

NICHOLS' MONTHLY.

OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1855.

OUR MONTHLY hails its readers from CINCINNATI, the Queen City of the West; the geographical center of the States; a city which unites, more than any other, the characteristics of every section of the Union. It has much of the solidity and business enterprise of New York; something of the quiet and neatness of Philadelphia; with a friendliness, honesty, and whole souledness which belong to the South and West. We doubt not, that it has been wisely chosen, as the center of our operations in the immediate future.

Our removal from New York to Cincinnati, was decided upon, at our visit in July. A few friends, members of the PROGRESSIVE UNION, here, and in this vicinity, extended to us welcome and aid, advancing the money and credit necessary to place our business on a solid foundation, and enable us to meet its growing demands; and also, to have time, and freedom from care, to do our appointed work. These generous friends, these devoted Harmonists, have enabled us to print new, revised, and enlarged editions of our works, in such quantity as to supply promptly the orders of our friends and agents, on whom we rely, to save them and us from loss in this enterprise.

Since our arrival in Cincinnati, we have printed editions of "Esoteric Anthropology;" "Marriage;" "Religions of the World," and "Medical Miscellanies," which have been, or will speedily be, sent to all who have ordered them. These works are printed from revised plates, on good paper, and the whole work is well done. We have added several new chapters, some fifty pages, to the book of "Marriage," including reviews of HENRY C. WRIGHT, and ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, with extracts from the fourth volume of the "Great Harmonia," with a fuller explanation of our own views of

Harmonic Sexual Relations. We judge that the time has now come for this work to find a wide appreciation. We estimate its increased demand from the fact, that one New York Bookselling firm has ordered five hundred copies.

This number of our Monthly is extended to 96 pages. We have given to every subscriber, what has cost more than the price of subscription; but we shall begin the year with another double number, to make up for past deficiencies. In all the coming year, we hope to issue the MONTHLY promptly on the first of each month; and we see nothing now to hinder our doing so, if our friends are half as earnest and active as they should be in such a work, and with such progress as we are making. Let each one do his part, and the whole work will move onward. Every member of the PROGRESSIVE UNION should take the MONTHLY himself, if able, and induce others to take it. We should be glad to enroll every reader as a member of the Union.

Every day increases the number of our members. The new and complete list, which we shall soon issue, will contain large and important additions. This list will be neatly printed, in a style uniform with the reports, and sent, with a confidential circular, under seal, to every member.

Our readers will rejoice over a bountiful portion of "The Sisters," and sympathize with the trials of "Jerry." They will relish the continuation of the "Life of a Medium," and attentively consider the "Fourth Report of the Central Bureau."

We would respectfully, and with a little earnestness, urge our friends to do immediately, and without delay, the following things:

To send all names, of themselves or others, who are ready to join the Progressive Union, that we may include them in the new list:

To renew their subscriptions, and, if practicable, get others to subscribe, to the Monthly:

To order such books as they may be able to sell, or loan, or give away; and by all these means deserve our hearty greeting.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OUR READERS!

CHAPTER XII.

JERRY DEFENDS HIS HONOR.

Is there a nameless, nondescript charm, which, for want of words to explain, we call magnetic, in those white-winged messengers that love is continually sending from heart to heart? Independent of the reading, we ask, is there a psychometric impression from love-letters, of which Dr. Buchanan has taught the world the science? Is it indeed true that some persons, favored or otherwise, as the case may be, feel the joyful thrill of love, or the bitterness of hate, by laying the hand on a letter that was written by one loving, or hating, at the time of writing? If not, why does the lover carry often very contraband billetdoux in his left vest pocket? And why does his lady-love rejoice over the precious love-pocket, feeling its thickness, as if it were a parcel of bank notes, and wearing it on the heart, both before and after it is read, up to the time that a new one comes, with its freshness of love and life, to displace the one whose aroma has been for days sustaining the spirit to which it ministers?

Very mysterious are Love's ways. If science can explain them, it is well. If not, they remain sweet and beautiful without a reason.

Jerry seemed a sort of queer, circumstantial evidence to the truth of the doctrine of "impressibility," for he continually caressed the pocket that contained Minnie's note. It was laid over his heart, where he never carried pennies, which latter he seemed to have an instinct against, probably from the bad use he made of them.

Jerry started for the school-house in a sort of half run, much like the lazy, lopping flight of a young mocking bird. He was intensely pleased to perform any service for Minnie, and particularly now when she was suffering. But he had a very uncomfortable

dread of Ashton. There was a still, thoughtful dignity about Charles, that passed for pride with some.

Caroline accused him of stupidity. "He is just fit for the hero of a novel"—said she—"some faultless fool or philosopher; for there is not the slightest difference between the two. What right had he to get Min into all this trouble, with his trashy books? He ought to have fallen in the fire himself."

All this, and much more, scarcely satisfied Caroline by way of animadversion, on this unfortunate young radical, who could hardly take a step among existing creeds and institutions, without getting into trouble.

Jerry generally "made up his mind about folks," whether he said any thing or not. But in this instance he was greatly at a loss. Ashton never talked to him. If Jerry carried wood, or kindlings, ever so assiduously to his chambers—if he selected the best hard wood, or the fattest light wood, he got no recognition past, "All right, Jerry." Now this was wrong, and we take pleasure in condemning Ashton's thoughtless, or rather thoughtful taciturnity. He was no more interesting to Jerry than he is to our readers.

Poor Jerry plodded on his way to the school-house, with the delight of Minnie, and the dread of Ashton, both tugging at his heart-strings.

As he drew near the door, his speed failed, his limbs trembled under him, and he stopped on the square log that did duty for a door step, and pulled his cravat loose, and tried to swallow his heart, which seemed to have got stuck some where in his long throat. He was considering, not the propriety, for Jerry was polite, but the possibility, of knocking. He trembled too decidedly.

Ashton had seen him coming, and had guessed his errand, for the morning had given him no excuse to see Minnie, and she had said, the evening previous, "If we can't see each other, we can sometimes write. Jerry is trusty." He went to the door, trembling quite as decidedly as Jerry, and though he fully intended to be gracious and express the gratitude he felt, he was entirely unable to do any thing but to take Minnie's letter, and, with a freezing dignity, give Jerry one for her.

"You will oblige me," said he, "by giving this to Miss Meadows;" and he closed the door and returned to his small kingdom, very much happier than kings usually are.

Jerry turned over the large packet and said: "Now, I guess he's writ his life"—and then he added, after some consideration, having recovered his equanimity when the door shut—"well, I guess he's all right, tho' he haint got her ways, no how." But he attested the sincerity of his faith in the young man, by putting his letter in the pocket over his heart.

"More things that I can't understand," said Jerry—"here is this heavenly-hearted girl fallen in love with this Pagan, who has not got a kind word nor three pennies for nobody, as I see—she'll go off with him, I dare say, and live on love somewhere, and die young. Heathen bibles won't keep a wife, and who will trust him if he aint a Christian?" His musings were cut short by the apparition of Fred Sherwood riding toward the village.

"Holloe, Jerry! so you carry the mail;" Minnie's large letter was half out of the striped vest pocket. "Come, fork over—I'll take the letter to Min, and you may go to the village and do my errand for me, and here's sixpence for hot stuff."

"Mr. Frederick," said Jerry, "I'm glad you aint in airnest."

"But I am in dead earnest, so hand over."

Jerry drew himself up erect, for once in his life, and the energy that came into his face and figure seemed to transform him.

"I haint been trusted any too much in my life," said he, "but the man haint been born yet, who can call me a traitor."

Fred was softened for an instant. "Nonsense, Jerry," said he, "I only want to see the fellow's hand-writing."

"How do you know it's a *fellow's* hand-write," said Jerry.

"Don't be a fool," said Fred impatiently—"give me the letter and I will give you your errand and your sixpence."

"Mr. Frederick," said Jerry solemnly, "leave a poor, half-witted, dizzy-headed, weak-backed, shaky-limbed mortal man his honor. If I should give you this ere letter, I could never bear to live with myself another day in the world, let alone the nights," and he shuddered in horror.

Fred was provoked by what he considered a very unreasonable opposition to his will.

"Jerry," said he, "give me that letter, or I'll tell the old one to put a spell on you."

"You have telled me often enough, Mr. Frederick, that she could not do it. I knows well enough she can, but I'm sure and sartain, that it would be a deal easier for her, if I should be so mean as to give up my trust."

Fred was enraged by this continued opposition. "Do you know," said he, "that I could take that letter from you in a minute, and break every bone in your worthless skin?"

Jerry again became erect—a light flashed from his usually lack-luster eyes, and he answered calmly—"No, Mr. Frederick, I don't know no sich thing. I believe in good and bad sperits, and I'd sooner believe that a legion of both sorts would help me master you, than that you would do sich a dishonorable deed."

"You're a fool," said Fred, suddenly changing his tone, "no-body wants your letter. Precious heathen stuff it is, no doubt."

"I knowed you wer'nt in airnest," said Jerry, greatly relieved.

Fred had given his horse the rein, but he turned short round :

"Jerry," said he, "if you tell what has passed, I'll break your good-for-nothing neck."

"I aint careful of my neck," said Jerry, "but we are friends, Mr. Frederick, and friends never tells."

What would have been the fate of Ashton's letter, but for Jerry's fidelity, is a problem that never will be solved. Doubtless, Fred only wanted it to tease Minnie about—but he might have passed on to the village before delivering the packet, and we should hardly go surety for his honor at the Elm, or Rice's, with brandy or a bottle of wine, and his brotherly care over Minnie.

At first he was displeased with Jerry, but after a few minute's of as much reflection as he ever gave any subject, he whistled and mentally remarked—"Well, Jerry is a good fellow—does'nt balk, and is not scary—I'll trust him when I have occasion."

Jerry went on his way rejoicing, and Minnie awaited his coming with the calm, restful peace of a great, true Love.

He spit almost spitefully a great quantity of the dark liquid, that was wasting and washing away his life, and said curtly, "Spiritual pride—I expected it—I fear you are no humble disciple of the cross. Humble ministers never boast of the good they have done after they have done it, nor do they boast of what they are going to do. God is not pleased with pride and a vain glorious boasting."

"Father," said I, "what do you wish me to enter the ministry for, if you do not hope that I will be useful, that I will do good?"

"Of course, I wish you to do good," said he, "but that will never be done in your own way and strength."

"I have had my fears seriously excited for you lately. You are young—a boy of eighteen years is very likely to be sanguine. You have fostered improper hopes in your mother's mind, and I have fears for you on another account. Your reading is improper—I have found an Infidel novel in your room—you must know that our the Cross forbids the reading of Bulwer."

The books are done this?" said I.
I did look up with reverence. "Infidel."

had an honest, sturdy, dare-devil, and I respected, though in settling that it was right to look, and put another wife, he decided that the Scriptures did not forbid in the broad think, however, though he enjoined it as a duty upon his son of the to take one wife, that he never insisted that it was any one's duty to take more.

But I am digressing. There I stood, as it seemed to me, surrounded by foes. My father sat down, and I sunk into a chair opposite. I believe I was always brave, but it cost me an effort to look at that quiet, severe man, who was my father after the flesh, but who had no more relation to my spirit, than a whip or a chain.

He had married rather late in life—he was thirty-five, and my mother twenty-five, at the period of their union. They had been married twenty years—consequently he was at this period fifty-five years old. I was eighteen—but it was not the difference of years that made our unlikeness—his real character, whatever it might have

parent.

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"Jerry," said he, "you are going to leave us—you are going good to prepare for usefulness, in your day and generation, to tread in the footsteps of those ministers of the Most High, to whom it has been said, 'well done good and faithful servants.' As he went on it somehow came into my mind that I had never heard him speak of God, or pray to Him, as if He were a Father. He said in his prayers, 'O Lord!' 'O God!' and 'Almighty Being!' But never had I heard him say, 'Dear Lord!' 'Dear Father!' and hardly ever 'Our Father!' He evidently regarded the Holy One as a powerful Being, as one able to punish, to do any amount of harm, but not as the merciful Friend, the Divine Providence seeking ever to bless his creatures.

I said, "Yes father, I am going away, I trust to prepare for usefulness, to make many happier and better than I have lived, and more than all, you and dear mother. I believe that a way is opening to me to do much good."

He spit almost spitefully a great quantity of the dark liquid, that was wasting and washing away his life, and said curtly, "Spiritual pride—I expected it—I fear you are no humble disciple of the cross. Humble ministers never boast of the good they have done after they have done it, nor do they boast of what they are going to do. God is not pleased with pride and a vain glorious boasting."

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"Why have they done this?" said I.

"Because he is a pernicious Infidel."

"Will you give me the proof?" said I.

He darted a look at me, a sort of cold steel look, and put another quid in his mouth quickly. "Boy," said he, "you are in the broad road that leads to death. Do you believe in the judgment of the Church, or do you set up your own reason?"

"Where human reason begins, my child," said he, with more of tenderness in his tone, "Faith ends. I know you well enough to know, that if you disobey the rules and discipline of the Church, and let in the flood of human reasoning, you are lost."

He rose and went to the book shelf, and took down the creed. He read in a cold, firm voice, the articles of Faith. He then laid the Bible before me—"Lay your hand on the Word of God, and swear that you believe all this, and will maintain your faith by constant prayer and watchfulness."

"That I believe, and will continue to believe?" said I, my head absolutely swimming, and my eyes too dim to see my father. He repeated what he had said at first.

If my eternal salvation from the Hell of Calvin had depended on

my professing in any way, at this time, my belief in the thirty-nine articles, I must have been lost.

I had a little presence of mind. I wished to save myself from incurring my father's wrath in these last hours at home. I pitied him too, and did not wish to give his feelings any further shock. More than all, I knew that my mother was waiting in my little room, for last words, last kisses, last prayers. I was to start at four in the morning. The sweet, faded, and tearful mother rose before me, and beckoned me away.

"Father," said I, "let me pray and examine my heart fully, before I make profession of Faith."

Strangely enough, he assented to this, and did not seem to doubt me. He believed that *he* believed the Calvinistic articles of Faith, and he hardly saw how any one, who had been properly instructed, could doubt.

Minnie, darling, at this rate I shall write on all night; perhaps I may as well, for surely I can not sleep, when most probably you are suffering and sleepless.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHARLES ASHTON'S LETTER, CONTINUED.

How true it is, that when we are at liberty to follow our own choice, our garments, our rooms, and our surroundings, generally, are our extended being. My mother, dearest, had no liberty of choice. There was no place in my father's house that was not subjected to the cold scrutiny of a forced and dutiful asceticism, except my room. This little attic bed room, which is hardly larger than a decent closet, was overlooked from its insignificance. What could there be to be noticed, or to claim a second thought, in a boy's bed room? There could be, and there was, the expression of a tasteful and tender maternal love. My low bed was a picture; it was the simplest cot, and the mattress was filled with straw, for I have a disgust of feathers; but its dainty neatness and littleness, and its white covering through all the warm and mild weather, which regularly gave place to a crimson woolen coverlid in winter, woven in flowers by some good dame of fifty years ago—all this was an unconscious expression of my mother's taste and love. Then there was a curtain of white lace, a very ancient heir-loom in the family; it was drawn through a ring suspended about midway over the bed, and fell in massive lightness, having little absolute use, but a charming and useful beauty. There was a little table too, that had always a white covering in warm weather, and a green one in winter. A hanging book shelf held all the heterodoxy I had been able to gather. There was an arm chair, draped with white in summer and crimson in winter, and which always received the graceful form of my mother when she came to sit, with the sanctity of maternity around her, in this special home of mine.

On my table lay a Bible, which was a gift from my father, and

also a hymn book. Thomas A. Kempis and Lady Guion were gifts from my mother, and these were placed one at the right hand and the other at the left of an ebony cross six inches high, on which hung a rosary which somebody had brought from Jerusalem and given to my mother. It was neither Romanism nor Puseyism which caused these symbols to be placed in my room, but the beautiful and reverent love of my Christian mother—love of Christ, and love of her child, whom she would thus remind of the Great Exemplar. I love the emblems of all religions, after man has reached any considerable degree of development and culture. The crescent is beautiful, as being significant of growth and progress, and the cross has the sad beauty of suffering and of atonement, attempted, if not accomplished.

On this *last* evening I felt great relief, as I escaped from my father's presence. With a hopeful sadness and a sense of joy in my little freedom, I hastened to my room. My frail, shadowy, and yet delicately beautiful mother sat in the arm chair, her face bowed upon the open Bible, that lay on my table; and the pale blush roses in a little vase of flowers, she had placed there, seemed just like herself. Some of their leaves had fallen on the white covering, and the faint fragrance breathed around her. The first threads of silver were shining in her brown hair, which was scanty, and she wore a cap, which neither she nor I could love, and yet, like all things that appertained to her, it had something of grace and prettiness. Her hand was between her face and the book, and I saw that she was saving the leaves from being wet with her tears. I stole to her side, and knelt by her, and took her hand in mine.

"Mother! mother!" was all I could say. She fell on my neck and wept convulsively. Never had I seen her so much moved. She had always been, in my sight, so gently patient, so quietly and sadly cheerful, that to see her shaken with emotion, was frightful to me. How well I knew her heart's sorrow, and how entirely I was forbidden to hint, even in the remotest way, at the isolation and desolation of her heart's widowhood; for my father was not a husband, not a companion, not a sympathetic friend. He was the stern law-giver in his family, and in his Church—a machine, like the iron

bedstead of old, according to whose length all were clipped, or stretched. The embodied despotism of a puritanic creed, as stern and unrelenting as the inquisitorial judges of another faith.

I verily believe that to this hour my mother does not know her own heart, or the cause of its bitterness. She thinks my father a saint, and that she is vain and sinful, and has imaginative cravings and longings, that must be crucified.

Long she wept on my neck, and most fervently I prayed that she might find peace—the joy that seemed so truly to belong to her beautiful nature, by a Divine right. But for worlds I would not have uttered that prayer aloud then, and I could not now.

“You must forgive my weakness,” said my mother, when she had wept herself into a comparative calmness. “I am not settled and confirmed in a Christian resignation as your father is.”

“Father has not your heart, the heart of a mother,” said I.

“He is a Christian minister, and must not, and will not, allow himself to be overcome by a parent’s weakness,” said she reverently.

Rebellion was in my spirit against the iron rule that had always been maintained in our family. But I had never spoken a word to my mother on the subject, and I would not dash these last precious moments with a deeper bitterness—and the thought shot electrically through my mind—let her believe that her galling chain is gold if she can. Do not rob her of the poor consolation of her illusion—and so I returned quickly to “castle building.”

“Darling mother,” said I, “don’t think you are going to lose your boy. I am going away to gather the riches of learning, the gems of beauty, and to qualify myself for high usefulness; and, in all I do and in all I gain, my love for you, my mother, my darling mother, will be my inspiration.”

Her arms fell nerveless from my neck, and she closed her eyes as if in a most painful prayer.

“O Charles!” said she, after a moment, “you shock me. The Holy Spirit must be your inspiration, not your weak, erring mother.”

“The Holy Spirit is Love,” said I—“God is Love—and whatever Love inspires my heart, whether it be the Love of our Father, or his angels, or of my mother and my brethren, it is a Heavenly

inspiration. Mother, you know not your son, or yourself. Your love has been the white dove of peace in this hard home, brooding over my turbulent spirit, and bringing a calm goodness all around yourself and me. My father"—

She put her thin, fevered hand over my mouth. "Peace! Peace, my child," said she—and all was peace. In the hush of a holy silence we communed for an hour or more. Our words were few at parting—we knelt and repeated the Lord's prayer, our hands joined, and then my mother's kiss pressed brow and lips, and then we parted. I have not seen her since that hour.

Dearest, the night is waning, and the morning comes—I must tell you in few words what might perhaps be better told in many.

You have seen my father's letter to me, after I had comforted myself and my mother for some weeks, with many letters and much poetry, and the blossoming of my young hopes. You have seen the copy of my earnest but not bitter answer. Daily the iron entered deeper and deeper into my spirit. Every book I opened seemed blazing with the fatal "Articles" of a creed that seemed to me the concentration of all cruelty to man and dishonor to God. Night and day there rung in my heart the wail of infants, lost forever, and the cry of never-ending pain, from the weak and erring children of our Father, who were born and nurtured in conditions that imperatively forbade that they should be wise or good.

O how those days and nights of "unbelief" submerged me in suffering! To leave the Church, to avow myself a disciple of what is called a liberal Christianity, was to become in the eyes of my father and the Church an Infidel. It was to be an outcast from my family and friends, and to be shut out from honorable usefulness and competence.

Could I have made any compromise, that would have satisfied my conscience, how gladly would I have made it. I could not take my father's money and continue my studies.

I looked into my heart, and I looked in despair upon the world about me. I studied Shelley, and was lost to my friends and saved to myself, and a higher usefulness in the future.

I decided to leave college and engage in teaching and study. I

wrote to my parents, at length, detailing all my reasons. My letter was not lost on my mother. I know it from my knowledge of her nature, and also from a few words in one of her letters to me. She dares to have a more merciful faith. There is another page of my history, which I must tell you some time, dearest—I can not write it. Nelson Meadows has much part in it, and it would take more time than the little left me before the day-break, to tell you of your noble brother, and so I close this very long letter, which may interest you, and beguile you of some pain, before I can see you. O that the cup of blessing which our future surely holds, were ours now, my darling! But all shall come in good time. Those who love can patiently wait. Your own,

CHARLES.

P. S. Love-letters are always tokens of famine—heart privation, partially relieved by pen or pencil. My prayer is, that I may never have to write you another, but that our lives may be so blended in one, that no such need as that to which letters minister, can ever come to us again.

YOUR OWN.

CHAPTER XV.

AN EVENT.

AN event in Deacon Meadows' quiet family! Jerry forgets that Bess Bite has failing eyesight. Minnie forgets her smarting arm, and sweetly happy spirit. Mrs. Meadows forgets to fear heresy, and Caroline half forgets her contempt for her betrothed husband, and her scheme of building an addition to his already spacious paternal mansion.

Nelson Meadows has come home, after a ten years' absence, each year of which he had honestly purposed to visit his dear old home, and the still dearer inmates. How many fancies he had woven around this continually deferred visit, which had fled ever before him, like a bright will-o'-the-wisp, the magic jack-o'-lantern, that he had always felt sure of catching, a very little farther on.

When he left home, at twenty-five years of age, his mother was a little past forty, with hardly a thread of silver in her hair; his father was ten years her senior, but hale and handsome. His sisters were "little girls," and though he knew that they were now young ladies, and though he often said to himself that he should not know them, he still fully, and unconsciously, expected to see Carrie's dark, smooth hair, cut short in her neck, and the same golden curls shading Minnie's mild eyes. He was all unconsciously looking for two "little girls;" the one self-possessed to forwardness, and the other timid and fawn-like, and shrinking away, even from the best beloved ones. Nelson came unannounced. He reached the village with the morning's mail, and found Fred Sherwood "driving tandem," with Vixen and Smash, or as Mrs. Sherwood expressed it, with much less courage than usually supported her, "with them awful sperited horses, *tantrum*."

Fred drove up before the "Stage House," just as the stage came in, with a wide sweep, and a resonant smack of a tremendously long whip, with a "buggy" for two—Fred always liked to be relieved of his own company—horses, carriage, and driver were splashed with mud, and Charles Ashton's incidental and accidental descriptions of "the jockey," as he had designated Sherwood, gave Mr. Meadows the hint that his prospective relative was before him.

Fred had a special memory for faces, and as the New York merchant jumped from the stage-coach, and found his equilibrium on the steps of the hotel, he was saluted with:

"Halloe, old boy!" and the next moment his hand was grasped by the really overjoyed Fred. "Knew you in a minute, Meadows. I'll take the first premium on my memory yet—see if I don't. Here Johannet!" cried he, to a very respectable looking colored man, "hold on to these two lightning bugs, while I surprise my throat with a little brandy, in good company."

Mr. Meadows recognized the negro most kindly, and declined Fred's invitation to drink, very firmly; and, during his three minute's absence, he learned from Johannet that all was well at home. He had had no hint of Fred's character, other than of his jockeyship, which was a recommendation of the young man with Mr. Meadows, and he was free to make up his mind.

"I trust that valise and your worship will accept the hospitality of my buggy," said Fred, as he came out.

"Most gladly," said Mr. Meadows, taking an inventory of the man who was to hold the "ribbons" of this team. The result was a mental admission on this wise: "The fellow is to be trusted with his horses, if not with himself."

Vixen curved her neck in proud impatience, and inclined her small head lovingly toward her driver. Smash pawed the ground, and seemed ready to rear and plunge every moment, and yet his ears gave loving heed to Fred's "*Take care, Smash!*"

Nelson Meadows never ran risks—never stepped on infirm, or uncertain ice—never relied on a young man who drank brandy as a habit, even in days when most men drank it—but he stepped readily into Fred's light-wagon, and took his seat as quietly as in his own

parlor. He knew his man—he knew that he held the reins with a firm and gentle hand, though he was redolent of brandy, at eleven o'clock, A. M.

Whilst Fred rattled on, with all sorts of inquiries, relevant and irrelevant; whilst he gave his "candid opinion," and a good deal more, of Charles Ashton; Nelson Meadows was all the while saying to himself, "What a blind love must possess my sister Carrie, and how strange that my father should not try to enlighten her? Surely I will never leave her without tearing away the veil, that the love of a young and inexperienced girl has thrown over the character of this man."

At length Fred became conscious that he was talking, not conversing. With a quick, short turn of his head, he looked into his companion's face—"Pardon me, Meadows," said he, with the tone of a gentleman—but instantly relaxing into the nondescript "slang," which he had invented for himself, he added, "I'll be Jo-smashed if you have had a chance to get a word in edgewise."

This was by no means the signal for allowing him a chance—for Fred never "held up," till he reined in his team, like the dash of the rolling surf on a smooth beach.

"By Jove, there's Carrie—wonder if she'll know you?" and he threw the reins to Jerry, and asked with real kindness, and a strange thoughtfulness, in one so thoughtless, and in a low tone—"Jerry, how is Minnie?"

"Happy"—was the sententious reply, as Vixen's nose rested on his loose-jointed shoulder, and he wound the reins round his long arm to keep them from trailing.

Caroline was standing in the door awaiting Fred's approach, but she retired as she saw a stranger with him.

It was a bewildering moment to the brother and son, when he stood, after so long a time, once more on the paternal threshold. He was a strong man, but he trembled as his mother came toward him, twenty years older than she seemed, when he gave her a farewell kiss, ten years ago. Mrs. Meadows had grown unromantically obese, her hair was very grey, and her face very red, and an ungentle religious faith had put hard and ungentle lines on her physiog-

mony. She did not seem a mother to her son, and yet she greeted him warmly, and called him "dear Nelson," and said, "My child, how well you are looking—not a day older than when you left home."

Carrie came forward with a graceful superiority of manner, which she thought ought to characterize the eldest daughter of a family, and said, "You are welcome, brother."

"And this is Caroline"—said Mr. Meadows; he could not say Carrie. He dared not be so familiar. "Where is my father and little Minnie?"

Deacon Meadows had by this time come in, to welcome his first-born. He did not offer his hand to his son, but he put his arm around his neck, and bowed his face upon his forehead, for he was a tall man. There was so much true love, so much genuine fatherly feeling evinced in Mr. Meadow's salutation, that Nelson's heart, chilled, he knew not why, by his mother and sister, melted to his father.

"Kisses!" cried Carrie, laughing, "too romantic by half."

Fred hid his tears in his handkerchief, and, for the first time, thought Carrie had not so much affection as he could wish.

"Where's Minnie?" said Nelson, disengaging himself gently from his father. Deacon Meadows drew his son very quietly into the parlor, and there alone, for a full half hour, they sat apart. What of statement or confession was made, then and there, no one knew; but Minnie and her brother met with a subdued joy, that no one understood but themselves. The father and daughter felt that the son and brother was sent to them at this particular juncture, that a loving remorse and forgiveness might have its seal and celebration.

Silently, and yet by inexorable law, that excluded, no one saw how, or why, a loving group were gathered in Minnie's room. Mr. Meadows sat in the arm chair, Minnie sat on a low stool, with her head and inflamed arm in his lap, and the other hand was held by her most loving brother Nelson. He felt, as he sat alone with his father and sister, that he had not dreamed of home, and of this home, so long in vain. *His own* were here. His father was more gentle and loving than ever, and he had always been kind and tender, except for conscience' sake.

There was evident constraint and ill feeling with Mrs. Meadows and Caroline, that they were tacitly excluded from Minnie's room, and the nervousness of the sufferer, was an excuse for a want of relationship, that must make them forever strangers to the real life of each other, however closely arbitrary and human bonds might bind them.

It was not till evening, when after supper Mr. Meadows took his accustomed seat by his wife's work table, that Mrs. Meadows and Carrie felt at ease.

Charles Ashton, Nelson Meadows, and Minnie, held sweet counsel in the little room, which seemed consecrated by suffering, to truth and love. Ashton had never seemed to possess half so much a flesh and blood reality, who could laugh and joke, as well as moralize, as he did this evening.

"So, Meadows, you came from the village with a team, a whip, and your brother-in-law that is to be. I assure you I have enumerated the particulars in their proper order."

"I am astonished at sister Caroline's blind love," said Nelson Meadows.

"A child, a mere infant," said Ashton, with bitter irony, "blinded by her intense love"—he whistled, and Meadows stared at him,— "for money and a position. You don't know your sister, my good fellow. Give me credit that I have not given you a hint of her character, or of Fred's, in all my letters. Now Sherwood, jockey and drunkard as he is, has the merit of loving himself, and of trying to secure his own comfort. Not so Caroline—she would be crucified between Fred and his Jezebel mother, and be proud of the place.

"I assure you, Meadows, that nothing but good taste preserves the purity of my language, under such circumstances. Moral principle could never keep me from cursing her heartless sale of herself, and the stupid folly of the selfish cub who is her purchaser."

Nelson looked at Minnie. He hoped she would contradict Charles' assertions. She buried her face in her handkerchief, and said with much emotion, "Brother, it is all true." She looked sadly in his kind eyes.

"Carrie does not, can not love Fred, and she knows he is a

drunkard. I do not think it is quite sure that she will marry him. She will never live with his mother, and if Fred will not consent to build"—

"Fred Sherwood consent to build," said Ashton, "he has nothing to do with it. Caroline is the builder, and Mrs. Sherwood threatens mild opposition; such as emptying her bee-hives among the workmen occasionally, or kindling a fire with the frame the day after the raising. The two ladies are "trying titles," and there is little doubt that the younger and handsomer one will come off victor.

"Frederick Sherwood needs wise and kind care, and guidance," said Minnie, "If Caroline can be a guardian spirit"—

"There are other spirits that would make her influence of no use, even if she were an arch-angel," said Ashton. "The question I want to put to Caroline Meadows is this"—"Would you take the guardianship of Fred Sherwood, if he stood out doors, in a decent suit of clothes, with fifty dollars, the sum of his earthly possessions? If she marries a farm and some thousands in bank stock, and takes this property, encumbered with a drunkard, because she can't get it without, then she will deserve all she will get—and it will be much more than she has bargained for. She will be a broken-spirited, sick, and miserable woman before seven years have passed. Her queenly beauty will be like a banner torn and spoiled, and trailing in the dust. The light of her proud eyes will be quenched in many tears."

Minnie bowed her head and wept.

CHAPTER XVI.

JERRY'S TROUBLES, &C.

JERRY sat on a log, in his own expressive language, "*chop fallen*."

I do not know why I am making this history a conservatory of yankeeisms. Perhaps it is because, being "a child of the people," I have some peculiar mental sympathy with the bad grammar and colloquialisms of the poor and uneducated. Jerry sat on a great log, without his coat, regardless of a chilly day. His red flannel shirt gave him what comfort it might; his head descended toward his breast; his limp arms hung listlessly by his sides, his hair was not well combed, and had not its usual glossy suspicion of a tallow candle, and his shoes had a like lack of greasy lustre. Their brown foxy look would have sadly disturbed Jerry, in the absence of greater distresses.

"Troubles never comes single," mused he, "such a flock as has come now, I never see afore. Bess, the beauty, is stone blind, after all my care and good feeding, and the Deacon will have it that I did it. And every time I see Rawson, he twits me of spilin the mare's eyes. He is spiteful because I got a chance not to be his nigger, thanks to Miss Minnie's good heart, and so he comforts himself by tellin me that I'll git turned out of my place, and have to go to live with the old one again, and have the spells;" and Jerry shuddered as if in an incipient ague fit.

"Young Ashton is just going to take himself off, and leave Minnie to die, or live on letters. Hard as it would be for Jerry, I'd sooner have Nelson Meadows take his sister home with him; but the light of Jerry's eyes would be dark then, sure and sartin. But never mind, I'm use to it—I may as well have the heart ache, to mate my back ache."

"Then there's Fred—he's in a hurry to get to the Old Nick—upset yesterday on the ferry road, without the shadder of an excuse. Never knew him do such a thing afore. I think he must be pisoned. The last time I see him, he said, "Jerry, says he, Rice's brandy had strikenine in it, and it flies in my head."

"It will strike you ten, vary soon," said I. He laughed, but his laugh sounded holler. "These women will be the death of me," said he. "I must back Carrie, you know. I should be sure she would win, if she was not pitted against the old scratch—but I never knew the old one worsted, and it makes me uneasy—unhappy, Jerry, and the fact is, I drink too much. It is a pity that I have three cents to spare so often," and he threw me three cents as he said it.

Now, Fred is not a mean-spirited fellow, and it adds to my flock of troubles, to have him rowed up Salt river. It seems to me that the great Bein, who rules all creation, might manage that old woman, so that she could not torment Fred so bad, to say nothing of her nursing him on milk punch from her own bosom, when he was a baby, and getting him into habits that he'll never git out of. "My gracious!" said poor Jerry despairingly, "if the Almighty, Good God *could* help his creatures, I am sure He would, for we have it bad enough to move a heart of stone; and if He can't help us, is He Almighty? I *wish* I knowed. But then this leg must be cut, and split, and piled in the shed, whether Jerry's back aches in two, or not."

"That is a mistake of your's, Jerry," said a sweet voice. Jerry looked up. Minnie was standing with her brother in the door of the wood-shed, where she had been exhibiting Jerry's care and industry.

"Not to-day, Jerry; you are to drive brother and me over all the neighborhood. He wants to see all the old places."

"How are the roads, Jerry?" said Mr. Meadows pleasantly, by way of making Jerry's acquaintance.

"Good enough, a good ways under the mud," said Jerry, solemnly.

"I want you to go to the village for a team, my good fellow, and"—

"I'm your man," said Jerry, taking up the much prized blue coat, shaking and brushing it, and then counting the pins in the sleeves.

"Jerry!"—said Minnie gently, and drawing him aside, she whispered to him.

"Honor bright, Miss Minnie—I'll take nothin if the world falls down. Trust Jerry when you are to be the blessin that's to ride after his drivin"—and he gave her a look that had the light of sanity and salvation in it, and then started on his Indian sort of half run for the village.

"That man is neither an idiot, nor hopelessly insane," said her brother, as he looked at the weak and ungainly form of the poor serving man.

Minnie sighed—"I wonder he has any sense;" said she, "and I wonder that half the world has any sanity."

"You take too gloomy views of life," said her brother, "for one so young. I am always happy—happy with my good wife and two of the prettiest little folks you ever saw. Your namesake is five, and my cherub Charlie is a year and a half. Then I have had a world of happiness dreaming about home, and seeing you all, in a sort of rosy haze."

"Better by far, I dare say," laughed Minnie, "than seeing us in a cold iron-grey reality."

"Don't make me agree with you, sister dear—I can't afford to be persuaded that our world is not a pleasant one, and peopled with all sorts of pleasant folks. And now I am going to live over my trout fishing, and bird's nesting days, which were very happy; for though I caught fish, I never hurt birds, or their miraculous nests, or their beautiful eggs—I only went as a discoverer into the bird-world—and very pretty, and charming, and loveable, I found it."

As Nelson and Minnie went into the parlor, they found Carrie looking cloudy.

"I am sure, brother, I ought to congratulate you that you have found *one* sister," said Caroline, with asperity. "I understand that you and Minnie are going to ride."

"And are you not going also, sister Caroline?" said Nelson, with an effort.

"Not I—I have no fancy for a front seat and *tete-a-tete* with Jerry. I could have furnished a finer 'turn out,' if I had been invited, than Rice's lumber wagon, and dirty greys. But I am to plan dinner to-day, so I will bid you good morning." She swept haughtily out of the room, and left her brother looking sadly and inquiringly into Minnie's tearful eyes.

Neither of them alluded to this significant scene, till they were a full mile from home, and then with all the revivification of pleasant and youthful memories, Nelson could not help saying—

"Minnie, I must have a talk with you. There is something strange and miserable in the dear, old home—I don't understand it. Mother seems hard and unhappy in her spirit; Caroline, I grieve to say it, seems proud and heartless; my father is tender and loving, but, evidently afraid that he is wicked, in proportion as he is good or happy. As to you and Ashton—there is something concealed. You seem burdened with a bad conscience, or a good one, or somehow so terribly in earnest, that I have no patience with you. I'll lay my life, Minnie, that you have both some mighty secret that you are at a loss about trusting me with. I don't wish to intrude, but I am half inclined to take you by the hand, or Ashton by the collar, and demand an explanation. It can not be about your love for each other, for that you freely avow. What is it then, Minnie, for sure I am there is something?"

Minnie said seriously, "brother, I can not tell you at present"—and her manner effectually hindered all further inquiry.

They rode on in silence—Nelson revolving plans to benefit those of his family on whom he saw a possibility of conferring benefit, and sadly thinking of his mother and Caroline. He had much less care, or thought, for old familiar haunts than he had expected. The heart can only be full—and even the most cherished recollections of by-gone days, were crowded from his mind, as he pondered what he had seen, heard, and felt, for the last two days. What was the cause of the thick darkness that shut in Charles Ashton and his sister? He knew the guileless nature of both. It

was no selfish, or sinful, thought or thing. Their love might run smooth enough, though Ashton was poor, for Mr. Meadows was a rising man, and Charles was his cherished friend. His father and mother might dread heresy, but he was a liberal Christian, and looked leniently on the ultraisms of his friend. He puzzled himself to no purpose—he dared not ask questions of Minnie—and, instead of looking at the trout brook, or the pine grove on the hill, or the old mill, with its picturesque dilapidation, he turned his thoughts to Caroline and her fortunes. He half thought her just fit for the fate she was weaving, but he was too good, and too kind, to quite think so—and he resolved to seek a private conversation with her, and to warn his father and mother also of Fred's character and prospects.

Having determined on this course as respected his sisters, he became more cheerful, observing, and talkative. Jerry began to get some liking, and more respect for him, and Minnie was won away from her thoughts, or broodings, rather.

Youth attempts the impossible, and achieves sorrow. This has been the lot of the true-hearted since the days of sacrifice for truth began. What Minnie and Charles Ashton were meditating we shall see hereafter. At present we must contemplate the whole family in the iron-grey twilight, that hovers forever over families that have little true relationship. A warm love-light illumined Nelson Meadows' home—he could all the better afford to enter the shadow and gloom that invested his father's house.

CHAPTER XVII.

"UPSET ON THE FERRY ROAD."

ON an old-fashioned, "high-post bed," in a large, square chamber, with four large windows, lay the restless, tossing form of Fred Sherwood.

His eye was glazed, his face a leaden purple, and his breath came almost stertorously, from his heaving chest. His mother bent over him her worn, thin, and sallow face, and her red eyes with real tears in them. He did not see her—he did not know that any one grieved for him.

He had been brought home the night before, quite sensible, though badly bruised, and had drunk heavily of hot brandy and water, after going to bed.

His mother was alarmed that he was brought home hurt, as Rawson averred, who had had the luck to pick him up from a pile of rocks by the roadside. Fred declared that he had suffered no harm but a sprained ankle, and he had clearly enough directed Rawson how to secure Vixen and Smash to the back of his wagon, and he had induced the horses to submit to Rawson's care and guidance, a thing not to have been accomplished by that lily-livered gentleman, with but Fred's word of persuasive authority. The remnants of the "buggy" were left on the roadside, where the accident occurred, though young Sherwood promised the wreck to Rawson, on account of the signal service he was enabled to render to him and his horses.

One of the farm hands lifted the unfortunate young man from the wagon, and carried him to his room; but so clear and sensible were his remarks, that Mrs. Sherwood and Rawson were quite sure that the sprained ankle was the worst of the accident; and the mother was meditating suitable remonstrance when she should be alone with her son.

"Stay Tim," said Fred, "and help me off with my duds—I need to be safe in bed, for my head is raising a young hurricane."

"There, easy—I am sprained all over, as bad as my ankle—careful, Tim. Let me see—what I want—my head swims—send my mother with hot brandy and water—take care of Vix and Smash—rub them down with—with pepper sauce—no—not that—my head—take the—right thing, Tim—I'll pay for the—bitters—send the old—my mother—you hear"—and he sunk back exhausted.

Mrs. Sherwood came up, quite determined to give her son "a good piece of her mind," as she expressed it, along with the brandy; but she was alarmed at his appearance. She spoke to him gently—bathed his face and hands in alcohol, and after a time he revived enough to swallow the large tumbler of poison she had brought him.

Tim took care of him during the night, and Mrs. Sherwood went in and out continually, drinking no ardent spirits, thoroughly frightened and sorrowful, and considering whether or not she should send for a doctor. This would involve her sending for Caroline Meadows, which she dreaded greatly. He was restless and delirious, during most of the night; but toward morning he fell into the heavy half coma, in which we found him at the opening of this chapter.

Mrs. Sherwood watched beside him all the morning, very sorrowful, very sober, and in a state of uncertainty, as to what she ought to do in the premises, that was truly uncomfortable. She had no lack of experience as to spree, drunken sleep, &c., &c. But she had no experience of Fred's being hurt; never before had he met with the slightest harm in connection with the most vicious horses.

Mrs. Sherwood loved her son, and feared him. She did not wish to expose him to gossip by needlessly calling a doctor. She did not like the item of expense that the doctor's visit would involve, and worst of all, she dreaded the sight of Miss Caroline Meadows in her son's sick room.

Fred had spoken to his mother, like a bully, of building. She had made him afraid to move in this matter by a violence of opposition, and threats, that he had never before seen her indulge in; but after all her blustering, she had a sinking at the heart, or stomach, if it be questioned that she had a heart, and an idea that Caroline was

much stronger than she was. She never heard of threat, or remark, from Caroline, and she instinctively dreaded her silence; it was ominous of power.

Caroline wisely thought that it was much better to act than to threaten—and so she said nothing, and meditated much.

Mrs. Sherwood's painful reverie by her son's bedside, was brought to a sudden conclusion, about 11 o'clock, A. M.

Fred started, awoke, and attempted to move—and then cried out in great anger, "who has tied me—take off these infernal ropes"—and he began feeling his head and limbs with his left hand, the use of which was fortunately spared him, to see if he were not fast bound with great cords, that were cutting him, especially around his head.

When he discovered that he was only bruised and swollen, and not bound, he ordered his mother to send at once for Dr. Brown.

"I have been only waiting for you to wake," said Mrs. Sherwood, but she was in no haste to move.

Fred saw this instantly, and said, "you need not wait any longer; I am awake, and want the doctor in double quick time. You need not send for Carrie till I tell you to—now can you move, and tell Tim to ride Smash—he'll need an airing—and tell him not to let the grass grow under the horse's feet on the way to the village?"

Mrs. Sherwood retired with alacrity, and Fred tried to turn, and could not, and then muttered, "a pretty fix, and to be left in it—all by the cursed jealousy of these women—no, not that, by the mean selfishness of my own mother—for Carrie would have sent for her, I am sure of that—oh, how I hate selfishness, and jealousy, and all that devilish brood."

And Fred was in earnest. He believed himself thoroughly selfish, and generous of all things, as he was of money. He bit his lips to restrain himself, till what he had to say could be poured on the heads of the parties concerned. His bodily sensations grew worse every moment. His head dilated to the size of a hog's head, and was full of pain in all its ample dimensions. His eyes were as if filled with fire, and the four large windows of the room poured a scalding glare of light through their white curtains, that was wholly insupportable.

Fred tried to move again, but could not—locomotion was denied to all his body corporate, except his left hand and arm. He found himself presently burning up with fever, distracted with thirst, and cursing the light as if it were a fiend. His mother did not return, and he shrieked in his agony.

Mrs. Sherwood had drunk nothing since the night before, and in her first joy at seeing Fred so well and sensible, she had proceeded to the cellar to make amends for her self-denial. She drank no stinted draught, and then adjourned to the kitchen to “rest herself with a pinch of snuff”—when she incontinently fell asleep in her chair, not having slept for the last thirty hours. Meanwhile her wretched son was groaning with pain, and thirst, and a burning anguish, that made his little reason reel on its uncertain throne.

At length Mrs. Sherwood was roused by a hearty shake from Dr. Brown, who tried first one shoulder and then both, before he could wake her.

“My good woman, what the deuce do you mean?” cried the Doctor. “Do you know that your son Frederick is killed? Why are you sleeping at such a time?”

“Who says that my son is killed?” screamed Mrs. Sherwood. “He is awake, and very bright, and well, and don’t need you any more than his poor mother, who has been awake all night, nursing him, and must now be abused because she is so beat out, that she fell asleep in her chair—O, that I were in Paradise!” sobbed Mrs. Sherwood.

Dr. Brown knew by long experience, that when Mrs. Sherwood began to talk of being in Paradise, and to pity herself, that she was full “three sheets in the wind,” and was to be treated purely on Homœopathic principles—and so he said, “My dear lady, you are wild to fatigue yourself, so as to fall asleep in your chair. Do take a glass of cordial to support yourself.”—he poured a teaspoonful of tincture of camphor into a tumbler of water, and gave it to the lady, remarking, “So Frederick is better, nearly well you say—it is lucky I came to see to you. Would you like me to look in upon Fred, and give him some good advice.”

Mrs. Sherwood caught at this. The doctor might frighten Fred out of his irregularities.

The fact was, Dr. Brown had been up stairs, guided by young Sherwood's groans, and had found him delirious. There was no one in the house but Mrs. Sherwood, Tim having stopped to tell the tale of the accident to some half-dozen different persons, who were equally curious. So the doctor felt the importance of amicably awakening Mrs. Sherwood. This was now accomplished, and she preceded the doctor to her son's room. The shock she experienced on entering, fully sobered her, and she inquired in great alarm what she should do.

Thanks to Homœopathy—which has been styled the great negative good of our age—Fred was not to be butchered with the lancet, or poisoned with opium and morphine, in this sad crisis of his life. Dr. Brown was a Homœopathist, and now that he had the aid of Mrs. Sherwood, he prepared to meliorate the condition of his patient at once. He remembered having seen some green rush curtains, in a parlor down stairs, and he besought Mrs. Sherwood to transfer them to the glaring windows of the sick room. Tim came in also, most opportunely, and was dispatched for a pitcher of pure soft water, from "the cold spring," which bore the rejoicing temperature of 45 degrees at all seasons of the year.

A basin was brought, into which the doctor put a drop of the billionth dilution of arnica, which, as he said, was most powerful in removing the pain and soreness from bruised flesh. He poured the ice cold water on the marvelous medicine, and began immediately to bathe the head, hands, and arms, and ultimately the whole person of his patient.

Dr. Brown was one of those successful men, who achieve good fortune, with their own good will, and most earnest efforts. He could take off his coat, roll up his snowy shirt sleeves, and expend a half-hour's labor and magnetism on such a "bad case" as Fred Sherwood, with the heartiest good will. He could make Mrs. Sherwood believe in his tender sympathies, and in the depth, and everlastingness of his friendship, when it was really his private opinion, (which he kept religiously to himself,) that the old woman, and

all who were in any way related to her, would be greatly benefited if she were translated to her much talked of Paradise.

But Dr. Brown's opinions never did any one any harm—they were exclusively his own. The poor, unhappy mother tried to help the doctor, her hands trembling and palsied by long years of labor, and excessive drinking, and he, with the blandest manner in the world, begged her to sit down and rest, whenever she could find opportunity. He told her that he was fearful she would be deprived of her rest too much, for even a mother's love, and her good constitution, to bear up under. He talked smoothly to the old lady, made Tim useful, and went on to do all the good he could to his agonized patient. The exclusion of the light, the cold bath, and the marvelous medicine, the soft magnetic hand of the doctor, and his real kindness, with a globule of arnica, and a draught of the cold spring water, soon brought Fred to his senses.

"Doctor," said he in a whisper, "I want to see you alone."

"Presently," remarked Dr. Brown in a tone equally confidential. Very soon he left Fred, and went over to the rocking chair, where Mrs. Sherwood sat in deep affliction. He stood by the back of her chair, and laid his hand on her head—then he took her hand, and felt her pulse. "My dear madam," said he, "I must prescribe for you." He drew from his pocket one of the infinitesimal bottles, and extracted three globules. "Let these dissolve on your tongue," said he, "but not until you have laid down—when they are entirely dissolved, compose yourself for an hour's sleep."

"I will take the medicine," sobbed Mrs. Sherwood, "but I can not leave my child, and I never lie down in the day time."

"I know you have always been cruel to yourself," said the doctor, sympathetically, "but now, when we are likely to need you very much, you must prepare yourself for the heavy burden of your duties." He glanced at the bed—Fred was just going to swear. He saw it in every line of his face. He made a significant and soothing gesture, and took Mrs. Sherwood's hand, and gently led her from the room.

"Now you will take my prescription," said he, in the gentlest, and yet firmest way.

"I will," said the sleepy Mrs. Sherwood.

She laid the magic globules on her tongue, and she sought her bed-room instinctively, more drunk than sober, more asleep than awake, more a besotted human animal than a woman, and a mother, and yet through all, she felt the doctor's kindness, and her last waking thought was, "what a good man Dr. Brown is, and how much he feels for the unhappy—O, that I were in Paradise."

The doctor returned to his impatient patient.

"She's safe—what is it, Fred?"

"Are you sure she wont come back?"

"Sure as fate."

"Are you half certain that she is not at the door, listening?"

Dr. Brown stepped to the door and opened it—Mrs. Sherwood's room was across the hall, and a loud snore saluted him from her open door. He went noiselessly across, and closed the door, after having satisfied himself that the old lady was as near Paradise as she was likely to get soon—she was sound asleep, and had forgotten her troubles—and returned to the son.

"Make yourself easy, my good fellow," said he, "she is safe for six hours. Now what is it?"

"I want Caroline Meadows," said Fred earnestly—"I want her while I can talk to her."

"A sensible fellow," said Dr. Brown. "I will charge myself with the agreeable duty of bringing the young lady to your bed-side as soon as possible."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISTAKES ABOUT HEARTS.

"I HAVE never tried to control my children in their love," said Deacon Meadows. "It seems a dreadful responsibility for a parent to take, to hinder a child from marrying, when the heart is given. I think Frederick Sherwood must be rather unsteady, from what I hear of him. But from a child he has been kind-hearted and generous."

"Liberal of money, he may be," said Nelson, "but not generous. He is very selfish; I am sure of it."

"What proof have you that he is not generous?" said Mr. Meadows with firmness, and yet very kindly.

Nelson Meadows did not know what to answer. He had come to talk with his father about Frederick Sherwood's character, and he really knew nothing of it, except from his own instinctive judgment. He saw clearly enough, that Fred drank to great excess. He felt that he was selfish—that few of his faculties were developed,—and that he lived a low animal life. But how to make his father see this, he did not know.

"You are aware that young Sherwood drinks to excess, are you not, father? A young man who is so regardless of character and usefulness, and the feelings of his friends, as to be an inebriate at his age, and with his prospects, must be selfish and low in his nature."

Mr. Meadows considered well before he answered his son. At length, he said, "I think you take a harsh view of the character of Frederick Sherwood—I am afraid you have been prejudiced against him. I think him wild, and somewhat reckless, in his habits; but I am not aware that he is habitually intemperate. He is gaining

in steadiness. I am told that he has entirely left off using profane language; he is always in his place at church; he is kind to all his work people, and to his animals; indeed, he is kind to every living thing. He gives liberally for the support of public worship, and no man in town, young or old, gives so much in charity."

"And yet I am persuaded that he is very worthless, and a dangerous husband for my sister Caroline."

"I repeat," said the father, "that I think you have been prejudiced. I, for one, think there are much more dangerous men than young Sherwood. To be plain, I think your friend Ashton is one of them."

"Frederick needs a wife—Caroline is very discreet, and prudent, and sensible. She seems to me very well calculated to make a steady, valuable man of Sherwood. Of course she loves him; for a daughter of mine will never have the small dust of the balance laid upon her, to induce her to give her hand without her heart."

"I hope, Nelson, you will see this young man, as he is to be your brother-in-law, and get over your unjust prejudice. Not that he is faultless; but then who is without faults?" He sighed deeply—he remembered the bonfire of the books, and the suffering of his dearest daughter.

Nelson saw that it was of no use to speak to his father. He felt that it would be equally unavailing to attempt to influence Caroline, and yet a sense of duty urged him forward:

"Father," said he meekly, for he felt that he must abandon his case without further argument, as he had no proof, "I will try to know Sherwood better—perhaps I have done him injustice. I hope I have, but I assure you I do not often err in that way."

He could not exonerate Ashton, though he felt that he was in no wise blameworthy. He left his father, and sought his sister Caroline. He found her in the kitchen, in the neatest cap in the world; all her ringlets carefully tucked away, her sleeves taken from under the caps, where they were buttoned ordinarily, so as to be conveniently removed for household duties. Her bare arms were beautiful, and a little more pearly white, than the flour she was making into pie crust.

"So those delicious pies are your handiwork, sister"—said Mr. Meadows kindly.

"I see you are a man of taste," said Caroline, mockingly.

"I am glad you are such a housewife, seeing you are so soon to need such gifts and graces," said the brother.

Caroline looked keenly and steadily at her brother—she had had an uneasy consciousness, for some time, that he would endeavor to dissuade her from marrying Frederick Sherwood—and she divined that he had come to do it now.

"Brother," said she, "you think marriage a very sacred thing, don't you?"

"I do—my own marriage was the holiest act of my life. No one should take lightly, or without due consideration and deep love, the obligations of marriage. The miseries that result from unhappy marriages, and the poor children that have life and its burdens thus forced upon them, are subjects that often claim my most painful meditation." He paused—Caroline fixed her cold, clear gaze upon him—

"You need not go on, brother," said she—"I never listen to lectures on woman's rights, in the desk, or in the kitchen. Women are fools, and slaves, and victims. They think marriage a sacred thing, and that they must submit to erasure from the face of the earth, at about thirty-five years of age, after having added their quota to the census.

"Now I think that marriage is a contract, binding whilst each party fulfils the conditions. I care nothing for the popular cant about love, misery, and the extinction of woman, and her rights. I will secure my own rights, and marry the man of my choice—if you have any advice to give me about securing my rights, I assure you that it is not needed—keep it for Minnie, who will ruin herself in a love-match, if she can make up her mind to submit to the immorality of marriage.

"You and I must be friends, brother; I can't consent to lose any of my relations; but, in order to remain so, you will keep your mouth close-sealed about Fred Sherwood. It is enough for you to know that he is my intended husband—the man of my choice—as

such, no person, relative, friend, or foe, can speak of him to me, but with proper respect."

Nelson Meadows was relieved and embarrassed at the same time. He was glad that he had no duty to do for his sister Caroline, and yet he did not know exactly how to extricate himself from the unpleasant dilemma in which he was placed.

He chose frankness as his way out, and said—"You are good at divining one's thoughts and purposes; but you are arbiter of your own destiny, as well as queen of the kitchen—and of all that I came here for, I assure you I shall only petition for the ancient luxury of 'a turn-over.'"

Just at this moment Caroline was summoned to meet Dr. Brown.

The doctor kindly and carefully, as was his wont, communicated the information of Fred's accident, and his present condition. It was a pleasure to this excellent physician to soften all the rough points in the case to Caroline, and while thus doing to feel that he held her pulse, and her purse for coming years, when she would have much need of his advice and service—for was she not to have Fred Sherwood, and much trouble, much money, much ill health, and probably many children? The proud and beautiful young lady was a mine for Dr. Brown to work in coming years, and there was no calculating how many rich "pockets" he might find in it.

So he satisfied his benevolence and his love of his profession—in other words, his love of money and influence—by speaking most tenderly and respectfully of Fred. His kindness and consideration met its present reward from Miss Meadows, in the most obliged sweetness and dignity of manner, and every kind word, and gentle tone, and all the glory of concealment, and false representation of unpleasant facts, was an investment for the doctor, at the highest rates of usury, in Caroline's books.

CHAPTER XXI.

WORK FOR JERRY.

CAROLINE sat by Frederick Sherwood, and held his hot hand, and bathed his head, and gave him most tender attention. At least it seemed tender to him, and very precious.

"Now, Carrie," said he, "don't scold a fellow—I'm going to own up—you shall know the long and the short of the whole business—and you won't blame me altogether, when you do know—I think you will confess that you have not been just perfect yourself. But never mind that—you are as near it as anybody.

"Well, I had a talk with mother, the other day, about building, and I never saw her so deuced bad. She fairly frightened me. You know that I have not your nerves.

"Well, she threatened me." Fred gasped—Caroline gave him some medicine from the tumbler—a teaspoonful—which cooled his lips, and made him beg for a tumbler of water, which he drank off, and proceeded—"There, now, I feel better. Thanks to the man who invented Homœopathy. He was a good fellow.

"Well, as I was saying, mother threatened all sorts of devilment, and I hauled in my horns. I did not like to speak to you about it, for you think I have no spirit. I tell you what, Carrie, I have not your nerves. Now all this has worried me, and—to tell you the truth, I have drunk too much, to try to get quit of the whole thing.

"Yesterday I took some brandy at Rice's, and I really believe it was poisoned—I never lost my wits before. Either I was sick, or the brandy was bad; or, as Jerry says, the old lady had put a spell on me. No medicine; now water, Carrie. Medicine once in two hours—water at discretion." He drank, and Caroline bathed his head, and then he commenced again: "By some unaccountable

hocus pocus I upset on the Ferry road. How it all happened I don't know—I can't tell how long I lay insensible, but when I came to myself, Vix was smelling me, and I felt her 'breath warm on my cheek,' as the song says. The thills were broken short off, when the buggy tipped over; the horses were at liberty to go along, but they stuck by the stuff. Vix is just like you, Caroline—all fire and spirit, and lightning, and blue blazes, to every body but me. She's as good as a girl to me—not because I can master her—for she could go to Halifax for all me—but she consents to play the agreeable for me always.

"As luck would have it, that fellow Rawson came along just as I got my senses, and found out that I could not move. I was going to crawl up on Vixen's back, but I could not have made it out.

"Rawson put me in his wagon, and Vix and Smash consented to follow, and here we are."

By this time Fred was entirely exhausted—though he had rested many times, and had consumed a couple of hours with his narrative.

Caroline gave him his medicine, and again bathed his head, and encouraged him to go to sleep—but this could not be. He had a purpose in sending for her, and he could have no peace till he had told her all his mind. The doctor came in, examined his patient's pulse, and looked at his eyes, and felt a good deal of alarm.

"Too much mental activity—can't you be quiet, Sherwood?" said he, "now you have Miss Meadows to keep you company?"

Fred shuddered—"Carrie," said he, "leave me with the doctor." Miss Meadows retired. Fred attempted to speak—but the red in his eye became more glaringly bright, and a fierce delirium succeeded.

The doctor recalled Miss Meadows, and presently Mrs. Sherwood made her appearance. The instant Fred caught sight of her, he shrieked—"That's Jezebel—all in black—all in black—with fire eyes, and snakes for hair, and pump handles for arms. She'll pump fire and brimstone on me—take her away—take her away."

Mrs. Sherwood burst into loud sobs, and declared she "would not go a step;" and talked of Paradise, and very resolutely took her

seat. Again Dr. Brown's kind eloquence sent, or rather drew, her from the room.

"My dear madam," said he, "do you not know that in cases of delirium, especially in those resulting from injury to the head, (he by no means intended to admit that he had a case of delirium tremens,) that the best loved friends and relations seem enemies—even frightful foes. Now nothing could more strongly attest your son's love for you, my dear madam, than the fact that in delirium, resulting from his injury, he regards you as an enemy."

"A Jezebel in black!" shrieked Mrs. Sherwood, "though he knows I wear black for his poor dear father. I see it all, doctor; Caroline Meadows stood in the hall by the front window, as I went into his room. I understand it, she has been talking to him, and setting him against me. She wants to rule and reign, where I have spent my life in hard work.

"Do you think I would work as I have, to lay up for the like of her? I'd sooner set the old place afire, and run away by the light of it."

"My dear Mrs. Sherwood," began Dr. Brown, "you mistake."

"Don't tell me—if you have Caroline Meadows' cause to plead, you need not come to me."

"I only wished to say, Mrs. Sherwood, I am sure they did not speak of you to-day. What plots they have laid before"—

"Don't tell me that my son would lay a plot against his own mother."

"Of course not—of course not. But we must think now of saving your son's life; he may not live through"—

The thought of danger roused the mother in Mrs. Sherwood, and made her forget, for the moment, her deadly animosity. Dr. Brown impressed it upon the lady, that she was by no means to enter her son's room, but by his leave. He then returned to try to soothe the sufferer.

Sherwood was raving about Jerry: "If I could only have Jerry to watch me—he knows how she does it. He could protect me—no one else can."

Caroline tried to render some little service, but Fred drove her

from him in great terror. He imagined that she was a boa constrictor, that was destined to swallow him.

She begged Dr. Brown to take her home. The doctor summoned Tim, and gave him directions for the night, and then gave Mrs. Sherwood many bland words, and a renewed charge not to go into her son's room. As an additional security, he advised some hot brandy and water, and that she should retire early and get her sleep: "As soon as Frederick is himself again, Mrs. Sherwood, he will not allow you to leave him, and so you must get all the rest you can, against your labors begin—you know the laboring oar always falls to you."

At this moment Caroline appeared in readiness to leave. Mrs. Sherwood found it convenient to turn her back, and not see Miss Meadows, and the doctor hurried her away, as fast as possible.

As if by a strange sympathy with Fred Sherwood, Jerry was seized with trembling, and great emotion, and an earnest desire to take care of Fred, as soon as he heard of the accident.

Nelson Meadows discovered Jerry in the wood-shed, overcome by his feelings. Failing to elicit any information touching his state, he sought Minnie.

"What is the matter, Jerry?" said Minnie, in great compassion, when she saw his forlorn and miserable appearance.

"O Miss Minnie, its the hardest trouble that's ever come on Jerry!"

"Do pray tell us what it is?"

"Well, its hard tellin what a body does not jistly know hisself. Its this way, Miss Minnie: one of my best friends is in trouble—about as bad as he can be, I reckon, now; nobody knows his ways, or could do better by him, or half as well, as Jerry, but there stands his thunderin old mother, to put the spells on me, if I goes near. Now, Miss Minnie, don't say she won't do it. I knows a great deal too well that she will do it. What I wants of you now is this: just say to me, 'she'll put the spell on you, Jerry, and no mistake, and very likely it will kill you—but what of that? you will be killed a doin your duty—you'll help Fred, and give him a deal of comfort, and maybe save his life, if you go right in the face and eyes of the

spells, and take care of him. Yes, go and take kinder care of him than if he were a baby."

Jerry rose, drew himself to his full height, and seemed tenfold more a man than Minnie had ever seen him before.

"Now, Miss Minnie, can't you say this to me, with a good conscience, and can't you pray for me while I am there, and make my torments lighter?—I know that the good God will hear your prayers, and answer 'em, or else He's no God at all, and don't know who of His children ought to be attended to."

"Jerry," said Minnie solemnly, and she went up to him, and took his great, bony hand in both hers. No woman but his mother had ever touched that hand, but Minnie held it softly, and continued, "you must go and take care of Fred, and bear whatever his mother chooses to put upon you. I will pray to the good God to lighten your load, and *I know He will do it*—and—and may be Mrs. Sherwood will be good to you also, for she loves her son."

"I don't think she would quite do her worst now. Fred is sick, if she could help it," said Jerry, "but I can bear it if you say so, Miss Minnie, and if it kills me, I've a notion that it will be good luck—I don't much think there is any worse world than this, or any worse folks than Mrs. Sherwood and Rawson; and I sometimes hopes there ain't any so bad."

"Now I feel as if I could bear it; but Miss Minnie, when I can't see you, and when I do see her, I am afraid I shall wither and shake so, that I can't help Fred at all."

A bright thought seemed to strike Minnie at this moment.

"Jerry," said she, "Fred is dying, I fear, and he must be taken care of—you can do it—I will pray for you, and I know God will help you, and here"—

She took from her neck a small Geneva watch, with a gold chain, on which her name was engraved, a gift that her brother had brought with him, and throwing the chain over Jerry's neck, she put the watch in his left vest pocket.

"Right over my heart," said Jerry, sinking on a log, while his tears fell fast—"I can do it now, Miss Minnie; I can do it all, and bear it all."

Minnie had never before seen Jerry shed tears. He left immediately to go to Fred. And Minnie remarked, "I do think Jerry is growing more sensible."

"He would improve very soon," replied Nelson, "under proper care and treatment. It is too bad that we have not enough persons who are morally sound, to cure such poor sick ones—sick in soul and body. I wish the pulpit would take into consideration the physical sin, that is the foundation of moral evil.

"I must take Jerry's case up, and think it over, and see what can be done."

Ah Nelson Meadows! you will have a deal of thinking to do, if you take up the evils that the pulpit ignores. Nelson Meadows had been too busy and too happy, in life, to have much philosophy. The reaction from the Calvinism of his home, had taken him to what is called liberal Christianity. His heart had blessed the preachers of Universalism, though they had sadly offended his taste.

He was perfectly assured that the loving Savior of men could not be the founder of orthodox Calvinism, and yet he never had time to look through the Bible for proofs against "orthodoxy," or to reason out for himself a humane system of religion. He trusted. In everything, he saw, or thought he saw, a good. He thought men were weak and not wicked—a few, he was obliged to acknowledge, were indefensibly bad—but these he excused, because of bad birth and training, and some moral disease that he did not fully understand. His religious faith was born of his kindness. Like his Divine Master, his gospel was Love. "Love is the fulfilling of the Law." This was the text oftenest on his lips, and in his mind, and heart.

Nelson Meadows' life had been given him from his father's deep love, before the world and a malign and revengeful faith had injured a most loving nature. The first-born child of a marriage of mutual attraction, has often a riches of heart, and mind, and health, that subsequent children do not inherit; for the simple reason that discord supervenes, amid want of wisdom, and unhealthy conditions. The hope is sometimes expressed by the captious, that when man has improved all the animals below him, by study and culture, per-

haps he may ascend in the scale and make a beneficiary of himself and his fellow men.

But this is all the time being done by physiological, phrenological, and psychological study, and our impatience that the world does not move fast enough, must help us to go forward.

I will cast my mite into the treasury of mental and moral health, by sketching something of the life, sufferings, and questionings of poor Jerry.

One of the worst moral diseases of our day, is that scorn of the partial, the undeveloped, the poor, and sick, that is the legitimate fruit of all this. Caroline Meadows was greatly inferior to her brother and sister, and her contempt for Jerry, was in proportion to her own wants. Nelson and Minnie had a real reverence for the smothered elements of good, which they saw in the dim and darkened soul of this poor brother—for to them he was a brother. To Caroline he was a miserable, half-witted creature, who did chores generally, and served her and Fred particularly, as he ought, of course. That he bore any relation to them, as a human being, she would have scorned to acknowledge.

Fred was more humane. He had less of the vice of scorn, and consequently was superior to his betrothed.

"You have no idea of Jerry," he used to say to Caroline; "he would have made a famous divine if he had good health, and a little more or less wit—I am not certain which, and I suppose I shall never find out—but Jerry's a great deal more useful to me, than if he had been a doctor of divinity. I wish, Carrie, that you would get acquainted with him."

CHAPTER XX.

THE USES OF A PHYSICIAN.

DR. BROWN'S office at Mrs. Sherwood's was no sinecure. Indeed, no case involving so much thought, management, and "skill," had ever occurred in his practice. Night and day his service was required. He had to watch Mrs. Sherwood, and to watch with Fred. He succeeded by every means in his power, in keeping the anxious mother out of the sick room; but he could not prevent her cowering about the door, and lying on the mat at the threshold, where Fred's moans and imprecations were all distinctly heard by the wretched woman.

"Jerry's purpose to take care of Fred was entirely confirmed by his conversation with Minnie, and he went straight to the house. As he passed up the stairs, guided by the sound of delirious curses, he beheld Mrs. Sherwood on her knees, at the closed door of her son's room.

Jerry's heart did not fail him in the slightest, he did not tremble or hesitate, but went forward as if Mrs. Sherwood had been the dog, who, more fortunate than the mother, had gained admission into his master's room.

When the sorrowing woman saw Jerry, she rose from her knees, and hope and joy entered her heart. She laid both hands on Jerry's shoulders, and said with great fervor of spirit, "the Lord will forever bless you, Jerry, if you will save my son's life."

"I'll try, sure and sartain," was his reply, as he hastened to disengage himself from her friendly detention.

Fred did not know Jerry, though he fixed his blood-shot eyes upon him, and paused in a torrent of wild exclamations and imprecations.

"Mr. Frederick," said Jerry firmly, and he laid his large, cold hand on his forehead.

"That's good," said Fred, "that'll put out the fire."

Jerry did not wait for his hand to become heated, but he went instantly for cold water, and gathered towels by a strange instinct, and wrung them out of the cold water, and laid one upon the hot head and another upon the chest of the sufferer.

"Wash me down," cried Fred, "as you would Vix or Smash, Jerry."

Jerry's heart beat high with joy at this recognition and command, and he gladly obeyed. The result was, that Dr. Brown declared, when he next called, that Jerry was a miracle of a nurse, and that he should go into partnership with him, and that the company would cure the patient.

"Jerry," said the wise physician, who was never sparing of kind words, "you have worked a miracle, the last hour, by your good nursing. I shall have to bargain with you to be my assistant; I would make a doctor of you, if I were not afraid of spoiling the best nurse in the world."

Jerry felt proud and pleased, and never once thought of the "spells" that had been his dread for so long. Fred was sound asleep in an hour after Jerry began his ministrations. The doctor kindly prepared him for some trouble with his patient during the night.

"Give him his medicine carefully, a teaspoonful once in two hours, give him as much water as he will drink—bathe him, when he desires it, and keep his head and body swathed with the cold, wet towels," said the doctor, adopting Jerry's practice as his own, though he had not thought of thus conquering the fever and delirium of his patient.

Fred continued manageable through the night, and slept a good deal, and Jerry changed the pins in his coat cuffs many times, and looked long and lovingly at Minnie's little watch, which he took ever and anon from his pocket, and also laid his hand lovingly over its hiding place, when too busy to take it out, and look at the time.

"How many things I'll have to think of when Mr. Frederick gets

well," said Jerry mentally, as he changed a pin, first for one subject, and then for another, till a whole row was shining on the left cuff, instead of the right, and then they were gradually changed again, as his thoughts thickened. It would be hard to tell how many things Jerry forgot, never to think of again, after marking them in this way, for especial consideration. One thing had been marked, and set down to be settled, fully a dozen times, in the course of the night; and that was *how* Miss Minnie's watch, and Miss Minnie's prayers could be so entirely effectual in warding off the spells.

"Who would a'thought it?" said Jerry. "Here am I no more troubled with the spells than if the old one did not live here."

"I wonder now, if prayers and watches would not be good for other troubles. I wonder if Minnie could not pray for Fred too, and we would have the watch between us, and so cure him."

He took the largest pin from the sleeve where it was reposing, and put it in the other cuff to remind him of something very important.

The remainder of the night Fred was restless, and so was Jerry. The morning came with somewhat of relief to both, and Dr. Brown, the indefatigable friend and physician, came in early.

Jerry had evidently something of great weight on his mind, that he wished to communicate to the doctor; but, before he had an opportunity to speak, Fred begged to see Dr. Brown alone. Jerry went forth, trembling with the weight of his own purpose, and hardly able to await his time.

"Doctor," said Fred, "have I my senses?"

"Certainly," said Dr. Brown, blandly; "how could you doubt it?"

"Why, I suppose you know I have been kicking out of traces—troubled with Jezebel, and a few others of the same family."

"You have been somewhat unsettled," said Dr. Brown; "but you were never possessed of more intellectual clarity than now."

"You are a justice of the peace, I believe, Dr. Brown?"

"I am."

"I want you to make my will, and marry me to Caroline Meadows, to-day," said Fred, hurriedly.

"Now, doctor, I rely on you to carry this through. Will you

agree? Don't say no—don't put me off, or, by Jove, I'll put the string on, and drive over you."

"Mr. Sherwood," began Dr. Brown, in the gentlest and quietest tone.

But Fred's face was purple. His reason was gone—he raved of Jezebel, and Jerry came at the doctor's call, to endeavor to restore him to sanity. He put Jerry from him violently, and struck Dr. Brown a heavy blow in the eye, and was altogether so dangerous in his manifestations, that Dr. Brown, Tim, and Jerry, invested him with a straight-waistcoat.

"Now, doctor," said Jerry, very resolutely, "I have something to say to you, and you must give me a hearing."

"Certainly, only our patient must not be troubled with our conversation, Jerry."

"Well, now, doctor, if you were sure and sartain that there was a medicine within a half a mile, that would cure Mr. Frederick, would you go after it?"

"Certainly, Jerry."

"Well, then, will you lend me your horse and sulky, and stay with Mr. Frederick just one hour, and I'll get the medicine, or my name aint Jerry Gerald Fitzgerald."

This proposition was too much for the doctor's dignity. "I have no hour to spare, and I can't allow my patient any medicine but my own," said he, losing his usual amiability of manner, and gentleness of tone.

"Dr. Brown," said Jerry, "it is time you knowed what I mean, but its hard tellin you. You know how I've suffered with the spella."

Everybody knew, who had any knowledge of Jerry, that he considered himself bewitched by Mrs. Sherwood.

"I know," said the doctor, shortly.

"Well, you see that I am cured, and I want to git the same medicine that's cured me, tried on Mr. Frederick; and you need not be jealous of it, Dr Brown, for its only Miss Minnie Meadows' prayers, and"—he put his hand on the pocket containing the watch, but he could not bring himself to speak of it. "I could never have

come here, and worked for Mr. Frederick as I had, and done him the good I have, if she had not prayed all the old one's evil spirits, and evil spells away from me. Now, what I want is to go and ask her to pray for Mr. Frederick."

"All right," said Dr. Brown, very much relieved, as respected the medicine. "You shall ride with me, Jerry, and Tim shall watch with Sherwood till you return."

And so it was settled.

Minnie smiled at Jerry's errand and his earnestness, but she promised to give his patient the benefit of her intercessions, and he returned, and resumed his place in the sick chamber, in an incredibly short space of time.

Tim was discharged, and Jerry was alone with Fred, whom he instantly relieved of the confinement of the strait-waistcoat, and again began bathing him with cold water, and swathing him with cold towels. The result was very happy. Fred recognized his friend, but was a good deal disposed to violence.

"Now, Mr. Frederick, said Jerry, "you must lie still and go to sleep. If you knowed as much as I do, of the good things in store for you, sure and sartin you would go to sleep. Now, I am going to help you, and you must help yourself, for you know the Lord helps them that helps themselves. Now I have got a charm to lay on the pit of your stomach, but you must agree to be quiet."

"I'll agree," said Fred, a little wildly.

Jerry took off Minnie's watch, and laid it on his patient's chest, with the chain around his neck.

"I'll smash it," said Fred.

"You could not," said Jerry, solemnly; "no more than you could smash Gibraltar. I knows that you can't move for an hour, so you'd better let alone trying, and go to sleep, and wake a well man; for there's a deal being done for you, Mr. Frederick, by them you don't think of."

Just as Jerry confidently expected, Sherwood sunk almost instantly to sleep. Jerry watched him and the watch steadily, and just before the hour expired, he removed the watch gently from Fred's neck, and put it in the pocket over his heart.

Fred waked very quiet, and sane, and Jerry's faith in prayers and watches was confirmed.

"I'd like Dr. Brown to see him now," mused Jerry. "He'll never dispute my medicine, nor my ways with patients any more, when he sees what's done, in this case, and in my case. Well—it's strange how much t'other world can do for this. I believe there's Somebody there, arter all, and Somebody that is Somebody, sure and sartin. And why should not there be? What a mean sort of a creation it must be, not to have any world, but one full o' achin bodies? And what a poor God to have only this ere world? If I thought He had not any speritual world, nor any good angels of His own, I should not think enough of Him, to pray to Him, nor git Miss Minnie to.

"I go in for believing something worth while, when you are about it. I knows what this world is—I feels it in all my bones, and I knows there's never one thing of a sort, not even a humbird, or a mustard seed—there's plenty more jist the same; men, birds, bugs, and crickets, and worlds. I am agoin to be a believer, and see if I won't feel better."

And Jerry did feel better—a warm glow of joy and peace stole through all his weary spirit and weakened organism, and he lifted his heart in thanksgiving and prayer.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MATTER OF MONEY.

"Now, doctor," said Fred, "thanks to your skill, and Jerry's kindness, I am almost ready to take in the bit and start again. I take it you'll think I am quite ready, when you've heard me out."

"There's many a slip between the cup and the lip. Yesterday, I thought Carrie would miss of me, and what she cares much less about, my property. Now, I am afraid I'll miss of her. I tell you what, Dr. Brown, I propose to pay you for curing me, and give you five hundred dollars bonus, if you see my will well and carefully made, in favor of Carrie Meadows; and, what's more, that you help us tie that knot with our tongues, that we can never untie with our teeth."

"Mr. Sherwood," began the doctor—

"Don't Mister me—call me Fred, for Heaven's sake, if you mean to serve me in this affair."

"Well, *Fred*," said the doctor, smiling pleasantly, "if you will be calm and collected—"

"Cool as a cucumber, doctor."

"If you will be calm and collected" repeated the doctor, "I will do these things for you in less time than a week. First, you shall have your will made, as regularly as if you were going to die, instead of living to three score and ten, the term I propose to insure you for."

"Second, you shall be fast married to the finest girl in the county."

"Third, in a week from to-day you shall ride a mile, with Vixen or Smash, which ever you choose."

"And hold the ribbons?" said Fred, very earnestly.

"Farther this deponent saith not."

"Now about the will, doctor. I want all right about the farm, so that Carrie can go ahead, and build, and do anything she pleases—so I'll will and deed the farm to her. I'll tie it in a double knot, so that my mother can't make any mischief. She is provided for, and I'll provide for Carrie.

"As to my money, I shall hold on to that. I'm not sure that I shall want my wife to know just how much I spend.

"Now, doctor, I'll leave it all to you," said Fred, very much exhausted, and his eyes beginning to grow wildly bright.

The doctor soothed his patient, and assured him that he would do all that he could ask; and then he resigned him to the care of Jerry, and went to see Miss Meadows.

There was much diplomatizing between Dr. Brown and Caroline. Both were careful to do everything in a proper and tasteful manner—both had a plenary care and concern for their own interests.

The doctor approached the subject of marriage through the golden gate of the deed and will of young Sherwood's property; and, after speaking of Fred's desire to will and deed his farm to Caroline, he remarked, *en passant*, "that young man's generosity and nobility of character are very remarkable." (He did not say I am to have a commission of five hundred dollars for the part I am playing.) "He will not have his wife placed under the slightest restraint from his mother."

"Of course not," said Caroline. "No one would expect that he could, or would, place the wife of his choice in the power of such a woman."

This was slightly confidential, but if Dr. Brown expected Caroline Meadows to make a more full expression of her opinions and sentiments respecting Mrs. Sherwood, he was disappointed. She had not another word to say of her mother-in-law elect.

"I suppose," said Dr. Brown, very quietly, "that you would not object to the marriage ceremony being performed at once."

Caroline opened her eyes as widely as possible. She was astonished—she had been listening to proposals of marriage settlements, but she had not thought of marriage as so near—so inevitable.

"I would wish Mr. Sherwood to be well before I marry," said she, firmly.

Dr. Brown saw that he had a difficulty to meet, and he saw also a way to meet it :

"Miss Meadows," said he, "it is by no means certain that you will ever be the wife of Mr. Sherwood, if you wait for him to be restored to health."

"Surely you do not think him dangerous, doctor?"

The skillful physician had no idea that Fred's life was in danger at present. He believed that he would drink several barrels of brandy before he died, and pay him a good deal of money besides that for his present illness, and the bonus he had promised. But he had no wish to let this last named benefaction slip through his fingers, and so he looked very grave, and said pathetically :

"If Mr. Sherwood has not been internally injured, I think he will certainly recover. He seems to have a consciousness that he is in a dangerous state, for he wishes to have his pecuniary affairs properly settled ; and, if he should leave the world, he wishes you to bear his name, and inherit his property. If he lives, the property will be yours by will and deed. You will be independent of his mother, and able to build, and do as you like."

"Surely, doctor, you can promise me that you will cure Frederick."

"With your help, my charming friend," said the doctor in the most winning way. "If he should be thwarted now, I could not answer for the result. If you will marry him to-day, I can almost insure his life."

Caroline reflected a few moments : "Doctor," said she, "I rely on your discretion. Will you speak to my father? Tell him the urgency of the case, and ask him not to speak of the matter to any one, but to be prepared to go with me to Mr. Sherwood's at three o'clock, this afternoon. But, doctor," said she, with a slight shudder, "shall I be required to stay there, and must my marriage be made public, and talked of by every one?"

"All that can be arranged just as you wish, Miss Meadows. As to care, Mr. Sherwood has the best possible nursing from Jerry. As

he gets better, you can see him daily, and as soon as he is able you will do well to take a trip in some desirable direction."

Caroline again was silent for a considerable time. A tear glistened on her long eyelash, for a moment, and then she brushed it impatiently away.

"Miss Meadows," said the doctor kindly, very kindly, "I will have the papers executed by three o'clock this afternoon. If you will come at that hour, with your father, the ceremony shall be performed, and the papers given into your hands, or your father's, or retained in mine."

"I wish them to be put on record, and remain in your hands, Dr. Brown."

"Very well; then at three o'clock, we meet again." He took Caroline's handsome hand, pressed it slightly and deferentially, and said, "good morning," hastily, for he had work to do—and he did it. At three o'clock he was in Frederick Sherwood's room, prepared to take Mr. Meadows and Tim for witnesses of the will and deed, and also of the marriage.

He requested Caroline to wait below till the papers were executed. Just as they were finished, by a great effort on Fred's part, and before the ink of the signatures was dry, Mrs. Sherwood burst into the room.

She had had, all day, that sort of consciousness that animals have on the approach of a storm, when the sky is clear, and all nature is calm and still. Up to this time she had not entered her son's room since she was forbidden to do so by Dr. Brown. But now she swept in like a whirlwind.

"I knew it! I knew it!" she exclaimed, in a tone of mingled rage and grief: "My son is dying, and you have made a will for him, and Caroline Meadows is to have my hard earnings, and my poor boy has no more sense than if he were in his coffin!"

Deacon Meadows shrunk appalled from the furious woman. Tim dodged out of the room, and went to seek Jerry, who was dividing his attentions between Vixen and Smash, during Dr. Brown's call. The doctor calmly put the papers in his pocket.

Fred's uncertain and wavering sanity failed him altogether. He

shrieked, "Jezebel!" and leaped from his bed, and felled his mother to the floor, by a blow on the face, much after the fashion of the one he had administered to Dr. Brown, when he was rewarded by a strait-waistcoat.

"Mr. Meadows, will you call Jerry?" said the doctor, as he raised Mrs. Sherwood in his arms, and bore her quite insensible to her own room. Fred sunk away exhausted, after his exploit, and Jerry put him to bed like a baby, laying Minnie's watch on his bosom, and binding his hot head with a cold, wet towel.

Dr. Brown persuaded the breath to return to Mrs. Sherwood's bruised body; and, prior to washing her hurt face in a solution of a billionth part of a grain of arnica, in a tumbler of water, he gave her an allopathic dose of brandy and morphine.

The doctor was well aware that no other treatment would be safe for all parties, and though an orthodox homœopathist, he yielded to the necessity of the case. Having thus disposed of Mrs. Sherwood, he returned to the field of action. But nothing could be done. Fred was asleep and breathing stertorously. Mr. Meadows insisted on taking Caroline home, and so ended this day's labor for Dr. Brown, with his work half accomplished.

Jerry took the largest pin from one cuff and put it on the other, and then watched deacon Meadows uneasily. When he left the room to seek his daughter, Jerry followed him. Closing the door carefully, he said, very tremulously, "Deacon Meadows, I must speak to you."

"Certainly, Jerry," said the good man, kindly, and he waited to hear.

But Jerry was too much agitated to speak at once; and not until the tears came to his relief, could he unburden his heart. After making his red bandana handkerchief very useful, he stammered out: "You know the good of prayin, deacon?"

"I trust I do," said Mr. Meadows's, solemnly.

"Yes, sure and sartin. If a deacon don't know, who does?"

"Do you wish to ask an interest in my prayers, Jerry?"

"Can't say I do," said the new convert, very honestly.

"What do you mean, then?"

"Well, I don't mean to say nothin agin your prayers, deacon. You have been a kind friend to me, and I think you do well for your own—your wife and family, and the church, and sich like—but when there's a hard job on hand, I want to be sure and sartin, that I have somebody to ask that the good God can't say no to. I take it you prayed that Bess should not go blind, but she did, and so I take it you aint sure and sartin.

"But Miss Minnie prayed for me, and she saved me. I haint had the spells since she took my case in hand—and I take it that prayers that can save me right here, in the jaws of the old one, are sure and sartin; and so I went over to git her to pray for Mr. Frederick, and she promised me she would tend to it; and considerin how bad a case 'tis, and how he's aggravated, I think she's done well. He was as good as a lamb the night she begun. But its a hard case, Mr. Meadows, and what I want of you is to speak to Minnie as soon as you go home, and remind her of her promise—and tell her there's more hard work here for her than she thought at first. If she will pray a little extra for us to-night, as the old one has been so bad, it will be all the better for us; and I would not take it amiss if you'd help her, deacon; but I must be honest and tell you that I don't reckon on you, as I do on her.

"Now, deacon, I know you're a kind man, and you won't take no offense at Jerry; and if you just lay the case afore Minnie as soon as ever you git home, and tell her how the old one has been a rearing and plunging, and how she laid the spell on poor Fred, and made him lose his senses, and strike her down, then you'll sleep in peace, for you'll sarve the good God, and an afflicted mortal; and whether we are Christians, or Pagans, I take it we'll be well off, if we do the best way."

Deacon Meadows was a good deal puzzled with Jerry. At first he had hopes that he was converted, or was going to be, but the odd nature of his request, and his strong trust in good works, which the deacon felt bound to believe were only filthy rags, diminished his hopes of a convert very considerably.

But Caroline was waiting in the parlor, and must be alarmed by the noise, and shrieks, and Jerry was not the sort of person to be

benefited by religious admonition hastily, and so Deacon Meadows started to go down stairs in silence.

Jerry was alarmed: "Sure and sartin you'll ask Miss Minnie's prayers?" said Jerry, earnestly.

"Surely I will," said Mr. Meadows, "and my own poor petitions shall go up to the throne of Grace for Frederick Sherwood and yourself, and this afflicted household."

The tears trembled in his eyes, he grasped Jerry's hand, as a tender and humane friend, and the darkened spirit of the well nigh lost one brightened with a new hope that was almost faith, and a light of joy that was almost understanding; and with a patience that was a fullness of blessing, he went again to the sick room. Fred was sleeping in more quiet than could have been expected.

"The watch is doin him some good, and the prayers will do him more soon," said the humble and faithful friend, as he looked lovingly at the sufferer.

Let no careless, or thoughtless one mock at Jerry's faith in the prayers of his pure-hearted friend, or in the virtue of the loaned "keepsake." Why should millions on millions believe in prayer, if it has no beneficence, and why have whole peoples placed faith in relics, and objects blessed by Pontifical, and other hands, "in handkerchiefs and aprons," carried from the holy one to the sick and afflicted, if there be no magnetic virtue in either? Is human faith and consciousness one widespread and utter mistake—or does prayer take hold on strength, or the sympathy and love of our guardian angels and a parent God? Does not life flow into the famished, prayerful spirit, through kindred ones, in the earth and heavens, from the living God, the all pervading Love? Are not those objects really and vitally precious, those that have had the touch of Love, the breath of a loved one upon them? Verily, if a Pope is a lover of God and man, his blessing rests on all that he has blessed, and so on, down to the humblest denizen of earth.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1855, by MARY S. GOVE NICHOLS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of Ohio.]

THE LIFE OF A MEDIUM;

Or, the Spiritual Experiences of J. B. Conklin.

EDITED, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HER OWN EXPERIENCE,

BY MARY S. GOVE NICHOLS.

CHAPTER VIII.

FURTHER FROM THE PLAYERS.

My readers must see how little I can ever have known of the Literature of the Stage, or of members of the Dramatic profession. Educated a Puritanic religionist, I early became a member of a Church whose discipline forbids such "vain amusements."

But my room being visited by actors and artists, connected with the theater, many of my communications were addressed to them, by the spirits of departed persons of their own profession, with whom, in their lifetime, they had associated. These were often of a peculiar character, and of more interest, perhaps, to me, who was so unused to the stage, than they will be to the reader.

Among the actors well known to the profession and to theater-goers, was a worthy man by the name of Henry Henkins. If I remember rightly, he had been a mechanic, but had an attraction for the stage, and an ambition to shine as a tragedian. But I knew nothing of this when the following communication was spelled out, letter by letter, by calling the alphabet and the tipping of the table, and taken down by Mr. Moulton:

"My name is Henry. On the hills of different opinions I stood and fed my spirit's frugal emptiness, whose constant care was to check the current of the various ideas which flow from brain to brain, like torrents down the rugged precipice. This night you had scarce assembled, when I, with anxious bow and quiver full of electricity, began to move the table, and convey what to some may look ridiculous—but let the sceptical and trembling coward forsake his narrow and preconceived notions, while you, my friends, pursue the way of truth, and you in time will do the deed will gild your noble names.

HENRY HENKINS."

This communication I found to be a paraphrase of the Speech of Norval, in Home's tragedy of "Douglas." I had heard the first lines :

"My name is Norval ; on the Grampian Hills,
My father feeds his flocks."

but not further ; and I certainly had nothing to do with the construction of Mr. Henkins' parody ; nor did I recognize the name appended to it.

The following communication, of a similar character, was spelled out one day by the table, for Mr. Isherwood, who had asked for some communication from his lately deceased friend, Mr. Hamblin, formerly of the Bowery Theater, New York. It is a very slightly parodied speech, from his favorite part of Othello :

"Most potent, grave, and reverend Harry,
My very noble and approved good friend—
That I am here is not strange.
Rough am I in composing—not gifted
In this mode of speech, and little given
To this set phrase. Therefore little shall I
Impress my cause in speaking of myself.

T. S. HAMBLIN."

At the same sitting, when Mr. Isherwood inquired if the spirit of Mr. Booth was present, received an affirmative response from the table, and asked for a message, he received the following curt reply—a quotation from one of his favorite parts :—

"I'm busy—thou troublest me.

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH."

This sentence was certainly never in my mind, nor, if I have been told, can I now remember the play which contains it.

On another occasion, the spirit of the great actor, seemingly in a more amiable mood, spelled out the following communication ; which, though it may seem of doubtful import, was considered characteristic and highly satisfactory to the circle assembled. It is a parody of the beginning of one of his speeches, in the play of "Julius Cæsar :"

"Friends, neighbors, countrymen, I come to speak a word, not to monopolize the circle, but to clear up some wrong impressions. The evil that—"

received often lives, the good dies with the circle. I am yours, with the highest consideration.
J. B. BOOTH."

At the same sitting we also received the following from Mr. Hamblin:

"I long to say to those on earth,
That death is but the spirit's birth. T. S. H."

Having been thus brought into relation, *rapport* with the spirits of dramatic artists, by the visits of their friends, I have at times been influenced by them, in the state of trance, and made to repeat long passages from plays, entirely unknown to me, and with an emphasis and action, of which, in my natural state, I am not capable, and which is entirely foreign to my habits. These trances fall upon me at uncertain intervals, and when some special work is to be accomplished, or some individual impressed in this way, as he could not be in any other. In my case, the trance state is not induced by my own volition; and in all the manifestations of which I have been a medium, I am conscious only of that quiet passivity, which seems most favorable to the action of the spirits upon, and by, the medial element, through which they have the power to reveal to us their existence and something of their conditions.

In writing, which is with me much more frequent than trance, and which commonly occurs at every sitting, alternating with the table tipping responses, my hand moves with great rapidity, and without any conscious dependence upon mental volition. The sentences and sentiments written seem curious, surprising, and often are incomprehensible to me. The names signed to communications are unknown to me; and when the meanings of the messages are explained by those to whom they are written, and the names recognized as those of their deceased friends, of course unknown to me, these things are tests to me as well as others; they encourage me in my work, and contribute to that humble and passive state so needful to my mediumship.

Several of the artists and actors, to whom I was instrumental in giving the evidence of immortality, have formed a circle of their own, which met at their own houses, and which was favored with physical manifestations of so surprising and beautiful a character, as

to receive the name of "miracle circle." Intelligent agencies, purporting to be the spirits of Ben Jonson, Garrick, Hogarth, Wilkie, and other eminent artists and actors, produced beautiful forms of the human organism; painted pictures, now in possession of members of the circle; wrote letters and communications, under marvelous conditions. But as these matters have found their record elsewhere, and do not belong to my own experience, I wish only to allude to them in this connection.

It must be a comfort to all benevolently disposed persons, to have some assurance that Booth, Hamblin, and other men of genius, though "wicked stage players" in their day on earth, "flitting their brief hour on the stage," are not consigned to that sulphureous region, to which they are doomed by the popular ideas of Providence and the Infinite Beneficence.

"What is the use of Spiritualism?" is asked by sneering unbelievers. If these manifestations have no use but to teach the single fact of Immortality, it is enough; but if they can remove from the clouded intellects of millions, that terror in themselves, and libel on the Almighty Goodness, a hell of fiery and eternal torments, all spiritualists and all mediums may feel repaid a thousand fold, for all they have done or suffered. Can we ask the use of that, by which "Life and Immortality are brought to light?"

CHAPTER IX.

TEST COMMUNICATIONS.

HAVING rooms in the center of the great city of New York, accessible for several hours of the day to all who chose to enter; and visited by many thousands, citizens of this and the surrounding cities, and strangers from all parts of the world; holding, for months together, free circles for several hours in a day, at which few visitors, who came in a proper spirit, ever failed to get some satisfactory tests of the existence of their departed friends, it may well be supposed that a record of all these remarkable tests would fill many volumes.

Such record I have seldom kept. My time and strength have been too much occupied with my daily labors. When a case has interested me, I have sometimes made a memorandum, or kept a copy of curious communications. For other records, I am indebted to friends who have made and kept notes of their sittings.

I speak of labors, when I have said also my mind and body were in a condition of passivity. But to sit at a table from morning till night, with only time for meals; to attend private circles, often till late in the night; to answer hundreds of questions; to call over the alphabet thousands of times, in the spelling out of long messages—these are real labors.

But this life has its sustaining compensations. There is not an hour in the day that some one person is not startled into thought, and most unexpectedly so, by some communication that sets all the barriers of skepticism at defiance—battering down the preconceived notions which exist in the minds of men, devoted to external life—that brief and fleeting state of being, which, compared with that of

eternity, is as an atom of matter to the measureless material universe.

It may be proper here to describe the manner in which tests are usually given at my table, when the spirits do not undertake to furnish them in some other manner, which they often do, when the beaten road is not agreeable to the thoughts of some inquirer. The person making an inquiry of the spirits, takes four or five pieces of paper, and writes on them father, mother, brother, sister, cousin, friend, &c. The spirit communicating selects one of these from the mixed papers, which have been previously folded by the inquirer. The table tips three times when the correct one is selected. This one is then placed by itself, and the Christian names corresponding to these relationships or designations are then placed upon similar pieces of paper. Now the table responds again, when the papers are touched, and the one is selected to correspond with the relationship. For instance, "John," and "Father," will be found to have been selected, if the spirit of a person's father, named John, is the one desiring to communicate. The papers, however, are not always opened, and my hand is frequently moved to make some communication in writing, when the name of the spirit is appended, also. This test is frequently made stronger by being extended, in a similar manner to the age, place of decease, and the like; and it seldom fails to carry conviction, for by no possible theory can the peculiarity of the result be explained. In addition to this, usually, some further communications are made, suited to the condition of the inquirer—though seldom in conformity with his desire. He is usually fully made to understand that his own thoughts are wholly avoided, so that he shall have no opportunity to indulge in the theory that the medium has the power of reading his thoughts. The ingenuity displayed in defeating all the theorists and theories, is not the least remarkable part of the work.

It is seldom that spirits give information, often eagerly sought, respecting affairs of business, or such as will aid in the selfish accumulation of property; as of finding money, drawing prizes in lotteries, and gainful speculations; yet good advice, as to the conduct of legitimate business, is sometimes given and followed

with advantage. Spirits sympathize with our affections, and our intellectual wants, more than our selfish cravings and ambitions; yet there is reason to believe that when our lives are so harmonized, that all things have their due relation, we may find guidance in external affairs, as well as in spiritual growth and progress.

I will give here some instances of the test communications, which are continually occurring in my circles.

At my room, one day, while attending to a circle, a lady entered, and took a seat at a distance from the table. Soon this communication was addressed to her :

"MARY—William is homesick, and is about applying to be sent home. I give you this evidence that I am present. Your husband,

WILLIAM B——."

The William referred to was in the Japan expedition, and it is not a little curious that Mrs. B—— received a letter, dated on the day that this communication was given, from her son William, who stated that he was homesick, and was coming home. This same lady at the same session, asked if she had a letter in her box, at the post office in Brooklyn. The answer was "No." To this she replied that the information could not be correct, as a letter, with money in it, never failed to be there by twelve o'clock on that day of the month. It was then after three o'clock. The spirit then said :

"The letter is not in the box ; but it will be there ; but there will be no money in it."

Mrs. B—— hastened to Brooklyn, called at the post-office, and, as she entered, the letter was placed by the clerk in her box. On inquiry, she learned that the letter had been mislaid for two or three hours, by an oversight. On opening it, too, her usual monthly instalment was not found enclosed, but an apology for its delay ! This case is one by which some of the sagacious theories of modern philosophers may be shorn of their strength.

No theory has been advanced, that I am aware of, which will explain this last fact. There is no way for the skeptic but to deny

it, yet it can be proved as thoroughly as any fact can be, depending upon similar testimony.

The test manifestations, connected with the permutation locks, have been noticed by the public press, but I have reasons for wishing to give a more full account of them, than has yet been published.

The peculiar safety of a permutation lock is, that it is capable of as many changes in its internal arrangement, as there can be in a certain number of letters, to which it is adapted. Every time the door is locked, the lock may be changed, so that it can be unlocked only by changing the guards on the key to correspond; and it is usual to make the arrangement correspond to some word, easily remembered. But a burglar, with the key, might try a thousand times, and its owner, if he forgot the word, as has sometimes happened, could not open the lock.

One evening, while I was at Howard street, Mr. S——, together with Mr. James P. Kenyon, and several others, came to my room with Mr. Bruce, of Williamsburg. Mr. Kenyon examined the table, to find any possible machinery that might be connected with it. He then commenced, in the customary way, for a test, by writing relationships, &c., on slips of paper. One of these was picked out. He then wrote the names corresponding to the relationships. One of these was selected. It did not correspond with the relationship that had been chosen. Some discussion now took place, and while Mr. Kenyon was talking, a fine communication was written out by my hand, and the Christian name of one of Mr. Kenyon's spirit friends was appended. All his questions were then correctly answered, but on one of the party saying to him, "Mr. Kenyon, you are getting converted," an evident attempt was made to throw off the impressions of truth which had been made.

Mr. Kenyon and his acquaintances now retired, and went to Williamsburg. A stranger to me and to them, who had sat at this circle, also proceeded to Williamsburg, and in this way I was enabled afterward to learn what transpired. Mr. Kenyon, while crossing the ferry, asserted that I was a very good clairvoyant, but

that I moved the table myself. This the stranger denied, saying that he had purposely placed about fifty pounds' weight against the force, and that still the table moved!

The *Williamsburgh Times*, of which Mr. K. was editor, was now used to demolish me and spiritualism! The whole subject was pronounced a delusion and a lie, and fifty dollars were offered to any one who could move the table by any force other than that which Mr. Kenyon could apply. I read the article, and then asked my guardian spirit, George Fox, if he could assist me. The result was that I offered to give twenty-five dollars, against an equal sum, to be offered by Mr. Kenyon, in behalf of the Five Points' Mission, if I could not accomplish by spiritual aid, that which no unassisted mortal could do. This offer, which was to result in a gift of twenty-five dollars from either Mr. Kenyon or myself, was exceedingly interesting to me, for I myself was relying wholly upon the word of my spiritual friend, and could only tell how far I was justified in so doing, by the sequel.

Mr. S—— and Mr. Kenyon now obtained a permutation lock, with eighty-seven thousand eight hundred changes. They set the lock at a certain word, wrote that word on a piece of paper, and sealed it all up. They then gave it to Mr. Bruce. He brought it to my table, not knowing the word himself. The lock was now submitted to the spirits. In a short time S O O N was given as the key to open it. Mr. Bruce returned to Mr. Kenyon with the lock, and the reply was I was a very successful clairvoyant, to be able to read so cleverly.

Mr. Kenyon was not satisfied, however. He set the lock again to another word, and Mr. Bruce again brought it to my room. The experiment was arranged as before. Mr. Bruce was entrusted with an envelope, purporting to hold the word-key that would open the lock. This he kept in his pocket, not knowing what was in it, or what word would open the lock. When he came to the table he was about to put this envelope upon it, but the spirits said, "Put it in your pocket; we do not want it." Soon after the signal was given, and F O O L was spelled out. Mr. Bruce then asked if this word would open the lock. The reply was "No!" and

then followed, "Do they think we cannot open it?" Mr. Bruce then inquired, "Do you mean to say I am a fool?" The reply was "No!" "Is it Mr. S——?" "No!" "Mr. C——?" "No!" "Mr. Kenyon?" "Yes!" The alphabet was then used again, and "N M O P; now open the lock!" was given! The spirits then stated that the envelope was fraudulently arranged; that only two letters in it were correct; the other two fictitious; and that an attempt had been made to deceive the spirits. Mr. S—— subsequently acknowledged that the envelope had been thus prepared, and Mr. Kenyon as yet has not satisfied me that he has paid over the twenty-five dollars, which were to have been given to the establishment of Mr. Pease. I am not disappointed. When the spirits promised to open the lock, they said that Mr. Kenyon would not pay the money! So much for opposition to truth!

I can respect an abundant caution that fears to be deceived, in a matter of vital interest. I must respect that calm exercise of the judgment, which demands the most absolute proof, before it yields credence, in things of high importance; but I have no respect for a captious, prejudiced, willful skepticism, that no evidence can satisfy, and no proof convince. With such persons, there is not only blindness of mind, but hardness of heart; not only a darkened and perverted understanding, but often a lack of common honesty.

CHAPTER X.

THE SPIRITS AT KOONS.

WHEN I have been worn out with my labors in New York, I have been directed to take journeys for recreation, which have also enabled me to carry to distant places the means, so far as I possess them, of testing the fact of immortality. On one of these journeys I visited the spirit room of Jonathan Koons, in Athens county, Ohio.

My experience at Mr. Koons' was in some respects more fortunate than others, though the aggregate of facts is greater than I can give. Ignorant and unbelieving persons have no idea that certain conditions are necessary to spiritual communications of a convincing or valuable character. If a telegraph wire is broken, we do not expect any message, and a storm may derange the order of the wires. Every one knows that we can't breathe freely when choked; that our blood can't circulate against a ligature, and that the brain can't be used to think when a piece of the skull is depressed upon it. A hundred other illustrations, pertinent to the case in point, might be given, and yet the ignorant and unbelieving must wait for enlightenment and conviction.

People go into circles, at Mr. Koons' and elsewhere, demanding impossibilities—demanding to be convinced against their will, and with a theory to explain all the phenomena that they can wriggle and twist by, and a ready denial for all the rest.

Clairvoyance has been made to do a deal of duty, though this remains as great a wonder and as little explained as the raps themselves. A distinguished professor, who has written a book with the thing or theory, called "odic force," to explain the manifestations, and account, by the unaccountable, for what is perfectly plain, has

adduced the echo as a reasonable analogy and explanation why I get an answer, when I propose a question to a spirit. He says: "The boy cries out in the wood, and his words return to him—he is answered—so the inquirer questions a spirit, and an echo is produced." Now, is not this too childish to answer. I ask of an unknown spirit friend, of some person at my table, "What is your name?" The name is spelled by the sounds, and a whole chapter of facts may be given that I can know nothing of, but all is correct and relevant to the person addressed. I am as well satisfied, and so is the friend, as if a letter had been received from England, signed by some friend of the inquirer; and yet this reverend gentleman gives the boy and the echo, as proof all sufficient, against individual immortality, and sensible communications from spirits who have left the form. When such people come into circles they spoil the conditions of communication as much as a storm deranges an electric telegraph, and then they say that all communications is a pretense, or a humbug; or if they get false and foolish messages, they say that devils only communicate. A false message on the telegraph, or from spirits, cannot be decided to be from nobody. It takes an intelligence to work the media falsely, as much as to do this truly—hence those who have got as far as the evil spirit theory, are further advanced than those who deny all the facts of spiritual communication.

I might give a particular description of Mr. Koons' place, but so many have done this, that I deem it only needful to say that it is a rough country, some years behind the age, as we say. The inhabitants of Athens county, about Mr. Koons, are a plain, simple people, who dress in their own fashion, and that a very comfortable if not a very tasteful one. They live in log-cabins, and are kind-hearted and sensible, so far as I know them.

Mr. Koons' residence is a double cabin, with an entry or hall between. Near this cabin, and in the same yard, stands a new cabin, about sixteen or eighteen feet square, with one door and two windows, having strong shutters and fastenings.

This is called the spirit-room, and was built under the direction of the spirits. The fixtures of this room, fitted up by special direction of the spirits, are one table, about six feet long and two feet

wide ; upon this table are two arms extending from each end, and rising about two and a half feet high over the center, in the form of a segment of an ellipsis ; at each end, resting upon the ends of these arms, are a base drum and a common military kettle-drum, fastened to the table by wires. On the table are four drum-sticks, and two or three small tin trumpets. Behind the table, which stands about three feet from the wall, are two or three rude shelves against the wall, upon which are from twenty to thirty toys, just such ones as you may find in any of our toy-shops. At the end of the table, against the wall, hang several musical instruments—a violin, guitar, triangle, and tambourine. At the other end of this room are two seats, extending entirely across the room, one above the other, so that persons on the back seat can overlook those on the front seat. These seats will accommodate twenty or thirty persons.

The phenomena that are usually witnessed here, have been again and again described, such as those following, related by a person who was present some evening before I went there :

“When Mr. Koons played on the violin, there was a brisk rattling among the drum-sticks, and then was heard the beating of the drums, keeping perfect time with the music of the violin, in a very loud and distinct way ; the fact is, I never heard such drumming before in my life, though I have often heard the drum beaten with skillful hands. Then came the tinkle of the triangle, keeping perfect time with the other instruments. Next the tambourine was taken, and carried over the heads of the company, near the ceiling or loft of the room, very swiftly, the meantime chiming with the other music, as though handled with the most skillful hands ; and, finally, one of the trumpets was taken up, and a most delightful female voice was heard issuing from it, harmonizing delightfully with the other music. Several varied tunes were thus sung and played upon these instruments, lasting about half or three-quarters of an hour—then all was silent. After a short time, the trumpet was taken up, and a conversation held with Mr. Koons. Then I saw a piece of illuminated paper dropped at my side. I picked it up, and held it in my open hand ; then came an illuminated hand and took this paper from me. The paper, illuminated and shining

with phosphorescent light, was taken around and across the room over the heads of the company, with the velocity of lightning. Thus ended our first evening's interview."

Such manifestations as these are common to most visitors: for myself, I witnessed some things more interesting still.

A spirit hand was formed and placed in mine. I saw this hand; I felt it; I closed my own upon it.

I shook the hand, and whilst holding it grasped in mine, it was withdrawn from me like a vapor, and held up before me.

I then held paper by the two edges before this hand, and it wrote two hundred lines upon the paper thus held by me.

I laid a horn or speaking trumpet down. This horn was raised and spoken through. I then thought of ventriloquism, for, notwithstanding all that I have witnessed of spiritual manifestations, I have lost no power to question or examine, and guard against any deception. As I thought of ventriloquism, the horn was blown through.

I asked the spirit his name? He said he lived in Africa, before the human family had progressed to language.

I said, "How long have you known me?"

He answered, "Since you were a member of the Methodist Church—then you were in a very low spiritual condition there."

I said, "I thought I was right."

He answered, "Thinking don't make us right."

The spirits now announced that if I would put clean paper and a pencil on the table, and go out, they would write. I did this, and they wrote a communication, signed by "King" George Fox, and eighteen others.

These were some of the most remarkable manifestations that I saw at Mr. Koons'. There seems to be more difficulty in securing the requisite conditions for forming the spirit hand, than for a great number of other phenomena.

One reason why these material manifestations are so rare is that people do not understand how to form circles, or have not the proper persons, or the requisite amount of patience. Orderly persons, who are sympathetic with each other, and who have unwearying

patience to wait for the order that precedes the manifestations are needed, to form a circle for any very valuable manifestations, whether material or otherwise. The higher, or more compound phenomena, whether of a physical or intellectual character, require a circle of highly developed and very sympathetic or affinital persons. One person coming in because another does, will entirely spoil the value of a circle for higher manifestations. The sounds may be produced, and messages given, and many tests may be given, in circles formed of various dispositions, discordant to one another, provided several of them are honest inquirers; but in circles for the production of the creative phenomena, or the transmission of interior wisdom, no person should be allowed to come who is discordant to the circle, and more especially to the medium, or the individual who tones or forms the circle.

Wives think they must be admitted to a circle because their husbands are. Husbands will not allow their wives to go without them. Parents, relatives, and friends, tyrannize in like manner, and the result is, the conditions of the higher manifestations and communications are taken away. The spirits will regulate us by our affinities, or they will leave us to the fate inevitable to discordant relations. In ill-toned, unrelated circles, mediums, and all persons sensitive to harmony and discord, suffer indescribably. This suffering will make itself understood, as well as felt, after a time. Honest inquirers will be taught how to get heavenly wisdom from the spirit spheres, and how to get miracles wrought for great uses.

SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

The following article, which appeared originally in the *London Morning Advertiser*, is one of the clearest and most interesting accounts ever written, of some of the most beautiful phenomena of Spirit manifestations. It is by a man of probity and genius; the celebrated author of "The Human Body, and its Relations to Man."* Its statements of facts are to be relied on, and its reasonings are worthy of consideration.

EVENINGS WITH MR. HOME AND THE SPIRITS.

BY I. J. G. WILKINSON.

To the Editor of the [*London*] *Morning Advertiser* :

SIR:—The "Great Wizard of the North" has roused attention to the subject of spiritual manifestations in such a manner, that everybody is talking about them; and moreover the country papers are the battle-ground of letters *pro* and *con*, which debate the subject with some warmth; and, wherever a name could be got at, with a little personality. But, hitherto, I have seen no statement of the experience of any of the writers in regard to these manifestations. This is to be regretted, perhaps, because, by bringing forward experiences and explanations, the subject might have been divested of some of that heat which is so bad a scientific medium. I will now endeavor, with your permission, to tell what I saw and felt on three separate evenings, stating them in their order.

It was late in the spring of this year that I was invited by a friend, well known in the literary world, to pay a visit to the lodgings of Mr. Daniel Douglas Home, then recently arrived from America, for the purpose of witnessing certain remarkable phenomena alleged to be from supernatural causes. Many feelings prompted me to accept the invitation; as also did the knowledge that Mr. Home was familiarly known, as a plain honest man, to Dr. Gray, the first homœopathic physician in New York, and a man for whose character I have the highest esteem.

I went to a house in Jermyn street, and introduced myself on the appointed evening to Mr. Home, who, I found, was a modest, intel-

[*The name of the medium, mis-spelled in this article, should be Hume; but we have preferred not to change it.—Ed.]

ligent youth of about twenty, in ill-health; and, indeed, as he himself informed me, and as, on inspection, I found to be the case, with the marks of consumption legible upon his frame. My wife accompanied me, and I met in Mr. H.'s rooms three friends, all of them men of talent and integrity. Bent upon narrative, and not upon defense or hostility, I will omit nothing; and so I here observe, that we were, all of us, believers, beforehand, in the possibility of spiritual manifestations.

Before sitting down in "the circle," I asked Mr. Home for some account of his antecedents. To the best of my recollection he gave the following particulars: He was born in Scotland, and was taken to America when a child. Very early in life he used to surprise those with whom he was, by spontaneously narrating, as scenes passing before his eyes, distant events, such as the death of friends and relatives; and these instances of second sight were found to be true telegraphy. It was not his fault—he could not help seeing them. Later in his career, various noises were heard in the room beside him. This was long before the spiritual "rapping" was familiarly known in America.

He was now an orphan, and lived with two maiden aunts, who were greatly scandalized at these circumstances. A member of the Presbyterian Church, these knockings even accompanied him to Divine worship; and, coming to the knowledge of his ecclesiastical overmen, he was adjudged to be the victim of Satanic influences, and either excommunicated, or otherwise banished from the congregation. Afterward he became a medical student; but ill-health forced him to abandon the idea of pursuing medicine as a calling. Such were the heads of what I remember that he told us, in answer to our inquiries, about himself.

We were in a large upper room, rather bare of furniture; a sofa, a large round table, and a little buffet, together with a few chairs, were the fittings up. One of the party had brought with him a hand-bell and an accordeon. We sat around the table with the hands resting upon it. In a few minutes the table vibrated, or shuddered, as though actuated from within; it then became still, and instantly every one of us shook in his chair, not violently but intimately, and like a jelly, so that objects "dothored" before us. This effect ceased; and now the heavy table, with all our hands upon it, raised itself high up on its side, and rocked up and down; the raising proceeding all from different quarters, the medium and all the rest of us (excepting our hands and arms, which were necessarily moved,) sitting death-still. The lamp on the table seemed as if it must tumble off. But the medium assured us there was no danger of *that*—that it was held safely in its place. The hand-

bell had been placed upon the wooden rim round the pedestal of the table, and it now began to ring, apparently under different parts of the circle. Mr. Home said that the spirits were carrying it to one of the party, and suggested myself. I was sitting nearly opposite to him, at about three feet distance. I put my hand down under the margin of the table, and in perhaps a minute's time, I felt the lip of the bell poked up gently against the tips of my fingers, as if to say, "I am here, take me." This palpation of the bell continued until I moved my fingers up its side to grasp it. When I came to the handle, I slid my fingers on rapidly, and now, every hand but my own being on the table, I distinctly felt the fingers, up to the palm, of a hand holding the bell. It was a soft, warm, fleshy, radiant, substantial hand, such as I should be glad to feel at the extremity of the friendship of my best friends. But I had no sooner grasped it momentarily, than it melted away, leaving me void with the bell in my hand. I now held the bell lightly, with the clapper downward, and while it remained perfectly still, I could plainly feel fingers ringing it by the clapper. As a point of observation, I will remark that I should feel no more difficulty in swearing that the member I felt was a human hand of extraordinary life, and not Mr. Home's foot, than that the nose of Apollo Belvidere is not a horse's ear. I dwell chiefly, because I can speak surely, on what happened to myself, though every one round the table had somewhat similar experiences. The bell was carried under the table to each, and rung in the hand of each. The accordeon was now placed beneath the table, and presently we heard it moving along. Mr. Home put down his hand to the margin, and the instrument was given to him. With one hand upon the table, and the other grasping the white wood at the bottom of the accordeon, he held it bottom upward, the keys hanging down over, and the instrument resting for support on his right knee. It played "Home, Sweet Home," and "God save the Queen," with a delicacy of tone which struck every one present: I never heard silence threaded with such silvery lines. Afterward, in the same way, we were favored with "The Last Rose of Summer." The accordeon was then taken to each member of the party in succession; we could hear it rustling on its way between our knees and the pedestal of the table; and in the hand of each person, a few notes, but no whole tunes, were played. When in my own hand, I particularly noticed the great amount of force which was exerted by the player. It was difficult to hold the instrument from the strong downward pull, and had I not been somewhat prepared for this, the accordeon would have fallen upon the floor. In the course of the evening we all felt either a finger, fingers, or a whole hand, placed upon our knees, always with a pleasant impres-

sion at the time. A white cambric handkerchief was drawn slowly under the table, and in the course of a few minutes handed to another person, tied in two knots, and put as a bouquet into the bell. And this experiment also was repeated for nearly all present. While these things were going on, rappings were heard in all parts of the room, in the table, in the floor, and in the ceiling; and sometimes they were so loud, that the medium requested the spirits to remember that he was only a lodger, and that these noises might disturb the people in the rooms above and below. They were very unlike the "Great Wizard's" raps, and occurred indifferently, as I said before, in all places and corners of the chamber.

Toward the end of the *séance*, five distinct raps were heard under the table, which number, the medium said, was a call for the alphabet. Accordingly an alphabet was made; and on Mr. Home asking if any spirit was present who wished to speak to one of the party, the following sentence was given by the alphabetic telegraph: "My dear E——, Imortality is a great truth. O, how I wish my dear wife could have been present.—D. C." It purported to be a near relation of one of those present, who died last year. The spelling "imortality," surprised me at first; but I recollected that the deceased, whom I knew well, was constantly versed in black letter writing, which makes elisions in that way. This ended, the medium fell into an apparently mesmeric trance, from which he addressed some good words of exhortation to each of us, and told one of the party, in particular, several details about deceased members of the family, which were not known in the circle at the time, but verified to the letter afterward. These, I forbear to mention, because they were of a strictly private nature. In his address, the medium spoke, not as from himself, but as from the spirit assembly which was present; and he ended with a courteous "Good night," from them.

Considering that it required a large apparatus of preparation for the greatest of wizards to effect the smallest part of what *we* saw on this evening, namely, a few raps, one might have expected that Mr. Home would have had rather bulging pockets, to do what I have related, but I can assure your readers, that he was as meager and unencumbered as the scantiest dresser need be; he had no assistants, and no screens. When, during the evening, I asked if the jugglers did their tricks by means similar to the agencies there present, the raps said "No;" but in a pronounced manner they said "Yes," when the same question was put with regard to the "Indian Jugglers." We also asked the medium why the effects generally took place *under* the table, and not upon it. He said that in habituated circles the results were easily obtained aboveboard, visibly to all,

but that at a first sitting it was not so. That skepticism was almost universal in men's intellects, and marred the forces at work; that the spirits did what they did through our life-sphere, or atmosphere, which was permeated by our wills; and if the will was contrary, the sphere was unfit for being operated upon. And the upper part of us, or the brain and senses, were more opposed to spiritual truth than the vital, visceral or instinctive part, which in this case is conveniently separated from the other by the table. I give his explanation in my own words, for what it is worth.

It was perhaps a fortnight after this that Mr. Home came, by invitation, to my own house, to sit in the circle of my family. He was brought to the door in a pony chaise by some friends, with whom he was staying, and the little carriage was full when he was in it; a fact which I mention, because again it is incompatible with the paraphernalia of a wizard's art. I watched him walk up the garden, and can aver that he had no magic wand up his trouser leg, nor any hunch in his dress that could betoken machinery or apparatus of any kind whatever. Arrived in the drawing-room the "raps" immediately commenced in all parts of it, and were also heard in the back drawing-room, which opens into the front by folding doors. The party assembled to constitute the "circle" consisted of Mr. Home, my four children, my wife and myself, and two domestics. We sat round a large and heavy loo table, which occupied the center of the room. In a minute or two the same inward thrill went through the table as I have described in the first *séance*; and the chairs also as before thrilled under us so vividly, that my youngest daughter jumped up from her's, exclaiming, "O, papa, there's a heart in my chair!" which we all felt to be a correct expression of the sensation conveyed. From time to time the table manifested considerable movements, and after cracking and apparently undulating in its place, with all our hands upon it, it suddenly rose from its place bodily, some eight inches into the air, and floated wavering in the atmosphere, maintaining its position above the ground for half a minute, or while we slowly counted twenty-nine. Its oscillations during this time were very beautiful, reminding us all of a flat disc of deal on an agitated surface of water. It then descended as rapidly as it rose, and so nicely was the descent managed, that it met the floor with no noise, as though it would scarcely have broken an egg in its contact. Three times did it leave the floor of the room, and poise itself in mid-air, always with similar phenomena. During these intervals, the medium was in a state of the completest muscular repose; nor, indeed, had he had the toe of Hercules for a lever, could he have managed this effect, for he and all of us stood round each time, to follow the mounting table, and to

stood with as complete absence of strain as the rest of us. It requires two strong men to lift the table to that height; one person might throw it over, but could by no means erect it.

The traveling of the hand-bell under the table was also repeated for every one present, and this time they all felt the hand or hands, either upon their knees, or other portions of their limbs. I put my hand down as previously, and was regularly stroked on the back of it, by a soft, palpable hand, as before. Nay, I distinctly felt the whole arm against mine, and even grasped the hand, but it melted as on the first occasion; and immediately a call was made for the alphabet, there being something to communicate. The "spirits" now spelt out, through Mr. Home, who had known nothing of what I had done under the table, "Do not grasp our hands." I asked why, and Mr. Home said that they had great difficulty in presenting, and thus rapidly incarnating these hands out of the vital atmospheres of those present, and that their work was spoilt, and had to be recommenced, when they were interfered with, perhaps as a thought is sometimes broken in twain, and can not easily be resumed on the irruption of a stranger. During the *séance* I had the border of a white cambric handkerchief just appearing out of the side pocket of my paletot, which was open; and though I could see no agency, I felt something twitching at the handkerchief, and very gradually drawing it from my pocket. Simultaneously with this, my eldest daughter, who sat opposite to me, exclaimed, "O, I see phosphoric fingers at papa's pocket!" and, now, visibly to all, the handkerchief was slowly pulled out, and drawn under the table; while, at the same time, I felt an arm that was doing it, but which was invisible to me. At this time I was at least three feet from Mr. Home, with a person between us, and he was absolutely passive. The feeling I had was of nudges, as distinct as ever I felt from a mortal limb, and that on my breast and arm, which were above the table; and yet, though the operation of abstracting my handkerchief was going on visibly to all, the rest of the circle, as well as myself (all except my eldest daughter,) could see nothing. I can swear that there was no machinery, unless the skin, bone, muscle, and tendons of an unseen hand, forearm and elbow deserve the name.

While this was going on, and for about ten minutes, more or less, my wife felt the sleeve of her dress pulled frequently, and as she was sitting with her finger ends clasped and hands open, with palms semiprone upon the table, she suddenly laughed involuntarily, and said, "O, see, there is a little hand lying between mine; and now a larger hand has come beside it! The little hand is smaller than any baby's, and exquisitely perfect." Our domestics, and two of the children, as well as my wife, all saw these hands, and

watched them for between one and two minutes, when they disappeared. I now held my watch at the table side, the key in my hand, the chain and watch dangling from it, and I felt the weight of the watch gradually taken off, the chain being raised horizontally to my hand, and the key, which I retained, was pulled laterally, and I let it go. It was taken under the table to my youngest daughter, and put on her knee. Whenever objects were thus removed from the hand, they were taken with a degree of physical power sufficient to suggest that the agent was capable of holding the object without letting it fall. An hour and three-quarters were occupied in these and similar manifestations, of which I have mentioned only the most striking, or those personal to myself; and now Mr. Home passed into the trance state, spoke of the spirit life, and the coming knowledge of it upon earth, and said a few words apposite to each person present; dwelling also upon the spiritual attendants who were standing beside each. When he came to my wife he lifted up his hands in an ecstasy, and described a spirit with her, most tiny, but beautiful. He said it was a little sister, who had gone away a long time. "But," she said, "I never had such a sister." "Yes, you had, though she had no name on earth." On inquiry in the family, an event, such as he alluded to, had happened. This is the chief part of what struck me in *Séance* No. 2.

At 10 P. M., Mr. Home went away on his own legs, so limber that I never so much as thought of any explanation of pasteboard arms or electric batteries concealed about his person.

The next *séance* which I shall describe, took place about the third week in July, at the house of a friend, in Ealing, who had become convinced of the genuineness of the phenomena which accompanied Mr. Home, and with whom that gentleman was now staying. The party sat down at the table with Mr. Home, in the dusk of a fine evening, and were nine or ten in number. Here again I am forced to chronicle chiefly what befell myself, in order that I may be no second-hand witness. The first thing I remarked was a gentle tremulous flash of light through the room, but what was the cause of it I am unable to determine. When we had sat a few minutes, I felt a decided but gentle grasp of a large man's hand upon my right knee, and I said to Mr. H., "There is a man's hand upon my knee." "Who is it?" he said. "How should I know?" was my reply. "Ask," said he. "But how shall I ask?" "Think of somebody," was his answer. I thought involuntarily of an intimate friend, once a Member of Parliament, and as much before the public as any man in his generation, and who died on the 30th of June last. And I said aloud, "Is it ——?" Hearty

affirmative slaps on the knee from the same hand, which had remained fixed until then, were the reply to my question. "I am glad to be again in the same room with you," said I. Again the same hearty greeting was repeated. "Are you better?" I inquired. A still more joyous succession of slaps, or rather, if I may coin a word, of accussions; for the hand was cupped to fit my bent knee, and gently struck me in that form. "Have you any message to your wife, whom I shall probably see in a few days?" Again affirmative touches, five in number, therefore calling for the alphabet. Mr. Home now called over the alphabet, A B C D, and when he called T, my knee was struck; again when he said H and E, and so on, until this was spelled out: "THE IMMORTAL LOVES." I remember at the time thinking this was rather a thin message; but the next time I saw Mrs. — I told her the circumstances, and gave her the words. Her son was sitting with her, and said, "That is very characteristic of my father, for it was a favorite subject of speculation with him, whether or not the *affections* survive the body; of the immortality of the soul itself he never doubted; but the words, the immortal *loves*, show that he has settled the problem of his life." Such was the import which the family of the deceased quite unexpectedly to me conferred upon the phrase. To return to Ealing, and that evening, after the last stroke of the hand had indicated the end of the sentence, I said, "If it is really you, will you shake hands with me?" and I put my hand under the table, and now the same soft and capacious hand was placed in mine, and gave it a cordial shaking. I could not help exclaiming, "This hand is a portrait. I know it from five years' constant intercourse, and from the daily grasp and holding of the last several months!" After this it left my knee, and when I asked if there was any thing more, there was no response, and the agent appeared to be gone. But in two or three minutes more another hand, evidently also a man's, but small, thin, firm, and lively, was placed in the same position which the former had occupied; and after some preliminary questioning with Mr. Home, I said, "Is it Mr. —?" naming another valued friend, who, after twenty years of suffering, had departed this life almost on the same day as Mr. —. With liveliest finger tips, the affirming hand danced up and down my leg, and upon my knee. I said, "I am glad to find you are so much better." The playful hand beat "yes" again. And this, in reply to renewed questions, for two or three minutes. Then I said, "Have you any communication for your wife, when I see her?" There was no response, and that agent then ceased to manifest himself. After another short pause, a totally different hand, a lady's, came to me, rested in my hand under the table,

rubbed my hand, and allowed me at leisure to examine the delicate, beautiful and warmth-raying fingers. It was signified that it was Mrs. —, whom I had known in life, and who wished to greet me. Between and during what happened to myself, many of the rest of the circle were touched; and described their impressions much as I have described mine. Some had merely a single finger put upon their knees. Mr. Home said the presenting spirits could often make one finger where they could not make two; and two, where they could not form an entire hand; just as they could form a hand where they could not realize a whole human figure; and he also said that this was one reason why they did not show themselves aboveboard, because they did not like imperfect members to be seen.

These phenomena occupied less than an hour; and now the circle was broken up, and reconstituted, nine persons, to the best of my recollection, being arranged at the table. The table was placed opposite a window, and the bright moonbeams streamed down upon its side. There was no candle in the apartment. The space of table which fronted the window was not occupied by sitters; but the company sat round about three-fourths of it, leaving the rest vacant. The right wing of the party was terminated by Mr. Home; the left by the son of the host. In a few minutes' time, close beside the latter gentleman, there emerged into sight above the rim of the table, in the vacant space, a delicately beautiful female hand and part of the forearm, apparently of ghostly tenuity. As I was sitting exactly opposite the vacant space, I had a fair opportunity of watching this hand as it projected against the moonlight; it was a filmy-looking woman's hand, with the fingers drooping forward from left to right as I sat. The hand curved up over the table margin, deliberately grasped a hand-bell placed near, and carrying it partly down, let it drop upon the floor. It then rose to sight again, and took away a cambric handkerchief also placed near, which was tied in two knots under the table, and presented to one of the company, who had been strongly moved from the time that this hand was first seen. I forbear to give the further details of this hand, because they seemed to be of a private nature; suffice it to say that it caused no little emotion to a gentleman who seemed concerned. On its disappearance, another hand, large, strong, and with fingers extended, and pushed bolt up in the moonlight, rose above the table near to Mr. Home. He cried out, "Oh! keep me from that hand! it is so cold! Do not let it touch me!" Shortly it also vanished, and a third hand was seen at the other side of the vacant table edge: this hand was in a glove. Then presently a fourth hand ascended on the extreme

left—a lady's hand of beautiful proportions—and traversed the entire vacant space from left to right, rising, and displaying the forearm; and then, as it neared Mr. Home, the entire arm. When it reached him, the hand was level with his forehead, upon which it laid its palm, and with its fingers put his hair back, and played upon his brow for perhaps half a minute. I was sitting next but one to him, and leant forward past my immediate neighbor, at the same time requesting that if the hand belonged to my friend Mrs. —, it might also be laid on my forehead. This was deliberately done; and I felt its thrilling impression as the palm was laid flat upon my brow, where it remained for several seconds. It was warm and human, and made of no material but softest flesh. During the interval in which I felt it, I had abundant opportunity of examining most closely the arm and forearm. The forearm sleeve appeared to be of white cambric, plain and neat, and it shone like biscuit porcelain in the moonlight. The sleeve of the dress up the arm was darker, but I do not remember the color. And bending over, as I did, to the vacant rim of the table, I saw how the arm terminated—apparently in a graceful cascade of drapery; much as though an arm were put out through the peak of a snowy tent, the apex of which thus fell around the shoulder on every side. On leaving my forehead, the arm at once disappeared, and I watched it go. It was drawn into the same drapery; but so naively that I can only liken it to a fountain falling down again, and ceasing into the bosom of the water from which it rose. And I also saw the drapery itself vanish, apparently by the same dissipative process. And now the spirits spelt out "Good Night."

These events occurred in the house of one of my oldest friends, whose superior in integrity I have never known, and of whose talent and sagacity I never heard a doubt entertained until he endorsed these unpopular manifestations. I make this remark also as a part of my life's experience. His character, I know, will stand the world's rack and laugh, for his honesty has already withstood its temptations.

Such is my experience. One hope I have in putting it forward is, that others who have seen Mr. Home may do the like, and thus make their contribution to the facts of the case.

In conclusion, I will observe, that Sir David Brewster, and others as eminent, appear to make a scientific error in one respect—viz: in their estimate of the value of a man's character. They seem to think that charging a man of good antecedents, and with every appearance of blameless life, with lying and imposture of the most systematic kind, is positively the easiest account that

can be given of any rare phenomenon out of the pale of their own previous philosophy. I submit that this is not, for their own credit, the very first hypothesis of the case that ought to rush into their minds. Neither, parallel with this, is the other hypothesis, that men of ability in all other things, and, till then, known to be shrewd and searching, are infatuated dupes, to be commended as a proper valuation of what is rare and valuable in the human species. The rule of law, that "a man must be supposed innocent until proved guilty," is also the rule in such scientific explorations. This rule loves facts, and hates slander. I differ, therefore, with Sir David Brewster in his mode of exploration, and also in his valuation of presumptive honesty and human testimony, which always hitherto has been the most substantial word in the world, and a pillar which Divine Providence has not disdained to use in supporting the canopy of His Revelations.

This rule I would especially press upon the great Sir David Brewster, a man of position, wealth, worldly repute, great talents, a name no one dares assail, and withal, responsibility to Heaven and his generation, when he is dealing with the orphan, Home, a man apparently as blameless as himself, but with neither riches, nor health, nor station, nor any possession, if not honesty, and a ruinous peculiarity of gift. It is not, I say, the easiest way out of a difficulty, to call this youth a cheat. There are cheats of our own household, cheats in our own heads, sometimes called prejudices, which might be suspected *first*, without violating any rule of scientific inquest, or humane valuation.

The experience of others in these matters has, perhaps, differed very widely from my own, and I desire to see this experience also brought forward. At other *séances* I have seen only a part of the phenomena which I have described as taking place on the three evenings which I have selected as being the fullest and best. And once or twice, when persons were present whom it was most desirable to convince, almost nothing occurred. This, I submit, is one of the strongest arguments in Mr. Home's favor. Were the phenomena a trick, they might always be produced to order without variation. "The Great Wizard" never fails; but, as he himself says, the Spiritualists always fail in his company. Let this suggest that there is a total difference between him and them. It does not surprise me that spirits and their gifts should retire to a great gulf distance from where "the Great Wizard" is.

It seems probable from experience, as well as reason, that, granting the phenomena to be spiritual, the presence of determined scoffers at, and disbelievers in them, should, in case the said persons be preponderant in their influence in the circle, render

the manifestation imperfect, or perhaps null. The known laws of human sympathy, and the operations of our own spirits when antipathetic persons are near us, may also be cited in proof of this. I conclude, then, that to the scoffer and strongly prejudiced, who want no evidence, and to whom evidence has no appeal, evidence is, for the most part, not forthcoming. This simplifies the position; but what still remains is the peculiar Christian politesse of this century, viz: the necessity of good manners and the agreeing to differ. On the part of those who believe, this may be best secured by letting the other party be. Providence can convince *them*, too, as easily as ourselves, when the time and their function comes, but by snatching at them prematurely before they are ripe, we may evoke, on a great scale, two of the most formidable spirits of this world—WRATH and FEAR.

As a final remark, let me caution the public against being led by Sir David Brewster, Mr. Faraday, and other men of great names in their own departments, in this matter, which is not obviously within their field. We hear much of not choosing Crimean generals on old Peninsular qualifications. But to select a Faraday or a Brewster for opinion on this case, is a far worse error; for all generals, past, present, and to come, are in the military line; but these great men are not, and never were, in the line upon which they have professed to decide. They are so alien to the subject, that they do not know the first condition of prosecuting it, viz: a gift of sympathy and openness to conviction. Their very speciality of excellence in physical explorations, is against them in this new walk, which is combined spiritual and physical. The common observer, with little in his mind, with no repute to support, and no caste to uphold, may perchance be equipped by nature for these revolutionary sciences, where the *savans* are stupid upon them. Twelve fishermen, and not the high priests, are the everlasting resource of Providence. I, therefore, invite the unattached laity of all descriptions, the willing fishermen, to remember that they have no overmen in this department; that it is an untrodden field; and that, by the grace of God, there is at last a freedom for us all from the pressure of big names; because "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

VERAX.

THE PROGRESSIVE UNION.

FOURTH REPORT OF THE CENTRAL BUREAU.

It is our duty to urge upon each member of the Progressive Union, still further, the necessity of Individual Preparation and Harmonization, that he may be fitted for the True Life of a Harmonic Society.

It may be said that a harmonized society will make harmonic individuals, as discordant societies make discordant individuals. True; but how can there be a Harmonic Society, until individuals are first harmonized. There must be a beginning and growth. When one true society is formed, others may be born of it, as swarms come from a hive, or grafts from a tree. But the society is first to be formed; and a true, healthy Harmonic Society can only be made by the orderly grouping of true, healthy, and harmonized individuals.

A sound body must be composed of sound limbs and organs, even to the minutest atoms. No more can discordant individuals make a Harmonic Society, under any possible circumstances or conditions, than could a collection of distorted limbs, and diseased organs, make a healthy or harmonious body: no more than a collection of discordant instruments and unskillful players could make a harmonious orchestra.

Each individual being, let it be remembered, is himself a society of Faculties, Organs, and Functions; and the Living Type of a Human Society. And it is just as necessary that a True Society be composed of healthy or harmonic men and women, as that the individual man, to be healthy and happy, would be made up of harmonized faculties and organs.

As a single diseased organ deranges the whole body; so a discordant individual may cause discomfort to a whole society. As in the body, a certain amount of disease produces dissolution; so any society must be dissolved by a certain amount of discordance. The diseases of individuals are the types of social disorders. Societies may have fevers, manias, paralysis, etc., like individuals. There is a Social Pathology, and a Social Physiology. The perfection of Humanity, in the Earth-life, is the true, or harmonized individual, living in a Harmonic Society.

As men are individually progressive, in science, wisdom, and goodness, or harmony of life; so are the societies they form. The savage man forms savage tribes for chase and war. The barbaric man forms huge barbaric despotisms. The civilized man forms civilized monarchies, or republics, with armies, navies, war, finance, general discordance, oppression, robbery, and slaveries. So men aggregate their individualities. When a sufficient number of men and women shall have risen above the plane of civilized ignorance, superstition, evil habits, and general discordance, into a sphere of wisdom, freedom, purity, and harmony of thought, feeling, and life; then, and not till then, can come a new social order.

It is the object of this Society to seek for, and affiliate, such men and women, and enable them to give each other aid in their individual and their social harmonization.

The governments of the earth have been, and are, the expressions of the various phases of society; steps in progress.

The primitive, or patriarchial, is the government adapted to the infancy of the race, as of the individual. It may be loving and protecting, or tyrannical and abusive. It belongs to the family or tribe, of which the father or chief has absolute control. A monotonous unity, tending to savageism and disgust.

The absolute monarchy is formed of an aggregation of barbarian patriarchs; chiefs of tribes, submitting to the dictation of a single ruler, from choice or necessity, for protection against other tribes, or from coercion by others. The great empires of the earth have been such aggregations of petty tyrannies; but they were a step in progress, since a distant, central despotism allows more individual freedom than can be enjoyed under the unlimited and irresponsible rule of a present, petty chieftain.

The limited monarchies of a more advanced civilization are the result and condition of a larger individual freedom. But, in them, the despotism is refined and divided. The Church governs the conscience, and checks free thought. Finance plunders the avails of industry. Labor groans under a crushing taxation. The energies of nations are wasted in cruel and expensive wars. There is going on a deep, intense struggle for more freedom, more light; and there is, under fortunate conditions, a certain development of intelligence, refinement, and some glimpses of social enjoyment. But the incubus of concentrated, organized, systematic despotisms preys and presses on all, "from the king on his throne, to the beggar on his dung-hill."

Another step forward, another struggle of oppressed humanity, and the kingly power is thrown off, and men, in a republic, assume the right of self-government. Individual sovereignty is proclaimed,

but not achieved. The old despotisms are divided and scattered; but they still remain. There is no king; but there are caucusses and majorities, as despotic as the Czar. No Church and State; but sects everywhere, denouncing each other, but not the less oppressing, silencing, and darkening the minds of all whom they control. Party, creed, custom; the legislation of majorities made such by any passing excitement or fanaticism; these are the despotisms of a Republic. There is not freedom, but there is less to hinder its achievement. All that is required, is that a majority of the people be wise, free, and tolerant. But where the people of Cincinnati can impose a law on those of Cleveland; where New York City can make laws for Buffalo; where majorities can everywhere oppress minorities; it is only another mode of exercising despotic power. The change from a limited monarchy to a democratic republic, is more in name and thought, than in actual reality. The kingly power exists, but it is elective. The aristocracy is one of wealth and cunning, instead of birth and blood. The Church despotism, by its division, is more active; each parson wishes to be pope of his own parish, and to control all around him. He might be tolerant of a man who lived a thousand miles away; but he has no tolerance for the free thought and independent religious action of his near neighbor. If the taxes of the government are less, labor is still plundered by capital, without restraint. Custom takes the place of edicts; and public opinion, with its proscriptions, ostracism, and mob outrages, vies with barbarism and savageism, in trampling on individual rights.

Under all these forms, society is full of ignorance, want, discord, and misery. Even where wealth is abundant, there is no wisdom to make a right use of it. Embruted men, when placed in conditions of plenty, become the greater brutes. In the "upper classes" we find haughty assumption, tasteless extravagance, diseases, gluttony, a heartless, worldly struggling for social supremacy, and a contempt for all the less rapacious, or less fortunate. In the lower classes there is a denser ignorance, more disease, and more filthy and degrading habits. Everywhere there is despotism; the despotism of religion, of caste, of custom, of marriage. The feminine half of humanity is well nigh blotted out; and man, having degraded woman into a domestic drudge and bearer of children, looks about in vain for the companion his heart craves; and for the lack solaces himself with money or power, with brandy or tobacco.

To avoid these evils and miseries, the next step in this direction is the assertion of individual sovereignty, and disconnection, or individual separation. It is an old remedy for the ills of life—that of personal independence, severance, hermitage, isolation. It is a cure for oppression, discord, disgust, and many of the evils of civilized

society; but the remedy is worse than the disease. It is not good for man to be alone. And when man and woman are dually united, they are still alone. Next in sadness to the condition of a single Robinson Crusoe, would be a married one. Monotony is next to utter loneliness. If the sexual union is the most imperative of social wants, the demand for the varied life of the social group, is a passion of humanity, not less necessary to individual happiness. It is the great unsatisfied want of every human soul. To reach the goal of a True Society, we must progress out of all the false conditions of the past and present. We must have a science deeper, and more comprehensive; a religion higher and broader, and more worthy of the universe of matter and spirit, than is now taught by any church, or can be found in any creed; a morality purer than finds place in any system of laws; a freedom more integral and genuine, than has been guaranteed by any government, or enjoyed in any society. We must have men and women developed in all their capabilities, and harmonized in all their faculties. It is this harmonization, from inmost to outmost, in all spiritual and material faculties and organs, to which we must aspire, for which we must labor, and which alone can fit us to form and enjoy a Harmonic Society, of which the harmonic individual is a component and type.

Each harmonized individual can harmonize with every other individual alike harmonized.

Each discordant individual must make discordance, not only with other discordant individuals, but must bring discord and annoyance into a society otherwise harmonious, like a diseased organ in the body.

The harmony of the physical organs is a state of health, purity, and energy, without irritability or torpidity.

The harmony of the intellectual faculties is a clear perception of all facts, and a clear judgment of all relations.

The harmony of the passions, is the freedom, spontaneous activity, and genuine satisfaction of every passion of the human soul, without the excess of any; the starvation of any; or the tyrannization of any. In that harmony is the equilibrium, or repose of being, in which the greatest enjoyment of the individual produces the greatest happiness of society.

Passional attraction is the natural action of every passion; not the preponderance and despotism of one. The attractions, desires, or motive impulses of all the passions, harmoniously blending, and balancing each other, produce that individual harmony, which fits us for the social harmonies of groups, and associated groups or series. "Give from all faculties to all faculties," is the great law of Passional Harmony. One faculty, or passion dominates, despotizes, and wastes, when the others are repressed. Idleness leads to glut-

tony; loneliness to intoxication. Outrage benevolence, or repress ambition, and some other passion starts into disordered activity. Men are destroyed in themselves, and rendered unfit to associate with others, by the disorderly, or excessive activity of any passion, whatever. Excessive alimentiveness, or amativeness, or pride, or vanity, or firmness, or caution, or hope, or benevolence; of any one, the highest or lowest. An excessive and disordered benevolence is as false as any other, and leads to discord. Can you not see that there must be harmony in these individual faculties and passions, which make up the society of your own being?

The passional and intellectual life, the whole being of man has shared the progress of societies. He has been controlled by arbitrary power in, as well as out of himself. He has submitted to constituted authority; he has permitted some faculties to subjugate, enslave, rob and despoil others. He has set up false ideas of religion, science, and morals, to tyrannize over and debase his faculties. There has thus been a discordance of the inner life, corresponding to the outer—a discordant individual living in a discordant society.

As any individual comes to the perception of this discord in himself; as he becomes free, intelligent, wise, and harmonious in his impulsive or passional life, he has a keener sense of the discord in which he lives. His first impulse will be to sever himself from the world, and seek for enjoyment in himself. But he soon finds that he is a part of the great body of humanity, and every faculty of his being has some relation to other beings around him; that the only satisfaction of his nature, and the only possibility of happiness, is in society. Books may afford a partial substitute; novels, romances, plays, and other make-believes may help to make life endurable; but they do not satisfy the yearnings of the true soul, awakened to a sense of its requirements.

“Attractions are proportional to Destiny.” Every genuine want of humanity is, also, the promise of its own satisfaction. All prophecy is the present expression of some wish, destined to a future realization. We have only to press forward, in faith and patience. Faith in eternal justice, which has not mocked us with vain desires; patience of growth, and gradual advancement.

Friends, the happiness of a Harmonic or Heavenly Society is yours, just so soon as you are prepared to receive it. It can not be forced upon you, until you have grown into a readiness for its reception and enjoyment. We believe that we have received, from the Spirit Heaven of Harmony, the method of a True Order, which we are ready to give to all who are ready to receive it. It has come to the group of loving, devoted, workers, who form the vital center of our Union, It is an Order of Progress to the Harmonic Life, and

the Harmonic Home. It is restricted by needful qualifications; a Pearl of Truth, not to be cast before those swine, who at every opportunity, are ready to turn and rend us.

Let each true and living member of the Progressive Union, study to harmonize his own life to the pure and perfect pattern of a man; let him gather around him a group of similarly harmonized individuals, and then move on in the Sacred Order, and under the symbols of Harmony, until the HOME shall be given us, and we plant the germ of a new society, a new government, and a new religion, for our ever advancing Humanity.

What time may be required for this Individual Preparation, and the formation and harmonization of the groups, which will be able to join with other groups, as individuals join to form groups, is not revealed to us. We can not tell how much there is of error and evil in the lives of those who are yet destined to truth and good; nor by how earnest an effort they will set about the needed reform. There are a few, we believe, who are even now, almost ready to enter upon the True Life of Freedom and Harmony; and the means have been given by which we may find, wherever they may be, those who are in the several stages of preparedness or development. "He that believeth shall not make haste."

We close our labors for the first year of the Progressive Union, rich in faith and the hope of a realization in the near future. We seem to have digged deep, and to have laid firm foundations, on which may rise a glorious edifice. We have scattered the seeds of truthful utterance, and they have taken root in many lives. We do not expect that all those who have become affiliated members of the Union, all who have an intellectual recognition of our principles, will be able to live a True Life; but we know that many will; and we feel assured that this work will go on, in many hearts and lives, and that those who are of one heart, will soon come together in one place, to form the germ of a Society, which will satisfy those attractions and aspirations, which are leading us to our true Social Destiny.

THE FREE LOVE CONTROVERSY.

MUCH needless controversy might be avoided if people would define their terms. They quarrel about a word, to which they attach totally different ideas. Freedom is a good, is it not? Love, also, is good, is it not? You say God is Love, and, therefore, Love is God. What has love to do with slavery, or bondage, of any kind?

But I read in "Life Illustrated," that "Free Love" is a "Nasty Idea," and that "Passional Attraction" is a phrase, yet more offensive. Fowlers & Wells have advertised Fourier's "Passions of the Human Soul," and they know, or ought to know, that what he and all socialists mean by Passional Attraction, is the impulsive force of every passion; of ambition, benevolence, justice, friendship, love; and not as they ignobly conceive it, the sensual form of a morbid amateness.

In a late spiritual work I read, "There should be freedom in love. As soon as love is confined it is love no more." But a spirit replies: "Earth is not yet prepared for the doctrine of which you speak. It will be time for them when they become as the angels in purity. Free Love is for man only when he becomes an angel."

So the Christian prays: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Mrs. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, (late Mrs. Love,) lecturing in company with her present husband, I see by the "Spiritual Universe," indulges in a "clear and bold denunciation of the Free Love movement, and her scorn and repudiation of the lust of variety," which strikes one as rather cool in a lady, who within a few months has separated from one living husband, and taken another! Mrs. Davis has asserted, theoretically and practically, all the freedom and variety she wanted; and if she ever requires any more, we have no doubt that she will have the courage to openly take it, rather than swindle, like too many others. Her present fit of worldliness will pass over.

Mr. DAVIS, in his recently published fourth volume of "The Great Harmonia," has promulgated the extreme Free Love Doctrine as strongly as it has ever been asserted. He utterly repudiates the legal marriage, and declares that those who continue to be bound by it, commit the unpardonable sin.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, a spiritualist writer and lecturer, when asked if she is an advocate of "Free Love," says: "I answer, YES! I love freely, spontaneously, whatever commends itself to my better judgment."

And so the controversy goes on, each one attaching his own ideas, true or false, pure or impure, to the terms Freedom and Love. With persons to whom Love is sensual lust, and Freedom the license to do wrong, Free Love has, of course, a vile significance. People who are conscious that they are not themselves to be trusted, are naturally afraid to trust others. Everything looks green to the man who wears green spectacles, and to men of "nasty" minds, the loveliest things have a "nasty" appearance.

The ridiculous proceedings in respect to the "Free Love Movement," so called in New York, since we removed from that city, may properly call for a word of comment from us. About the time that we commenced the formation of the Progressive Union, Mr. S. P. ANDREWS formed a league for the propagation of social ideas, and connected with it a club, which held weekly meetings for conversation, dancing, &c. We never attended one of these meetings, but we know many worthy persons who did attend, and were much pleased with their quiet, friendly, and intellectual character; and we have no doubt that in point of morals, they would compare very favorably with the assemblies of private society.

The articles in the *Times*, *Tribune*, &c., were written by reporters and others, members of the club, who thought to aid in the cause, by making cats' paws of Greeley, Raymond & Co., and giving a little innocent notoriety to the movement. They spiced their accounts just enough to excite curiosity, but probably got more than they bargained for, when they found themselves invaded by the Police.

But all this excitement and denunciation will promote inquiry and free thought. With freedom of thought, and freedom of speech and the press, we may go on to the achievement of freedom in all right action. Some of the Spiritualist papers feel called upon to denounce freedom in this relation, while urgently demanding it in some others. Their worldliness in this is rather more apparent than their wisdom. We are glad to see that there are some, who are made of more honest material. *The New England Spiritualist*, the best and most ably conducted Spiritual paper in this country, is also the most honest and fearless. It bravely takes the ground that FREEDOM IN LOVE IS THE CONDITION OF PURITY; AND OF FINDING AND MAINTAINING TRUE RELATIONS.

The *Spiritual Telegraph* deals in stupid denunciations; it refused a year ago, after publishing various attacks on us, to publish a few

lines explanatory of our real views, and it has lately refused even to publish a paid advertisement, relating to the Progressive Union.

In the new edition of our work on "Marriage," we have endeavored to make ourselves understood; but there are minds too gross, too distorted, and too polluted to understand the Truth in Love. Spiritualism is the doctrine of freedom, and is destined to set men free from all the bondages of ignorance and evil.

The assertions so freely made by Judge Edmonds, and the *Spiritual Telegraph*, that Free Love has no connection with Spiritualism, is, we take leave to say, a very impudent falsehood.

Freedom in all relations; freedom to follow all attractions; freedom to be governed solely by the affinities of our natures, is the ONLY LAW of the Spirit Life. There are neither legal bonds, nor customs, nor prejudice to prevent spirits from obeying their affectional attractions; and this loving freedom of the Heavenly Life is the first lesson which the spirits come to teach us. "There is no Truth but in Freedom," they tell us. "Freedom is the first condition of Truth and Purity in all relations." FREE LOVE, then, in its true signification, is the first and most important lesson, which the upper spheres have brought to the lower; and our first step out of the despotisms, slavery, depravities, and miseries of this life, is to assert our Freedom, as the condition of all right action.

Free Love is the Life of the Heavens; Free Love is the principle of Harmony in all spheres. Order, in the True Life, is not imposed as a restraint of arbitrary power, but is the result of the harmonious action of all Faculties; and Freedom is the condition of this Harmony.

Whoever asserts, therefore, that Freedom is not the law and the teaching of all developed spirits, utters a ridiculous and stultifying absurdity. This is the position of worldly, or timid, or self-seeking spiritualists, who deny the highest and most important truths of heaven in deference to the ignorance and prejudices of the earth.

NEW REFORM JOURNAL.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTIONIST, is the title of a new Reform Monthly, published by John Patterson, of the Rising Star Community, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, and author of "Charles Hopewell," aided by a group of earnest reformers, several of whom are known to our readers. As copies of the first number will probably be sent to most members of the Progressive Union, we need not notice it at length. It is intended to be a free medium of intercommunication, and will probably present and canvass the claims of various social theories.

O B I T U A R Y .

MISS CATHARINE CONGDON, of Syracuse, New York, a worthy and devoted member of the Progressive Union, left the earth-life, November, 1855, aged 34 years. Her Physician has sent us the following letter, which we believe will be of interest to all our readers, and particularly to all members of the Union :

SYRACUSE, November 27, 1855.

DR. T. L. NICHOLS: *Dear Sir* :—To write to you at this time, I consider a duty, to inform you of the death, by Consumption, of Miss CATHARINE CONGDON, whose acceptance of the principles you advocate, was by her sometime since, by letter, expressed to you.

It was pleasurable to her, while living, to know that social evils had such uncompromising enemies, and great reformatory ideas such unflinching advocates, as the Editors of "NICHOLS' MONTHLY," which, during the latter part of her sickness, she often had read to her, (being herself unable to read,) by her friends. She often expressed a desire to see Mary S. Gove Nichols, who seemed dearer to her, though a stranger, than many blood relations. She enjoyed exceedingly, the reading of "Mary Lyndon," as well as many *poetic gems* by its author.

Her mind was capacitated to receive and profit by great truths, and well adapted to the advocacy of them, as far as her acquaintance extended. Hope whispered many pleasant things to her, when she considered how much was being done by many souls freed from the bondage of ignorance, toward ameliorating the condition of many thousands of female *Slaves* in America. She was a believer in the "Harmonial Philosophy," and her conduct did not *evidence* other than an understanding and appreciation, and, in herself, a *practical* working of its principles. But she was fated to so soon die by hereditary disease, and injurious drug medication, for a disease which she had in her youth, which undermined her constitution, fitting it for, and inviting lank, lingering consumption's possession.

As her medical attendant, in the latter part of her illness, I had the means of knowing her mental, as well as physical condition, and believe that she had no horror of death, but trusted in God, who will attend to her wants and make her more happy in another world than she has been in this. In her illness she had the kindest care, and was patient and uncomplaining. Her attendant during her illness (Miss Catharine Corey) sends her love to you and Mrs. Nichols, and does not deplore the loss of Miss CONGDON so much as if she had no other "Sisters," members of Progressive Union.

Wishing you may long live to labor in the good cause, I subscribe myself,
W. F. VAN VLECK.