forget’s hot stuff of a cold night, but right’s right, and you or to know all about anybody that you are going to take for better or worse.”

“I am much obliged to you, Jerry,” said Caroline, “and I assure you I shall not betray your confidence.”

"That's what I calls ladylike," said Jerry, as she turned thoughtfully away. When she was fairly out of hearing, Jerry said, "No such good luck as making mischief between 'em. He's hooked—Jo-snagged, and she'll never let him off—'taint in her to be honest—a drunkard that's got money is more in her eye, than twenty good Christians that has to airm their livin'. I did hope I could do him a good turn, by tellin' her the truth. Poor Fred, you're Jo-snagged."

Just at this juncture Jerry espied Rawson on Fred's mare. He rode leisurely up, and dismounting, he leaned on the pet's neck, and beckoned to Jerry. The mare took not the least notice of Rawson, but when Jerry came up, she laid her nose on his shoulder, as lovingly as a dog.

"Jerry," said Rawson, "you heard young Sherwood agree to take this horse back. You are my witness that he agreed to do it."

"I heerd him," said Jerry, "and I heerd him agree to give you a hundred dollars to let him take her back. I'm a witness for both if I am for one."

"That's neither here nor there," said Rawson. "Between you and I, Jerry, I don't like the mare—she's tricky—Sherwood kept back all her faults. Now I don't want to say anything of her being vicious, because he is attached to her, and it might hurt his feelings, or it might call his attention to her faults, and I might not find him so willing to take her off my hands. I just want you, Jerry, to get on her back, and ride over to Mr. Frederick's, and say to him, that if he will send me the check I gave him, by you, no questions shall ever be asked or answered by me about this business, and no tales told. Do you understand?"

"I guess I do," said Jerry, jumping on Vixen's back, as if he were sure of being carried straight to Paradise. Fred was standing in the stable yard, with his arms crossed over his breast, and his head bowed as if he had lost some near friend. The mare came up gracefully as a wave, and Fred leaped to her bit, as a rover to his ship, a parent to his child, or a lover to his long-expected betrothed.

"What is it, Jerry? Has that infernal scoundrel caved in?"

By thunder, he is just that, though I might have called him something else, if he had not robbed me of Vix."

"Vix is yours again," said Jerry, importantly. "I am *witness*;" and he drew himself up very tall and straight, and passed his fingers complacently over the yellow stripes of his vest.

"Well Jerry, tell on. I'll be James Jo snagged if I can make it out."

"Well, I'm your man, Mr. Frederick—I am *witness*. Mr. Rawson says to me, 'Now, Jerry, you are my *witness*, that Mr. Sherwood agreed to take this horse back.' I said 'Yes, I am a *witness*,' and I put him up to the hundred you agreed to give him to let you do it; but Bite has got something in his eye, and he wants to be quit o' you, and the mare, honorably. It is the first honest trick I ever caught him in, and I think it's a sort of a white blackbird, and that you won't catch many such. Well, I'm to take him the check for a hundred dollars, and you're to take the mare, and nobody is ever to be any wiser for anything that's happened; and mind you, Mr. Frederick, you are not to have a black ball about you, at the next Lodge meeting. I tell you this on my own hook, a little extra, that I shall invite Rawson to pay for."

"Hum," said Frederick, very thoughtfully, as he leaned toward Vixen. She rubbed her small head lovingly against his raised hand, and then laid it over his shoulder.

"Pretty Vix," said he. "I like your manners. You have not many loving ways, but you make the most of what you have, and I like them all the better, I suppose, for the scarcity. Plenty cheapens everything—even wine, and kisses, and great graft apples."

"Well, after all, I am glad to find that Rawson has some good in him. If he wants to be honest, the Lodge will help him. We have a set of good fellows. I'll vote for him, and give him a chance. Many a fellow has gone to Jordan, because nobody gave him a lift."

He took out his pocket-book, and gave Jerry the check. "Tell Rawson that I always remember pleasant things, and always forget unpleasant ones."

"I should have enough to forget of him, if I did so," said Jerry, as he carefully bestowed the check in his right vest pocket, muttering, "No money over the heart, and nothing of Rawson's there, neither."

"Mr. Rawson," said Jerry, when he came up to that gentleman, in his own door-yard, "here's your money, and Mr. Frederick says you're a good fellow, and he won't black ball you at the Lodge meetin' to-morrow night." Rawson again blushed cerulean, and Jerry went on. "I'd like for my part a little cider-brandy, or a mug of cider."

"I don't keep them," said Rawson. "I am a teetotaler, and it would be a sin for me to hold a cup to my neighbor's mouth."

"How long since your cellar has been empty?" asked Jerry, wonderingly.

"You forget, Jerry, that I am President of the Washington Total Abstinence Society."

"Have you got three cents, for a fellow that has not got no right o' property?" said Jerry, shortly.

Rawson put his hand in his pocket—Jerry's face brightened—he withdrew his hand empty. "Go home about your work, you idle vagabond," said he. "You would be drunk directly, if I gave you money."

"I hain't got no black ball," said Jerry; and he turned away, and walked stoopingly, and sadly home—but he brightened a little as he drew near the house, and remembered Miss Caroline. That young lady chanced very soon to pass near Jerry.

"Well," said he, "Miss Car'line, it's all jist as I expected, and cal'lated. He has sent Vix back, and Mr. Frederick has given him his hundred dollars, and that's all of it. Rawson is to keep dark, and not let you know of the spree, and Mr. Frederick is to vote him into the Mason's Lodge, or at any rate, not to black ball him out."

"Jerry," said Miss Caroline, haughtily, "I suppose I need not caution you against speaking of these things to any one but me?"

Jerry drew himself up with a pride quite equal to that of the young lady. "I cal'late that I'm to be trusted," said he. "Mr.

Frederick ollus considers me as tight as a drum. Even Bite knowed better than to ask me not to tell. I ollus takes care of my friends, and Mr. Frederick Sherwood is my friend, Miss Car'line."

The lady softened a little, and almost smiled, as she said, "We all trust you, Jerry;" but her crowning grace in his eyes was, that she gave him three pennies, and these would buy oblivion for his poor, flickering sense, the first time he went to the village. A tumbler of blackstrap in summer, and of hot stuff in winter, made a six hours' Paradise for Jerry, in ditch, or snow drift, or Bess Bite's stall, as the case might be. Miss Caroline passed on. Jerry jingled his pennies, and mused.

"Well now," said he, muttering to himself, "it's curious that an all wise Bein' should make two sich fools as me and Fred Sherwood. Rawson cheated him, by giving him back his own—he'd swear, if he hadn't give up swearin', that Rawson's a fine fellow, and deserves well of the Mason's Lodge. And Miss Car'line has made just as big a fool o' me with three-cents. Now I've a kind of a hazy notion that Fred and I ain't no credit to our Creator, and if Miss Car'line and Rawson is any credit to Him, then I am out agiu in my reckonin'. I wish to Jordan, as Fred says, that I did not have to study out this 'ere matter of an all wise, almighty, good God, especially with this 'ere hazy head o' mine, and this 'ere aching back, and these onstiddy limbs. I thinks it's business for Parson Wilson and Deacon Meadows, and not for me; but then if they won't do it, I must try"—and Jerry walked musingly along with his hands behind his back, making an angle of forty-five degrees, and puzzled his poor brain to quite as good purpose, as many a metaphysician has done before him, and doubtless will do again, ere the mysteries of the Divine Providence are made clear to this world's wisdom.

CHAPTER X.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

A DISTRICT SCHOOL—not in a village, but for a dozen families, within a space of three miles. The school-house is placed as near the centre of the district as possible, for mutual accommodation. There are forty scholars. The eldest have numbered a score of years, and there are very small people, who find their way on the smooth, flinty snow-road, in good weather, and on the hand sleds of elder brothers in stormy, or very severe weather. These sleds are moreover “a great institution” for “intervals,” and “noon-time.” There is a hill side near the school, and pedestrians going down it are sometimes tripped up, and seated in a sled, that comes on the path after them, in a very unceremonious manner. There are traditions of certain masters, who have been treated to involuntary excursions on this wise. A good warm school-house, twenty-five feet square, with a hole cut through overhead, into the attic, for ventilation; a good large stove, and plenty of dry wood, with twenty boys, and as many girls, from eight years old to a score, with a pleasant tempered disciplinarian of a master, who has spelling school once a week, wherein the best spellers are appointed “captains,” and choose sides, and have a clerk on each side, to mark the number of words misspelled, and duly to report which side beats—all this is very pleasant of a cold winter. We hardly know anything better in civilization. In such seminaries of learning, where no one does any fagging, but the master, our politicians, governors, and presidents were educated—taught to read as well as it pleases chance, or those who determine chances, and to spell well, thanks to the emulation and fun of the spelling-school;—to write well, or ill, as the master may be gifted, or not, in that

accomplishment ; to cipher well, of course, in a country where the almighty dollar is reckoned so many times ten thousand in a year or a day, and where the unlucky urchin who misses his sums, is kept after school, to do them with, or without, the help of the master.

Geography and " parsing " had claims in the district school in our day, which were more or less honored, but spelling and figures were tacitly allowed to be more important branches of learning. Our day is past, a score of years, and there are changes. Young America has the advantage of a good deal of labor-saving machinery, and a partial abolition of the " oil of birch," administered formerly, sometimes by rod, and at others by ruler. Young America seems to have scruples of conscience, or politics, against being thrashed ; and if the majority votes against it, the minority, including the schoolmaster, must submit, and allow boys and girls to be governed a little more like men and women, and a little less like brutes—though the best training for the latter is now allowed to be by kindness and teaching, and a general disuse of blows.

Charles Ashton established a generous system of rewards of merit, and a wise system of privation in his dominion of the district school at Meadowsville. He had come from New York highly recommended by Mr. N. Meadows, but there was a mystery about his coming that nobody seemed to quite understand, and yet every body guessed at it ; and a great variety of stories were whispered, by way of explaining why such an elegant young man, and such an accomplished scholar, should be teaching school at twelve dollars a month, and board. At first Charles had no idea that he could be an object of remark, and criticism, and supposition. Strangely ignorant was he of villages, and districts, and the world of people who want to be busy, and who have yet little to think of, and no very pleasant way of occupying their time.

Many masters in Meadowsville had boarded among the scholars. Nelson Meadows had stipulated for Charles that he should board at his father's, and have a room to himself, warmed and lighted, for a study—a most unprecedented requirement in this democratic community, where even the " innocent " Jerry sat at table with

Mr. Meadows' family of sons and daughters, and steady, and chance "help," and where one large sitting-room held all who ate at the same board, on Sundays, and in the long winter evenings.

The "aristocracy," as it was termed, of the young schoolmaster, offended almost all; but then, his free, open, kind and elegant manners conciliated almost all. Nelson Meadows had committed an indiscretion, which is often worse than an error, by recommending young Ashton to his brother-in-law expectant, as one "under a cloud." Fred had a great deal of kindness, but much of it was of the sort that made him wish not to hurt anything, or anybody, because it hurt him to see suffering. There were sufferings, keen, sad, and heart-withering, of which Fred knew nothing. He soliloquized over his friend's letter in this manner, after having vainly essayed to make the acquaintance of Charles Ashton.

"Now I'd like to know what Nelson means by 'under a cloud.' I have not the ghost of an idea. I would like to be enlightened. I hope he did not get 'a drop in his eye,' or 'a brick in his hat,' and 'make Virginia fence' up at Hanover, and so get leave of absence from Alma Mater. That thunderin' old college hasn't any business to turn out anything, if the truth was known, after graduating me. By Jehosaphat, that young Ashton knows more in a minute than I could buy with all my money. But it seems he's cheap after all—'under a cloud.' What business has a fellow to be under a cloud?—and then he could not drive a hen in harness. All his Greek and algebra don't make him the man for my money. I read Nelson Meadows' letters, and determined to be polite to him. I tried it the first evening at the Deacon's, and I'll be Jo snagged if I had not as lief been in an ice-cream freezer. He was polite and smooth as an icicle in a six weeks' frost. I believe he thought I was a dancing bear—and Caroline was as respectful to him, as if he had been a bar of silver, or gold. What in thunder does Nelson mean by being 'under a cloud?' I'll give Minnie warning, anyhow, and I'll set Jerry on his track. Best I can do in the premises."

Now Fred had the most earnest intention to be honorable—but one man's honor is "the differentest thing in natur'" from ano-

ther's. If a fellow were out of cigars, or "good liquor," or "genteel hard up," or out at elbows literally; or worst of all, if he had lost a pet dog, or horse, Fred was a good friend. His heart throbbed, his eye moistened, and his hand sought his pocket, and was generously filled, for his fellow sufferer, whether he was friend, or stranger, worthy, or unworthy. But if a man were crossed in love; if he differed from his kind, on high questions of religion, philosophy, or philanthropy; the case was equally beyond his comprehension and sympathy.

"Why in thunder can't a fellow go to church, and be decent, if the horse sheds are comfortable, at least half the day? I can tell Mr. Gentleman Jack, or whatever his name is, who is under a cloud down here, that it will marvellously thicken if he don't mind his p's and q's, and accompany my worthy father-in-law elect to church. The old man might forgive him once in a while, if he had a severe headache, but the old lady, *never*. Stayed at home from church the first Sunday! Why the fellow is a candidate for Coventry!"

Minnie had perceived that Charles was going to treat himself to an impossible luxury in our free country, where all religions are tolerated. By staying at home from church he would become a heathen, and publican, to the orthodox district, and cut himself off from all chance of usefulness to Minnie and others. Then there were whispered stories, that he had been expelled from college. These were circulated in less than two weeks after his advent in the village. The second Saturday of his sojourn Minnie took the opportunity on the way home from school, to speak to him. She was a brave girl, when she had, or fancied she had a duty to perform.

"Mr. Ashton," said she, "are you going to church with us to-morrow?"

He smiled at the plain question, and said, "Miss Meadows, I cannot spare the time."

"You are wrong," said Minnie.

"Why so?"

"Because there are hindrances that help. You need rest."

"Should I find it at church, think you?" said he.

"We have pretty good music," said Minnie, evasively.

"That rests one," said Ashton, musingly.

Minnie grew bold. "Mr. Ashton," said she, "it is no matter what we have at church. You must go, at the very least, half the day, or you would not be allowed to teach the school."

"Are you in earnest?" said Ashton, abstractedly.

"It seems very strange to me, that you don't understand so plain a thing," said Minnie. "If you stay at home from church, you will be considered a godless person, unfit to teach the children, and some tales that are now whispered, will be spoken aloud. You will be, in some way, forced to leave."

"Will you tell me what tales, Miss Ashton?"

"The principal is, that you have been expelled from college."

"It is false!" said Ashton, bitterly.

"I will say so," said Minnie, quietly; "and if you go to church, and take a class in the Sunday-school, all will be well."

"And you counsel such heartless conformity, Miss Meadows?"

"What can't be cured, must be patiently borne," said Minnie. "And besides, did you come here to do us good, or to do nothing; to stay, or to go away?"

"You are wise," said Ashton, as they neared the house. "I will go to church, and I will to-night get in treaty with your father for a class in Sunday-school."

"And you will sing in the choir, and who knows but that violin of yours may get smuggled into the meagre provision for praise." She smiled and added, "If you were in the village, you might get absolution at a less cost, at the Unitarian church, but our district is orthodox."

Young Ashton threw himself in a chair by his cheerful fire, and took up Shelley's Poems.

"Who says we have no slaves at the North?" mused he. "And this young woman, who seemed to me to have the germs of independent thought, and action, she too is craven. No one dares live his, or her own Life, lest they lack bread and shelter. Well, they are as good as they think their God is. If He burns his children

eternally, why should not His elect starve those who are no relation to them?" He thought on, bitterly, till a slight knock came on his door, and a soft, sweet voice said, "Tea is ready, Mr. Ashton."

"Now for being a hypocrite," said he, mentally. He took his seat at table, and heard the low and reverently spoken grace of Deacon Meadows, with some satisfaction. There was a charm in this pious man's voice, that no harshness of creed had spoiled, or could spoil. There was an indestructible good struggling forever upward in Mr. Meadows' nature, though forever chilled by the cruel dogmas in which he believed, or believed that he believed.

"Why will you never take tea, Mr. Ashton?" said Caroline Meadows, as she did the honors of the table.

"I am a Rechabite," said the young man.

"A very strict one, to exclude tea," said Mr. Meadows, smiling.

"I have conscientious scruples against all drinks but water, sir; and if you will trust me in your Sunday-school, with such an heretical conscience, I propose to become useful there."

A half smile lighted the sober faces of the elders at table, as Mr. Meadows expressed his pleasure at this resolve, and Jerry took a pin from the cuff of his right coat sleeve, and put it carefully in the left, as was his custom when he wanted to remind himself of some subject for meditation.

As soon as he was on his way to the stable, he began his musings. "What a set o' critters we humans is, to be sure. Fred telled me to look sharp after this 'ere one, for he was deep. Now he ain't deeper than finer—and that's about the eight of an inch mahogany over a pine table, or bureau, or the like. Why he's bo't right into their good graces—caved right in; there ain't no honest folks. Fred's as good as any on 'em, and he'll break his neck some time, with a vicious horse, and his skin full of brandy—but he'll be good to a poor bewitched feller till then, and that's sayin' somethin' for him. What'll come o' me, when the old one has full swing at me, with her spells, I can't muster courage to think. One thing puzzles me, and that's what she and I was made for, and Fred, and Rawson, and Car'line, and what Bess was

made to go blind for, when she was well and kindly treated. I wonder if I'll get these things explained to me in the next world. I wonder if it's the *spirit* of my back that aches, and the *spirit* o' my head that's so dizzy—whether it's *me*, or whether it is not *me*."

Philosophers have been quite as much puzzled with the *me* and the *not me*, as Jerry.

Such was the advent of young Ashton into Meadowsville, and its district school. We have gone back to give these particulars, though our story opens in the first of the fourth and last month of the school. A period of thought and of growth had these three months been to Minnie Meadows, such as she could have had no prescience of a few months since. Young Ashton's prudent conformity had given him the means of being useful to her and others. Gems of Thought were scattered in that Sunday-school, which shall be fruitful in heresies, in coming time. The idea of a kind and paternal God came into many young minds and hearts, this winter, to whom it was a Divine gift—a treasured joy, for future days of generous, and trusting labor, for the good of their *brethren*—"For all ye are brethren," and He, the Divine one, is our elder brother—"having been in all things tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

Three months of living communing of mind and heart, had blended into one harmonious Life, the being of Charles Ashton, and the true-hearted Minnie. We can never call her by another name. Heroine though she be to us, in the fullest sense of the word, and as we will prove her to be, still she is the gentle, loving, childlike Minnie. How true is it that Woman is only great through Love; and that the greatest is the least; the most loving, the most truly a *little one*, whom the angels delight to watch and to bless!

CHAPTER XI.

HOW TO "KEEP THE SABBATH."

SUNDAY in New England. It was a hard day twenty years ago, though much ameliorated since the time of the Puritans. I have given no dates in this veritable history, for certain reasons which I withhold; but whether the scene is laid ten, or twenty years since, still Sunday was a hard day. Even now, were we condemned to spend a Sabbath in an austere portion of our goodly fatherland, and in an austere family, it would be a sad subject of contemplation, very fearful to look forward to, and still worse to endure.

Charles Ashton was in great measure emancipated from the heavy, iron influence of the day; in his own room, with his own books. He gave the morning to the Scripture reading and prayer of Mr. Meadows. He loved the wisdom of the New Testament, and he loved the sweet voice of the kind man who read. His prayers too, though formal, had an honest sincerity, and often deep feeling in them. He verily believed that a good God could do very bad things, and he strove earnestly to persuade Him not to do them—to be merciful to men of a sinful generation, who know not the things that make for peace. He told *Our Father*, that if He were just to mark iniquity, we should be all cut off in our sins, and consigned to the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, there to suffer eternally the penalty of violated Law. And then he informed Him of the fact that He had graciously given His own Son as a sacrifice, an atonement for sin, whereby many should be saved—should be as brands plucked from the burning, monuments of mercy, and of saving grace—whilst the finally impenitent should be turned into Hell, with all the nations that forget God. Daily this kind of characterization of a Being supposed to be All-wise,

All-powerful, and All-Good, was poured out in heartfelt prayer, by a most amiable man—one who would have saved the worst and meanest of his race from all sin and sorrow, with joy unspeakable. He fully believed that all things were possible with God, and yet he begged Him to be merciful on his bended knees daily, even because He had given His own Son to the cruel death of the cross, to save some of His erring children, whilst many would prove ultimately impenitent, too strong for Almighty Power, Wisdom, and Goodness to redeem and save.

Daily, young Ashton listened to the good man's prayer—daily he thought what a tissue of absurdity, falsehood and dishonor to our Father.

On the particular Sunday morning of which we are about to speak, Ashton observed that there was almost an indignant pathos in Mr. Meadows' prayer. He seemed to have some particular sin, or sinner in his mind, and to be very consciencious in a sort of denunciatory petition.

It was not clear to Charles, what it all meant, but he felt sure that some danger menaced some one, and instinctively his heart took to Minnie. The facts were these. There had been three months' teaching, reading, and reflecting in Mr. Meadows' family. There had been innovation, and relaxation of family discipline. Charles had given regularly the forenoon, and the time devoted to Sunday-school, to the church. The afternoon he had generally spent at home, and Caroline and Minnie had sometimes requested Jerry to drive them home with Mr. Ashton, and return for the rest of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Meadows had winked at these indulgences, especially as Caroline had convenient headaches. Another innovation. The violin had a place in the choir. This was much against Mrs. Meadows' sense of pious propriety, but the Deacon was very fond of music, and especially of the violin, that most fragrant, if we may so speak, of all musical instruments. Ashton's violin was worthy of Siveri, and he drew a skilful bow, and entirely charmed Mr. Meadows. The choir wanted the great addition of Ashton and his instrument; the majority of the church wanted it, and though Mrs. Meadows and Mr. Wilson wished the violin in its

own profane sphere, the hall of dancing, it was yet voted into the choir of Rev. Joel Wilson's church. Mrs. Meadows was much more naturally a Calvinist than her husband. It hurt Mr. Meadows, often very cruelly, to contemplate the severities of his faith, and the justice of his God. His wife bore up with much firmness under the possibility, or probability, of bearing babes, and nursing them through their sweet, blooming infancy, for eternal fire. The violin in the choir ruffled her complacency greatly more than the possible liabilities of her little flock of darlings.

It was no less strange, than true, that all severities in Deacon Meadows' family, originated, and were sustained by the will of Mrs. Meadows.

A little time previous to the indignant Sunday morning service, of which we have been speaking, Mrs. Meadows had spoken to her husband very earnestly of the winter's innovations.

"I have my doubts of this young man's influence in our family, and in our church," said she. "I was put down about the violin in the choir, and so was Mr. Wilson. If that were all, we might not perhaps have much cause to complain; but large trees grow from small seeds. What I *must* complain of, and what you must attend to at once, Mr. Meadows, is the books in this house. Ashton has given Minnie a book, and has written her name in it, that is crowded full of blasphemies."

"Why did you allow her to accept it?" said Mr. Meadows, in a tone of alarm.

"I did not notice at first that it was anything but poetry, and I seldom read any poetry, but the hymn book—and then she has been very careful of it. I think she hides it, for I have several times looked for it, and have not been able to find it. But I have read enough of it, to know that it should be destroyed, like a deadly serpent. You must make an example of the book, Mr. Meadows, and again have some discipline in the family."

"Certainly, certainly," said he, the milk of human kindness in his bosom having become very sour, as his wife went on. It was Saturday evening. It was thought best by the good couple, to wait till Minnie should bring out her book on Sunday, which was

rather obnoxious to the charge of blasphemy, as understood by pious persons, being no less than Shelley's Poems, with Queen Mab, and its notes.

The degree of freedom and individuality enjoyed by Charles Ashton, had not been without its useful influence on the family. Often of late, a fire had been made in the parlor, adjoining the large family sitting-room, and the room was tacitly accorded to Caroline and Minnie, and any especial company they happened to have. On Sundays the girls read in the parlor, and Ashton sometimes sat with them, and played pieces of sacred music on the piano. On the Sunday evening which has been already mentioned, as succeeding the Saturday's lecture of Mrs. Meadows, the family were gathered in the sitting-room. Jerry sat in a warm corner, without his coat, which he had folded carefully, with all the pins in the cuffs, and laid across the back of a chair. His red flannel shirt peeped from under a white cotton one, suggesting that poor Jerry was more comfortable without a coat, than he ever had been a winter before, with all his rags about him. Ashton, Caroline and Minnie sat in the parlor; the latter reading the book of poems which Charles had presented her. The door was open into the sitting-room, for it would have been considered "aristocratic," and exclusive, and even improper, to have closed it. Mr. Meadows was nerved to make an example of Minnie, and her book, by his conversation with his wife, and his own reflections, and a sermon on the Justice of God, which had occupied the forenoon, and afternoon, at church, and was to be continued; being a portion of a series on the Attributes of the Divine Being.

There was a blazing fire of dry wood, in the large Franklin fireplace. Mr. Meadows came into the room nervously, and said to Minnie, "Let me see your book." She handed it to him.

"Is the book yours?"

"It is mine," said Minnie, firmly.

Ashton looked with fervent admiration at her as she spoke.

"It is a bad, blasphemous book," said Mr. Meadows, "written by a bold, bad man. I shall burn it."

He laid it on the blazing fire, as he spoke. Minnie darted for

ward to save her book. Her father put her back, but she plunged past him, and catching her foot under the mat, she was thrown upon the fire; and the linen under-sleeve on her right arm blazed instantly; and before her father had drawn her from the fire, the sleeve, and upper portion of her dress were in flames.

Jerry's coat was fortunately near the door, and in what seemed an inappreciable space of time, Ashton had caught and wrapped it about Minnie. Mr. Meadows clutched at the hearth-rug, but it was a part of the carpet turned back, and he was obliged to relinquish it, and see the thoughtful, and ever active Ashton save his child's life, with Jerry's coat. Minnie's arm and hand were badly burned, and became very soon a continuous blister. Many remedies were advised, but Ashton at once established his authority over all. He told them that snow and ice were the first and best remedy, and that sweet oil, flour, or anything that would exclude the air sufficiently, might be put on after the smart of the burn was allayed by the cold applications. His advice was taken as submissively as it was authoritatively given, and in a comparatively short space of time, Minnie found rest. Strange as it may seem, this was one of the happiest days of her life. She had suffered for what she believed to be the right. She had rebelled against what she considered unjust, and arbitrary authority—and she had owed her life, probably, to one who was dearer to her than life.

Ashton was happy also. He was allowed to be very near to his beloved, to perform services for her, for hours. Then she was suffering for his idol Shelley, and he remembered the bitterness of his heart, when his father had anathematized the poet.

Caroline thought that Minnie had been very imprudent. If she liked the book because Ashton had given it to her, or wished to read such nonsense as poetry, why did not she hide it?

"Let me alone for taking care of my own things," said she, to Charles. "Our folks would have never been the wiser for my owning a book, that they did not approve. I take my rights," said she. "This talking of woman's rights is all very silly, while there is such a thing as woman's wits. I could outwit a regiment

of men, and my father, and Parson Wilson at the head of them. I am sorry Min is burned. I hope there will be no scar. It would be frightful if her hand and arm should be disfigured. I am glad her face and neck were not burned."

"And I am sorry the book was burned," said Minnie, "and with your name in it," said she, in a low tone to Charles.

"There are more where that came from," said Charles, smiling a happy smile.

Mr. Meadows and his wife were dreadfully frightened. Mrs. Meadows was a nervous, timid woman, at best, and terribly afraid of fire, in both worlds. Mr. Meadows trembled at the thought of the suffering he had caused, and his heart was heavy and aching all the time. He forgot the future, with its probable harvest of disobedience, in his great sympathy with his suffering child. He went to her when no one saw him, to kiss her cheek, and drop tears upon her loved face. The pious father and the heretic daughter dearly loved each other. Jerry had recovered his coat, and had hugged and kissed it, for the good service it had done—and said mentally, "Little did you think, Miss Minnie the kind-hearted, when you made over this same blue sartout of your father's into a frock coat for Jerry, that he would take it off of a Sunday to save your life with. Well, there is a blessing in all good deeds, and a particler blessin' in alterin' long-tailed coats, agin a burnfire comes. But it's strange that an Almighty Bein' can't take care of himself agin' blasphemy, but poor Minnie must be burned a takin' care of Him. It's another one of them things that I don't understand."

CHAPTER XII.

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

"A MOTHER is a mother, Frederick," said Mrs. Sherwood, putting a red bandanna silk handkerchief, we grieve to say it, to very rheamy eyes, and appearing to weep bitterly, though her tears were few and maudlin. "A mother's a mother; and you will think of it, and realize it when I am in Paradise, where I cannot feel your unkindness."

"I don't see as you need go to Paradise, mother, to make me realize that you are my mother. I would prefer that you would bring Paradise here, and then you and Carrie could live like ducks in a puddle, or pigs in clover, and never have a bit of tribulation."

"You will never see an upstart girl put above your own mother in Paradise," said the sobbing Mrs. Sherwood. "The power above would never do such an unreasonable thing as you are going to do. High amongst the angels, your mother will sit and have her reward for the sufferings caused by an undutiful son."

Fred was superstitious—his honored mother was a little the worse for liquor. He was frightened at the familiarity with which she treated the other world. His irreverence was confined to this; and as he expressed it, he "always caved in to preaching, and scripture, and the like of that."

"Mother," said he, "just let alone Paradise, and the angels, and rewards, and punishments. I am afraid we are neither of us any too good for this world, let alone the other. I want you and Carrie to agree to live together, like two kittens, that have not learned to scratch. I know I can persuade her. She will hear to reason. You know there will never be any trouble between you and me, about property. I will buy out your third; and your life

lease of the house, if you say so ; but why break up the old home ? I love it like a dog—yes, more like a cat—so do you. Why make trouble, then, because I want company ? You complain of my sprees, with good reason. Let me bring Carrie home, and she'll help you cure me. By thunder, mother, you had better do that than go to Paradise."

"The house is mine, while I live," said the old lady, firmly.

"What do you want of a two story house and ten rooms, with an addition of kitchen, milk room, and chambers over that ? Can you live in twenty rooms, or can Carrie and I have one or two of them ?"

"I want peace, and respect, and gratitude, from an ungrateful child," said Mrs. Sherwood.

"And you can't have any of these if your hopeful son gets married, and brings home a wife !" said Fred. "Well, I like peace too, and I'll tell you how I'll get it. I'll sell out my right in the homestead. I'll sell to Jo Putney. You are fond of him, you know. He hived your bees on his hat, and walked home with them, and put them in a patent hive, and called the swarm a God-send. He has weighed cheese, and measured wheat after you, a few times, and detected slight errors of yours in weight and measure. No, I won't sell out ; I'll rent my part of the premises to Jo, and I'll take Vixen and Smash and go to the village, and set up for a gentleman."

Mrs. Sherwood had been the head of the house, and the head of the farm, and the head of all business, since the death of her husband, years ago ; and the idea had never once come into her mind that any one else could take her honors, or profits, or her really hard work, and the luxury of complaining of it, all from her.

If Fred had conjured the ghost of his drunken, shiftless, kind-hearted father from the grave, Mrs. Sherwood would not have been more alarmed. She turned pale and trembled, and became entirely sober, as Fred caught his hat, as if to fulfil his threat in a hurry. He saw the wild alarm he had caused his mother, and as the infliction of pain was no part of his plan of living, because it hurt him to see suffering, he stopped short and said, "Now,

mother, I am a good lad, as you know, when I find the road clear ; very docile when not provoked, and all that ; but I could never stand a row with the women. There are two ways for us—pity if we can't choose wisely. I'll get married, and settle down steady, and be sober. You and Carrie may divide the house, and the work, to mutual satisfaction. She shall have the head of the table when I have a dinner party, and you may handle the tea and coffee tools when we are by ourselves. You shall have the head of the farming, as usual, with more of my help. I shall furnish up some in the house—Carrie is used to having things nice. You'll straighten it all out between you, and never have any difficulty, or if you do, mind I am never to hear of it. Now if all this can happen peacefully, I go along after the old sort, only better, and you go along the same fashion, only not so lonesome, and with more help. If it can't happen in peace, then I'll sell, or rent, and go to Rice's Hotel, to board, with dog, and rifle, Carrie, Vix, and Smash. This is my ultimatum. I give you five minutes to make up your mind to take us home, or go to Paradise, or be saddled and bridled with Jo Putney."

Mrs. Sherwood amiably assented to her son's not very clear proposals, and Fred patted her on the shoulder, told her she was a good mother, and was growing handsomer, and that she should shortly have two dutiful children instead of one, who he acknowledged was not now any better than he should be.

Fred sallied forth in the best possible spirits. He saddled Vixen and started for Rice's, to treat his good luck and gamble till day-break, very likely. If he has ill-luck he will go home surly, and Caroline will not see him for several days. If he is a winner, he will take a short nap, and be abroad early, and settle the preliminaries of his marriage with Carrie, and perhaps get her to name the day.

"Tight times," said he, as he passed the school-house, "to make a fellow of spirit imprison himself there for four months. I wonder if I have done all I ought, towards entertaining this honored guest of Meadowsville, and protege of Nelson Meadows? I don't see how I was to be his friend, unless he would accept my friendship.

Parson Wilson says, no one can be saved against his will. I think I have done the handsome thing—hallo, here's Jerry!"

"Well, old chap, how's all the world and his wife?" said Fred, pleasantly.

"Well, all the world is about as big a fool as common, and his wife is not very liberal in her opinions, and the consequence is that Miss Minnie is desputly done for."

Jerry intended to be funny when he began his speech, but the tears were running over from his brimful eyes when he ended it.

"What in thunder is the matter, Jerry?" said Fred, with real concern, "you don't cry for trifles."

"I've never cried much sense she put the spell on me," said Jerry. "My head's been too hot. Somehow it has burnt up the tears, and I've felt a great deal worse, Mr. Frederick. It's a hard case all round. I could tell you what I suffer, if 'twas not your own mother that's done it."

"Nonsense, Jerry. The old lady has sins enough on her head, and she has done hard things enough to you, but she has never laid a spell on you—that is your nonsense. You are cracked, Jerry, like all the rest of us. Every body has a weak spot, and that about the spell is yours."

"So you're telled me a great many times, Mr. Frederick. I only wish I could believe you, but I knows what I knows."

"And that is not much, you poor dunder head, but here's three cents for you, Jerry; and now I want to know what has happened to Minnie."

"Well—she's been through the fire for some heathen idol o' hern, and her Christian father together—but Mr. Frederick, you know 'taint honor bright to tell tales out o' the family you live in. You can keep dark—will you?"

"I will—honor bright," said Fred.

"All right, then. It seems that this 'ere schoolmaster is a heathen—no, an infidel, or a pagan, or some sich outlandish sort. Well, he brought one o' his kind of Bibles, and if the truth was known, I guess several of 'em down here, this winter. At first he set out to be honest, and not go to church—to be high-minded,

and sincere, and so on that way ; but he caved in, in double quick time, when he see that he could not come any of his spells over Minnie, unless he kep the right side o' the old folks. Now it seems he give one of his Bibles to Minnie, and nobody see nothing out of the way about it, because it was almost all verses, and they are used to the hymn book in the family, and never knowed it to do any harm. But as ill-luck would have it, Mrs. Meadows looked into the pagan Bible. She's up to a thing or two, you know. I see her a comin' it over the old gentleman for a day or two about the violin in the church, and I heerd somethin' about somethin' else; but not very clear, or I should hev give Minnie warning, for she's a jewel of a girl, and owes her life to her own kind heart, and soft, skilful hands. But the long and the short ont is, that the old lady put Mr. Meadows up to burnin' Minnie's pagan Bible, and Minnie throwed herself into the fire to save the book, and she's burned the worst way, and she keeps her room, with a great dizziness in her head, and has a fire, and they let her be alone, when she asks to be, and that's a great liberty at Deacon Meadows's."

"Well, Jerry, I'll ride over and reconnoitre, and I'll say nothing of meeting you, only to Caroline."

"I had ruther you would not say nothin' to her, Mr. Frederick. You have got to begin to keep your own secrets, and you may as well begin on mine. I had rather Minnie knew that I told things than Car'line."

"Why so, Jerry?"

"Well, you'll find out who's reasonable and who ain't, soon enough, without my tellin' ye. I likes to have somethin' of my own, besides three cents, though no man prizes three cents, or what it will buy, higher than me—but a man's character and conscience is the best sort o' property, arter all, Mr. Frederick—and when I've dranked a tumbler of black strap, or a mug o' hot stuff, and lay down to rest, I like to think that if I freeze to death, or anything happens before I wake up, so that I never do wake up, I like to think that I had a good character and conscience when I laid down, and I have a notion that I am as likely to take sich property as that, into the next world, as anything ; and I have a sort

of a notion that there's an Almighty Bein' there who is a judge of such goods, and will give me the full value of them. As to Minnie, she seems to me to be relation to this 'ere good Bein', and so does her father, at times; but as for Car'line and her mother, I hev my doubts, and I can't sell 'em, or give 'em away, and so I must keep 'em, and take care o' Jerry. You understand, Mr. Frederick?"

"I take," said Fred, laughing. "But Carrie's gloriously handsome in harness; whether she'll draw well, remains to be seen. But you shan't be hurt. You may draw on me for three cents next week"—and he gave the rein to his horse towards Mr. Meadows'.

Jerry jingled his pennies, and then put his hand to his left pocket to see if a little letter were safe, that he had put over his heart, as if to have the comfort of its loving presence, as he went on his way to the village, purposing to leave the note with Ashton at the school-house, as he passed.

This little note was a winged hope and joy to the heart of the young lover. It had been an unspeakable happiness to Minnie to write it, unseen by all, and to see it safe in Jerry's pocket, and to know that no eye would rest on it but his for whom it was intended. Blessed Love, still blessed, though like the Supreme Lover, thou art yet crowned with thorns, speared, and crucified. Blessed Love!

CHAPTER VI.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

"THERE has been a great deal of talk in the world about "Providence," and "special Providence," and many who seem to think they are very wise, have decided that special Providence, or care over human beings, is impossible. It is, in their view, inconsistent with a general Providence, and with their idea of the character of God. They also think that it is unworthy the character of an Omnipotent Being, to be going about attending to poor, ignorant, and not very useful persons. If these people could see that spirits out of the form, are just as much men and women, as they were in this world of material forms, (perhaps a good deal more so,) that they can go instantly where they wish to go, or rather that they can be where they wish to be, that they can see our thoughts and conditions, and the thoughts and conditions of others; that they can see danger coming near and at a distance, I say if we can believe this, we can see the material in part, for special Providence. To complete the chain, it is needed that we be so consciously joined to these spirits, that they can impress and direct us, and save us from evil.

Now as one of many proofs of a special Providence, I will relate a warning that occurred to me, August 10th, 1853, on the Camden and Amboy rail road. I had entered a car with my sister, and proceeded to the farther end, toward the engine, where we found seats, in a good draught of air. I had the New York Herald in my hand, and before the cars started, I settled myself to read. I was startled by a mist of darkness before my eyes,—the letters all ran together, and I could not read. At this instant an interior voice said, "*Leave this seat.*" I looked around;

a man back of mesat very quietly, and I thought I would not be foolish, and so I settled to the newspaper again. Again the darkness half veiled my eyes, the letters ran together, and again the voice said, "*Leave this seat.*" I rose quickly, and said to my sister, "*Come.*" I was impelled to go back to the last seat in the car. Here we got seats, and I felt sure that I would be safe. In seven minutes after the cars started, the train came in collision with another train, the car in front of us was driven back into ours like the shutting of a telescope, four persons were killed where we first took our seats, and the car which was driven into ours stopped within six inches of the seat I had taken, and every person in the car, but us two, was wounded, and four were killed. If any one is foolish enough to believe that there was no guardian care, no special Providence in this matter, I must suppose that he will be also too foolish to heed the impressions, and warnings of guardian angels, and have thus little part or lot in the benefits they confer.

For myself, I do not believe that the Almighty God goes about in any absurd way to care for his children, but I do believe that our God is a Saviour, that He embosoms all angels, and all Providences; and if we humbly and truly submit ourselves to do His will, as we are given to understand it, we shall be cared for, and blessed in all His worlds. The way to put ourselves out of the pale of the Divine Providence, is to be disobedient to our best Life, which the angels are all the time trying to enlighten, and to give ourselves up to a proud and silly unbelief.

We don't doubt that we are spirits, though we can see nothing of ourselves but our bodies. When the gas is let out of the balloon, it sinks to the earth, a collapsed thing, but nobody thinks of denying that the gas was there, and was a substance, though we could not see it, any more than we can see our own spirits, when they leave our bodies.

I am not one to find fault with, or blame persons for lack of faith. Faith seems to be with some a gift, and with others a plant of slow growth. I do not know why some believe more readily than others, but one thing I know, unbelief of Truth is punishment

enough, without blame from those who have more faith. For the believer to blame the honest unbeliever, seems to me, like a fortunate rich man despising and blaming an honest poor man, because he has not as good clothes, as fine a house, or as much money as himself. I repeat that it was a year after the manifestations began with me, before I was convinced that they were really made by spirits, and a year more before I was convinced that they were not made by evil spirits. People wonder at my patience with all sorts of inquirers—the fretful, the doubtful, the superstitious, the fearful, and the scornful unbeliever, who comes to prove me a cheat, a humbug, a liar, or an “electrical” fool. I *am* patient—I plead guilty to the charge, if guilt it be to try to demonstrate Immortality, and endless progression in goodness, to people who have a great deal of need to progress, and who want to be immortal, and better and happier, though they do not confess that they have any such wants.

I remember how I gradually grew in faith, with the constant coming of evidence. At first I had manifestations in dreams, and these were confirmed afterwards by the outward manifestations. My wife's mother first came to me in a dream, and then afterwards informed me of the fact, by the outward manifestations. Thus faith grew by degrees, till at last the reality of the communications was established, and then I was tried as thousands are being tried now, by a foolish credence of all sorts of directions and assertions, because they were made by spirits.

It is a great mistake to suppose that spirits are wiser, or better than we are, because they are spirits; this notion seems to be just as false as its counterpart, the idea that all communicating spirits are devils. Spirits are not angels, or devils, wise or foolish, because they are spirits, any more than men are all these, because they are men. Dr. Gray once said that he did not see that he should have any more wit, if his brains were knocked out—and why should he? A man may have a better chance to be good, without a diseased body, than he did not come into by any choice or volition of his own, than when burthened with it; and I have reason to believe from my familiarity with spiritual facts, that all

the folks in the spiritual world are in much higher and better conditions than we are in this world. They have an opportunity for progression that is denied them here; and though we sometimes hear sad and terrible stories from some mediums, about the conditions of some spirits, I am inclined to think that the worst stories come through the worst mediums. Green glass colors the whitest ray of light, and a superstitious and imperfect medium is likely to color the communications he receives, with his own dark and evil Life. A true medium is as rare as a true musical instrument. I believe that there are degrees of wisdom and goodness in the Spiritual World, as there are in this—that there are imperfect and undeveloped spirits; but still much more imperfection exists in us mediums, than in the spirits. They are obliged to suit their communications to our conditions, and to take names that we can accept; and no doubt many spirits have taken merely ideal names, in order to be heard and accepted, as many writers instruct us over fictitious signatures. When people are credulous, foolish, and unreasonable in accepting every thing that comes from spirits, through imperfect mediums, as authority, the spirits give them enough of it. They get all sorts of contrary and conflicting communications, and are sent after things impossible to get, and are made fools of, till they are sick of their folly.

The way to progress in the true spiritual life, and to get truthful communications, is to do just as near right as possible; to keep the conscience void of offence toward God and man; to walk humbly and not seek curiously for communications, but seek them as impressed, for useful ends. This is in my opinion the way to get good from the other world, as it is surely the way to get good in this. It is the way to avoid undeveloped or unwise spirits, and to become true mediums for wise and good spirits. We are very apt to seek company here, like ourselves; and it is fair to suppose that the higher orders of spirits will not ally themselves to mediums, who are not suited to them. There must be fitness to receive Truth, in the medium. A simple, honest, truth-loving person, who is ignorant, and in the humblest condition, may be a bet-

ter, and much more improvable medium, than the so-called great men of the earth.

I repeat, that I know no better way to be a good medium, than to be a good man, or woman ; to be patient, humble, and obedient to the truth we see, not because that truth is told us by spirits, not because it is revealed in the Bible, but because it is Truth, and if obeyed leads to Good.

There is a powerful influence in a harmonic circle—a circle so composed that all act together, with no discordant mind or heart. In such a circle, what may well be termed miracles of healing are performed.

During the early part of my mediumship, I was at one time afflicted with a severe influenza. I had been four days very sick. A circle was appointed to meet at my house, and I took my seat in it, hardly able to hold myself up. There were twelve persons in the circle. Suddenly I was seized with a sort of buzzing sensation, or rather a buzzing, electrical sensation all over my body—the spirits saying that they were magnetizing me, through the circle. This continued some time, and then ceased, leaving me entirely well. I was thoroughly cured, and had no recurrence of my illness. It has not been my particular mission to demonstrate the healing powers of spirits—their ability to give freely of their life to those who are in the order, that enables them to receive. But I have received information, exhortation, counsel, and rebuke, with regard to unhealthy habits, and also have been made the recipient of their life and health-giving influence. There is constant testimony from spirits against unhealthy habits, such as pork eating, the use of tobacco, and poisons generally. Their teaching is full as regards health, and effective as far as people are obedient. I refer the reader to the experience of healing mediums, for tests and miracles which attest their peculiar mission, and proceed with my own story.

CHAPTER VII.

OF EVIL SPIRITS.

At this period my own doubts and fancies, also, began to perplex me. The reader will remember that I had been educated in the Methodist forms of religion, and in all the crude teachings of that sect, had imbibed those ludicrous notions with respect to the existence of a personal devil, which are common to most of the so-called religious systems throughout the world—those systems which seem to possess nothing in them strong enough to eradicate from their formulas the idea that God would create a being of aggregated, or personal evil, to afflict the world, while no benevolent individual on the face of the earth would create such a diabolical incarnation, even if he had the power. "God is love," and to suppose that All Love can create such a monster, is a thought too blasphemous to be entertained by any reflecting mind. Yet, such is the force of education, such the power of the instructors of our childhood, that I could not quickly eradicate from my mind that haunting *ignis fatuus*, which led me continually from the path of reason and true religion. Whenever anything was given to me for my good—for the purpose of tearing me away from that thralldom in which I was placed—I did not hesitate to attribute any part of the work that needed a better explanation, to the agency of that great black phantom—the Devil—who, as it seems, is more powerful with the children of God than their Creator!

Freedom is a God-like and God-given state of the mind. Not long was I permitted to hang suspended in a dark region of uncertainty in the chains of mental slavery. The dawn of a better day broke upon my benighted soul ere long. I saw in the bril-

liantly manifested and innumerable works of our Heavenly Father, enough to convince me that the day of his vengeance is only the day of his love—that all our troubles, and trials, and afflictions, are so many preparatory gradations of state, to teach His children that blissful enjoyments are in store for those who will submit to His Divine influence, and acknowledge themselves to be the humble creatures of His care—destined to exalted uses in the great movements and designs of His Universe. Mental freedom! How little does the world yet comprehend this most inestimable blessing—this wonderful birthright of every human soul, the establishment of which throughout the earth must “make the desert blossom as the rose,” and bring man in such relations to his fellow-man, that a New Paradise will be in the possession of the human race. As society is now constituted and governed, the few, and those by no means the most enlightened, undertake, by the appliances of means conventional and legalized by delegated power, to control the immortal destinies of millions, each one of whom, once instructed in the great fact of spiritual life and its uses, would cease to regard this earth as the ultimate consideration, on the presentation of motives for action, and would perceive in the teachings of Jesus, the Christ, that no law could be more beneficial to the welfare of man than that of love to the neighbor, which he laid down as the grand principle for man to follow as a stepping stone to the eternal kingdom in Heaven.

Before I leave this subject of demoniac influence, I would allude to evil spirits, and the probability of their agency in the remarkable manifestations which are sometimes made in circles. An intelligent author has stated to me that he has never known any such spirits to present themselves, except where some person or persons in the circle, have believed in such existences and agencies. He views these things as lessons to those who are seeking light, and holds that they can be discovered to be merely representatives of state, conditions, or of men who exist, or who have existed. In this opinion I am led to coincide, for it is difficult to believe that God would grant any power to evil spirits to interfere with the happiness of his earthly creatures in this sublunary sphere.

I have reason to believe that much that passes for demoniac influence is from the unbalanced state of the medium. I cite an instance. A young lady, who was partially developed as a medium, and who was unfortunately placed, having those around her who were antagonistic to her, was one evening in a circle of very discordant persons. The influence of a departed friend fell upon her, but her friends in the form were horrified by her using very violent and profane language. No other manifestation could be obtained, and yet there was the best reason to suppose that the spirit who was attempting to communicate, was of a high order, an angel of Light. Another medium, soon after, in a harmonic circle, where this young woman was present, was impressed by the same spirit to utter the following explanation of the violent and profane language spoken by the young lady under his influence. The spirit said, "I did indeed impress her, and seek to speak through her. I sought to speak through the unity of many faculties, but such had been the effect of antagonism upon her, that she was in a state of combat and contest, unconscious to herself. My influence would have fallen a blessing upon her whole being, and would have been uttered as such, but coming as it did upon the contesting faculties of her spirit, it was uttered a curse, as a musical instrument untuned gives a discordant sound, instead of the harmony that the musician seeks and expects."

It may be said that spirits ought to know discordant mediums, and not attempt to use them. Spirits are by no means all-wise—and in this instance the spirit had been but a short time in the other world, and could have had very little experience of mediums. Then again, if spirits only spake through harmonized mediums, they would never speak at all—for the best of us mediums are very poor, to my entire certainty. The angels have our sympathy, that we can do no better for them. If persons would keep in mind the imperfections of mediums, and of the means established for intercourse with the other world, they would believe much less in evil spirits—though it is reasonable to suppose that there are imperfect spirits, as there are imperfect men and women. Still, conditions are better out of the body, and we have the assurance that

there is no unmixed malignity in spirits—or in men—but more especially we have this assurance respecting spirits.

In human society men are too ready to condemn, as well as to unwisely judge their fellow creatures, whenever they see them departing in any degree from those paths, which they themselves deem it right to pursue. Such persons are called evil; and the antagonisms kept up in society from this cause are innumerable. Now, I think it would be impossible to find any human being, however apparently depraved, who would not yield to the persuasions of sincere and disinterested kindness. The man deemed to be the worst of malefactors, possesses within his breast a spark of that divine love and light that emanates from the common Father of all, and it is unjust to visit upon the weak, and seemingly fallen children of men, those frightful maledictions which society indulges in, against the down-trodden and ignorant violators of law and justice. There is room enough in our prisons for the exercise of the attributes of mercy and pity—for the display of the law of love to the neighbor—for the outpouring of a more reformatory spirit towards the unfortunate, that might result in blessings which would eventually make our dungeons tenantless, and prepare the way for the security of the people at large. The day may be distant, or it may be near, that will exhibit an improvement in society in this particular, but it cannot come till men are Christianized or spiritualized by a knowledge of the relations in which they stand to our Heavenly Father. Spiritualism can effect great changes, but eighteen centuries of unnumbered woes give man little hope for a better state of things, without that actual realization of future life that comes from the examination of the startling facts which are now revealed all over the earth. Preparations have been made by philanthropists for a "good time coming," and in this we find much to give hope to the yearning soul. Journalists, however, must first learn to do their part in the work of kindness and reform. The columns of newspapers must not continue to be made attractive with the records of foul transactions, in which innocent characters are sometimes thoughtlessly assailed, and their names blotted with reproaches, without any opportunity for re-

dress. The amount of wrong done in this way to the helpless poor in society is enough to make angels weep over the terrible havoc. Rich men, when thus assailed, can prepare a defence by letter or by threats of the law, but the poor man whose good name is as much the "immediate jewel of his soul" as that of the proudest millionaire, has to suffer the injustice and tyranny of the press in silence and in shame. If the exposure of crime be necessary, it is not important to make it a matter of deep interest to the community. It is better to save the criminal from further crimes, by showing him that society is paternal, and regards some of its members as weaker than the rest, and worthy of more particular regard as respects their education and enlightenment. We should never forget that we belong to one common brotherhood. This alone can make us Christians in action as well as in name.

I have found in many of those communications which seemed to have originated from evil minds or spirits, much valuable instruction, and I may advise those who are troubled in this way to try such communicators with patience and with a desire for the truth. It has appeared sometimes that spirits in the flesh have their own wishes, thoughts, and even words, given to the circle. This is valuable. No better lesson could be received, perhaps; and as the best knowledge is that of ourselves, we may well be thankful that we are thus enabled to study our own interior condition, by a revelation of our own wants, desires, and weakness.

That we are to obey every direction received is neither wise, nor to be expected from any rational mind. The advice given is to be judged always, I presume to say, by its own intrinsic value; and danger may ensue from asking for the means of arranging our personal affairs. It should be our duty to listen to all that may be said, and to receive that which comes spontaneously, with respectful consideration and sincere study—as communications are found to convey oftentimes very deep meanings—but to be contented, if possible, with the most important fact of all, the certainty of the immortal existence of the soul, and of the power of spirits to communicate with men in the form. There are bold minds, which for the truth's sake have been willing to peril every

earthly comfort to obtain some real knowledge of the value and extent of spiritual communications. These pioneers have suffered as martyrs, but their reward will be great. It cannot be otherwise. They may be termed unwise; but without their aid, where would Spiritualism have found its most lucid exponents? They have passed through the fiery furnace, and the narrations of their experience will serve as guides to explorers in the future. Brave men and women! Let the world, false and incredulous, smile at your patient perseverance—your long suffering—your forbearance—your descent from affluence to poverty, if so it be, but in the reign of eternal justice, ye will stand among the brilliant crowd of those whose names “were not born to die”—crowned with the unfading consciousness of having done what you could to solve the greatest problem of this or any other age—a problem that is destined to confer upon tottering, trembling, and antagonistic society, happiness beyond expression, and to resolve all the chaotic elements of a disrupted world into new forms of beauty and of use, which shall “turn the tables” upon effete and decaying institutions, venerable only from age, and soon to be shattered by the general elevation of mankind from positions of conventional respectability to that higher honor which becomes luminous in the constant worship and adoration, not of man and man-made images, but of the Deity!

I have already alluded to the fact that I sat during my early investigation of this subject with two persons, who have since become developed as mediums. These gentlemen are Mr. Demarest and Mr. T. G. Moulton. With the latter gentleman I occupied the same room. Wonderful manifestations were there given. Blows were heard on the wall, and the spirits wrote, during the night, upon paper left upon the table for that purpose. In the summer of 1853, we sat at the house of a distinguished artist of New York, Mr. Henry Isherwood. This was before I became a public medium. The spirits usually gave their names. At one session at our own room, a test was given to a gentleman by very rapid tipplings. It was recorded, as annexed.

“yhw lliw uoy syawla eb gniksa tset snoitseq?”

After a little examination it was found that the words had been spelled backwards, and we were surprised to find that the inquirer's question had thus been answered—

“Why will you always be asking test questions?”

Again, the same spirit communicated, and in the same manner :

“uoy tsum kees ot wohs ruoy evol ot ruoy wollef nam erom.”

The interpretation to this was comparatively easy, and the instruction is unexceptionable :

“You must seek to show your love to your fellow man more.”

At Mr. Isherwood's house Mr. Moulton made a record of some of the communications which were tipped out by the table. Among these were the subjoined :

“MY DEAR CHILDREN—I want you to tear down the partition wall between prejudice and truth, and let the pure light of spirituality enter without opposition.
ROGERS.”

“MY DEAR FRIEND—God is love. These manifestations are not given to the inhabitants of earth to excite the credulity of man merely, but to bring the various opinions of men in harmony—to rob superstition of its horrible and injurious effects. Fear not, my friend, to stand in the front rank, and herald the glad tidings of man's continued existence. To manifest conclusively my identity, I give you my popular phrase, ‘Some things can be done as well as others.’
DAN. MARBLE.”

This purported to be from one whom I had never known or heard of, to my knowledge—a comedian of remarkable original endowments, and it was received with much astonishment by the whole circle, for he had not been asked to communicate. Mr. Isherwood having been long associated with the dramatic institution as a scenic artist, it was not strange that the spirits of artists communicated through me at his residence, but that which is surprising is the fact that many of the communications came as parodies upon passages from favorite poets. At one session, when a Mr. Charles B——, an actor of eminence, was present, the communications came thus :

“Seek not for names. Either the manifestations witnessed are made by the medium, or else they are produced by departed spirits, who once inhab-

ited the earthly body. Receive, and believe the intelligence, and do not build your faith upon any name. Let reason predominate."

" Charles, I could a tale unfold,
Whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul—
Freeze thy young fears—make thy most strange imaginings
Like chaff to disappear before the wind.
If thou seek proof in this—
Tis given out by you that while information seeking,
An evil spirit stung thee. But know thou, fearful Charles,
The spirit that did excite thy fears was thy friend. Listen !

T. S. H."

These, and similar manifestations, having excited the attention of many musical, dramatic and other artists, circles have since been formed in New York composed chiefly of members of their professions, at which very extraordinary phenomena have been exhibited. The spirits of painters and sculptors have produced exquisite poems and wonderful combinations of color. Pictures have been produced under circumstances utterly inexplicable on any other than the spiritual hypothesis ; and remarkable effects produced, such as might be expected from spirits, who, in the earth-life, were devoted to dramatic and other artistic exhibitions.

These manifestations, though they may not accord with the common notions respecting spirits, have served their purpose. They have deepened many lives, by giving convincing proofs of immortality. They elevate the present life, by showing its near relation to the future, which is truly present and around us.

WORDS OF CHEER.

THE plan of our publication does not admit of our giving much space to the communications of our friends and correspondents, though we are quite aware of their interest and utility. We know that the letters which come to us every day would encourage others, as they strengthen us; and we must find space for some brief extracts, which will give an idea of their spirit.

Two earnest friends from Ohio, write :

"We accept the sentiments of your excellent Monthly and other publications, and are with you in your great work of social reform. We can see a marked change in our community, in three years. Success to you both, in your labors of love, and may the Invisibles speed the work, and help our brother and sister."

A gentleman of Oswego County, N. Y., says :

"I have just been perusing your work on Marriage. It is the most truthful book I ever read. There are no views which enlist my feelings so deeply as those contained in that book. I write to offer you my heart and hand, in the great cause of social freedom."

A devoted woman writes from Ohio :

"I hope that you and your friends will not falter in your great work. It is worthy of the age in which we live. I feel as if the true Gospel was being preached. I long for health and an opportunity to do something worthy of living for, for life is dreary, without an object great enough to fill the soul."

A lady writes of our recently published tract :

"I have read 'Maternity' with much pleasure. My soul swells beyond expression, in the light of truth that is being shed over our race. The pall of ignorance and superstition vanishes, and truth, the only real sustenance of the soul, descends upon us. Stand firm; and the arrows of persecution shall fall harmless at your feet."

Another Ohio friend writes :

"The principles of the 'Union' are such as I have long entertained, and to see which spreading and operating among mankind, would be my greatest joy. My own idea with regard to social reorganization is simply this: That each individual must not only think and speak, but also labor; must act calmly, confidently and cheerfully, up to the inner light which every one possesses; must *live* a reformer, and exercise his best judgment with regard to the *when*, the *where*, and the *how* much we must strive to influence more particularly those among whom we live, and with whom we more intimately associate. But there is so much slavery to opinion, superstition, money, power, &c., that many years (yes, centuries), must elapse, before *all* will be brought to glory in true and rational Freedom. May the bright day be hastened! In order to which let all members live and act: and besides being our aspiration, let it be a prophetic reality to us."

Another, writing from Wisconsin, of the Progressive Union, says :

"It is needless perhaps for me to speak of the interest I feel in the proposed reform. But I may be allowed to say that the last eighteen months have worked a revolution in my mind, and enabled me, as I hope, to sail on the clear sea of Individualism, after being a member of a strictly orthodox church, of the Baptist persuasion, for twenty-five years."

Two members in Michigan say :

"We think we shall always cheerfully do according to our ability towards the promotion of this most righteous cause. We are in strong hopes of one or two more subscribers. We feel as if indebted to you and your lady for life, for the benefits and happiness we derive from your philanthropic exposition of Nature and her principles."

A member of the Union, and an earnest worker for its advancement says :

"Though we are but a small and scattered band as yet, still I feel that if we are only true to ourselves and the cause of humanity, from this germ shall grow fruit that shall gladden many a heart that is now crushed and writhing under the wrongs of a slavish social system. May every blessing attend your noble efforts for Truth, Liberty, and Love."

Appended to an order for some of our works, was the following postscript :

"Perhaps you would like to know what induced me to send for the above publications. Briefly, then, the reasons are as follows. Having read various reformatory works, I early became convinced that the existing state of society was false and unnatural—that there was something radically *wrong* in its constitution, which required the best efforts of the bravest and purest philanthropists to remove, or even alleviate.

"The proverbial unanimity with which the popular churches of the day practically ignore the body in their teachings, and cultivate the mind as an abstract quality, having no relation with, or dependence upon the body, for the number or quality of its manifestations, has caused me to look upon their creeds with loathing and disgust.

"I style myself a reformer ; and by my unswerving advocacy, not only of the possibility, but of the necessity of living a better and truer life on earth, to properly enjoy ourselves here, and to prepare us for that eternal state of progression in the future, I have lessened the number of my friends (!) and multiplied that of my enemies. Being placed in the position of an out-cast, I naturally look around to see what company I am in. Seeing the manner in which you are regarded by the mass of the people, the odium heaped upon your name, and believing you to be an unswerving advocate of truth, as you see it, I have been induced to send for the 'documents,' intending to give the subjects therein named a careful and fearless investigation."

A Virginian, one of the few Southern radicals—men who go to the root of things—writes :

"I have bought your Esoteric Anthropology and treatise on Marriage, and I am now a subscriber to your Journal ; and must say that I never saw

in the same number of pages more truths that are essentially necessary for the human family to understand than in the above works. God speed you in your bold and honest undertaking. I know that some may attempt to crown you with thorns, but you will yet receive the blessing of the world."

A highly intelligent member of the Progressive Union writes :

"Should the Union make an onward movement toward the combination of its members for mutual assistance and protection, I hope to be able to join heart and soul with the pioneers. The selfish isolation in which we now live is not the atmosphere where the soul can breathe freely and grow integrally strong and beautiful. As a trial school to test and try us, it may do. For aught else, ~~never~~. Let true men strive henceforth to burst their shackles, and redeem the race from social and spiritual despotism. With earnest effort and resolute will we can do it. A goodly list have enrolled themselves under the banner of freedom. How large a proportion will endeavor to realize it practically?"

We conclude our extracts with the following, with which many of our readers can sympathize :

"Myself and wife desire to become associated with, and members of the 'Progressive Union.' It is a 'Union' which more than two years since was drawn in outline, by intelligent spirits, to a circle of which I was then a member; and ever since, the idea has been working within us, until the soul's longings and aspirations for the life of freedom and individuality in social harmony, which it promises, have rendered us lonely and unhappy, while in the midst of society. We feel the want of the society of kindred spirits, and the privilege of living our own true lives without being subjected to a wicked criticism, and to the scoffs and ridicule of those who cannot enter into our thoughts, and who are unable to appreciate our motives and incentives to action. The knowledge to which we have been developed or unfolded, has discovered to us that we are slaves; and daily is this slavery becoming more and more of a burden. We sympathize with you in your conflicts with error, and see with a clearness as of the sun in the heavens, the day not far distant when victory will crown your efforts, when truth shall arise in her meridian splendor and disperse the clouds of ignorance and mysticism that now hang like a pall over humanity's destiny. To the progressionist the present is big with encouragement and hope for the future of humanity, for the enjoyment of that freedom in which alone or from which results pure and exalted happiness."

GEORGE B. WOOD, at Pepperell, Mass. wishes to correspond with members of the Union in the East, who are willing to unite in emigrating to some point at the West where land is cheap. There are many such places, and our friends, even so far West as Iowa, are looking still further. Many are looking to the lands on James or Jaques river, in Minnesota. It is said to be a beautiful and healthful region.

THE HARMONIC HOME.—No. II.

It was said by SWEDENBORG, or some other seer into the interior world, that when a spirit rose unprepared into a higher heaven, that he, or she became choked, and felt an awful sense of restraint. It is true of all souls, that the good they can receive, is the only good for them. An eye that can bear but little light should not be flooded with the blaze of day; and the eagle-eyed, who can look at the sun, should not be shut in the dim light, even of the solemn cathedral, where all is so shaded, that the Idea of each exalts, and beautifies, at will.

We have made no platform on which men are to stand, per force. We have only come upon a plane of Life, that has certain laws which shall realize the reign of Justice. We have come out from the world of wasteful and disorderly efforts, and indulgence. We say we are to garner our lives, that we may have something to harmonize. What has that Being laid up for Harmony, whose every day labor is a hand to mouth struggle, merely to exist, and whose poverty and discordance spiritually, are fitly represented by the outward Life?

Men say "we have fought for freedom, and you commence a reign of proscription."

Have a care, friends. You have done battle for freedom to govern your own spirits as you think best. We have fought as manfully as you. Why are we to be proscribed? We do not ask you to live our Life. We only assert our right to live according to the Law manifest in us. You may eat your seed corn, if it is your highest freedom to do so, and you may be free to starve when our harvest comes. It is our freedom to save our goods in the Passional World—to gather and hold in the garner of Amativeness, which is the master passion, all the good of life, that shall feed and develop every starved passion of the human soul—starved, because the freedom of Amativeness has been provided for by law, and it has been left to riot and waste the substance of the whole being.

This is a plain matter of fact statement of our doctrine of chastity, which is our highest freedom, and which has called forth the censure of those who yearn for freedom, but do not yet understand the law of true Liberty.

We have no contest with those whose plane of life is lower than ours. We see that they must of necessity be choked in our Hea-

ven. We can lay no bond upon any, and so we come to all, in much plainness of speech, showing clearly our Law of Progress—uttering most distinctly our watchwords as we go on conquering our Destiny—viz. Freedom, Fraternity, Chastity. If there are but seven men and seven women in the whole earth, who receive the Law of Progress in Harmony, then they are all the men and women under the whole Heaven, who are intimately our own, and to whom we belong in the holiest of our Life.

Still, many may receive this Law, the quality of whose lives may not be affinital to ours. They may have their own Homes to harmonize, their own centers, and their own circumference. But we are at one with none, who do not accept the same Law, and move forward in a pure, and holy obedience.

We stand together, two-one; our will is one, our Wisdom the same. Those who are in the same Love, and the same Wisdom, are one with us. This Love flows outward, and consecrates all outward, or material wealth to the uses of the Harmony—this Wisdom enlightens all as one, in the production of uses, from the sustentation of Life, up to the highest esthetic beauty.

It is for those who accept the same Heavenly Love and Wisdom that we do, in the fullness of time, to found a Home. We have had wise counsel with regard to all methods of procedure—with regard to our domain, and the practical realization of what has long been our most earnest prayer, and prophecy. Those who have united with us by freely and livingly accepting the Law of Progress in Harmony, and by contributing to the expenses of the Council, have a knowledge of all that was proposed, prophesied, or realized by the Council. Others may be coming to us, but they are not yet of us; and of course what is ours, is not yet theirs.

It is only perfect Love that creates perfect Justice. There are many inquirers that are not Lovers in any integral sense—many who believe in freedom, and yet have no fullness of development. If only a few of their faculties are developed and active, then they ask only a partial freedom. This partial liberty of necessity trenches upon the rights of others, as all spiritual and material monopolies must. Hence the outcry against freedom, and its injurious consequences. We teach a school for all the faculties of men that are yet developed in ourselves.

We have a personal, and an impersonal, or general work, to do. Our published books, and those we are writing, and shall write, are the fulfilment of our general, or impersonal work for the world, our school for the passions or faculties of those who have found freedom enough to learn.

Our personal work is only for those who are affinital to us—

those in whom the Will is emancipated from subjection to Law, Institutions, and Customs, and ready to be consecrated to all the good of Life. Those who have only a historical, or hearsay faith in the world of spirits, and a curiosity to get information from there; as many like to get letters and news in this world, to amuse them, or help them kill time, are not our personal pupils, or friends. They are very distinctly related to us; but those who reverently believe in the guardianship of angels, and the inspiration which our Father pours into the heart and Life, through wise and loving spirits, who are links in the celestial chain that binds all of good and truth in the Being of God—these are our own, and we are theirs, in the holy bonds of a true relationship.

Hearsay Faith in Spiritualism is daily coming to be a living trust and a conforming to the higher and holier life, of our angel guardians. Persons who once scorned to pray, and believed that they could take very good care of themselves, have become very trusting and childlike; and notwithstanding all that has been said against Romish prayers to the saints, they are very willing to ask and accept counsel, care and protection from loving angels, whose life is in giving, as ours is in receiving.

We know our work. We are called and qualified to do it. The clamor of the world, the ruin of worldly prospects, foul slanders, and the most foolish misapprehension on the part of those who claim to be wise and good, have not deterred us in the past. The cry of tyranny and proscription from those who seem to stand near enough to see us, but whose proximity of position gives no new power of vision, or understanding, can have no more influence with us.

Our course is onward, to the achievement of all the good that is possible to us. The world of friends and enemies will understand our lives, and our teachings, as fast as they can. We have but to work, and wait, in Blessed Love, and Trust—in the Faith that is "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen."

Do not believe those who say that nothing but disappointment is to be looked for. Appointment and harmony is at hand. Work for it—hope for it—realize and live in it.

This is a work to be done in the first place. It will be done the moment the law of the group and series is obeyed. Your divine circulation—the immortality will thus be known and felt, and the sting of death will be no longer—and finally immortality on earth.

SPIRIT LESSONS.

O friends ! we have this lesson for you ; that the ultimatum, at the sensuous point of union, of the Love we shall give you, as the Love and Light, or Heart and Brain centers of our infant Harmony, would destroy you.

As you value Life, from its lowest to its highest or most comprehensive limit, we demand of you obedience to this Law :

GIVE FROM ALL FACULTIES TO ALL FACULTIES.

We are satisfied with you twain-one. Now begins most careful obedience. To the line—not a hair's breadth of deviation ; then shall you have the growth that comes of harmony of particles.

Beware of all crude material, and of the slightest disorder in working. Distinct yourselves utterly. Discrete and be discrete ; then we are yours, and in due time all is yours, and you are ours, and ours is God's. The lowly shall be lifted even to us—and undue exaltation shall be cast down to us.

The most interior and sacred life, takes to itself, when it comes into the earth life, all that is needful for you. You are or may be enriched. Let not your heart fail. You believe in God, believe also in the divinity of love, and its almightiness, for the earth as for the heavens.

Remember you have promised to be true to us through your integral intuition. Remember this in all things. Custom, with its rusty iron bond ; vanity, with its mean tyranny ; will strive to hinder, but you must obey a living life, in its smallest or most unpopular requirement.

Fusion first—Crystals after.

The spiritual circulation is to be established which constitutes immortality. Discord is dissolution—disease—the calamity of earth now.

Keep to our Rest, O friends ! Whatever work you do, keep to the Divine Life of Rest, fully trusting us to impel, govern, and guide you aright, and to the best and most successful ends. Small failures are needful to a large success. Many tools may be blunted or spoiled in making one good keel to the vessel we are building. Heed nothing but to do your work in our Rest. Just so far as you do this, we promise—we swear to you that you shall have a more integral success, than has ever been achieved.

THE PROGRESSIVE UNION.

THIRD REPORT OF THE CENTRAL BUREAU.

THE present work of those who hope to enter upon the True Life of a Harmonic Society, is that of Individual Preparation.

When the Temple was to be built, each stone was cut in the quarry, and each timber shaped in the forest, so that all its parts came together harmoniously. The Temple was a prophecy.

No Harmonic Society can be formed by the assemblage of discordant individuals, but harmonized individuals are ready to form a Harmonic Society.

A band or orchestra is an assemblage of trained musicians ; but when unskilled performers are brought together, there is only dissonance. It is a Calathumpian band, making hideous noises, and its members soon separate in disgust at their own discordance. Rude natures can live in this dissonance, and even seem to enjoy it ; but the more any one is fitted for harmony, the more he suffers from discords.

The first work, then, and the prime necessity of our movement, is Individual Preparation and Harmonization. Each musician must be able to play his part, and his instrument must be attuned to a common pitch. So we must be perfected individuals, and be governed by the same ruling principle.

The work of Individual preparation must not be delayed. Let the stone be hammered in the quarry—the tree hewn in the forest, that we may come together without the sound of the hammer. The time for every man and woman who is called to a life of harmony to prepare for such a life, is now ; and then, whenever it comes, whether upon the earth, or in the heavens, they will be ready.

Let us point out some of the most important things required in this work of preparation.

The physical harmonization of the individual, is health. Discordance is disease. Let every one steadily, conscientiously, and thoroughly refrain from all causes of disease, and adopt the means we have pointed out for the restoration and preservation of health—the internal riches of life.

If we are to rid our bodies of the impurity of disease, with its attendant pains and weaknesses; we are none the less to free our minds from corresponding impurities of morbid passions, errors, bigotries, and inconsistencies; and to come into a state of mental and spiritual purity and harmonization.

All unnatural and distasteful habits of our external life, which may have an unpleasant effect upon others, while they are injurious to ourselves, we had better be rid of, as soon as possible. One of the most common, and most annoying, as well as most diseasing of these, is the use of tobacco. It is an absolute bar, an utter disqualification to the freedom of a Harmonic Society; and the most refined, the most delicate, and those whose society is the most attractive, will not tolerate the presence of those who use it. Let all who hope ever to mingle in such a society, be rid of it at once, and forever. A resolute will—a spare diet for a few weeks, and a free use of cold water in bathing, packing, &c., will soon rid you of the nuisance.

Where, from any cause, early training in the manners and customs of a polished society has been neglected, it may be desirable that you should study, and, as far as possible, practice its usages. We commend a work recently published, entitled "The Illustrated Manners Book," as worthy of the careful perusal of all our readers; for there is scarcely any one who might not benefit in some respects by its teachings. It contains most of the external requisites of a harmonic life, as well as those of the highest phase of the life of society.

Wealth, or external riches, corresponding to health or the internal, is a necessity of harmony, either general or individual. While we are to shun a sordid avarice, and to subdue in ourselves the spirit of selfish appropriation, common in our civilized system of extortion and plunder, we are not to disregard the necessities and uses of material riches; but by all prudent economies and honest efforts, to lay up something for the inauguration of a Social Harmony. We do not say "spoil the Egyptians," but gather your own. Pay all debts. Free yourselves from entangling liabilities. Gather and save, as you would for a journey to the promised land.

As far as possible, keep your means in a disposable or convertible shape, so that what you have may be realized whenever it may be desirable. Within a few years, there will be large territories open for purchase, or to be built upon and improved, and the hundreds or thousands we may have at command will be the basis of vast wealth in the future—for it is not to be lost sight of, that while there will be none of the present care, struggle, and

sacrifice for wealth, in our future, a true society will abound in riches.

Personal preparation for the True Life, by living as near its standard as is possible in our present conditions, will be a potent means for the propagation of our principles. Let it be seen that Harmonists are higher, purer, nobler than others; that they live a life of devotion to principles; that they are in earnest in the practical realization of a True Life in the earth. Accept and live to the Law of Progression in Harmony; and while you thus garner your lives, saving and gathering strength for the future, you prove to the world that you have a higher motive for freedom, than an unrestrained sensual indulgence; which, in fact, is the peculiar characteristic of the existing condition.

This Law, which is not an arbitrary enactment, but the expression of a fitness or harmony of relation—requires that “material union is only to be had, when the Integral Wisdom of the Harmony demands a child.” This integral wisdom may be that of the harmony of a simple accord of two persons, and blessed will be the children born of this wisdom, and into this harmony; and in a unitary or Harmonic Society, all children will be born in the harmony of its Integral Wisdom.

Until such a harmony is established, in pairs, or groups, or a society composed of a series of groups, it will be better to have no children. The earth has enough of the children of discord. Let those who are now parents educate such children as they have into such harmony of development as they may be capable of reaching.

In the preparation for the life of our Harmonic Home, we are to perfect ourselves in whatever will be most conducive to our usefulness and happiness, when it is attained. We are to do the best things possible to us now, in order to fit ourselves for the best things hereafter.

Agriculture must be the basis of the prosperity of every community. Learn its principles, and become skilled in its practical operations. Become acquainted with our mother earth. Learn horticulture and gardening.

The mechanic arts, architecture, the manufacture of furniture, tools, vehicles, clothing, and all articles of use and luxury, come next. Let those who have the talent become skillful artisans in one or more handicrafts, by which we may supply our own wants and make fair exchanges with our neighbors.

Let those who are gifted in music cultivate this talent, in singing or learning some instrument; for as music contains the key to social harmony, it also promotes its highest enjoyments. A society of five hundred persons should be able to organize at once a

band of fifty musicians, and a chorus of a hundred singers. But for this there must be a thorough individual preparation, or much time will be wasted.

We shall need, not only architects and builders, carpenters, masons, painters, &c., but artizans capable of producing statuary and pictures; for though agriculture and manufactures will be the basis of industrial operations, we shall hope to add to these every attraction of the highest art, and to show the world what is needed to its noblest achievements.

Education in all true science, especially in mathematics and the natural sciences, and human physiology or anthropology, their chief, should be the work of every harmonist. Experience has shown that none are too old to learn even the rudiments of science. The veteran in years is still a child in knowledge. If we can never grasp infinity, we may be forever making new discoveries. Though we have an eternity for study and enjoyment, we have a universe to enjoy, and no time to lose.

But more important than science is the spiritual wisdom, the opening of mind and heart to the influx of truth and goodness, or harmony of being, which renders us receptive of the Life of the Heavens. This is the soul and center of all harmony; the unity of man with nature, and with the universal unity of all spirit and all matter. This is the Divine Life of Rest, into which no discord comes.

We have wished to make this Report practical, even to minute details, for the instruction of those, who, aspiring to a True Life, do not see how they can enter upon its realization. Friends, begin to-day. Do the first duty. Free yourself of any discordant or repulsive habit. Correct the first error. Eat only pure and beautiful food, such as you might eat in Eden, or offer to the angels. Do no act or thing that could offend the spirits of those you have loved, and who now watch over you. Prepare yourselves for the greatest usefulness and happiness. Do all in a trustful and restful spirit, waiting in patience and hope, until so many may be thus prepared, that the way will be opened, and the New Eden bloom.

Many of our friends are anxious to know what has been done toward selecting the locality of our Home. It is waiting for us. When there are enough men and women to form the first group in a Harmonic Home, the Domain will be ready to receive them. There must be no haste—no premature movement. Now is the time of seed sowing and germination. We have all an earnest work to do for ourselves, from inmost to outmost; we have a great work also to do for others, to bring them to a knowledge of our

movement. All things must work together for good, that success may be ours.

The manifestations of the Wisdom of the Inner Life of the Heavens encourage us continually in our work, and are indicating means and agencies for its more energetic and successful prosecution. They point to a new center of operations in the West, as preparatory to a final movement.

Even the malignities of conservatism aid in the dissemination of truth. A mass meeting of stupid bigots and fanatics, at Ripon, Wisconsin, called to expel some friends of Individual Freedom from Ceresco, excites a wider interest in our principles; and the most violent attacks upon our writings seem as if written purposely to awaken public attention. Courage; "they that fight for us are more than they that fight against us."

There are members of the Progressive Union, who would prefer that its spiritual character should be kept out of sight; either because they have no faith in Spiritualism, or because they fear its unpopularity. "Honor to whom honor is due." If there is truth in our principles, and wisdom in our movement, let us give credit where it belongs.

By tests numberless, by evidence unquestionable, by manifestations it would be folly for us to deny, we know that our movement is under the guidance of the spirits of some of the wisest men and most loving men and women who have ever lived. Why should we refuse their love, wisdom, and guidance, when it entirely harmonizes with our own best thought? Others, not having this evidence, must receive or reject as they would in any other case—receiving what comes to them as truth, from whatever source, and rejecting whatever seems false; doing by us, in fact, as we do by those who offer us the blessing of their aid.

The day has gone by for rejecting a truth on account of its origin; and we are not to look to a worldly popularity. Our cause is that of the best men on earth, and the best angels in the Heavens. Let us be worthy of it and of them.

MARY LYNDON.

SOME months ago the plate proofs of this book were placed in the hands of our enterprising and long-established New York publishing house, Messrs. STRINGER & TOWNSEND. Stereotyped, and ready to be printed at any moment, it was easy to give it the requisite examination. Every publishing house employs one or more readers, literary men in whose taste and judgment they can confide, whose business it is to examine works offered for publication. In the case of important works, or those involving risk of any kind, several persons are often consulted—and many publishers also rely upon their own judgments.

The proofs of MARY LYNDON, without the name of the author resting on its merits alone, were submitted by them to the unprejudiced judgment of probably a dozen persons of the best literary taste. Under these circumstances, the book was pronounced by these competent and disinterested judges a work of remarkable power and genius; and one which could not fail to make a profound sensation; and be highly praised by some, and as violently censured by others. Satisfied of the merits and popularity of the book, the publishers made a contract to issue it, but owing to the dullness of the early season, it was held back until midsummer. As it had been decided that it should be published anonymously, the author's name was kept a secret.

Its reception by the public justified the predictions of the intelligent critics. No book ever issued from the press of this country has been so enthusiastically commended—certainly no one has been so bitterly abused—none so widely noticed. The critics of the *Daily Times*, and the *Home Journal*, having secured early copies, extolled its merits and predicted its success. By the press generally; it was received with high approbation, and few books have been so thoroughly canvassed. But Conservatism had taken the alarm. The *New York Commercial Advertiser*, while classing it with the first productions of the age in ability, denounced its principles and deprecated its moral teachings. Other papers of a like character followed in its lead. The *Newark Advertiser* lowered itself to personal vituperation. The *Buffalo Courier*, in an earnest leader, headed "Pernicious Literature," deplores alike its merits and its faults; its wonderful fascination and the terrible mischiefs it is destined to produce.

But it was left to HENRY J. RAYMOND, editor of the *New York Daily Times*, and Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York,

to fill up the measure of critical indignation. The literary editor of the *Times*, an unprejudiced and accomplished Englishman, had highly commended the book in a preliminary notice—but Mr. Raymond, as champion of the moralities, cancelled all other criticism, and took the matter into his own hands, and wrote an article of nearly four columns, headed "A BAD BOOK GIBBETED," the most false, malignant, and personally libellous we have ever seen, in any American paper. Such an article cannot injure the author of MARY LYNDON, with any person who knows her personally or through her writings; but we do not see how HENRY J. RAYMOND can escape. When a violent mercenary partizan of Conservatism throws such quantities of filth at one so entirely out of his reach, something of his malignity is likely to fall back upon himself.

The *Tribune* published a careful and fair review, by its literary editor, with a liberal extract; but Mr. Greeley, not satisfied with this, contrived to have a fling at Raymond, and at the same time denounce the book by innuendo, as one quite too immoral and dangerous to be named, though it had been abundantly advertised and fairly reviewed in his own columns.

The animus of these attacks has been evidently in most cases, a conscientious apprehension of its radical character and tendencies; but in the case of Raymond, there are other reasons. Our small specimen of a Lieutenant-Governor has shown on too many occasions which way his scruples tend. Few men are less troubled by conscience or consistency. But he has a reputation to maintain, and it needs an occasional victim. A son of one of the Harpers is a partner in the *Times*, and Raymond is sold against all rival publishers. One of the brothers also figures amusingly in Mary Lyndon, but not offensively that we can see—yet some people are very sensitive. There may be a deeper malice hidden, than we have been able to discover.

When an empty, flashy, trashy book, which is sold by puffing, is shown up by the press in its proper character, its sale may be suddenly stopped. This was the case with "Hot Corn," "Fashion and Famine," and many similar works; but the abuse of the press has never stopped the circulation of any work of real vitality. Raymond, or Greeley, or any one, having the ear of the public, could expose an arrant humbug, or a deceptive sham, while they would vainly assail a work of true genius. It is a remarkable fact, that in every notice of Mary Lyndon we have seen, with one exception, whatever objections were made to its philosophy, the writers seemed forced to bear testimony to its power and fascination, its literary ability and earnestness of purpose. The most condemnatory notices have still contained something which would

make the reader wish to see the book ; and often the very faults of the conservative critic would be considered its highest merits by more liberal readers.

In the mean time, MARY LYNDON is bought and read ; and it will find its way into the very strongholds of Conservatism, as it never would have done, were it not for the violence of this abuse. Cowards will shrink and tremble, but the pure and brave, everywhere, who find a congenial spirit, one who has trod the fiery path of suffering—one who points them to the freedom and holiness of a true life, will stand by her, and be her shield.

Its sale already has placed it in the hands of many thousands of readers. The re-orders from the trade assure a steady sale ; and as it is a book of permanent interest, taking hold on the future, we may anticipate for it a continued demand and an ever widening usefulness.

Mary Lyndon, we observe, is generally treated as a romance, and its construction and plot disapproved or commended accordingly ; when the fact is that it is an actual life, even to minute particulars, and to the very words of conversations, and the literal copying of letters. It is not, therefore, in the least degree a work of imagination or artistic skill. Mrs. Stowe said of Uncle Tom's Cabin, "it wrote itself." Mary Lyndon lived itself ; and its great merit is in its being perhaps the only actual copy of a real life, in incident, thought, and feeling. Be that life good or bad, false or true, and most wretched and most happy, as at times it has been, in its wonderful progress and development, it is the life of its author, first lived, and then most faithfully written—so it takes hold upon the inmost heart of every reader who can sympathize with such a life, either in its sorrows or its joys.

The time will come, we doubt not, when Greeley, Raymond, and others, as blinded on as knavish as these, will be ashamed of their present unmanly conduct. The course of Mr. Greeley has been cowardly and outrageous—that of Raymond ruffianly and indecent. We hope to live to see both repent heartily of their conduct, or meet with their deserts.

T. L. N.

CHARLES FOURIER.

The condition of man, in the highest civilization to which he has attained, is far from a happy one. On every side we see fraud in individuals, oppression in laws, and wars between nations. A forced and repugnant toil produces a scanty supply of wealth, which is absorbed chiefly by the idle drones of society, while those who labor hardest are the worst provided for. Individual interests are everywhere opposed to the general good. It is for the interest of the lawyer that there should be quarrels, frauds and crimes; of the doctor that there should be disease; of the farmer that there should be famines; of the builder that there should be conflagrations. Men are in constant conflict with each other; there is no general concert of action for the increase of wealth, but each is trying to get the largest share, without regard to the injury of his neighbor. The earth is miserably cultivated, in little isolated patches, without the facilities of machinery or the direction of science. Including women and children, four-fifths of the whole community add nothing to its productive wealth, and live upon the labor of the other fifth. Men work by necessity instead of attraction, at monotonous occupations, without the recreation of variety, and with no opportunity for the development of their talents or the gratification of their tastes. There is no just reward according to capacities. One man works ten or fifteen hours a day, at the severest toil, for a few shillings—another, with no labor or care, without exercising any useful talent or capacity, has an income of a thousand dollars a day, which is drawn, of course, from the labor of the poor. As a rule, those who do the most for society are the worst off—those who do nothing, or worse than nothing, enjoy the greatest luxuries. Rich and poor are alike destitute of any security—a thousand accidents may bring them to want. Children are uneducated and uncared for; men are degraded by poverty and ignorance to vice and crime, until the whole community is overspread with universal distrust and duplicity, and nothing but the inherent goodness, justice, benevolence, and religion of the human heart, keeps the world from becoming a pandemonium of crime and horror.

Is this picture of society too strongly drawn or too highly colored? Let a few facts and figures convince the reader, if he is not already satisfied by his own observation, that it is impossible to convey, by any words, a full idea of the miseries which are the legitimate product of our civilized social organization.

To begin at home. In the city of New York, the commercial emporium of the Western World, in a population of 450,000,* more than half a million of dollars a year are expended for the support of paupers and criminals; there are more than fifty thousand persons supported, wholly or in part, by the Alms-House establishment, and nearly as many more aided by various public and private charities. More than one thousand beggared and abandoned children are maintained by the city at the nurseries at Randall's Island, besides the hundreds at our various Orphan Asylums; and these are better provided for than thousands more, who are vagabonds, beggars, and pilferers in our streets. From two to three thousand convicts are yearly sent to the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. In 1847, 11,626 persons were committed to the city prison. Dense crowds of miserable, ragged, filthy beings are constantly crowding to our Alms-house, in the park, for temporary relief. To fill up the horrors of civilization, in this great, enlightened, and prosperous city, add to the above list two or three thousand grog-shops, and from three to five thousand common prostitutes.

If these things be found in the green tree, what may we look for in the dry? In London, the great center of commerce and civilization, there are 232,000 beggars, thieves, pickpockets and vagrants. In France, out of a population of thirty-two millions, twenty-two millions have but six cents a day for all their necessities. Ireland, a fertile and productive country, is now being depopulated by famine. Thousands and millions reduced, step by step, to the lowest poverty and misery, are dying of starvation. In Liverpool, 39,300 people live in damp and filthy cellars; in Manchester 14,000. In other towns in England one bed serves for four, five, and six persons. The reader must draw his own inferences in regard to the health, intelligence and morals of such a population.

Such is a picture of the results of Christian civilization in the middle of the nineteenth century; such scenes prevail everywhere, constantly increasing in misery—the necessary and inevitable result of a false social system. We see it alike under monarchical

* Since this paragraph was written, the population of New York has increased two hundred thousand, and a proportional allowance must be made in all these statistics.

and republican governments, under the Catholic and Protestant forms of faith and worship. Revolutions and political reforms have effected little or no amelioration, for the evils are social, not political.

Surely, the man who discovers a remedy for these evils, deserves a high place among the World's Reformers.

FRANCOIS MARIE CHARLES FOURIER, the son of Charles and Marie Mugnet, was born at Besançon, France, on the 7th of April, 1772. His father was a cloth merchant, in comfortable circumstances, and of good reputation. He was chosen first consular judge in the year 1776, and others of his relatives filled responsible public situations. His father died in 1781, leaving Charles a property of 80,000 francs, and the rest of his family well provided for.

From his earliest infancy Fourier manifested a great love of truth and justice, a decided will, and an unconquerable reason, which, in all his after life, never bowed to social prejudice. In his boyish contests he always took the part of the weak and the right; he was often in difficulties, but never on his own account. He fought only to defend his comrades.

When only five years old, Fourier was punished by his parents for having told the truth in regard to some article of trade. This incident seems to have influenced his whole life. It was his first little experience of commercial duplicity.

With excellent opportunities for education, Fourier distinguished himself by the precocity of his intellect. His favorite study was geography, and he spent the money given him to purchase toys, in buying maps and atlases, over which he spent whole nights in study. His chief amusement was the cultivation of flowers, of which he had a large collection, arranged in admirable order. Music was also an early passion, and he learned several instruments without a master, composed, and understood well the theory of that wonderful key to social science.

During a part of Fourier's student life, he was accustomed to start for school, with his breakfast, a liberal supply of bread and meat or other portable food in his pocket, instead of eating with the family. As this was but one of his singularities, no attention was paid to it; but one day, when he had left Besançon, there came a poor, infirm old man, and inquired if the little gentleman was ill or absent. The absence of Fourier had been attended by the loss of his daily breakfast. Who cannot read in these little traits the character of a philanthropist?

Fourier, at the close of his academic studies, wished to enter

the corps of military engineers, but his birth was an obstacle to such an appointment, and his father being dead, he went, in accordance with the wishes of his family, into the cloth business, and commenced his apprenticeship at Lyons. Possessed of a passion for traveling, Fourier, who enjoyed fully the confidence of his employers, gladly availed himself of opportunities for making long journeys into different departments of France, for business purposes; but these did not satisfy him, and he made tours into Holland and Germany. His passion for observation also induced him to change his residence and employers, and he resided at different times, at Lyons, Rouen, Marseilles, and Bordeaux. In these journeys and residences nothing escaped his penetrating observation. He noted climate, culture, population, public and private edifices, and all these particulars, even to the measurements of heights and distances, and the topography of little villages, were remembered with astonishing accuracy. There was hardly a public building in France of which Fourier could not give the dimensions, proportions and arrangements.

In the intervals of his employments, Fourier devoted himself to the study of the natural sciences, especially to mathematics, anatomy, natural history, and physics. From the moment he entered upon any of these branches of study, he became completely absorbed in it; nothing could distract his attention. Few men ever possessed in so high a degree the power of concentrating all his thoughts. He had also remarkable powers of invention, and at the age of nineteen he suggested to an engineer the idea of the modern railroad, but he was told that it was an impossibility. He also invented a new method of musical notation.

In 1793, Fourier received his share of his father's estate, about twenty thousand dollars, which he invested in business at Lyons, the whole of which he lost during the revolutionary disturbances, of which that city was the scene. During this stormy period his life even was in the most imminent peril; and he was subsequently compelled to enter a regiment of light dragoons. But no misfortunes or changes could come to such a man, without their uses. In the loss of his property, and in the destruction of thousands of lives at Lyons, he had a vivid picture of social discord and subversion; and the organization and discipline of military life, doubtless afforded him many hints for his scheme of social organization. These events occurred when Fourier was at the age of twenty-two.

On his discharge from the republican army, Fourier obtained employment in a mercantile house in Marseilles, where, in 1799, he was chosen to superintend a body of men, who were engaged in secretly casting into the sea an immense quantity of rice, which

had been kept in the storehouses until it was spoiled, in the hope of realizing an exorbitant profit, while France was suffering from extreme scarcity. These monopolizers had allowed vast stores of provisions to rot, while their fellow-citizens were suffering from famine, rather than sell at a reasonable price. Such abuses of monopoly, and the thousand frauds of commerce, with which Fourier had become acquainted, seemed to him crimes against humanity, and he was prompted by benevolence and justice, to study incessantly for the discovery of some means of effectually and permanently preventing them.

This had been the object of all his thoughts from the time, when, at five years of age, he was punished for telling the truth. Trifling circumstances often tend to grand results. The fall of an apple suggested to Newton the theory of gravitation;—being obliged to pay fourteen cents for an apple in Paris, which he could buy in the country for two or three cents a dozen, led Fourier to investigate the laws and frauds of commerce.

In 1799, Fourier made his great discovery, the basis of all his after labors, and the foundation of the whole scheme of association. His reflections upon commercial operations led him to investigate all the relations of society, and the causes of all existing evils. He looked through all nature for an explanation of the causes of this discord, and for the laws of social harmony. He found that the stars and planets of the universe are governed by laws of attraction and repulsion—the same laws govern the instinctive operations of the animal and insect races, and he considered whether attraction and repulsion were not the laws of the whole universe of matter and of mind. To be satisfied on this subject, Fourier studied deeply into the natural or instinctive passions of the human soul, their proper gratifications, and the results of their natural and subversive actions.

Considering attraction and repulsion as the governing forces of all nature, and God as the Creator and Distributor of attractions and repulsions, he inferred that these attractions and repulsions were distributed exactly in proportion to the functions of every order of beings in the general harmony of the universe. If this be true in the lower animals and vegetables, and also in the systems of the universe, how can it be that man is the single exception to all the works of God? From such considerations Fourier derived his axiom:

"The permanent attractions and repulsions of every being in the creation, are exactly in proportion to their respective functions and real destinies in the universe:" or, as it is more briefly expressed,

"ATTRACTIONS PROPORTIONAL TO DESTINIES."

Observing the perfect analogy that exists between all parts of the universe, Fourier reasoned that as the Creator is one and the same Being, Infinite and Eternal in his attributes, all in all, it was impossible for him to create anything foreign to his own attributes. God being a harmonious Being, all his works must be harmonious. The CREATION must of necessity reflect the attributes of the CREATOR. Another axiom of Fourier, therefore is :

"The Creator being one infinite, harmonious Being, everything in Nature must be an imitation of his own attributes, and therefore there exists a universal analogy in every order of Creation."

This axiom is commonly expressed in the simple phrase,

"UNIVERSAL ANALOGY."

Previous to the discovery of these principles, Fourier had satisfied himself that in every order of creation, from the highest to the lowest of beings, animate and inanimate, there is a universal distribution according to a law of ascending and descending progression : these distributions he called series, and his first grand axiom was,—

"All the harmonies of the universe are distributed in progressive series ;" or,

"THE SERIES DISTRIBUTE THE HARMONIES."

Having satisfied himself that these were the laws of the universe, Fourier believed that he possessed in them the basis of a true social science ; and that by their aid he could develop a system of social organization, which would bring the human race to harmony and happiness. With a sublime faith in God, and an earnest devotion to humanity, he patiently worked out the minutest details of his theory.

Desirous of devoting as much time as possible to this great work, Fourier engaged in the profession of commercial agent or broker, in which, with a little exertion, he was able to provide for his frugal necessities. All the rest of the time he devoted to his work. After some years, a small income was left him, which relieved him from any other labor.

After eight years' labor he published his first volume of "The Theory of the Four Movements ;" but after it was published, finding that certain parts were incomplete, he withdrew it from circulation, and devoted seven years more to its completion. France was in all the excitement of Napoleon's return from Elba, and the work of Fourier, printed in a provincial city, unnoticed by the press, attracted little attention. It attracted, as far as is known, but one disciple, M. Just Henirou. From this time forward, Fourier labored diligently upon his system—sending copies of his works

to distinguished personages, and endeavoring, in various ways, to get the world to listen to the discovery he had made. It was in vain. A few choice spirits, with clear heads and warm hearts, were able to comprehend and receive his doctrines. At Paris, there were at one time gathered around him twelve young men, ardent and enthusiastic disciples. They read his works, studied his unpublished manuscripts, and received personal explanations of his theory. Having become fully acquainted with his system, they separated. One went to India, another to South America, others to different countries of Europe, and one came home to the United States, to spread the doctrines of social reform. Fourier's American disciple was Albert Brisbane.

It is not easy, in a brief space, to give a clear idea of a system of social organization. Fourier would bring the human race into harmony with all the universe, by a social organization adapted to its attractions or passions. His idea is one of universal unity—unity of man with God in true religion; unity of man with man in true society; unity of man with nature, in creation, art, and industry. "God," says Fourier, "sees in the human race but one great family, all the members of which have a right to his favors: he designs that they shall all be happy together, or else no one people shall enjoy happiness."

The means of securing this condition of social harmony is by association. Its rude efforts have brought us from savageism to civilization. By its aid we have roads, bridges, villages, cities, railroads, steamboats, and a thousand contrivances for our comfort and amusement, and in the carrying out and perfection of the principle it is expected that all possible blessings will be realized.

The competitive industry of civilization operates by the smallest number of persons, in works and households; by occupations of the longest duration and the greatest monotony, and the greatest complication. The motives to labor are chiefly the compulsion of task-masters, or that of necessity. Its results, as seen under the most favorable circumstances, are collective poverty, fraud and imposition, oppression, war, pestilence and famine.

In the association of Fourier, the combined industry will operate by large assemblages, working together with enthusiasm, in occupations of short duration and great variety, and by the easiest division of labor, a group being engaged in each detail. The result of such a system of industry, with all its economies and attractions, will be general riches, practical truth in all relations, or universal honesty, real liberty, peace, health and happiness.

The first step toward the realization of this grand scheme of human amelioration, and which Fourier hoped all his life to see

accomplished, is the organization of a single township. Take a town, for example, of six miles square, inhabited by three hundred families. Instead of three hundred little farms, with their buildings, fences, stocks, and implements, let there be one magnificent edifice, sufficiently spacious to accommodate in comfort, and even luxury, every family; for three hundred farms let there be one grand domain, cultivated with the combined science, skill, and labor of the whole township. Let all work together for the good of all, each according to his capacity, and each secure of his reward.

Let us first consider the economies of such a plan. The land will cost no more, but can be cultivated, as regards the adaptation of crops, to much greater advantage. The palace of an association need not cost more than three hundred inconvenient dwellings. Many miles of fences, with all quarrels about boundaries, and other vexations, will be abolished. One collection of barns, granaries, and other out-houses, will answer, instead of three hundred. One great furnace to warm the entire building, with heated air or steam, will take the place of say a thousand fire-places, with their immense waste of fuel. A single kitchen, and a small group of cooks, will take the place of three hundred women, roasting over three hundred kitchen fires. One small gas apparatus will light the whole building in the neatest and most economical manner. All trade will be wholesale, and all goods dispensed at cost price, saving all profits and fraud. In every isolated family there is a great waste of fuel, provisions, labor, and expenditure of every sort. It is easy to see how all this may be avoided.

The economies of production are not less striking. The land properly parceled, and scientifically cultivated, can be made to quadruple its products. There will be congenial work for all tastes and talents, in the variety of agricultural, horticultural, mechanical and manufacturing employments. With change, variety, and an agreeable society, and the friendly competition of rival groups, work will be performed with pleasure and enthusiasm. Suitable employments will be found for women, and children from three years old will be able to earn their support. The sales of the products of agriculture and the arts, being made by wholesale, and at the great markets, the highest price will be realized.

Among the results of such an organization of a township, we should have universal practical education. The whole body would be a school or lyceum for mutual improvement. The public health would be an object of the first attention, and would be secured by a proper diet, well-ventilated apartments, good clothing, freedom from care, and other hygienic conditions. General honesty must come from a union of interests, and the absence of all motives to

fraud or theft. Women, having an independent position, would be governed by affection alone in the choice of their husbands, and happy marriages would be the result.

By an equitable division of yearly profits, all would increase in riches, and there would be an entire freedom from care and anxiety, which are with so many the bane of existence. Every man, woman and child would feel an interest in the prosperity of the whole. All would share in the right of property. It would be *our phalanstery, our domain, our trees, our gardens.*

That this life in association is the natural destiny of man, as natural to him as herding is to cattle, or hiving to bees, Fourier demonstrated from the nature of the human passions or attractions, which such a social state is alone fitted to gratify, and which are all more or less thwarted in our present condition.

These passions are the five sensitives—sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch; four affective—friendship, love, ambition, and paternity; three distributive—the emulative, alternating and composite. The sensitive and affective passions require no explanation. It is easy to see whether they can best be gratified in the present state of society, or in association.

The emulative passion is that which governs rivalry, the desire to excel, and the wish for honors, rewards, and approbation. It has little gratification now, but it is easy to see how it might become a powerful stimulant to useful industry and art.

The alternating passion is the natural love for variety of employment, exercise or avocation, so that all parts of the system shall be suitably exercised. The want of this variety produces ennui and weariness; but when men can change from one occupation to another, each is a recreation.

The composite passion requires that two or more of the others be gratified at once, and requires the combination of every charm of material riches and moral enjoyment.

The whole system of Fourier has its foundation in the deepest sentiments of religion, in a profound faith in God, as the Father of the human race, and a universal love for men as brethren of the same great family. It is an attempt to realize the idea of the Gospel, of "peace on earth, good will to men." It looks to an answer to the prayer, "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

Such is a glimpse of the theory which Fourier worked out with all the precision of mathematical science; which he spent his life in perfecting and offering to the world. He died, while as yet his thought had made but little apparent progress; but the seed had fallen into fruitful soil, and now the ideas of Fourier are at the

basis of the great reform movements which are agitating the world. They are spreading through all society, and lighting up new hopes and prospects for the future of our race.

Fourier published four works during his life; the first in 1808, one volume, entitled "Theory of the Four Movements;" the second in 1822, "Theory of Universal Unity;" the third in 1829, the "New Industrial World;" the fourth in 1835-6, "False Industry, and its Antidote, Natural Industry." He also left a large mass of manuscripts, in the care of his friends and disciples. Among these are his "Theory of the Immortality of the Soul;" "Theory of Analogy," "Theory of Cosmogony," &c.

He died at Paris, on the tenth of October, 1837. Mr. Brisbane, his devoted disciple, and one who has done more than any other man in this country to spread his doctrines, gives, from personal intimacy, the following account of his appearance and character.

"Fourier is to be ranked among those great and original geniuses who appear from time to time upon the earth, to reveal to mankind parts of the scheme of universal Truth and the decrees of Providence, to open new paths of progress, and to give to Humanity an impetus onward towards its destiny. The experience of past ages has proved that he who is thus in advance of his age, and exposes its errors and ignorance, is condemned by popular prejudice, and suffers a martyrdom more or less terrible, according to the spirit of the age. For forty years, Fourier labored with patience and perseverance at the Herculean task of discovering and developing the theory and practical details of the system which he has given to the world; and, for reward, he met only during his life with neglect, calumny, and misrepresentation. It is only those who can feel the ardent desire of a great inventor to see his discoveries applied in practice that can appreciate this suffering of silent martyrdom; of long years of disappointed hope and expectation.

"When we became acquainted with him, in 1832, he was about sixty years old. He was of middle stature, being about five feet seven or eight inches in height; his frame was rather light, but possessing that elasticity and energy which denote strength of constitution and great intellectual activity. His complexion was fair, and his hair, when young, light brown. His forehead was very high, and rather narrow,—appearing perhaps more so from its great height; the region about the eyebrows, where phrenologists locate the perceptive organs, was large and full, and the upper frontal part of the forehead, where the reflective organs, such as comparison, causality, &c., are placed, projected strongly, and was extremely developed. The development of the upper part

of the brain was very great, and the distance from the ear to the top of the head was remarkable. The posterior part of the head was comparatively small, particularly the part where the organ of self-esteem is located; at the lower part and the base, the brain however was larger. The mass of the brain, taking the head as a whole, seemed to be set forward, throwing a large proportion into the anterior region of the head. Such, at least, is the recollection which we have of the conformation of his head. His eyebrows were thin, his eyes were large, and of a mingled blue and grey, the pupil extremely small, giving a look of great intensity to the face. His nose was large and high, and rather thin, projecting strongly at the upper part, and running straight to the point, which was quite sharp. His lips were extremely thin, closely compressed, and drawn down at the corners, which gave a cast of reserved and silent melancholy to his face. His features, except the mouth, were large and strongly marked, but delicately formed and molded.

“As we remember it, the expression of the countenance of Fourier was one of self-dependence, of great intensity, of determined energy, and of inflexible firmness and tenacity, but softened by thoughtfulness and profound contemplation. He was entirely unassuming in his manners; his dress was plain, like that of a country gentleman, and he stooped slightly; his mien was that of cold, unapproachable simplicity; he was thoughtful, reserved and silent; which, together with his natural firmness of character, counterbalanced his unpretending simplicity, and prevented all approach to familiarity, even on the part of his most devoted disciples. Not a shadow of vanity, pride, or haughtiness, was perceptible in him: his own personality seemed sunk and lost in the vastness and universality of the great truths which he had discovered, and which he was the instrument of making known to mankind.

“If we were permitted to pass our judgment upon the character of Fourier's genius, we would say he possessed three leading mental qualifications: First, great powers of perception and observation, and a delicate sentiment for all material harmonies, which generally accompanies the possession of those powers. Nothing escaped his observation; he was attentive to the slightest details; and with a strong memory, and a methodical classification of facts, he was master of everything he ever saw. If he entered any building, he remarked the peculiarities of distribution, its beauties, defects, wherein it could be improved, &c. His walking-stick was regularly marked off in feet and inches, and everything remarkable which met his eye was at once reduced to measurement and calculation. Secondly, he possessed immense powers of reflection, or

powers of comparison, criticism and analysis, together with the power of combining and generalizing facts and results. His capacity for the most minute analysis, and the broadest and most universal synthesis, was truly amazing; the proofs of which are met with in almost every page of his works; he possessed, also, to a remarkable extent, the faculty of *intuitive conception* (or which we will call such, for want of a better name), which seems to be a gift accompanying the highest order of genius. Thirdly, he possessed, in an extraordinary degree, the highest class of moral sentiments, such as benevolent sympathy, which extended to the whole human race, and a love of justice, which in him seemed universal.

“Combining, then, strong perceptive faculties, superior critical, analytical and reflective powers, and high moral sentiments, which were crowned with an implicit faith in the love and wisdom of the Ruler of the universe, Fourier was admirably fitted for the performance of the great work which he seems to have been destined to accomplish—the discovery of the Science of Attractive Industry and Social Harmony. His fine moral sentiments were violated and outraged by the falseness, the injustice, oppression and misery, which pervaded society universally; and while they impelled him to seek for a remedy for these evils in a new Social Order, in which the principles of truth, and of justice, and benevolence, could be realized in practice, and sustained him in persevering patience during long search and study, his powerful perceptive faculties collected facts and details, or the materials to work upon, and his truly gigantic reflective powers collated and arranged them, and discovered the laws and principles of order and harmony upon which society should be based.

“‘The principal features of Fourier’s private character,’ says the *London Phalanx*, ‘were morality, justice, and the love of truth.’ He had, in fact, a universal character, both grave and dignified, religious and poetic, friendly and polite, indulgent and sincere, which never allowed Truth to be profaned by libertine frivolity, nor Faith to be confounded with austere duplicity. He was a man of dignified simplicity, a child of Heaven, loving God with all his heart, and all his soul, and all his mind, and also loving as himself his neighbor, the whole Human Family.”

LOVE'S VIGIL.

PEACEFULLY a worn one sleeps,
Brow and cheek are lily pale,
And a manly watcher weeps;
Lest the faltering pulse should fail.
As a miser dotes on gold,
He doth watch her fevered slumbers,
And the leaping pulse would hold,
As each throbbing beat he numbers.

Wan and still, as withered flowers,
Rests she in his loving care,
Slowly drag the chained hours,
While he pours his Life in prayer.
"Precious darling, do not die,
Do not leave me dark and lonely ;
Myriad angels make Heaven's joy,
I have one dear angel only.

"Father, do not let us part,
Till our work is fully done,
For with earnest life and heart,
We have loved and wrought as one.
We have borne the world's blind wrath,
Hate and scorn our life oppressing,
We have trod a fiery path,
Proffering all Thy cup of blessing.

"Till thy Kingdom come on earth,
Till thy Peace and Heavenly Love
Find in many souls a birth,
Father, leave my mated dove.
Then a garland we will twine,
Of *our own*, as they are given ;
Wreathed Loves—a Life Divine—
Such as Angels live in Heaven."

Slowly wears the night away,
Peacefully the worn one sleeps ;
Hope is dawning with the day,
And no more the watcher weeps.
She is spared, the mated dove,
Night and Pain alike are fleeing,
Angels breathe their Life of Love
Through the precious loved one's being.

MARY S. GOVE NICHOLS.

From the *Dime*.

PASSION-FLOWERS.

O RIVER of Time! O voiceless sea
 Of dim and fathomless destiny!
 I feel the bark of my spirit driven
 Along your vast and desolate shore,
 Like a cloud, in the light of the dying even,
 To return no more.

O beautiful world! O fragrant wine!
 O Love of the human soul divine!
 My heart is a withering passion-flower,
 Athirst for the musical summer rain,
 Pining and murmuring, hour by hour,
 With a longing vain.

A wandering bird, that cannot be
 At rest on earth, or in air, or sea,—
 For whose worn wing no island of bliss
 Lifts up a heaven of love and calm,
 A nest in a rosy wilderness,
 Of blessed balm.

My spirit is faint with the fever-strife
 Of a soul athirst for the Wine of Life,—
 For the lips of a human sympathy,
 To kiss away this home-sick pain,—
 For a little space to love, and be
 Beloved again.

And yet on the silent and soundless sea
 Of a dim and fathomless destiny,
 I feel the bark of my spirit driven
 Along its vast, and desolate shore,
 Like a cloud in the light of the dying even,
 To return no more.

Fulton, N. Y.

KATE SEYMOUR.

SONG OF A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

[ALL poets are Spiritualists ; and Mrs. Hemans seems to have had a very clear perception of the angelic spheres and influences. The following beautiful poem seems to belong to our own period of manifestation.]

O, droop thou not, my gentle, earthly love,
Mine still to be !
I bore through death, to brighter lands above,
My thoughts of thee.

Yes, the deep memory of our holy tears,
Our mingled prayer,
Our suffering love, through long devoted years,
Went with me there.

It was not vain, the hallowed and the tried ;
It was not vain !
Still, though unseen, still hovering at thy side,
I watch again !

From our own path, our love's attesting bower,
I am not gone :
In the deep calm of midnight's whispering hour,
Thou are not lone.

Not lone, when by the haunted stream thou weepest,
That stream whose tone
Murmurs of thoughts the richest and the deepest,
We two have known.

Not lone, when mournfully some strain awaking,
Of days long past,
From thy soft eyes the sudden tears are breaking,
Silent and fast.

Not lone, when upward in fond visions turning
Thy dreamy glance,
Thou seekest my home, where solemn stars are burning,
O'er night's expanse.

My home is near thee, loved one, and around thee,
Where'er thou art ;
Though still mortality's thick cloud has bound thee,
Doubt not thy heart !

Hear it's low voice, nor deem thyself forsaken ;
Let faith be given
To the still tones which oft thy being waken—
They are of heaven !

EACH IN ALL.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
 Of *thee*, from the hill-top looking down ;
 And the heifer that lows on the upland farm,
 Far heard, lows not *thine* ear to charm ;
 The sexton, tolling the bell at noon,
 Dreams not that great Napoleon
 Stops his horse and lists with delight,
 As his files sweep round yon distant height ;
 Nor knowest thou what argument
 Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent ;
 All are needed by each one—
 Nothing is fair, or good alone.

I caught the sparrow's note from Heaven,
 Singing, at dawn, on the alder bough,
 I brought him home in his nest at even ;
 He sings the song, but it pleases not now—
 For I did not bring home the river and sky ;
 He sang to my ear—*they* sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore ;
 The bubbies of the latest wave
 Fresh pearls to their enamel gave ;
 And the bellowing of the savage sea
 Greeted their safe escape to me.
 I wiped away the weeds and foam,
 And fetched my sea-born treasures home ;
 But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
 Had left their beauty on the shore,
 With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.
 Nor rose, nor stream, nor bird is fair,
 Their *concord* is beyond compare.

LENITY IN CENSURE.

HUMAN life's a blotted page,
 At the spots 'tis vain to rage :
 When a neighbor's faults you see,
 Think, he others sees in thee ;
 When you honest censure speak,
 Ne'er forget our nature's weak ;
 So 'twere best that you express
 All your thoughts in gentleness.
 'Tis a word that come from Heaven,
 Forgive, that you may be forgiven !