

NICHOLS' MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1855.

WE and our readers belong to the Party of Progress ; and progression involves change of form, sometimes, as well as change of place. We wish our progress to be orderly ; but we cannot persevere in any course, simply because it has been adopted. We claim the right to change opinions and actions, whenever we are satisfied that such a change is right.

Having, at much expense and inconvenience, completed the most important serial works, commenced in the octavo form of the Monthly, and being about to publish others, requiring a smaller page and larger type, we have closed the first monthly volume, and begun a new series in the present form, which, more convenient, and economical for us, will, we hope, be quite as acceptable to our readers. We give, it will be seen, more pages ; and though there is less matter in quantity, it is given in a fairer type, and we intend to make it choice in quality.

This number opens with the first chapters of "THE SISTERS," a novel, commenced in the late numbers, but which, as it promises to be a work of considerable extent, and great interest, we have begun anew, with some revision, that all our subscribers may have it uniform and complete.

THE LIFE OF A MEDIUM is a new, and will be, we think, an interesting feature of this series. We have known MR. CONKLIN for some time past, as a *test medium*, of remarkable uses. He is a man of the most entirely honest, simple, unpretending character, who does what he believes to be his duty, uninfluenced by any worldly motives. By the advice of the spirits, he has taken a house in a central location, No. 134 Canal street, New York, which is open several hours every day, for free circles, where all inquirers are invited to come, without money or price, and test the reality of

spirit communications. He is supported in this expensive, and as his friends thought hazardous undertaking, by voluntary contributions, by the sale of a monthly paper, *THE PUBLIC CIRCLE*, published at six cents a copy, and by private circles, at such hours as are not occupied with the public ministrations. It is our belief that this humble medium is in this way, the instrument of more spiritual good, than all the clergy of New York. We have not known any person to go to his rooms, in any proper spirit of candid inquiry, without being satisfied of the honesty of the medium, and the reality of the manifestations. The portrait is engraved from a photograph on wood.

We continue the *WORLD'S REFORMERS*, with a sketch of *SWEDENBORG*, whose life and writings are becoming daily of more general interest.

The first Report of the *CENTRAL BUREAU* of the *PROGRESSIVE UNION*, will interest every friend of progress. It will be sent, in the *Monthly*, to every member; it will also be printed separately, for distribution, by those who are *able and willing* to assist in this work. It will be so sent, for distribution, in packages of eight ounces, or about twenty copies, post paid, for *twenty-five cents*.

We very much wish that every member of the *Progressive Union* would take the *MONTHLY*, its Organ: we also hope that every reader will become a member of the Union. The list of members, increasing daily, will be sent to each full member. It will be seen that they are widely scattered; but each active member may become the vital center of a group of thinkers and workers, until it shall spread over the country. The tree must germinate, take root, expand and grow, before we can look for fruitage; but *that will SURELY come*.

We open a series of articles on *SOCIETY AS IT IS*, with a sketch of Life in Utah; a Festival in the Salt Lake City; and an account of Mormon Missions. In this series we shall group some of the most remarkable features of our passing civilization.

The price of *NICHOLS' MONTHLY*, with its present circulation, is considerably below its cost, which must be made up by profits on other works, and other contributions. Many, probably most of our readers, and among them many of the most thoughtful and hopeful, are not blessed with riches. Those who have the will to aid in our work, generally lack the means; those who have means lack the will. As we go on we hope to find, oftener than we have done, the means and will united. When this is the case, it will be as easy to institute a New Social Order, as to build navies; organize armies; or carry on great manufacturing or commercial enterprises. And that time is not distant.

THE SISTERS.

"MAN WRONGS, AND TIME AVENGES."—*Byron.*

CHAPTER I.

JERRY.

"I TELL you what, Squire Meadows, if that ain't the toughest bit o' hoss meat you've seen lately, then my name is not Jeremiah Gerald Fitzgerald, which was what my mother had me christened afore I can exactly remember. I cal'late that this 'ere hoss 'll trot a mile in three minutes and forty seconds, in short days in the winter"—

"But, Jerry," said Squire Meadows, "you know speed is not the one thing needful in a horse on my farm. I have many jobs to do—plowing, harrowing, going to meeting, and to mill, with Nathan for charioteer, who, though pretty wise, is only twelve years old."

"Kind as a kitten, squire," said Jerry, rubbing the glossy black sides of the little, compact bit of blood and beauty, yecept Bess Bite, for reasons which we will give hereafter. "The children go all around amongst her legs. She'll live on thistles, takes to a side-saddle and a petticoat as kindly and patiently as Jerry, and, what's more'n all the rest," said the emaciated, raw-boned, restless-eyed, hook-nosed Yankee, known as Jerry Gerald, "*she can't be tewitched*—Granny Sherwood has tried all her spells—can't be done. What do you think o' *that*?" and his eye lighted, and he laid his great hand caressingly on the mare—and then he added, with lengthened features, and sorrowful tone, "I wish I could say as much for Jerry."

Mr. Rawson, the owner of the horse, now came forward, and taking the bridle, turned the small head of the mare away from the light, and undertook to exhibit her good points. The enthusiasm of his groom was beginning to be quenched in his superstition.

The horse was what a Scotsman would call "a braw bit of bluid," an Englishman, "just your sort," a western American, "a right smart chance of a hoss," and a Yankee, "just the thing, and no mistake;" but, in order that all this should be said, the head of Bess Bite must be turned away from the light. A film had begun to cover the right eye, and the left was becoming the least grain dim.

Mr. Rawson, who owned her, was a noted sharper—a man whose name set every body's teeth on edge, with the thought of being cheated, as the name of a great wit brings a smile, or the thought of one. Squire Meadows wanted a horse, and Rawson wanted to be quit of one, but he had not the presumption to believe that he could sell Bess to the Squire, surnamed Bite, on account of this soubriquet having been bestowed on her master, some years before her date, without the assistance of Jerry, who was what the Irish call an "innocent," the Scotch, "daft," the learned, *non compos*, or demented. The people with whom he lived, variously designated Jerry; some only said he was "underwitted," others remarked that he was "half-baked," and others, that he was "below par," whilst some said, "Jerry knows enough, only he is *betwattled*."

Alas, poor Jerry! when men are wise enough to read and understand such a life and fate as thine, such fate will begin to be averted from our race. He had started fair in the world, was a bright, and even precocious lad, and an excellent scholar. At fifteen, he began to have epileptic fits—lost the power to reckon, and soon all reliable usefulness. His widowed mother was deprived of her last hope, and stay, in her son, and died of sorrow. Jerry had migrated from one farmer to another, when he could work, and found rest in the poor-house, when he could not. After the death of his mother, in his first sorrow, he went as idiot slave to an old woman named Sherwood, and carried, forever after, the idea, burnt into his brain, that she was a witch, and had put a spell on him, that all time would fail to remove. This spectre followed the poor,

sad spirit, always, and if any were kind to him, as many were, this death's-head always intruded.

Jerry had lived a year with Rawson ; had done all sorts of drudgery ; had lived on crusts and bones, and odds and ends of every kind, eked out with apples ; and had been drunk on cider, at all possible, and some seemingly impossible, opportunities. In the winter, he took to the barn, for comfort and company. He found warmth in the hay and straw, and companionship with the cattle, and especially with the bright little mare, Bess Bite.

In the spring, Rawson discovered that a close warm stable, too little work, and a great deal too much corn meal, kindly administered by Jerry, had given Bess the hives—a semi-eruption had come in the skin, and the eyes began to film. Instead of putting her on short allowance, with more work, and frequent washings and rubbings, Rawson decided to sell her.

Jerry had a great kindness for Miss Caroline and Miss Ermina Meadows, and he had discovered, in his frequent calls at Squire M.'s kitchen, in the hope of a mug of cider, and a chance glimpse of the girls, that there was a prospect that the Squire would purchase a horse.

Poor Jerry had, originally, a loving heart, and Bess Bite had won it, in a sort of communism with the Squire's young ladies. A bright thought struck him—the brightest since the spell had been upon him.

If he could induce Squire Meadows to buy Bess, and take him to take care of her, and the rest of his stock, to drive the horse, to plow, to ride her to mill, and sometimes to put a side-saddle on her, and see one of the young ladies ride on the jewel of his eye, and heart, what a happy man he would be—only that he was bewitched.

Jerry knew that Bess was getting blind, and that she was otherwise "out of health," but he concealed the fact with a care worthy of Rawson. The jockey offered the horse cheap, and Mr. Meadows closed the bargain, after Minnie, his youngest, and sweetest daughter, had spoken admiringly of Bess, and very kindly to Jerry.

"Now, Squire Meadows, the hoss is yourn," said Jerry, "and I have a proposition to make. I want to throw myself into your

bargain, free, gratis, for nothin'. Bess would never thrive without me. Mr. Rawson hasn't got no use for me, now. I'll live in the barn, and won't be no trouble, no how. I can milk cows, feed hogs, chop wood, pick chips, go to mill, and to meetin', only that's no use, as I haint no clothes for that sort of work. Can I come with Bess, Squire?"

"Nonsense, Jerry," said Rawson. "Take the saddle and bridle, and go home about your business;" and he frowned, savagely.

Minnie Meadows looked beseechingly at her father, and he smiled on her kindly.

"Mr. Rawson," said Jerry, "I should be too lonesome with only the saddle and bridle—couldn't stan' it, no how. I've sold the hoss for you, and I want the luck of gettin' myself throw'd in."

"You can stay," said Squire Meadows; and Rawson was obliged to submit to the loss of his white slave, lest Jerry should expose the incipient blindness of poor Bess.

Jerry took off the saddle and bridle, and calling the mare, as if she had been a dog, he started for the barn. She followed him, knowingly, but Rawson called out—

"None o' your nonsense, Jerry. Carry home the saddle and bridle for me, if you *have* got a new place."

"Look o' here," said Jerry, with a wink, "Bess wants her eyes wiped with a currycomb, so she can see how she likes her new quarters, and I'm the chap to tend to it—so good mornin', Cap'n, Bess and I'm off."

The Squire paid the jockey, and invited him to drink some cider-brandy, which the latter refused. He never drank even cider, the people said, because he could not be as sure of his wits for cheating, and because he might betray secrets, which he considered safest in his own keeping.

Minnie was busy with benevolent thoughts for poor Jerry. To gather from her father's cast-off clothing a decent wardrobe for him was the first thought—and to wean him from the horse to the house, was the second.

All mortals love something, or they would die of a heart-famine. Jerry loved the black mare, Bess Bite.

CHAPTER II.

GOOD PEOPLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Meadows were "good people." They had married young; had joined the same Calvinistic church; had never questioned the teachings of their pastor, or the forms and customs of the world around them. They had prospered, in a worldly way; having a good farm, and the comforts of life. They had a son, who had settled in a distant city, and added to the consideration in which his family was held, by being a rising man in mercantile business, and by sending proofs of it, in the shape of numerous presents of "dry goods," so that Carrie and Minnie Meadows were better, and more elegantly dressed than any of their company, and for that reason excited a good deal of envious criticism.

Squire Meadows' girls were proud, and thought nobody as good as themselves—was the verdict of those young ladies, who had not bright, new silk dresses, red ribbons, and furs for their New Year's presents.

There was, no doubt, a little pardonable exultation, perhaps a good deal too much vanity, in the two young and very beautiful girls, when, with purple silk dresses, black velvet cloaks and hats, and real sables, they stepped into their father's new and brilliant bright yellow sleigh, drawn by glossy black Bess, with Jerry for driver.

Minnie had transformed Jerry's outward man, by a judicious selection from her father's cast-off clothing, and considerable planning, altering, and patient industry, and the addition of a new vest, striped, black and gold color, with the stripes running around.

"This 'ere jacket is just the thing, Miss Minnie," said Jerry, "'cause my heart can't break, when it's hooped with gold;" and he ran his fingers exultingly along the yellow stripes.

That Sunday Jerry forgot that he was bewitched—surely the young ladies might be pardoned for being happy with him. But Caroline Meadows had no part in this happiness, which Minnie had created. To her, this being, who struggled with the strange, and sad facts of his sickened existence, was not even “Pa’s hired man,” for he had no wages—he was only an inconvenient convenience, to do chores, drive and care for the horse, and be “kept out of the way.” Miss Caroline Meadows had no ultra religious views about the brotherhood of the race. She was not troubled either with her philosophy, or benevolence. And yet she was more acceptable with the people, and less envied than Minnie. The secret of this was, a superficial conciliation. She wanted “to do well in the world.” This meant, in her dictionary, to be respected, and well spoken of in her circle of acquaintances. She rather liked to be called proud. It was a sort of distinction, and added to the worth of the notice she bestowed on people. “To do well in the world,” also meant to marry well.” And this, again, needs definition. An incident may define it.

Caroline had read a letter, and leisurely folded it, when Minnie said, “From Sarah Morris?”

“Yes—she is married at last, the good soul, and she has done well.”

“I am very glad,” said Minnie, with real thankfulness. “She will not have to go here, and there, sewing, a day and a week in a place, having few comforts, and being so little left by herself.”

“Left by herself!” said Carrie, with scorn. “I believe the first luxury of life, to you, is to be left by yourself. You must consider yourself excellent company. As to Sarah, she has done well; but I think she will not be alone as much as formerly. She has married old deacon Moreton; he is deaf, and half blind, and has had a stroke of palsy, but he has a large property, and Sarah will have a good home, and he will have a good nurse.”

Minnie sighed heavily, and said, “Poor Sarah!”

“Not poor, by a large figure. Why, Minnie, one would think Sarah was dead, by your sorrowful tone. Instead of being poor, and going about as seamstress, she has a good home, a nice house, beautifully furnished, for the daughters had it furnished, according

to their taste, just before they were married. She has everything her heart can wish."

Minnie sighed again, and thought, "Poor heart, how few of its wishes and yearnings will ever be satisfied!" She knew Sarah well, and loved her deeply. She had been school-mistress in summer, and seamstress in winter, for years, in Squire Meadows' district. And to come to such an end, after many an "air-castle" which she and Minnie had built together. Why had she not written of her marriage to Minnie? Why had she chosen to tell Caroline the "good news"? Minnie well knew the reason. If she had written to Minnie, honestly, it would have been to record a deep, heart-protest against her own deed, and this she could not do. She had parted company with honesty. She must not admit to herself, or anybody else, that she did not love the man she had sworn before God "to love, honor, and obey." With no home, no resting-place; with an aching side, and a hacking cough, from the confinement of sewing and teaching, she had persuaded herself to this immolation of her heart. She should have a home, and be a kind nurse for a worthy man, who was an invalid. And the world said she had done well; her brethren and sisters in the church felt that she had done well; and Miss Caroline Meadows, a young lady of twenty summers, only two-thirds Sarah's age, said that she had done well. Only silly and romantic girls, like Minnie, questioned it—and Caroline assured Minnie that "romantic girls never come to any good end." The good ends that Caroline sought were very different from those of her kind, little sister. A gentle lovingness, and benevolent care for even the meanest, was the Gospel that governed the life of Minnie.

But her friends knew little of her true character. She was called haughty, because she was modest and reserved, and disliked, because no one really understood her, not even her friends and relatives.

It is something that we have learned the fact, in this late day, that we are not acquainted with our friends. It is a hopeful sign when wants begin to be known and noted. It is next of kin to a gift, when I can say to my readers, it is sadly true that we know more of geography and astronomy, and I might say, astrology, the

most ignorant of us, than we know of the hearts that beat next to us. We sit around the same board, and take our daily bread together; we even sleep side by side, through long, dark, loving, or unloving years, and sound no depths in each other's spirits. Many a thrill of joy, and many a pang of pain passes through our being; but all is our own. The joy is not multiplied by expanding and sharing, and the pain is not soothed by the presence of a loving and sympathetic soul, for our anguish has no true confessional. Hearts swell, day by day, and year by year, with accumulated emotions, till they break, in death; or they become numbed and torpid, and an animal existence alone is left to an intelligent being once filled with beautiful aspirations.

Worse than all this, the life of the spirit has no circulation from parent to child. Born of an animal want, and not from a holy love, the child is lost to the parent, when the nurture of infancy is completed, and too often, alas! the young and unpracticed spirit, severed from a higher world, and not joined by any sacred bonds to this, is lost indeed. The angels might write, "strayed or stolen," on many of their number, who are born into this world, with no volition of theirs, and whose earthly lot is, to be, to do, and to suffer.

CHAPTER III.

THE BILLET-DOUX.

"THAT'S it, Miss Caroline ; Jerry's your man. I'll jist saddle Bess, and be off in less 'an no time. That are chap," said he, turning over and over a tiny billet, fastened by a silver wafer, with a bee on it, and the motto, "silent," and directed, "Mr. Frederick Sherwood,"—"that are chap is a judge o' hoss meat, and so I'll ride Bess, and not cut across lots on *shank's mare*."

"Jerry," said Miss Caroline, haughtily, "put that note in your pocket, your hands may soil it."

"Not a bit, ma'am—my hands are as clean as a silver penny ; but I'll give this neat, little letter a nice berth, and let nobody see it till I find Mr. Frederick Sherwood—but—" Jerry's face clouded over, in very April fashion. He fumbled for the pocket, at his side, with trembling hands, and with difficulty he at last hid the letter beneath "the gold hoops for his heart," as he denominated the yellow stripes of his vest.

"Not over my heart," said Jerry, in a low tone ; too low for Miss Caroline's quick ears. "In the right hand pocket ; for only what comes from the heart, is to be kept near the heart." This short soliloquy was the quick passing expression of a very just thought, and gave place, at once, to the trembling terror that was taking possession of Jerry.

"Now be careful, and go quickly," said Miss Caroline. "Give the note into Mr. Frederick's own hand, and do not wait for an answer. It is only about the sleighing party."

"It ain't a bit o' use to tell me what it's about," said the ague-smitten serving-man ; "she'll git it, if he ain't there ; she'd bewitch it right out of my pocket, and I could no more help it, than smoke can help goin' up, or a stone can help comin' down."

Miss Caroline was troubled, yet did not wish her perplexity to be seen by Jerry. She by no means desired her little note to go into the hands of Mrs. Sherwood. She had that curious and excited consciousness that accompanies "affairs of the heart," which, in the utter absence of heart, was remarkable; like the paradox in the play, where a gentleman never has any stomach, and yet his stomach always troubles him.

Caroline had this troublesome consciousness so severely, as to feel like apologizing even to Jerry, for sending a note to Mr. Frederick Sherwood; how then could she endure the thought that his hawk-eyed, hard featured, very pious, very stingy, and very scheming mother should see that little silver-sealed, and silent-mottoed billet-doux?

Jerry was shrewd in calculation, and energetic in action, when the "spell" was not on him; all the world could not protect him from himself when it was. Still he often felt the symptoms, and yet escaped a decided attack.

"I'll tell you what, Miss Caroline," said he, his eye glistening as if a bright thought had struck him, "if 't aint no matter about the letter till evenin', I can manage it. I'll happen down to the village to-night; there's to be a turkey shoot at the Elm tavern, and a raffle at Ben Blake's, and there's always hoss swapping at Tucker's, and plenty of blackstrap and hot stuff. I'll find him at one, or t'other, or all three, and if he's to be trusted, I'll give it to him."

Caroline's lips whitened to blueness as she compressed them, so as not to speak too soon; and then the burning blush spread over her face and neck.

"What do you mean, Jerry?" said she, though she understood his meaning perfectly.

"I mean if Mr. Frederick has not got so 'O, be joyful' as to read your note to the turkeys and geese at the raffle, or to wad his gun with it before he opens it, why I'll give it to him. But I suppose you would have a fellow use a little common sense, and calculation, wouldn't you, Miss Caroline?"

The difficulties that thickened in Miss Caroline's path were certainly not to be despised. She had an important end to answer

with this note. She could trust it to no one but Jerry, and he was liable to serious misfortunes. He was sure of being bewitched if he went to Mrs. Sherwood's, in the absence of Mr. Frederick; and quite as certain of getting inebriated, if he found the young gentleman at the village; and, in his caution to ascertain Mr. Frederick's condition and fitness to receive a young lady's letter, he would be very likely to wait till somebody's generosity had put a glass to his lips, and stolen his small wit away. The light of his trembling sanity seemed always flickering away into utter darkness, and yet from year to year he grew no worse, and when carefully and kindly treated, he seemed to improve, sometimes for months.

But what was Caroline to do? She had stood on the snow, at the back door, in her thin slippers, and the feathery, falling snow had thoroughly powdered her dark curls. It was not whiter than her forehead and throat. Her dark eyes flashed. She wanted to go to the very last sleigh ride of the season, with Frederick Sherwood. Sarah Ann Greene would go, if she did not send an affirmative answer to his invitation. Her note of acceptance was a politic matter—it was the beginning of a series of meshes that were to form a net, to catch a beau—and beau-catching is, at times, a delicate business, requiring a considerable degree of skill and good fortune; especially is this true when there is a wild fellow to catch, with fast horses, a bevy of friends of both sexes, a large property, and annexed to all, an argus-eyed mother, who “has her wits about her.”

There is an old saying—“Nothing venture, nothing have.” We are not sure that this proverb glanced through Caroline's mind, but her feet were chilled through. She had a good deal of faith in Jerry, and no other resource presented but to “trust luck.” So she said, as carelessly as she could, “Well, Jerry, you can go to the village to-night, and mind that you don't offend my father, by drinking, or you may have to live at Mr. Rawson's, or Mrs. Sherwood's.

“The Lord presairve me!” said he, shuddering. “Do go in, Miss Caroline, you'll catch your death a cold, and get your hair all out o' curl, into the bargain. I believe the sperrits o' the just are

shaking all their feather-beds to make this 'ere snow storm. I suppose 'tother sort o' sperrits don't have no feather beds, but sleeps on iron shavings, that won't consume with the heat o' the fires."

This last speech was the beginning of a sort of musing, which he continued on his way to the barn, by muttering, "Well, I don't understand it. I don't much like this world—there is small comfort with a weak back, onstiddy limbs, a poor, muddled head, and a wicked heart. I wonder if I'll shake feather beds, above, or sleep on red-hot iron shavings, down below, in the next world? I wonder if God made me. If He did, it's a desput hard argument agin His wisdom. I would not a made sich a back," said Jerry, putting his hands to the lumbar region, and staying his weakness, as he walked stooping toward Bess. "If He did not know any better, I could excuse Him, but then He ain't God if He don't know better, and He ain't good, if He don't do better. Well, I can't make Him out, no how. Nobody seems to me to be made worth while, but Miss Minnie, and she's so happy with the new schoolmaster, that it's eenamost an argument in favor of a good God. But I'll warrant somethin' will turn up, just as it did with Bess Bite's eye—a brighter, nicer little mare never trotted, than she was last fall."

"Well, Squire, ain't she a beauty?" said Jerry, as Mr. Meadows emerged from the stable.

"She has been badly treated, and is falling blind," said that gentleman; "who has fed her since she began to eat hay, last fall, Jerry?"

"Precious little hay she's had, Squire. Meadow hay is not the stuff for Bess; she has lived in clover, only 'twas Indian meal, mostly. The musty meadow hay choked me to pitch it over—ketch me to give it to Bess, to eat."

"You have seriously injured her by your method of feeding," said Mr. M. "A horse can't live on meal. It is not the natural food of the animal—grass and hay are. You have done very wrong by the horse."

"I'll tell you what, Squire," said Jerry, drawing himself up to his full height, "I've used my best judgment, and my best kind-

to your mare. It's clear she did not know what was best for herself, for she would eat a coverlid quicker than corn. She has got two blankets and a cotton comfortable since last fall. At first I did not know what had become of the edges and sides of her blankets, but I watched her, and I caught her in the fact of being too big a fool to feed herself, for I saw her eating away at her blankets, and afterwards, when the comfortable begun to come up missing, I found her out again—and, besides, she eat all the pine boards near enough to her. Now, Squire, Bess is a smart mare, but a fool about her eating."

"Not so, Jerry. The mare is wise, you are the fool. You fed her on meal, which is too concentrated food for a horse."

"Too what, Squire? I never eat the dictionary."

"I mean, Jerry, that corn, without stalks and husks, and oats, without all their straw, are too nutritious food for animals. The husk and stalk, the straw and chaff, must go with the grain, or the animal will sicken and die. Bess wanted hay, or straw, with her meal, and so she ate her blankets, and the soft wood within her reach, to answer the purpose of hay, straw, or innutritious matter."

Jerry bit his nails, and thought, and thought, and bit his nails.

"Well, it allus turns out that I'm the fool, after all," said he.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST THROW.

"MR. FREDERICK, do you dare to let a poor man handle that are gun o' yourn?" said Jerry, as a party was assembling at the Elm, that evening.

"Hallo, Jerry!" cries Fred; "what's to come?" at the same time passing his gun over, as requested. A long nose poked into the pan, and sharp eyes detected rust, and presently a low voice muttered in Fred's ear, "come out of ear-shot;" and presently both stood out of hearing of any.

"What is it, Jerry?"

"Never shoot with a drop in your eye."

"Exactly; but my eyes are right."

"But that are long Vermonter has bet with you, and means to lose and pony up the champagne—sham enough, I guess—and he's got a rifle. It's inside the bar; I see Ben Clark, the bar-keeper, looking as lovingly at it, as if it was a baby. That chap will sweep you out as clean as a whistle—but that ain't what I'm arter. I have got a letter for you, and you have got a half pint o' hot stuff for me, and then you had better take me home, because I shall be kinder onsteddy in the limbs, and Bess might lose her room-mate."

"Just come to the lantern, and we'll see," said Fred. In a moment more, the little white messenger had given a real joy to young Sherwood, and, strange as it might seem to every one who knew him, and who never knew him to miss a raffle, a shooting-match, a horse-race, or a bet, he gave Jerry a tumbler of hot stuff, pitched him into his sleigh, and left the long Vermonter to bet, and lose, treat the company drunk, and win all the feathers, with the birds under them, before midnight.

The first throw of her dice was risked—Caroline had won. The

young man was a prize that many a young lady wished to win. He was handsome, had fine, polished manners, and fine, shining horses, a bright eye, and a brilliant turn-out, a kind heart, and his pockets full of cards and dice, plenty of money that he cared little for, a keg of first-rate brandy, many bottles of wine, and many friends, and for all these he had a sincere affection. Too bad that the best a young man just out of college could do, was to drive fast horses, drink, and play cards, and spend money like a "freshet."

Caroline was standing at a front window, with her hot forehead pressed against a cold pane of glass, gazing out into the clear moonlight, upon the dazzling snow, as it lay pure, and white, and cold, where each winter it had lain, for, O, how many ages. Jerry might have thought, "Does man's spirit last as long, and as little changed as water, ice, and snow?" but Caroline did not. She only asked herself, "What luck? Will Jerry find Frederick, and give him the note? Shall I triumph now, or be shamed by defeat?" The sound of very silvery sleigh bells struck on her ear, and her heart beat rapidly. Soon a milk-white horse, his proudly arched neck surmounted by a small and delicate head, his graceful figure undulating like a wave, his long tail sweeping the ground, and a sleigh made after the pattern of a bird, and filled with furs, came up before the door.

Frederick Sherwood leaped lightly to the ground, and Jerry got possession of himself in a somewhat quadrupedal fashion, with a buffalo trailing from his back. His head was rather more confused by the motion of the sleigh, and the "hot stuff," than was favorable to intelligent self-government, or "individual sovereignty at his own cost," but he at last got tolerably upright, and shook off incumbrances, when he was brought to a wondering stand-still by an extraordinary phenomenon.

"Now if that ain't the last thing I have seen and counted," said Jerry; "two, four, six, eight. I never see the like afore. All the hosses and mares I ever see had but four legs apiece. Now this 'ere white hoss has got eight legs, as sure as my name is Jeremiah Fitz—jerry—fitz—no, that ain't my name; but the legs is clear, if the name ain't. But who'd a thought o' making a hoss

that way, any more than me, Jerry, this way? Another argument agin the wisdom that rules the world;" and Jerry made his way toward the barn, in about as direct a line as his reasoning assumed.

Frederick Sherwood, meanwhile, had taken the white hand of Caroline Meadows in his, and the usually bold, dashing young fellow trembled, and rather awkwardly presented his thanks for her promised companionship at the sleigh-ride. He soon recovered his self-possession, and took his place on the hearth-rug, before a blazing fire, in an elegant Franklin fire-place.

"Play us a tune on the piano, Carrie," said he; and she fluttered over to the instrument, but he never noticed her beginning.

"Upon my word, we are a picture," said he. "Miss Minnie in the corner, book in hand, studying up for the schoolmaster—hair combed back—too much work to put it in papers, at night—can't get so many lessons; all for the schoolmaster, not a bit for the love of learning—tabby cat in the corner—what a show of fur—pretty puss"—and he poked the cat with his whip.

"Mr. Frederick," said Minnie, with a beseeching look, meant to do double service—to turn Fred's notice away from herself and the cat, and make him attend to the music.

"It's of no use, Minnie," said he, "I don't care for the noise, and you know it. Carrie can play for herself, as the birds sing. I talk for myself, as the birds can't. Come, Carrie, you may stop. I hate pretence—I am in a hurry to own up. I asked you to play for form's sake, and because I felt awkward—you know why. Come, now, and sit on the ottoman, and talk to a fellow—no, you need not—I can do the talking, and you were created to be looked at—for the very express purpose—high, white forehead—sharp, smart black eyes—a little rose in the cheek, usually, a good deal just now—a throat like a swan—a bust like—Carrie Meadows—the height and figure of a queen—shoes as thin as paper, I'll bet my new whip and sleigh-bells; and the horse and sleigh that they are as tight as taxes, and cut to make the foot look little."

"You are very impertinent," said Caroline, smiling; but beneath that smile was a thought—a thought that long years were to fulfil. The thought, put into words by young Sherwood, had he possessed the key to Caroline's mind, would have been—

"Softly, my good sir, till you take in the bit. I shall bear your tricks and sauciness, now ; you will have to mind the rein by-and-by."

But Frederick had no key to the heart or mind of the young lady, except so far as a gold or silver key can open the way to human sympathies. And yet a husband and bride elect stood in the mellow light of that cheerful parlor. And one, pure, and truthful, and loving as a celestial angel, sat in the shadow of a worldly ambition and calculation, which possessed Caroline Meadows, and the no less dense and dark shadow cast by the careless, cheerful, earthly egotism of young Sherwood.

CHAPTER V.

A LETTER.

From Miss Ermina Meadows to Mrs. Sarah Moreton.

MY DEAR SARAH:—I have just finished making an ottoman. Have you the ghost of an idea what that is? I do not believe I know, but I know what I have made, and in the absence of greater achievements, I shall chronicle this. Well, then, my ottoman, if it be one, is made of a square box, covered, or stuffed, top and sides, with fine hay, confined by strong cloth, nailed over it. The sides of the box are covered with nice brown broadcloth, fastened in plaits, because (in your ear), or *sub rosa*, as the schoolmaster would say, this nice brown cloth is a portion of a worn-out overcoat of my honored father, and the best strips are not very large. But the triumph of this ottoman is on the top of it. It is my year's work in worsted. It is one of those bloodless victories that the descendants of the heroes of '76 are becoming celebrated for. I know you are exceedingly anxious about the pattern, and as I am just as anxious to tell you, you will soon know.

Imprimis—central figure a squirrel hugging a branch of a tree, superbly worked with brown bark and wood, soft and beautiful, and not a bit like a limb of a tree, in color or form—foliage better, but very green—squirrel has his mouth full of nuts, and his cheeks are swollen, as if aguish, and his free fore paw, free of the branch, I mean, is full of a hickory nut. He looks overtaken with all his occupation and exertion, and the worst of it is, that he is to keep that laborious position, and pained look, in the centre of my ottoman, with no rest or change for all the coming months and years, till the worn-out piece of furniture is consigned to “the receptacle of things lost upon earth;” I mean the attic.

I can't see how a girl of my sympathies was ever seduced into working such a painful or unrestful pattern, and I tell you all about it, for a warning, and I would put the warning in a book, if I could, to the end that deer worried by dogs might rest, that birds, beasts, or whales, with arrows or harpoons in them, might be allowed to die out of sight, and not be embalmed in worsted, and on canvass "forever and a day," to hurt folks' feelings.

Now I have made by confession, I am all the better for it, and at liberty to call your attention to the wreath of oak leaves around the edge of the ottoman, encircling the swollen squirrel with a good deal of grace and beauty. It is a rest to my eyes and heart, as the central figure might be, if it had been well chosen, with some of nature's repose in it.

It is a fashion with some folks to sneer at worsted work, and good people like you, dear Sarah, who feel the pressure of useful work, asking to be done, may think that all this is a hardly excusable idleness. But what am I to do? I belong to the Sewing Society, and we meet once a week, and always have a surplus of goods, there are so few poor folks who will own to being poor, in reach. I have not your skill in "tailoring," and if I had, mamma would never allow me to use it. I have made a "real gentleman" of Jerry, with papa's cast-off clothing. I have read, studied, and made cream cakes, and preserves; but all does not fill my time, or the void in my heart, and knitting work is like counting to get one's self to sleep. Ah, me! I am a poor, simple girl, but after looking over all the ambitions of our neighbors, among which is Mr. Hunter's to build "a shingle palace," with half a dozen unfinished rooms to hang dried apples in; and Mr. Brown's to go to the Legislature; and Frederick Sherwood's to drive the fastest horses, the finest sleigh, and to have the prettiest girl by his side, without caring whether she speaks to him; or my papa's, which is to have the best wall on his farm, and fewest weeds; and poor Jerry's, which is a very multiform ambition, and not to be analyzed at once, by those who think themselves a great deal wiser than he is—after looking over all the field, I return to my hump-backed, swollen-cheeked, uncomfortable-looking squirrel, with a feeling that I have

done about as well and worthily as any of them, always excepting papa. He is so kind-hearted, so serenely good, so patient of me and Jerry, that I have a suspicion that his walls have a great moral in them, and that there is something mythical and humanitarian in his hatred of weeds. You would laugh to see him burn the least bit of purslain, that most persevering of all weeds, that, like truth, is seldom or never killed out.

Ah, Sarah, dear, I have told you a great deal about nothing, because I could not bring myself to talk about something—but a little time ago I could not have found heart to write even this, I have been so tired of living—life is so uninteresting. I dare not talk to you of your lot. I feel that you have chosen a great duty, as you saw it.

Do you remember the Christian divine who wanted more impossibilities to believe? You have always seemed to be one who wanted more crosses to take up. I must confess to you, what I dare hardly own to myself, I do not love crosses. I want a religion of the heart, that will let me do as I will: and I want a Saviour who will love me for doing as I most love to do. I suppose this is all very wicked, and I would not say it to papa or mamma, for a great deal; not so much from fear that they would blame me, as from dread of causing them great pain.

Self-denial—self-denial—must it be always so? The sad sorrow of an ever-crucified heart. Dear Sarah, I long to ask you how you bear with life—how you endure the soul-hunger, or whether you feel its gnawings, in the midst of your duties? I long to tell you of my own heart, which begins to have a history. But are my dreams ever to be realized? Are my hopes ever to have fruition?

I dare not speak to you, yet, my more than sister. Meanwhile,
write to me. Your affectionate MINNIE.

Mrs. Moreton's answer to Minnie's Letter.

DEAR MINNIE:—My heart aches for you, that you cannot accept the cross. Sooner or later, you will be forced to do your duty. If mercies will not draw, afflictions will drive. I know all your fancies, your rainbow-tinted visions; I, too, have lived in

such, and Oh, the death I die daily, because I have lived in a world of dreams, and now I have come into a world of sad realities.

Duty becomes a terror after these day-dreams—these debauches, in which we become drunken on fanciful loves and beauties. Restrain your imagination, my friend; endeavor to be content with the sober realities of life; having food and raiment, should we not therewith be content?

My life is toilsome and careful, but I am content. I am doing what is for me—I am smoothing the rough way of life to one who is a saint, and a sick and dying one. My strength is not always equal to my duties, but I bear up without repining, because it is right. I never admit infidel thoughts, about the crucifixion of my heart; I know what a wife owes to her husband; I have not taken my sacred obligations ignorantly. If I die, I shall breathe my last in the way of my duty.

I know the world talks of “woman’s rights”—I believe in woman’s duties. Our highest freedom, and what should be our greatest felicity, is, to be offered on the altar of duty. Those women who rebel against this holy destiny, will soon learn that the way of the transgressor is hard; they will be scourged back to the foot of the cross, or destroyed in their foolhardiness.

Minnie, my dear friend, I warn you. There is danger, deadly danger, in the thoughts you have begun to think. I beg you to trust your mother, and see Mr. Wilson, her excellent minister. I do not know why, but I greatly fear for you. I know more of the workings of your mind than any other. Our sinful fancies were woven, formerly, together in one gilded web, shining to deceive us, Minnie.

I have no time to write more; I have written this with an aching side, and an aching heart, and shall be obliged to take hours from sleep to make up the lost time. My poor invalid is like a baby; he needs all care, all thoughtful and kindly attentions.

Remember, I am happy in doing my duty, but unhappy in my fears for you, my dear Minnie.

Yours,

SARAH MORETON.

BROOK FARM AND DESARROLLO.

A FRIEND in California wishes to know wherein the principles of Brook Farm differ from those of Desarrollo ; and whether the same causes will not operate to cause its dissolution ? As many may wish for a similar enlightenment, we shall take a vacant page for a brief answer to his letter.

Brook Farm, and every Phalansterian or Associative effort, thus far, has carried into it two elements of dissolution ; one material, and the other spiritual. The first is the element of civilized plunder, submitting to the robbery of paying interest to capital, or the voluntary enslavement of all industrious members to the idle drones, who hold stock, mortgages, or other means of living upon the labor of others. Brook Farm broke down, under a load of debt. The North American Phalanx, in New Jersey, after struggling for ten years with a similar burthen, paying interest to absentee stockholders, is seeking aid. So of other associations. All have had the horse-leech of civilized robbery to suck out their life. All have paid rent, usury, and profits, to capital, finance, and commerce.

The spiritual element has been scarcely less potent as a cause of dissolution. The True Life of Individual Freedom has been choked and crushed out by the civilized moralisms, that are at once the necessity and the bane of civilization. Marriage, the isolate household, and the warfare of a discordant society, require ~~is~~ stringent, pretentious moralities. But to carry them into Associative life, is to introduce the elements of discordance. To carry out the moralism of our society in Association, demands a more odious tyranny, a more watchful espionage, a more insulting and despotic supervision and control, than in the isolate system, just as New York requires a larger police force, than the rural districts. The leaders at Brook Farm were a company of pretentious, puritanical, despotic moralists, of the school of the *New York Tribune*. Those at Raritan Bay, use their efforts in watching over each other's conduct, and in "perfecting the marriage institution." The superior facility for watching people, and exposing and punishing their immoralities, according to Rev. W. H. Channing, is one of the chief beauties of Association.

In any true life, by the Law of the Group, or a true Association ; there must be, first of all, the absolute assurance of material support, with no enslavement to capital, in any form ; and next, Freedom in all social relations ; the guarantee of Individual Liberty, in a resulting Social Harmony. Each Life a Melody—all Lives a Harmony.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

It must be that, in the operations of Providence, a great reformer comes whenever he is needed ; and just when the human race is ready for his mission. Thus we have reformers in politics, in art, in philosophy, and in religion. Of the latter class was EMANUEL SWEDENBORG ; a great man, not yet widely known, but whose fame rests upon a sure foundation.

It must not be supposed that the subjects enumerated above can be wholly separated from each other. All belong to the same system, and are necessary to the full and harmonious development of man. Politics and religion mutually influence each other, and each is connected intimately with all science and art. Thus it is that he who advances any one department of human development, influences every other. Let every man do his God-appointed work, well assured that the whole universe is the better for his labors. A single blade of grass helps to beautify the world. The expression of a single thought may electrify the minds of future millions.

The Christian religion, taught in its primitive purity by Christ and his apostles, soon became corrupted, by its union with despotic governments. It was used and desecrated by worldly and ambitious monarchs and priests ; until, losing its moral and divine influence over the minds of men, it was propagated by the sword, and upheld by the terrors of the dungeon and the stake. It is not strange that a religion, so abused, should lose its divine spirit, and require the efforts of many reformers to bring it back to its original purity. These were of various kinds, and did their work in various ways. Voltaire was not less a reformer of religion than Luther. One strove as energetically against the corruptions and superstitions of the church as the other ; and while both may have been more or less in error, in their own doctrines, both have doubtless been instrumental in effecting great good.

Christianity, corrupted and perverted by its connection with governments, became divided into two great bodies, the Eastern and Western, or the Greek and Roman churches ; but though

they differed in forms, they seem to have been alike destitute of the true spirit of religion. The Protestant Reformation was a reform of creeds and modes of worship, more than of the internal spirit of religion. It was a great reformation; but it only prepared the way for a much greater one. The Christianity of Luther and Calvin was dry, hard and cold, compared with that preached by Christ. It was faith without love—the body without the soul. It persecuted unbelievers, and burned heretics at the stake. John Calvin roasted the Unitarian Servetus over a slow fire; and his followers, to this day, have not ceased to persecute, to the extent of their power, those who differ from them in religious belief, or observances; for those who can no longer burn men in this world, who do not agree with them in opinion, do not hesitate to inflict on them all social tortures, and to threaten them with endless burnings in the world to come.

The condition of Christianity, even after the Protestant Reformation, requires only to be glanced at, to show how much another reformer, and a deeper reformation was needed. The religion of Christ, as contained in the Bible, is one thing—the religion of the Church, as contained in its creeds and canons, is another, and a very different thing; and when we speak of religion as requiring reform, we mean the latter. This religion of creeds and establishments has seemed to many candid minds full of absurdities and impossibilities—unfit for man, and dishonoring to God. Men of the finest sense and the greatest goodness—men of intelligence and candor—have not been able to receive the common doctrine of the trinity, or understand that of the resurrection. They reject the dogmas of election and reprobation, and put little faith in the common belief of a day of judgment, and the eternal misery of all mankind, save those who are predestined to salvation. It required all the anathemas and persecutions of the church, aided by the terrors of inquisitions and the auto da fes of civil power, to keep men to a formal assent to these doctrines, and Christianity was becoming a lifeless creed, when, in the early part of the eighteenth century, in the northern part of Europe, there arose a man who seemed destined to restore to religion its spirituality, and to breathe the breath of life into the cold body of a formal theology.

JESPER SWEDBERG, the father of Emanuel Swedenborg, was once a chaplain of a regiment of cavalry, and was afterwards made bishop of Skara, in West Gothland. For many years he superintended the Swedish mission established in England and America. He was a man of learning and abilities, and of an amiable private character. In 1719 he was ennobled by the name of Swedenborg, which name was accordingly adopted by his descendants.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG was born at Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, January 29, 1688. He retained the original family name until 1719, when, being ennobled, he took the name of Swedenborg, and from this period held his seat with the nobles of the Equestrian order, in the triennial assemblies of the States of the realm. He declined a higher rank, which was afterwards offered to him.

His father bestowed great care upon his early education, which was completed at the University of Upsala. With an excellent memory, quick conceptions, and a clear judgment, he applied himself with great assiduity to the study of philosophy, mathematics, natural history, chemistry, and anatomy, together with the eastern and European languages. That he became the most learned man of his time, that he wrote profound works upon the most important sciences, and that he anticipated many of the most brilliant discoveries of the century which succeeded him, is known to the whole scientific world.

The character of his early life may be gathered from the following passage in a letter to a friend, who had inquired respecting his early years.

"To my tenth year, my thoughts were constantly engrossed by reflecting upon God, on salvation, and on the spiritual passions of man. I often revealed things in my discourse, which filled my parents with astonishment, and made them declare at times that certainly the angels spoke through my mouth. From my sixth to my twelfth year, it was my greatest delight to converse with the clergy concerning faith, to whom I often observed, that charity or love was the life of faith; and that this vivifying charity was no other than the love of one's neighbor."

In 1716, at the age of twenty-eight, he was appointed by Charles XII., king of Sweden, Assessor Extraordinary of his Board of Mines, but he did not enter upon the duties of his office for six years after, having spent all this time in gaining a full knowledge of metallurgy, for which he travelled in several countries of Europe, conscientiously availing himself of all possible means of making himself useful to his country in the post to which his striking abilities and the friendship of his sovereign had advanced him. During three years of this period, he studied in the universities of England, Holland, France and Germany; during the remainder he examined the principal mines and smelting works in Europe.

In 1738 he travelled in Italy, and spent much time in Venice and Rome. Some years previous he declined the professorship of Mathematics in the University of Upsala.

The scientific and philosophical works of Swedenborg, which

have filled with astonishment the greatest philosophers of succeeding times, were all published in the early part of his life, and with the exception of a few small tracts, were written and printed in Latin.

In 1719, at the age of thirty-one, he published a work on the coins of Sweden; a Treatise on the Position of the Earth and the Planets; a Treatise on the Tides, with Observations on the Coast of Sweden; and in the following years he published, in rapid succession, profoundly learned works on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy; Iron, and the Elementary Nature of Fire; A new Method of finding the longitude by Lunar Observations; the Construction of Dry Docks; the construction of Dykes to prevent Inundations; a Mode of ascertaining the Qualities of Vessels; and Observations on Minerals, Fire, and the Strata of Mountains. These useful works gave him the acquaintance and friendship of the most learned men of his own and foreign countries. His great work, the *Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*, was published in 1734, and at once established his scientific fame upon a basis that has only grown more solid and enduring, with the progress of time.

The philosophical and mineral works consist of three folio volumes, of about four hundred pages each, divided into three branches or distinct works. The first volume is entitled, "The Principles of Natural Things, or, New Attempts at a Philosophical Explanation of the Phenomena of the Elementary World; the other volumes are upon the Mineral Kingdom.

From this period the studies of Swedenborg appear to have taken a higher direction, and he devoted himself to anatomy, physiology, and investigations of the physical and spiritual nature of man. His *Economy of the Animal Kingdom* was published at Amsterdam, in 1740. In this work he anticipated some of the most brilliant discoveries of modern science.

We have not the requisite space to dwell upon the scientific labors and discoveries of this truly profound philosopher; but must now turn to that portion of his life, during which he believed himself to be the subject of a spiritual illumination, and called upon to unfold the mysteries of the unseen world. Let us first glance at the character of the man who makes these pretensions to divine illumination, and then at the evidences of the reality of his spiritual condition.

Swedenborg was a man of excellent parentage; of a thorough education; of a practical character, as is shown by his early studies and writings; of a high reputation, enjoying the personal friendship of Charles XII. and of many other noble and eminent personages; esteemed throughout Europe as a man of the most

profound acquirements ; and from all that appears in any account of his life, and from the records of contemporaneous history, he was one of the purest and best of men. We make this statement thus emphatically, because the vulgar notion of Swedenborg has been that he was an obscure enthusiast, of doubtful reputation ; whereas his whole life evinces that he was a man of extraordinary genius, high intelligence, and the most estimable character.

Hitherto we have seen Swedenborg the reformer of science ; the industrious and profound student in the school of Nature. Beginning with the study of the mineral kingdom, he went onward to the investigation of the phenomena and laws of the universe ; later, he studied earnestly the construction of the human body, and its vital forces and actions ; then going still higher in his investigations, he endeavored to penetrate into the mysteries of the human soul and of spiritual existences. It is the belief of the disciples of Swedenborg, that his zeal for knowledge and goodness was rewarded by a divine illumination—an opening of his spiritual vision, so that he was enabled to see and converse with the spirits of departed men and with angels, and to comprehend the mysteries of the unseen world.

In 1745, at the age of 54, Swedenborg relinquished his philosophical pursuits, and devoted the remainder of his life to recording and promulgating the spiritual system thus unfolded. He resigned his office, and declined the higher offices and emoluments which were tendered him. He says : “ I have been called to a holy office by the Lord Himself, who most graciously manifested Himself in person to me, his servant, when He opened my sight to the view of the spiritual world, and granted me the privilege of conversing with spirits and angels.”

The evidence that Swedenborg possessed supernatural powers and gifts, is more extensive and satisfactory than that in any similar case within our knowledge ;* at the same time that it appears to be quite accidental, and that no stress is laid upon it by him or his followers. We shall notice briefly some of these circumstances.

Louisa Ulrica, Queen of Sweden, wife of King Adolphus Frederic, and sister of Frederic the Great of Prussia, who, as well as her brother, was a professed Atheist, one day, when Swedenborg was at court, took him aside, and in order to test his knowledge of the spiritual world, begged him to inform himself of her deceased brother, the Prince Royal of Prussia, and to tell her what he said to her at her last interview—a secret of such a nature that it could never have passed the lips of either. At their next interview,

* This was written previous to the author's acquaintance with the recent phenomena of Spiritual Manifestations.

Swedenborg said to her, "You took, madam, your last leave of the Prince of Prussia, your late august brother, at Charlottenberg, on such a day, and at such an hour in the afternoon; as you were passing afterwards through the long gallery, in the castle, you met him again: he then took you by the hand, and led you to such a window, where you could not be overheard, and then said to you these words ——." "The Queen," says M. Thiebault, Professor of Belles Lettres in the Royal Academy of Berlin, who gives the account, "did not repeat the words, but she protested that they were the very same her brother had pronounced, and that she retained the most perfect recollection of them. She added, that she nearly fainted at the shock she experienced." This account is confirmed by Gen. Taxen, and was well known to many personages at the court of Sweden.

Dr. Stilling, in his "Theory of Pneumatology," gives a similar account of a worthy merchant, who visited Swedenborg at Amsterdam, and received similar information in regard to a deceased friend, and his condition in the world of spirits.

It is credibly related, that Swedenborg, being at table with several friends in Amsterdam, on the day that Peter the Third, Emperor of Russia, died, a remarkable change was observed in his countenance. It was evident to the company that his soul was no longer present, and that something remarkable was passing in him. As soon as he came to himself he was eagerly inquired of as to what had happened to him. He would not at first communicate it, but upon being pressed, he said, "This very hour, the Emperor Peter III. has died in his prison, (mentioning at the same time the manner of his death.) Gentlemen will please note down the day, that they may be able to compare it with the intelligence of his death in the newspapers." The news came as he predicted.

Several persons relate that in his frequent voyages, the vessels on which he embarked always had favorable winds and quick passages, and that he sometimes foretold the very hour in which they would arrive in port.

Mr. Springer, for some time Swedish consul in London, in one of his letters, says: "All that Swedenborg has related to me respecting my deceased acquaintances, both friends and enemies, and the secrets that were between us, almost surpasses belief. He explained to me in what manner the peace was concluded between Sweden and the king of Prussia; and he praised my conduct on that occasion. He even told me who were the three great personages I made use of in that affair, which nevertheless was an entire secret between them and me."

The celebrated Wesley, a short time before Swedenborg died,

one day received a letter from him, which he read to the company present. It was as follows: "Sir—I have been informed, in the World of Spirits, that you have a strong desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you, if you will favor me with a visit."

Mr. Wesley frankly acknowledged that he had been very strongly impressed with a desire to see and converse with Swedenborg, but that he had never mentioned the desire to any one. He wrote for answer that he was preparing for a long journey, but that on his return to London he would wait upon him. Swedenborg wrote in reply, that it would be too late, as he should go into the World of Spirits on the 29th day of the next month, never more to return. He made this declaration to several others, and died on the day as predicted.

M. Martelle, a Dutch Ambassador, having died at Stockholm, a claim for a large sum of money was brought against his widow, which she was satisfied had been paid, but she was unable to produce the receipt. She mentioned the matter to Swedenborg, and the following night her husband appeared to her in a dream, and told her of a secret drawer, where, on waking, she found the receipt. This anecdote is given by persons of the highest standing, and the most perfect credibility.

But, perhaps, the most remarkable instance of the effects of Swedenborg's spiritual illumination, in regard to worldly affairs, is that related by the philosopher Kant, in a letter to Charlotte de Knoblock, a lady of quality, in Germany, of which we give the following extract :

"But the following occurrence appears to me to have the greatest weight of proof, and to set the assertion of Swedenborg's extraordinary gift out of all possibility of doubt. In the year 1756, when M. de Swedenborg, toward the end of September, on Saturday, at 4 o'clock, P. M., arrived at Gottenburg from England, Mr. William Castel invited him to his house, together with a party of fifteen persons. About six o'clock, M. de Swedenborg went out, and after a short interval, returned to the company, quite pale and alarmed. He said that a dangerous fire had just broken out in Stockholm, at the Sudermalm (Gottenburg is about fifty German or near three hundred English miles from Stockholm), and that it was spreading very fast. He was restless, and went out often. He said that the house of one of his friends, whom he named, was in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock, after he had been out again, he joyfully exclaimed, 'Thank God! the fire is extinguished, the third door from my house.'

This news occasioned great commotion through the whole city, and particularly amongst the company in which he was. It was announced to the Governor the same evening. On Sunday morning Swedenborg was sent for by the Governor, who questioned him concerning the disaster. Swedenborg described the fire precisely, how it had begun, in what manner it had ceased, and how long it had continued. On the same day, the news spread through the city, and, as the Governor had thought it worthy of attention, the consternation was considerably increased, because many were in trouble on account of their friends and property, which might have been involved in the disaster. On the Monday evening following a messenger arrived at Gottenberg, who had been dispatched during the fire. In the letters brought by him, the fire was described precisely in the manner stated by Swedenborg. On the Tuesday morning, the royal courier arrived at the Governor's, with the melancholy intelligence of the fire, of the loss which it had occasioned, of the houses it had damaged and ruined, not in the least differing from that which Swedenborg had given immediately after it had ceased, for the fire was extinguished at eight o'clock.

"What can be brought forward against the authenticity of this occurrence? My friend who wrote this to me, has not only examined the circumstances of this extraordinary case at Stockholm, but also, about two months ago, at Gottenburg, where he is acquainted with the most respectable houses, and where he could obtain the most authentic and complete information; as the greatest part of the inhabitants, who are still alive, were witnesses to the memorable occurrence. I am, with profound reverence, &c.,

"Konigsburg, Aug. 10, 1758.

EMANUEL KANT."

There can be no better authority than the one upon which this circumstance is related, and however difficult it may be to believe, it appears to be still more difficult to reject. It is but proper to observe that neither Swedenborg nor his followers placed any reliance upon this kind of evidence of the reality of his divine mission to the world. Signs and wonders have little effect upon men's faith or opinions. The work to which Swedenborg believed himself to be called, was to reveal the spiritual nature and relations of man, his future condition, and the internal or spiritual meaning of Divine Revelation; to place on record his visions of the spirit land; and to disseminate truth by means of the art of printing. To this work he devoted himself with great zeal and industry. His theological works amount to twenty-seven volumes octavo, of five hundred pages each. There are besides many unpublished manuscripts, deposited in the library of the Academy of Sciences,

at Stockholm. These works were all written and originally published in Latin, from which they have been translated into various modern languages. Among these works, the following are the most important.

The New Jerusalem and its Heavenly Doctrines ;
 The Four Leading Doctrines of the New Church ;
 The Doctrine of the New Jerusalem Concerning Charity ;
 The True Christian Religion ;
 The Wisdom of Angels Concerning the Divine Love and Wisdom ;
 The Divine Providence ;
 The Nature of the Intercourse between the Soul and the Body ;
 The Delights of Wisdom concerning Conjugal Love ; after which follow
 the Pleasures of Insanity concerning Scortatory Love ;
 Arcana Cœlestia ; or Heavenly Mysteries contained in the Sacred Scriptures, interspersed with wonderful things seen in the World of Spirits, and the Heaven of Angels ;
 A Treatise concerning Heaven and Hell, and of the wonderful things seen and heard ;
 Concerning the Last Judgment.

We can give no more than a glance at the doctrines contained in these voluminous works.

Swedenborg teaches that there is one God, the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom there is a divine Trinity, not of persons, but of attributes, such as exist in man, who is the image of God, as well as of the Universe. Man has a soul, or principle of life ; a form, or body, natural in this world, but spiritual in the other, in which the soul exists and by which it manifests in operation. Soul, form, and operation, are the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, of the Trinity. As affection is before thought, and thought before action ; so the Father is the Divine Love, the Son is the Divine Wisdom, and the Holy Spirit the Divine Operation. End, cause, and effect exist in all things as a trinity. This trinity exists in God and all the universe of his works.

Regeneration, Swedenborg teaches, is gradual, and consists in resisting and putting away sin, and receiving good affection and wisdom from divine influences. The Lord foredooms none to hell, condemns none, and punishes none. Divine grace is aiding and sustaining angels and men, and even endeavoring to preserve devils from evil ; but God perfectly regards and preserves free-will, leaving every one free to turn to heaven or to hell. The association of those whose tendencies are to goodness, constitutes heaven, while the lower associations of the wicked are the sufficient and well proportioned hell of their present and future punishment. None go into the other life entirely good or evil. Good men by degrees become angels—bad men become demons.

The resurrection, Swedenborg teaches, is not of the natural body,

but the separation of the spiritual body from the natural, which generally occurs about the third day after apparent death, when the flesh becomes rigid and all life and motion cease. The spiritual body forms the natural around it, but is capable of an independent existence, with all its senses and functions. There is the same correspondence in the natural and spiritual world, and many who die, Swedenborg assures us, do not know at first, that they have passed into a new existence. Those who in this life have their spiritual senses opened, communicate with the world of spirits, and are seers and prophets. Some have their spiritual senses unclouded momentarily, others habitually, and such persons have prophetic visions, or see departed spirits. The world is full of such phenomena. Clairvoyance is a greater or less development of the spiritual senses.

The Scriptures have their spiritual sense, which Swedenborg has explained in his voluminous works. The essentials of the Christian Church, he teaches, are faith in Christ's divinity; an acknowledgment of the holiness of the word; and a life of charity. All differences of opinion, only vary and beautify the Church, when these three essentials are regarded; and these three are the trinity, Love, Wisdom, and Work.

The Judgment, as described in the Revelations of St. John, took place in the spiritual world, in the last century, and this is the opening of the New Jerusalem Church, in which knowledge and love will soon pervade and purify the earth.

Of the next world, Swedenborg says, "Every one carries with him into the other world, such a quality of life as he had procured himself in this; thus each one carries with him his own hell. The quality of every one's life may be known by his ruling love, for it is this which makes his life. It is this from which all a man's subordinate loves derive their quality. If one's ruling love be of the Lord and the neighbor, and he has lived in the performance of uses from this love, or from the love of use, then the quality of his life is good; and when he is removed to the spiritual world, he enters some angelic society which is in a similar state of love with himself. But if his ruling love be of self and the world, and whenever he has performed any uses he has done it not from any love of use, but from the love of self, then the quality of his life is evil, and when he passes into the other world, he enters some infernal society, whose quality of life is in general similar to his own."

"The mind is its own place, and, in itself,
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."—MILTON.

In his treatise on Heaven and Hell, Swedenborg says: "As often as I conversed with angels face to face, it was in their habi-

tations, which are like to our houses on earth, but far more beautiful and magnificent, having rooms, chambers and apartments in great variety, as also spacious courts belonging to them, together with gardens, parterres of flowers, fields, etc., where the angels are formed into societies. They dwell in contiguous habitations, disposed after the manner of our cities, in streets, walks and squares. I have had the privilege to walk through them, to examine all around about me, and to enter their houses, and this when I was fully awake, having my inward eyes opened."

Swedenborg taught that a universal analogy exists throughout the universe, that the spiritual world is a correspondence of the natural, and that the whole universe corresponds minutely to the body and soul of man. The natural world grows out of the spiritual. Heaven, as explained in one of the works before mentioned, does not consist in performing acts of devotion, but its inhabitants are mainly employed in acts of uses to each other, for the kingdom of heaven is a kingdom of uses. Indeed the sole happiness of heaven consists in the exercise of charity, or the unselfish love of our neighbor.

So, also, the unhappiness of the wicked does not consist in their being rejected, punished, and cast into hell by the Lord, for this is not the case; in the world of spirits they separate themselves from the good, and form associations with evil spirits because they take the greatest pleasure in their society; their misery consists in hating and despising others, and in having all their thoughts and affections centered in themselves. The torture of hell is not remorse, for so long as a man feels remorse he is on the confines of heaven. The worm that never dies is the lust of ruling over others, of possessing the property of others, of being honored and obeyed by others, of gratifying hatred, cruelty, and revenge.

In writing and publishing these works, Swedenborg was occupied until the time of his death. Some were published at Stockholm, some at Amsterdam, others in London, and others in other cities of Europe. He sent copies to the principal universities, the most eminent divines, and caused the rest to be sold at a very moderate price, and expended all the profits in religious charities, his private income being sufficient to defray his moderate expenses.

Swedenborg lived a very retired life in his later years, the only inmates of his house being his two aged servants. His house was in a beautiful garden, which on account of the number of visitors who were attracted by curiosity to see him he had ornamented with summer houses.

He lived very simply, seldom eating any animal food, or drinking wines or other stimulating drink, excepting coffee. His study

contained no books but a Hebrew Bible and a Greek Testament, with indexes of his own works for reference. He was never married, and we know but little of his relations with the other sex, other than that he was disappointed in obtaining the object of his early love. In his later years, he was accustomed when visited by ladies, to require that some third party, usually one of his servants, should always be present. His dress was very simple, neat and convenient, but sometimes, when much occupied on other matters, betrayed his inattention. He spoke many of the modern languages. As soon as he began to speak in company, all conversation ceased. At first, he spoke freely of his visions, and the conversations he held with departed spirits and angels; but the clergy having raised a cry against him of heretic and madman, he became more reserved in mixed companies. He never attempted to make proselytes, or pressed upon any one his peculiar views of religious doctrines. Yet it is said that very few have ever read his works without becoming in some degree converted to his doctrines.

It was only at certain periods that Swedenborg was in the state in which his spiritual sight was opened. Those who have seen him in these conditions, have described it as very remarkable. His gardener's wife speaks of his eyes "shining with an appearance like clear fire." In about half an hour the shining appearance had left them.

Carl Robsahm, an intimate friend of Swedenborg, and director of the Bank of Sweden, in a memoir, from which we have extracted many of the above particulars, says:

"From experience I know that there does not occur in Swedenborg's writings a single word which could lead man away from the performance of the divine will, and from an upright life toward his neighbor. On the contrary, we find therein an entirely new system, contradicting in many things all known prevailing religions in all their different parts; but which yet agrees with each in this, that it declares that blessedness or condemnation in eternity are determined according to our spiritual state."

Count Hopken, a distinguished Swede, and a friend of Swedenborg, expresses himself thus energetically in respect to his doctrines:

"The present religion is mystical, and filled with paradoxes; it is as incoherent and unreasonable, as if formed for cattle, and not for rational men. Agreeably to its prevailing tenets, you may perpetrate any villanies, and yet be saved. The doctrine of the priests is Polytheism. They assert that *one* is creator of the world, and *another* the author of religion: they make all to depend upon faith and momentary salvation. But the doctrine of Swedenborg is the most rational of all Christian doctrines, and urges as its first ob-

ject, to be of good and honest principles. There are two circumstances in the doctrine and writings of Swedenborg: the first is his memorable relations; of these I cannot judge, not having had any spiritual intercourse myself, by which to judge of his assertions, either to affirm or contradict them, but they cannot appear more extraordinary than the Apocalypse of John, and other relations contained in the Bible: the second is his tenets of doctrine. Of these I can judge. They are excellent, irrefutable, and the best that were ever taught, promoting the happiest social life."

The excellent Count gives two reasons for the faith of Swedenborg being the best religion that could be established. "First, This religion, in preference to, and in a higher degree than any other, must produce the most honest and industrious subjects, for it places properly, *the worship of God in uses*. Second, It causes the least fear of death, as this religion regards death merely as a transition from one state to another, from a worse to a better situation; nay, upon his principles I look upon death as being of hardly any greater moment than drinking a glass of water."

The close of his life cannot be more appropriately recorded than in the closing sentences of his eulogy, pronounced before the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Stockholm:

"Content within himself and with his situation, his life was, in all respects, one of the happiest that ever fell to the lot of man till the very moment of its close. During his last residence in London, on the 24th of December, last year, he had an attack of apoplexy; and, nature demanding her rights, he died on the 29th of March, in the present year [1772], in the eighty-fifth year of his age; satisfied with his sojourn on earth, and delighted at the prospect of his heavenly metamorphosis.

"May this Royal Academy retain as long, a great number of such distinguished and useful members!"

JUSTICE is a perfect equilibrium of rights, in which the interest of each atom is in perfect harmony with the interest of the whole mass. In a tree, whatever is best for the whole tree, is best for each leaf, root and fibre. In the human body, what is best for each individual organ is best for the health and happiness of the whole society of organs, which makes the man. No organ and no faculty of the body or mind is to be sacrificed, in any true life, to any other, or all others; but each is to have its own action and its own enjoyment in harmony with all.—*Progressive Union*.

For Nichols' Monthly.

FREEDOM.

To wing its radiant way the bird is free.

Through the bright air the golden light comes flowing
From the blue depths, uncheck'd and joyously,
Its living mantle o'er the mountain throwing,
Clasping the green earth in its loving arms,
The forest glades with bashful touch caressing,
Wooing the ocean to reflect its charms,
And breathing over all one universal blessing.

All holy things are free. The unseen air

Glides through the foldings of the sleeping roses,
Waking them into life. In homes of care,
Which man hath wall'd with darkness, it reposes,
A sympathizing angel. Where the breeze
Wakes the still lake to laughter, it is playing;
And where, beneath the hoary forest trees,
A child is wandering free, beside her it is straying.

And glorious thought is free! Eternity

Is yet before it, and its wing is chainless;
The heavens are calling, and exultingly
It cleaves the air, triumphant now, and tameless,
And ever is to be. That regal eye
Shall ne'er again be closed in fitful dreaming;
It drinks the radiant day-spring from on high,
And those unfetter'd wings in quenchless light are gleaming.

And Love is free! yes, in a holier sphere;

But here the "life of life" sits bound and bleeding
Within our hearts; and man looks on in fear
Lest it escape, and to its piteous pleading
Answers with stripes. But all in vain, in vain!
In the near future, every moan of sadness
Shall rise and swell to a triumphant strain,
And Love, the freed One, crown the weeping earth with
gladness.

D. H. Q.

BUT slaves, that once conceive the glowing thought
Of Freedom, in that hope itself possess
All that the contest calls for;—spirit, strength,
The scorn of danger, and united hearts,
The surest presage of the good they seek.—COWPER.





J. B. CONKLIN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, ON WOOD.

THE LIFE OF A MEDIUM.

INTRODUCTION.

THE subject of Spiritualism is arresting many minds at the present time ; and to have reliable information respecting it, seems to be one of the most desirable gifts for our day.

Individuals are representatives of classes. There is the man of intellectual perception, with no warmth of feeling, to make him a partisan, who represents the fair legal mind of our age. This man may have little direct connexion, or communion, with the spiritual world. He may be merely a dead moon, held in his place and balanced by living planets, and reflecting the light from the sun, which corresponds to the love life of the angels. For the use of this class of persons, who see evidence clearly, and reflect it upon other minds, we want facts, which are spiritual phenomena. I have consented to edit the Life of J. B. Conklin, in order to give indisputable facts to the world, for the high use of demonstrating to man his Immortality ; and I also shall add my own experience in Spiritualism, from my childhood to the present, so far as it seems best to me to give it.

It is not alone for the use of the class of persons above designated, that facts are needed, though perhaps most for them ;—for in the simple, loving heart, the Truth is born, and lives, though it may not be intellectually perceived. Still, humanity wants all things—loving Faith, and intellectual demonstration. All the elements that are to make Harmony in the external world, live in the achievements of civilization, pampering the few, and oppressing the masses. Their correspondences in the affectional and intellectual nature of man, are alike developed, and in a like state of congestion, of stagnant and dying life—of spiritual tyranny and oppression.

I am not of the class of intellectual persons who accept evidence when they have calmly and dispassionately examined it. I am not “a reasonable being,” fortunately, or unfortunately. I cannot accept known facts, of supernal importance, upon the testimony of others, be it ever so credible. Truths must

have their birth in my Love-nature, my interior consciousness, as a part of my being, and of the God-life to which I belong. If any one asks me if I believe in Spiritualism, I can now answer, I *know*—I do not believe. If I am asked, "Do you believe in Immortality?" I have only to say, I am immortal.

The I AM, the God-life, asserts itself; and that is my proof, and charter of Immortality.

I have disputed, inch by inch, every new philosophy that has been brought to me, until it was not only clear to my intellectual sight, but to the humanitarian love of my heart, that it was a Truth and a Good. Whether I am well, or ill-qualified, by this character, to examine the claims of Spiritualism, and to sum up its evidences, by recording its phenomena, I do not decide. I find the work in my way, and I feel myself set to do it. Being a Woman, and a Lover, my prejudices will be in proportion to my want of Wisdom. To me antipathies are not only respectable, but sacred—and for a long time I had a great antipathy to Spiritualism, and everything connected with it. This antipathy forced my respect, and obedience, and I now see the wisdom of it. I was not ready for the subject—I was in a state of preparation. When I was ready to receive Life and Immortality, all obstacles were removed, and they flowed in upon me, and I became supremely blest, not in credence, or belief, but in Faith and Knowledge—the Faith that is "the *sub*-stance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

I have known J. B. CONKLIN about two and a half years. I do not need to rely on the testimony of others respecting his character and the miracles performed through him. I have had abundant opportunity to become externally convinced, and interiorly conscious, of his childlike innocence, and positive truthfulness of character and being. He seems to be as true a test-medium, on the plane of material manifestations, as it is possible to find now living in the form; and high truths of harmony, of whose meaning he seems almost entirely unconscious, have been given through him in my presence. It is my wish to give in the following pages a fair, clear, and truthful account of the Medium, and the manifestations through him. I have no doubt that I shall do the good work well, and worthily, and all will accept the truth who can, and to those who can accept it in love, it will prove a priceless blessing.

MARY S. GOVE NICHOLS.

THE LIFE OF A MEDIUM.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY EXPERIENCES—STRIKING INTERPOSITIONS—FIRST MANIFESTATIONS.

THE great interest taken by the public in the spiritual manifestations of the present day, has made every fact in that connection of importance to investigators. At the solicitation of friends who are acquainted with some of the particulars of my spiritual experience, I propose to present a brief narration of incidents which have attended my career to the present hour, when I find myself engaged in making known, through the agency, as I must believe, of the spirits of those who have lived in the human form, the glorious truths of immortality.

I was born in the city of New York, in 1825, and remained with my family till the age of nineteen years, when I went to sea. Up to this period, I had observed nothing that had directed my attention particularly to the spiritual nature of man, either in this sphere, or in the after life. True, I had been taught, and had received, the general doctrines of the Bible, as they had been expounded by those who had charge of my poor education; for I know little but what I have seen in my experience of life, and what the spirits have taught me. Without reflection, I embraced all the dogmas that were given me, not questioning the authority that proclaimed itself as the exponent of God's will and truth.

An incident soon occurred in my new avocation, which served to

awaken my attention to the ways of Providence in the government of individuals and of the world. My seafaring experience had made it easy for me to obtain employment with those who "go down upon the sea in ships." Accordingly, I was shipped as a seaman on board the pilot-boat "John McKeon," of New York, a fine vessel, of an admirable class, named, as is customary, in honor of a prominent citizen. The melancholy fate of that vessel, and of the "Gratitude," lost at the same time, will be sadly remembered by many of my readers, for not a man of their crews has been heard of since they sailed from New York. I had fully intended to sail in the "John McKeon," and went home, for the purpose of obtaining my clothing; but, on returning to the pier, I was much disappointed on ascertaining that the vessel had sailed about an hour previous to my arrival; the master, anxious to get to sea, having determined not to wait for me. This incident made a deep impression on my mind; for, had I sailed, my fate would have been that of the poor mariners who "were never heard of more."

Another event, of a similar, but more decided character, deepened this impression. In 1841, I shipped for Thomaston, Maine, with Captain Dudley. I remained there three weeks, receiving from the Captain every kindness and attention, and was much attached to him, as he invited me to his own table, and patiently taught me navigation, encouraging me with the hope of becoming a mate. We loaded for New Orleans, but as we lay wind-bound, there came to me an inward monition, a mysterious influence, of which I then knew but little, which said, "*Leave!*" Though contrary to my views and inclinations, I felt compelled to obey the warning, and went ashore. It was in the dead of winter. I had no money—no friends—no mode of subsisting—yet I obeyed that voice! The Captain refused to pay me my wages, in order to compel me to return to the vessel; but all was in vain, and at last, finding me resolute in my seeming folly and obstinacy, he gave me my dues, and sailed without me; but not until after I had slept in a lime kiln, to prove that I was in earnest. There was another vessel in port, bound to New York. The captain of it would not take me on board, because he had an understanding with Captain Dudley.

What was now to be done? Desperate necessities compel the use of desperate means. I took a skiff at night, rowed off to the vessel anchored in the stream, let the boat float away, and concealed myself in the forecastle, making my appearance when we were passing Owl's Head, and were well on our voyage, much to the surprise of the captain; who, finding me on board without his knowledge, made the best of it, put me in the mate's watch, and offered me a pleasant and lucrative situation. I had no *earthly* reason for this strange conduct. Every motive of inclination and gratitude prompted me to remain with my kind friend, who had taken a personal interest in my welfare. The true cause was known by the result. The "Zephyr" was lost on that voyage, and all on board, except the captain and one seaman, perished! Was there no Providence in this? Or was it only a strange coincidence, unaccountable, but meaningless. I must think that *effects* have *causes*.

After this, I made several voyages to the West Indies. In 1844, I went before the mast, in the schooner "Red Jacket," on a southern voyage. On the next voyage, I was promoted to be first mate, sailed to the West Indies, and returned to New York. Every inducement was held out to me to remain with my employer, and I was promised the berth of captain of this vessel, the following year. The present captain now desired me to accompany him in another vessel, that he was about to take charge of. Here again did my strong impressions interfere to dissuade me, and, against every seeming interest, I was compelled to refuse the kind offer. The vessel sailed for Jamaica, and was *lost*! These internal monitions, powerful and vivid impressions, came to guide me in many things; but I record only those which made the strongest impression on my mind, and which, by their results, gave me most signal proofs that I was in the guardianship of some higher power. Though I had no proof to offer to others, it was, even at this time, present to my consciousness, that there were spirits or spiritual influences around me, although I was but poorly able to form any very just thoughts upon their peculiar nature and offices in the economy of Life. Still, that there were such existences, was evi-

dent to my intuitions, as the phenomena of nature to my exterior senses. What I *felt*, was as full of convincing proof, as what I saw.

In 1845, I visited my sister, in Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where there occurred an incident which seemed to bring me into closer relations with my friends of the other sphere of being. One evening, while sitting in the back basement, and explaining Signor Blitz's thimble trick, for the amusement of the assembled group, the door of the room suddenly opened, and the rustling of what appeared to be a lady's silk dress was heard by all and so assured them of the presence of some stranger, that a general escape was made up stairs. I did not then know that that house was what is called "haunted;" and much less did I know that the front room, in which I was to sleep, was particularly liable to nocturnal visitations. I retired for the night, and after being on the sofa for a few minutes, and in expectation that my sister would remove my lamp, which I had placed near the door,, I lay quietly awaiting its removal. I had been startled by the strange sound, but it had passed from my mind. As I lay here, a lady entered the room, took the light from its position, and placed it on the mantel-piece, where it remained burning till morning. Before she left the room, she put the clothes over me. I had supposed that this was the act of my sister, but on inquiry found that neither she, nor any other inmate of the house had entered my room! Since that time I have become better acquainted with this being, who represents that she was murdered in the room I occupied. Although strongly urged to make some examinations of this house, I have never attempted it, though time may reveal some relics of mortality beneath the floors. However, more useful investigations may be made in other directions, perhaps, though they may be less marvellous to those whose studies are prompted by curiosity.

This anecdote will have little weight, I know, with many persons who believe that all ghost stories can be reasonably accounted for; and who will say at once, that it was my mischievous sister, making herself sport by working upon my credulity. I have entire faith in the honesty of my sister; and I am now too familiar with

what is called the supernatural, to distrust her, for the sake of accounting for one of a thousand of similar appearances. I have related the circumstance as an event in my experience.

As I wish to make a frank, and as far as needful, a full record of my spiritual experience, that which I have had as a professor of religion, and a communicant of a Christian church, next demands my attention. Accepting the Bible, as taught and explained to me by the preachers of the denomination whose meetings I attended; conscientiously wishing to walk in the right path; susceptible to strong impressions; I became a convert and member of the Methodist Church; and for a time, I meekly submitted to its discipline, and received without questionings, the dogmas of its creed.

My sincerity and piety, I think, were never questioned by the leaders of the flock. I was, for a time, as blind, as unreasoning, as teachable, as they could wish. When I heard of the "Rochester rappings," I believed them to be, either an ingenious fraud, or the work of the Devil. But as the subject became more and more noised about, my curiosity became excited; I felt an inward prompting to seek the truth; and when Mrs. Brown, one of the Fox sisters, came to the city of New York, I had the manly independence to visit her, and investigate for myself the claims of the alleged spiritual manifestations. I exposed myself to the ridicule, sneers, and scoffs of the unbelievers about me; the most bitter and bigoted of whom were members of the church to which I belonged.

Perhaps I ought not to take credit for my courage, for there was an inward voice, joining to the accumulating public testimony, confirming or explaining my own past experience, which said, "*Spirits can communicate!*" I went, then, or was led, to investigate these strange phenomena.

At my first visit to Mrs. Brown, the spirit of my mother-in-law, or an intelligent agency, purporting to be such spirit, and whose assertion I did not feel qualified to deny, made herself known to me, and stated that she had twice before communicated with me. It was true that I had seen her recently, in two dreams, of a very vivid character. Further communications were given to satisfy me of her identity, which I saw no reason to dispute.

At this, my first interview, through a medium, with a departed spirit, I was directed to go home; to form a circle there; and was told that this spirit would then communicate with me further. The request seemed to me but reasonable—it would remove any possible suspicion of trick, or collusion; and I obeyed the injunction. The first circle consisted of myself, my wife, and child. We sat around the table, laying our hands upon it, and waiting for the mysterious rappings to commence. No rappings came; but to our astonishment, the table itself raised up upon two of its legs, gently, and came down upon the floor, producing the “tippings,” as they are called; a mode of manifestation easier to investigate, perhaps, than the raps, as being subject to the three senses of sight, touch, and hearing.

Efforts have been made to account for these tippings upon natural principles. They have been attributed, either to the trick of the medium, or the involuntary exertion of muscular power. But no theory accounts for a tithe of the various manifestations. And, where it might be possible to suppose deception, voluntary or involuntary, in physical manifestations, the supernatural intelligence of the messages and responses still remains—a still more unaccountable phenomenon.

The alphabet was soon called, and there was spelled out the following sentence:

“My dear children, these things appear strange, yet stranger things will soon convince you of their spiritual origin.”

CHAPTER II.

DECISIVE MANIFESTATIONS—THE CHURCH AROUSED—PERSECUTIONS.

It will be easily imagined that we were startled with this manifestation. My wife, after the first surprise, very naturally thought that I had been amusing myself by playing off some trick I had seen and detected; and accused me of doing expertly, what I could not have done, if disposed, without great difficulty. I was interested and excited; my curiosity was thoroughly aroused, and I was anxious to pursue the investigation.

After supper we sat again "in circle." Now something new astonished us. As if to satisfy my wife's incredulity, we had the rappings. The sounds came freely and loudly in every part of the house; and frequently they could be heard for two or three hundred yards from my dwelling. The village where I resided, was aroused like a barrack at the beat of the morning drum. Neighbors flocked in from all sides; and for two months, during the winter, my house was besieged by those who were ready to enlist in the cause of truth, or who wished to show their own strength by opposing, ridiculing, or denouncing what they considered either an imposture, or delusion of man, or the machination of the foul fiend.

Here was I, a poor Methodist church member, ignorant of the world's lore, selected as an humble instrument to convince thousands, as I have had the privilege and satisfaction of since doing, of the immortal nature of man; of the *reality* of the unseen world, and of the Great Living Truth, that the spirits of the departed can and do hold communication with us who are going forward to the same destination; showing that the grave is no longer "that bourne from which no traveller returns."

My Methodist brethren, with a blind faith in their religious sys-

tem, now called upon me, remonstrated against my doings, and begged me to acknowledge that I had been playing tricks, to astonish the people. They would have had me done this, even against my own consciousness of truth and right, for the good of the cause of religion, and the overthrow of Satan; but as I could not become a party to such a falsehood—as I could not resist the evidence of my own senses, and of the verity of the daily manifestations, of which I was the involuntary medium, they considered me unfit any longer to be a member of their communion. I was invited to leave the church, because I was ready to receive to-day, those manifestations and interpositions, which they wished me to believe, only occurred two thousand years ago. I was called a “backslider;” I had “fallen from grace;” I was an “emissary of Satan,” because I had been chosen to demonstrate to others the great realities of Eternal Life.

During my connection with the church I had opportunities of noticing the unfortunate and deplorable manner in which the active and leading members of the society play the part of shrewd, worldly men, and become the self-promoted vicegerents of our Heavenly Father. Early did I notice, when my prayers and remarks were received with satisfaction in the meetings for religious culture, that the position occupied by me, could not fail to excite in the minds of the leading members of the society such demonstrations of jealousy, as to make my services in the cause of truth and religion, as I then viewed, exceedingly irksome. From this, sprang an attempt to destroy my usefulness, by acts which questioned my sincerity and feelings of good will towards my fellow men; and I cannot pass on with my narrative, without warning men who hold similar positions in the church, against the exercise of that tyrannical injustice that so often displays itself in base inuendoes, if not in those extra-judicial tribunals, so directly opposed to democratic institutions, in which character is inhumanly arraigned, and assaulted, if not destroyed by ecclesiastical inquisition. Honest, simple-minded men and women cannot be too careful how they place the “immediate jewel of their souls” in the keeping of those whose motives are entirely shrouded by the veil of external religion.

I well remember the attempts made to diminish my usefulness, if not to injure me in the eyes of my neighbors. Every trifling act was subjected to the inquisition, which might have been better employed in devising means for the happiness of the world. At one time, because I had taken part in a harmless serenade to a wedding party, my term of probation, before becoming a full member of the church, was extended to six months more—making a whole year in which I had been contented to surrender myself to a body of persons, who undertook to be custodians of my conscience, and who might have destroyed all my prospects in life by their injustice and folly. Brother B——, was particularly anxious about me. He found time to survey all my qualifications as a Christian, and after opposing my admission to the church for several months, he was constant in his endeavors to remove me. This he had some means of understanding to be an exemplification of Christian conduct, but the intelligent follower of truth and righteousness will perceive that he was merely one of those dogmatists who enact the part of tyrant, in a small way, with apparent impunity. It is to be hoped that the reign of such small despotisms over the souls of men is nearly at an end.

To illustrate the mode in which the church interferes with the temporal affairs of men, I desire to say that about eighteen months after I became a church member, I was advised to sue another member for a debt, for which I had sought vainly, the just payment. For this act, what can any American suppose could be the punishment? Is any American aware of any law that gives men the power to put a man on trial for such a deed? Does any American know whence is derived the tribunal to condemn, or acquit a man, for any act not cognizable by the law? Yet, alas! in the church, tribunals exist which frequently wrest the guilty culprit from the constituted authorities, to hide the shame, or to destroy the innocent. Reform is needed here; and when I state that I was tried in my absence, and condemned, and punished, altogether unheard and undefended, I expose this act as a warning to those who may contemplate placing themselves in so critical a position. My crime was punished by setting me back six months in the path

of Christian progress. As God did not signify to my conscience that I had erred, however, I was resigned to this exhibition of church punishment. Ah, Heaven was not against me. My mind contemplated no evil. Justice from my fellow men was all I required, and the church discipline, even, was my sedulous study, notwithstanding the work of my inquisitors. Heaven, however, was rapidly unfolding and illuminating my mind. I beheld the mockery of the leaders around me, and too plainly saw in their love of laudation—in their continual inquiries as to the merit of their prayers and speeches, that they regarded the good opinion of man, more than that of God. Pitiable vanity! When will men learn to know that they are not the proud doers of any of those works which they fancy arise from their cleverness?

About the time that the sounds at my house had created serious inquiries throughout the neighborhood, many members of the church were courageous enough to investigate the subject. Some of these, being sincere lovers of truth, became satisfied not only that I had no direct agency in producing them, but that they had their origin in spiritual forces, and they were partly converted to the belief that these manifestations were made by good spirits. Others preferred to rest their faith on evidences of immortality given to men two thousand years ago, and to believe only in things said to have taken place at that period. Of course, I came in for a share of vindication, and also a share of condemnation. One class leader, in particular, defended me nobly, and avowed his belief in what he had seen; but he was threatened with expulsion from the communion if he did not cease to acknowledge his convictions. The church is entitled to receive all such as have not the moral courage to acknowledge the power of God, and therefore I may state that this gentleman is now contented to believe that "there is something in it," but he does not wish to seek for more light. His freedom—his manhood—all the noble qualities God has given him for exploring the works of His hands, are surrendered to an external association, that seems to dread the very evidences which prove that some of the doctrines of Christianity are no delusion!

THE PROGRESSIVE UNION;

A SOCIETY FOR MUTUAL PROTECTION IN RIGHT.

FIRST REPORT OF THE CENTRAL BUREAU.

THE SECRETARY of the PROGRESSIVE UNION, in making the First Report of the Central Bureau, feels the propriety of giving an account of the origin and formation of this Society. Every member has read the pamphlet containing a statement of its character, objects, principles, and organization; every one has accepted and subscribed to its principles; and has signified a willingness to unite in the promotion of its objects. But it is right that the history of the Society should now be written.

The most advanced Reformers in this country have been, for many years, looking forward to the realization of some plan of social reorganization. They have witnessed the partial or complete failures of communistic, and associative efforts. Many, joining with enthusiasm in such attempts to make better social conditions, have met with disappointments, and losses; and some appear to have relapsed into a heartless worldliness in the selfish scramble of civilization.

But Reforms do not go backward, though reformers may. The wrongs and sufferings of society—the despotisms and miseries of civilization, cannot be forgotten. A continual protest goes out against them, and humanity, hopeful or despairing, *must* struggle for a better life—a life of freedom, of plenty, of happiness. Communism has been, for ages, the ideal refuge from the competitions, antagonisms, and unjust inequalities of civilization, but it has failed on trial, because it was the grave of individual freedom; because it was really but an aggregation and concentration of antagonistic elements. The associative system has never had any trial, according to the plans of Fourier; the groups which have gathered at various points having lacked both the *materiel* and the *personel* of a true Association, which is therefore an untried experiment; for we might as well demand that a few detached wheels and

springs of a great and complex machine, should work, as that any past or present Phalansterian effort should have been successful.

Out of the failure of Communism, came the opposite idea, that of the Sovereignty of the Individual, and entire disconnection of interests, as the remedy for all social evils, as promulgated by JOSIAH WARREN, and very lucidly explained and elaborated by STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS. There was great need of this idea, and of the movement which has been its expression. It was the assertion and vindication of freedom and the rights of the individual man. It was the definition of equity in commerce. It is the first necessary step in progress. The mistake is in thinking it the last.

Individual sovereignty; independence, freedom, self-reliance; the breaking of all bonds, external and internal—these are the conditions of progress, and of all true life. There is no truth but in freedom. It is the absolute condition of development. As such we have urged it with earnest zeal; as a means and a condition, but not as a finality.

In pulling down an old edifice, and erecting a new, it is necessary that every brick and stone should be separated from its attachments to every other, and cleared of the adhering mortar, so as to be ready to take its appointed place. So the first step toward a new organization of society, is for the individuals who are to compose it to become free from the entangling alliances and oppressive bonds of the present unsocial disorder.

It is known to all the readers of our works, that we have taken much interest in the Individual movement, with a full appreciation of its importance. We have circulated widely the writings of WARREN and ANDREWS, on Equitable Commerce, Individual Sovereignty, and Cost the Limit of Price. Greatly interested as we have been, and continue to be, in the experimental equity village of Modern Times, Long Island, viewing it as a refuge from despotic institutions, and a nursery or school of individualism, we planned an advanced Unitary School and Home upon an adjacent domain, with the details of which the readers of the first series of NICHOLS' JOURNAL, and of our book of MARRIAGE, are familiar. But Desarrollo was not to be built, at least, not in the locality selected. It now seems to us a wise providence that checked our too hasty zeal.

After we were compelled to postpone the building of Desarrollo, a new element, or the consciousness and demonstration of a new influence, came into our movement. We know that many will look upon it with incredulity and distrust, but it is due to every member of the Union that its origin be clearly stated. We announce, therefore, that the thought, and plan, and operation were given us by a Society of the spirit-life, with some of whom we

were acquainted, during their bodily life ; of whose identity we have no doubt ; and of whose wisdom and humanity we have convincing evidences.

We are permitted to give the names of a few of the more prominent members of this Spiritual Body or Heavenly Unity, who are joined in a Common Thought, and a Common Love, for the amelioration, redemption, and harmonization of humanity, and in an earnest work to establish a true society on the earth, corresponding with the one in which they are united in the heavens.

Among the members of this spiritual society, who have been personally made known to us, are PESTALOZZI, J. P. GREAVES, H. G. WRIGHT, and others, less widely known as educational and social reformers. These men, in their life on the earth, were far in advance of the age, in all true wisdom—men of clear sight and great philanthropy. The portrayal of one of them is attempted in "Mary Lyndon."

In the communications made to us, respecting the formation of the Progressive Union, the term "we" is generally used, as expressing, not the thought of an individual spirit, but of the unity of which each one is a part. In an imperfect, disorderly, or subversive way, we have, on all sides, the recognition of this unitary spirit. It is the "we" editorial, or potential, where the monarch embodies the spirit of a nation. It is the *esprit du corps* which animates an army with one impulse ; it is the animus of a mob ; it is the pervading soul of every body of men, fused by some strong excitement, and animated by a common feeling. It is to a true human society what the soul is to a healthy human body, moving all parts in a perfect and beautiful harmony ; what the soul of the universe is to its material forms.

Our friends who have entered upon the spiritual life, and particularly those who had already seen the evils of social discordance, and felt the want of a spiritual harmony, finding themselves in superior conditions, free to be governed by their attractions, free from external bonds, free to respect their repulsions, would naturally, and have spontaneously, formed groups and societies of harmonized spirits in the heavens. But loving this humanity, of which they are still a part, they wish to remedy the evils of our discordant sphere, and aid us, while still in the earth life, in the organization of the True Society, which has been the great want of all human souls.

Unity does not destroy, but includes, all individualities ; in a harmonious orchestra, each instrument does its proper work, and has its true place. It is discordance that destroys the individual, who finds his true life in harmony. Union is power ; union with

spirits in the form or out of it. This union is to be attained by obedience in all humility and honesty ; obedience to the true law of humanity, in the individual and collective man, and not to external, and imposed, and discordant despotisms.

The thought of the Progressive Union came to us, both as a vivid impression, and by formal manifestation in a circle. The designation first proposed, was that of a "League of Equity," but as one who was in our first circles, but who refused to join in the work proposed by our spirit friends, afterward took the name of the League for a society of his own, we were instructed to adopt the designation of PROGRESSIVE UNION. It may be interesting to our friends to have a transcript of the records of the directions received from our spirit guides, who appear to us, in character and conditions, well fitted to be the pioneers and directors, or at least, the advisers, in such an enterprise. Men, like ourselves, we accept from them what commends itself to our own judgment, and pay, we think, only a natural and suitable deference to their superior wisdom, experience, and opportunities for extended observation. We accept their counsel and leadership, in the same way that we would those of a Franklin or a Washington, or any man fitted to be the leader of a great enterprise ; yielding an intelligent faith, but by no means a blind obedience ; respecting a true authority, as we would repudiate an egotistic despotism. We quote a few passages :

"This circle is established for purposes of equity in the heavens and the earth."

"First, disturbing influences are to be avoided. We wish to form a circle, which shall be the harmonic germ of the equity movement. We wish much to include, from the inception, ——— in this movement, but if he comes to our school, he must be a scholar, and content to be master where his mastery exists."

When submission was objected to, it was said :

"We ask submission to what you know, rather than what we know. Harmony of feelings, submission to the law of the group, and not to a divergent individuality. We only wish to harmonize, and make your knowledge available. At present, all is lost, because we have not consentaneous action. We WILL have it, with you or without you. Our society is formed—we will make its synonym with you. The law of the group is inexorable. See that you hinder not harmony. The greatest and most visible work the world ever saw is at hand."

When inquiry was made respecting some person, it was said :

"If he is of the Society, he must be a worthful brick for our building ; else he must be cast among the rubbish, without fear or

favor. We will decide. We are builders, and know our materials." Of the League of Equity, as it was first proposed to be named, it was said :

"Men and women, everywhere, may be solicited to join in a league of equity, to protect each other in all rightful and truthful acts, and all honest transactions. Charity and love may have full play in justice as well as incidentally ; but we ask only equity—that men and women sustain each other in a righteous freedom. No one can defend himself against the crush of false opinions, and an infernal moralism ; nor sustain himself against extortion in every form of business relation.

"Individual work has been done ; may continue to be done—but you are now to bind, in one living body, your individualities. One man, one woman may be crushed. Your finger might be crushed when your body would sustain the weight. Learn a lesson of combination from your body.

"Do every individual work, as you may or can, but unite to form a sustaining public sentiment for right acts, and to inaugurate equity in the land. Bring all to the light who are right in thought, or becoming so ; then shall men and women dare to live the truth and be honest.

"We give you the germ of an association, with protest, definitions, and publication. We would put no bond on the individual act. Union is power—not aggregation. Unite to put your thought before the world, and thus strengthen people to live it.

"We wish to be clearly understood as advising association. False and discordant societies are no arguments against true union. Your gain by associating, and being known as coadjutors will be immense. Put coals together, and you easily kindle a glowing heat, whilst isolate embers are lost and useless for light or warmth."

"There is a work to be done from inmost to outmost. Here and there in the earth are living centers to a larger or smaller circumference. These are to be united by rays of love and light, continually emanating from us. *To repeat in the earth our Harmonic Society*, is our work. We come to you as to hearts containing the impulse of our thought. Let each accept his work ; patiently, wisely, constantly form the society which we have recommended. Numbers are not strength, yet strength is in numbers. Each vital center is a divine king and queen. We wish to discover these to you, to each other, to their own, everywhere.

"Centers of circles, who are leaders and media, by the authority of the Divine order, are above designated as Vital Centers. Let all such accept the truth and love of their individual mission, acting not by outward calculation, but according to the law of growth."

"Vital growth is alone from vital principles. Seed time and harvest are imperatively needed. Let the potsherds of the earth strive together, but let the germs germinate. Give these the best conditions, and the dew, and the shower, and the sunshine of love and truth shall come continually upon all you do."

In relation to a suitable domain, as the earthly basis of a Social Organization, or Harmonic Society, it was said :

"You waste power, money, redemption, by putting off the material centre. Begin now, and you will still find actualization at some distance. Whatever can live and come to us, you and we shall accept. A large tract of land is desirable, so as to be prospectively of political importance, and it must be paid for and owned by the heart of this movement."

Finally, it was said :

"The humble and entire surrender of the mere personal and fragmentary will of the Individual Man, to the harmonized will of the Grand, Harmonic, or Associative Man, is the condition of a true, orderly, or heavenly existence, on the earth as in the heavens."

In accordance with the above suggestions or directions, which were given to us with whatever proofs we demanded, of their spiritual origin, but which are their own best testimony, we wrote, as impressed, the pamphlet of the "Progressive Union," which also bears its own internal evidence of the authority of superior wisdom. This has been sent to all who have expressed the wish to receive it ; and the form of affiliation, accompanying each pamphlet, has been filled up and returned to the Central Bureau by those who have had the wisdom or goodness necessary to an acceptance of its principles, and the courage to be willing to be known as accepting them, and to stand by others in their recognition. Thus has been formed "A Society for Mutual Protection in Right," extending over the country, and including many of its foremost reformers. A list of the present members of this Society is sent with the report to every *full* member, with the Post Office address of each, as a general introduction to each other, and to enable them to correspond, or when in the same vicinity to meet together, and form lesser groups or societies. Though not a secret society, neither the names of members, nor the action of the Association will be published, when of a private character ; and personal communications to the Central Bureau will be as confidential as may be desired.

As the names of those who, for any reason, have become *private* members, are not given in this list, so it will not be sent to them ; but in case of need they will communicate with the Central Bureau.

For reasons heretofore stated, and by the direction of our spirit

friends, we have abandoned the idea of any near proximity to Modern Times ; accordingly, the tract of land donated as the site of the Institute, will be deeded back to its former proprietor, while we shall look for a larger and more suitable domain for the HOME of the Progressive Union, or of such of its members as may be included with us, in a Unitary Society. For this domain we require a healthy, genial climate, a fertile soil, and attractive scenery and conditions.

The Progressive Union has grown like a tree from its germ. The men and women who are its members, so far as we know, or can judge, are persons of great honesty and devotion ; of moral worth, and, in many cases, of intellectual culture. There are brilliant orators, and inspired poets ; there are men of profound science, and of great business talent and experience ; there are artists, and persons of cultivation and accomplishment, as well as of industry and devotion ; there is also an unexpected amount of wealth. A large number are in possession of property, valued at from two thousand to fifty thousand dollars, and much of this, we know, is in the hands of those who are ready to use it wisely, in a good cause.

The CENTRAL BUREAU has now to make report of its own operations.

It has issued three editions of the pamphlet of Principles and Organization, one of five hundred copies, and two of one thousand each.

It has adopted, as the organ of the Union, NICHOLS' MONTHLY, commencing with the June number, duodecimo series, which, besides the monthly reports of the Society, will contain much important matter on spiritual and social science—for the spiritual nature of the movement must be put boldly forward, as its peculiar and distinctive characteristic.

It is publishing and will publish a series of works, on individual and social science ; histories and criticisms of the past and present ; as well as prophetic or scientific revelations of the future.

The actual means and power of the Central Bureau, it may be difficult to estimate ; but they are large and increasing. The circulation of the various forms of its publications, is not less than sixty, or perhaps seventy thousand, per month, and rapidly increasing.

Its demands, at this time, are a vigorous effort on the part of all its members, to increase the circulation of the organ of the Society, which is admitted to be one of the ablest and most interesting, as well as cheapest publications in this country :

The circulation, wherever people are prepared to receive them,

of the Pamphlet of Principles, and of the Reports of the Union, which can be obtained separately :

The circulation of such works, issued by the Secretary, or others, as may either prepare people for, or initiate them into the heavenly principles of our Union.

In joining the Union, no fee is demanded. There are no annual dues for the support of officers, or the payment of expenses. All this is left to the free, voluntary action of members, but it must be remembered that "money is the sinews of war," and that all operations, involving the use of physical means, rest upon the basis of physical wealth.

Will those of our friends, who have more than is requisite to the supply of their own needs, endeavor to ascertain what is their duty with respect to this movement? If needful, we shall cheerfully answer their inquiries in respect to investments and business operations for the propagation of our principles, and for the accumulation of capital for the purchase of a Domain for the Association, as soon as may be practicable.

Our friends are requested to furnish information of desirable localities. All data, so received, will be carefully inquired into, and submitted to our Spirit friends, whose opportunities for judging are, we think, superior to our own. Still, it must be understood that in no case do we ever accept of advice or direction, purporting to come from spirits, unless correspondent with our own highest and most sacred sense of right ; thus securing, instead of sacrificing a whole, or holy individuality. Those who consider us enslaved by spirits, have no idea of our true freedom ; or of the inspiration of Love and Wisdom given from the Angel Life, to those who are entirely surrendered to do the highest Right manifested to them.

The first work of the Progressive Union is the extension of its own principles and organization. Send the names of all persons, supposed to be favorable. "Circulate the documents." The Pamphlet will be mailed, post paid, for three cents, singly ; or at twenty-five cents a dozen. This report, printed separately, will also be sent at the same price, or at cost. All profits, in every department of our business, are devoted to the objects of the Society.

T. L. NICHOLS, Secretary.

321 Broadway, New York, }
JUNE 1, 1855.

LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS.

THERE is scarcely a more interesting and instructive movement in the progress of Humanity, than that of the Latter Day Saints,—the Mormons of Utah. Of their origin and creed, we have given a careful account in the "Religions of the World;" we propose, here, to give a sketch of social life in the Salt Lake City; and some account of their missionary efforts.

A LEGISLATIVE PARTY was given at the capital of Utah, January 1, 1855, by Governor Brigham Young, and the Legislative Assembly, in compliment to Judge Kinney, his Associates, other United States officers of the Territory, and Lieut. Col. Steptoe of the U. S. Army, with the officers in his command.

The Committee of Arrangements consisted of five of the presiding dignitaries of the Mormon Church. The party was given at Social Hall, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion; and commenced at the unfashionable, but very sensible hour of three o'clock, P. M., when the persons assembled at the festival were called to order by President A. C. Kimball, who remarked—we copy from a careful report of the proceedings—that the time had arrived when we should begin our party. He wished to give a little counsel first, and would be plain and distinct. It was understood that this party was got up by the Governor and Legislative Assembly, and we want to set an example worthy of imitation for generations to come, to keep good order; and when there is dancing and music, no conversation nor disorder; let every man behave like a gentleman, and every lady like a lady. We do not wish any of the gentlemen or ladies to go down to the lower room, until they are invited. We do not wish whiskey or brandy to be brought to this party, and desire that none who are invited here should go out and get it; if this is done, we will consider it an insult. This is a total abstinence party; that is, the total abstinence from all spirituous liquors. We wish perfect order and perfect harmony, that the angels who are sent to administer to us, and in connection with whom we hold the keys, may be well pleased with us, and touch us all with the power of God, that we may act well our parts, and that our musicians may be touched with an holy touch, that their instruments may inspire and exalt our feelings. We will dedicate this party, ourselves, and the music to the Lord. If these

are your feelings, hold up your right hands to heaven, and say Aye (which was unanimously done).

Gov. Young, being in ill-health, was not present.

President J. M. Grant then offered up prayer to the Lord, dedicating to him the assembly and the evening's proceedings.

After which, President Kimball organized the room with cotillion sets; and at the words "all ready," the lively strains of music filled each heart with the spirit of the dance.

At 4 P. M., Col. Steptoe and Miss Kinney were introduced by the Hon. H. C. Kimball, and soon thereafter the Hon. Chief Justice, J. F. Kinney and lady; also Mr. McLure and lady; J. H. Holman, Esq., U. S. District Attorney; Lieut. Tyler, Mr. W. G. Rankin, and the Hon. A. W. Babbitt, Sec., and lady were introduced by the Hon. J. M. Grant. Cotillion followed cotillion in quick succession.

At half-past 5 P. M., Major Reynolds, U. S. Army, Major Rose and lady, and Marshal J. L. Heywood, were introduced by Hon. J. M. Grant.

Hon. H. C. Kimball stated to the assembly that he had just received a communication from the Governor, which he would take pleasure in having read.

"Governor B. Young respectfully tenders his highest regards, and the compliments of the season, to the ladies and gentlemen who assemble in the Social Hall this evening, and regrets exceedingly that his health, which will not permit him to venture from his room, should so inopportunistically debar him the pleasure he anticipated in meeting his friends, and participating in the joyous dance on this happy, festive occasion.

"Trusting that the company will enjoy themselves to the fullest extent, and asking that the blessings of Heaven may rest upon the evening's recreations, he bids one and all a very, very good night.

"NEW YEAR'S, 5 P. M."

At 6 P. M., Capt. Ingalls, Lieut. Mowry, and Hon. Judge Stiles, were duly introduced by the Hon. J. M. Grant.

At 7 P. M., Joseph Greene, of the firm of Kinney, Greene & Co., and Lieut. Alston, were introduced by Hon. J. M. Grant. After the floor had been formed for a country dance, at a quarter past eight, Dinner was announced, whereupon, beginning at No. 1 until No. 43, were severally called on the floor with their respective partners, and in order were introduced to the lower room. Upon all being comfortably seated, President Kimball asked a blessing upon the bounties and luxuries spread before them, and gave thanks to the God of our fathers.

Those who have ever joined in the crush and scramble of a party or ball in New York, will appreciate the beauty of this orderly arrangement.

The dinner of three courses, consisted of four kinds of soups ; fifteen dishes of meats ; six of vegetables ; with nineteen varieties for dessert, including water-melons and ice cream.

While those at the first table were regaling themselves on these dainties of Deseret, the dance went on in the ball room, but as the band partook at the second, President Kimball called the remaining audience to attention and introduced Mr. Henry Mabin, who sang "The Man who could not get Warm"—"The Good Saint Anthony," and a Mormon Song, in his usual chaste, bold and comic style, which gave much satisfaction.

An address was then made by Elder Orson Hyde. He reviewed the history of the people and country, their trials, sufferings, journey across the wilderness, and subsequent prosperity. On their arrival in Utah, he said :

"Our all was in our wagons, the country was untried. Mountaineers who had lived here told us we could not raise an ear of grain ; indeed, so confident were they, that they offered \$1,000 for the first ear of corn that could be raised here. Yet in the midst of these discouraging scenes we went to work, and when the ground was prepared, the seeds were put in. Insects innumerable came down from the mountains to destroy the grain, but a devourer was prepared, and while the crickets would have swept every green thing before them, behold the gulls came and labored incessantly from the sun's first rays on the mountain tops, till she gilded the western horizon, eating the crickets and vomiting them ; this we regarded as the same hand of Providence that had mercifully encircled us all the time ; but amid all this you can discover we have arisen to our present enjoyments, while we have been living not knowing the moment the warwhoop would be sounded in our ears, and we called to arms to defend our wives and children ; but what is now our condition, let this evening speak. I have been in almost every State in our Union, and in the States and kingdoms of Europe, from the mouth of the Danube, in Asia and in Africa ; and I have not seen anything that equals this occasion."

An address from Hon. J. F. Kinney, Chief-Justice U. S. Supreme Court, U. T., being announced, he arose and said : "This is to me an occasion for rejoicing ; this is a time when the mind will reflect on the past history of this country. I can scarcely realize that we are here, ten or fifteen hundred miles from civilization, and yet we are in the very midst of it, not only civilization, but the most perfect refinement. When we consider that only seven years have gone since this people landed here without food to support them, living on herbs and roots, and behold now the splendor, the magnificence, and the taste that has been displayed here, we may won-

der and be astonished ; and yet my soul ascribes it to the Providences of that Good Being who controls all things for his glory, and the well being of his creatures. I rejoice in my heart that there has been such good feelings maintained here since my arrival among you. We are all brethren. We meet here on the same platform."

On the music returning from dinner, the U. S. officers present resumed the dance by waltzing and dancing the polka, and all seemed to enjoy themselves ; indeed so far as we could judge, there was no restraint on the feelings of any, but the spirit of order and of the meeting perfectly controlled all present. Opportunely the company were waited upon to ice cream. At half past twelve, A. M., they partook of supper in the same order as dinner, President J. M. Grant acknowledging the Lord.

A quarter past one, A. M., Pres. Kimball called the house to order, and said we should, before dismissal, as we always do, acknowledge the name of the Lord, that his blessing, which had been over us while we had been together, might go home with us.

Brother Mabin sang "the Merry Mormons," with musical accompaniment, nearly the whole company joining in the chorus.

Benediction by Orson Hyde.

So ended the Government Festival at the Salt Lake City, given and participated in by all the dignitaries of Utah—the most extraordinary, we believe, in the history of civilization.

If the Social Life of Utah presents so much to surprise and interest us, we shall find in the zeal and success of their missionary efforts, food for even deeper reflection. They seem to have much of the zeal and trust in Providence that animated the Primitive Christians. Their missionaries are scattered to all parts of the world—but they go forth sustained by no societies—without purse or scrip, literally dependent upon the success of their labors. We have before us, in the *Luminary*, a Mormon paper published at St. Louis, the report of a discourse by Elder Richard Ballantyne, a missionary to the East Indies, on his way back to Utah, with a party of emigrants from England. We wish to give a few of the incidents of his missionary experience. He said,—

"I have been, as you have heard, on a mission to the East Indies. I was appointed to that mission by the authorities of the Church in Great Salt Lake City, in the year 1852. I left my family and friends in the Valley, as many of my brethren who had missions appointed them elsewhere ; some to China, some to Australia, some to South America, and others to different nations in Europe.

"We went forth without purse or scrip, according to the will and commandment of God, who opened up our way wherever we happened to be. The Lord was always with us for our deliverance. No matter how great the difficulty, his power and arm was with us, and saved, even when it seemed impossible to do so. In this way we gained experience, and by this, we knew that the Lord was with us.

"When we arrived at San Francisco, it seemed as though we could go no further. There were but few Saints in the city. Our company numbered thirty-eight, and we required a large sum of money to enable us to embark for our various fields of labor. We called upon the people—we found them opposed to us, having no sympathy whatever for us, or the people of Salt Lake City. They had no faith in us, nor in the everlasting Gospel that we bore to the nations of the earth."

This appeal to the worldly people of San Francisco, stirred up the saints residing there. They came forward; claimed the glory of the enterprise; and raised six thousand dollars, where it had seemed impossible to raise ten dollars. This was believed to be in answer to the prayers of the assembled missionaries.

"We soon embarked for our several missions; myself and twelve others to the East Indies. We had a prosperous voyage to Calcutta. Some of the company were appointed to Siam, and the balance to Hindostan. Before we separated, we held a conference. We found the Church in a scattered, disorganized, and apostate condition. Elders Willis and Richards had been there and raised up a branch of 200 members. We had heard of their labors in Calcutta before we left our mountain home, and we expected to find a large number of Saints, but in this we were disappointed. The Church was a wreck—nearly all had apostatized and associated themselves with other people. Those who were born of English fathers and Hindoo mothers were weak in the faith. It was about the time the doctrine of Celestial Marriage, or Polygamy, was published to the world, which was, to some, a stumbling block, but, with hard labor, we were enabled to comfort the weak, instruct the ignorant, and direct their feet in the ways of life and salvation. We rebaptized some, and baptized a few others. You may, perhaps, wonder why it was that so large a branch of the Church could get so completely disorganized in so short a time. If you understood the Hindoo character, perhaps your wonder would not be so great. The love of the truth is not in them. They have no stability of character. They have about as much regard for error as truth. They do not, in point of virtue, know the difference between lies and truth. They would

about as soon perjure themselves in evidence as tell the truth. This is the character of the people.

"Their object in embracing the Gospel, was not for the love of the truth, so much as it was to secure some temporal advantage. They thought that by uniting to the church, they would have help in need out of the treasury of the church—that they would be sustained and upheld. When they found they must trust in the Lord for help, they began to scatter. The other missionaries then introduced themselves among them, and they promised them help. They promised them money, clothes, and something to eat. In this way, they led away a few to unite with other churches, but it is not for the love of truth, with few exceptions.

"There may be a few who embrace the Gospel for the love of it, but very few. They do not seem to have the root of the matter in them. This is the reason the Church in Calcutta was disorganized, and so few Saints left."

Elder Ballantyne, and another, were destined to labor at Madras; but they had no money, and only one vessel in port for that place, the captain of which demanded 580 rupees. All they could raise was 80 rupees. They offered him 70, and to record the 510 to his honor on the archives of the Church. Then, says Elder B.,

"The spirit of the Lord began to work upon him, and he consented to take us. He took us into his cabin, and was very kind to us, although he was a hard character at first. The spirit of the Lord worked upon his mind by day and by night, and told him he must be baptized for the remission of sins. He became our friend when we arrived at Madras. Before we went on shore, he gave me 50 rupees, provided a home for us there, and gave us such things as we needed." When they were in want afterwards, he further relieved them.

"After we had been two weeks in Madras, we went down to St. Thomas' Mound, where was a brother. The vision of the Lord rested upon me, so that I saw this man and his house, so that when we came to the place, I knew both the house and the occupant. It was a sickly country, still we labored diligently. We involved ourselves in debt, sometimes more than seemed to be wisdom, but we always obtained deliverance in time of need. At one time, when we were hard set, the Lord sent us forty rupees, from a person we had never seen, which caused us to rejoice, and gave us increased assurance that the Lord would sustain us."

But, after this converted captain was gone, Elder B. says, "We were left upon the tender mercies of the world. The brother who was there became tired of us. His wife was wearied of us. He finally denied the truth of the Gospel."

But though providentially sustained, they had little success. No missionaries to India can boast of much. Of them, Elder B. says: "The missionaries who are paid and sent there to convert the heathen, and to labor for their salvation, associate only with the princes of the land. Those who do the labor are natives, trained under their direction, and are called Catechists. A great number of them came to us for instruction. We taught them the Gospel, and they seemed to receive it with rejoicing. They would go to their minister and ask, 'Why did not you preach this Gospel to us?' They were told, in reply, to mind their own business, or they would be put out of employment. They were afraid of this, and not having faith to rely upon the Lord, the good seed was choked up.

"We baptized twelve among them; two Baptist missionaries, one still occupied in the service, who was the agent for the Tract Society, and the other was in the Government employ. We conferred the Priesthood upon them, and they are now laboring for the good of the people in that dark and benighted country."

His health failing, from these arduous and unproductive labors in an unhealthy climate, he was directed to return to England. But as before, he had no means. A sea captain, a violent, bad man, who hated the Mormons and their doctrine, gave him a passage to England. The captain was taken sick, and the Mormon missionary saved his life. He says: "I felt thankful to my Heavenly Father for this favor, for I should have felt much wounded if I had left him with any feelings of churlishness. The Lord overruled these things in such a way, that he was placed under obligations to me."

We give the concluding paragraph of this remarkable discourse:

"Well, brethren and sisters, I pray the Lord to bless and comfort you, that you may renew your covenants and be faithful, and get a good and holy influence, such as there is among no people but the Latter-day Saints. I have never associated with a people who enjoy so much of the spirit of God as in Utah. The spirit of God is there, in an especial manner, and there is peace and unity. I bear this testimony from my knowledge of matters and things there. I would encourage you who are here, to remove from this place as soon as you can; for a more reckless, hardened and blood-thirsty spirit, I have never witnessed in any country, than I have seen in New Orleans and in coming up the river. There appears a determined spirit to do violence. We could hardly prevent them from committing violence upon our brethren and sisters. The sooner you are delivered from such spirits the better. I pray God to reward you for your hospitality extended to his Saints. Amen."

THE PRAYER OF GOD

[The following is an extract from a Poem, entitled "THE PRAYER OF GOD," by MARY S. GOVE NICHOLS. It is needless to give any opinion of the merit, either of the entire poem, or of this extract; of which each reader will form his own judgment. It will probably be completed, and published in a little volume, with other poems of the author, next autumn. Meantime we shall endeavor to give such extracts as may be acceptable to our readers.

T. L. N.]

I.

God prayeth to the Maiden in her beauty,
With rose-bud lips, soft cheek, and love-lit eye,
He prays that Love alone should be her duty;
Heaven's altar bloodless, with no tear, or sigh.
God prayeth to the Woman, sorrow's bride,
With loveless, wedded heart, and bleeding side,
He asks that crosses crumble into dust,
That Heaven should claim the innocent and just,
And anguish utter never more her cry.

II.

Dim, and cool the shadows lay,
Where the summer sunbeams play,
In the heated noon of day.
Through the dark, and light forever,
Onward flows a brilliant river,
Changing always, ceasing never;
Like to Life, flows on the river.

III.

In the leafy forest gloom,
Breathes delicious, sweet perfume,
From the many flowers that bloom;
Where the clear, and sparkling water
Mirrors now a darling daughter,
With the love that nature taught her,
Bathing in the bright, blue water.

IV.

Oh! how fair that blooming face,
And each rounded charm we trace,
Living beauty, loving grace,

From her soul-full body beaming,
And an angel garment seeming,
Through the crystal water gleaming,
And mid flitting shadows beaming.

V.

Holy, holy maidenhood !
Shaded by the dark, old wood,
In the dreamy solitude—
With the Heavens above thee bending,
And their sheen and shadow blending,
Only angels thee attending,
From the Heaven above thee bending.

VI.

Day is quenched in dewy night,
Stars, and Luna, mildly bright,
Shed their cool, and gentle light,
On this pure, and beauteous maiden,
With no care, or sorrow laden,
Sleeping in her heart's blest aiden—
Lovely, loving, dearest maiden !

VII.

Parted now those rose-bud lips,
Sweeter than the bee e'er sips,
When in honey dew he dips !
List the words so sweetly loving,
That her lips are gently moving,
In a dream ; her spirit roving,
Seeks the twin heart she is loving.

VIII.

"Dearest, thou art all mine own,
I am thine, and thine alone,
And our spirits are but one."
Thus her words of Love are spoken,
Every one a true heart's token ;
Still Love's rest remains unbroken,
Though the prayer of Love is spoken.

IX.

Paler grows the moon's pale ray,
Pearly morn, and golden day
Chase the shades of night away.

Music through the air is ringing,
Birds their matin song are singing,
Beauty, bliss, and brightness winging,
Through the groves with music ringing.

X.

From that heaven, a Lover's kiss,
In the dreamy world of bliss,
To the common world that is,
Elenora now awaketh,
As the silver morning breaketh,
And her rosy mantle taketh,
Fair as she, who now awaketh.

XI.

Maiden, with thy priceless wealth,
Soul of Love, and heart of health,
Evil comes to thee by stealth!
God is praying to thee, Maiden,
In thy heart's most holy aiden;
Every breath of morn is laden,
With His prayer to thee, O, Maiden!

XII.

"Keep the Freedom born above,
Be thy heart a chainless dove,
Resting in the Ark of Love.
Sorrow every soul is paining,
Death o'er all the earth is reigning,
Hate and Law our Love enchaining,
Every soul with sorrow paining.

XIII.

"Be thou, Maiden, true as Truth,
In thy sacred, stainless youth,
Bring not o'er thee falsehood's ruth.
Be alone the Bride of Heaven;
Let the cankering chain be riven,
And the Law of Love be given,
All the hours, to thee from Heaven.

XIV.

"Live from God, as tree, or flower
In the sunshine, dew, and shower—
All of good, thy glorious dower;

Not the gathered rose of morning,
That the noontide may be scorning;
Withered soon, it falls a warning,
That we pluck no rose of morning.

XV.

"All the angels plead with thee,
That thou keep thy spirit free,
Beautiful eternally.

Love will then be ever brightening,
Every care and labor lightening,
Every joy and blessing brightening,
Living Love, forever heightening."

XVI.

Holy, holy prayer of Love,
Breathing from the Life above,
To that beauteous silver dove.
Through her heart that prayer is stealing,
All the law of Love revealing,
And the Bride of Heaven sealing,
Through her heart all music stealing.

For Nichols' Monthly.

TO ONE BELOVED.

THE sun had set 'mid piles of crusted gold,
The crescent moon was jeweled round with stars,
And on the evening gray she threw a glance
Of calm and solemn joy, that tranced my soul.
I had just left the home of pain; my prayer
Had risen to God for one whose folded wing
Was drooping for the earth, and soon to spread
For Heaven. I upward looked, and Time contemned.

But now, e'en now, when I would earth despise,
A voice of silvery sweetness shook my soul:
A rose-leaf hand was laid on mine, whose touch
Sent wavy music through my trembling heart,
Like harp-strings toned by an Almighty master,
Whose harmony dies out no more forever.
I met her often in the blaze of day;
And she seemed fearfully beautiful; her eyes
Of light, a liquid heaven of skiey blue,
Commingled mind and matter, and her look
Was more divine than any beaming ray
That ever threw its light into the darkness
Of my sad, lonely, and imprisoned spirit.

The hand, the little hand, she laid on mine
 Was pale as violets—the first white bloom
 Of spring, ere yet the snow hath melted all
 Before the loving sun: her pearly brow
 Looked thoughtful, but her cheek with crimson glory
 Melted th' snowy thoughts, which by a mystery
 Became a dewy veil, wherein her soul
 Diffused itself, which, like the morning dew,
 Caught by the sun, my thirsty soul absorbed,
 And keeps; her beauty brightening there forever.
 My many-pictured mind doth now present
 One image dominant—her love becomes
 All science, learning, calmest joy, and power
 Within my inmost being.

The living lightning leaps through my dead heart,
 From all her vivid and creative love;
 Green buds are swelling, flowers are op'ning up
 To heaven, and fruit divine shall come for use
 Most holy on the dead and barren tree,
 Men erring deemed a living human soul.
 My heart is laden with her loveliness;
 Her stores of nectar'd bliss press heavily
 My spirit-cup, and bubble o'er in bright
 And beaded beauty.

The thoughtless boor doth stop and gaze, and say,
 "How lovely!" and her envious sex bow down
 As vassals to a queen, or vail themselves
 As stars before the sun.

I have hated the coarse thoughts of earth—wealths,
 Fames, falseness, and murders; my proud spirit
 Hath abhorred them all. In my book of life
 I only garnered up the beautiful,
 The pure, the true. Now this fair vision
 Is ever throned within my heart of hearts;
 I would not change one glance of her hot love
 For all the star-dust on the sapphire floors.
 The sweetest joy, the sharpest woe, earth's curse,
 Heaven's bliss, the life of life are mingled in our love.
 There is no life where love is not; and hate
 Hath all of hell. Heaven takes the good, and hell
 Perforce must take the bad; the middle monsters,
 With their pelf, must go where they can find a place.
 The beautiful is prophet of the good
 And true. Leave me the beautiful—the heart
 Unworldly shall my guerdon be for all
 The torments of the damned! Give me the heart
 Linked to the starry mind, and power, and truth,
 And grace, and all the chastities shall be
 Our portion in the earth, and ripen us,
 As sunny fruit, for time and heaven.

J. D. K.—T.