

NICHOLS' MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1856.

WE have announced the opening of the MEMNONIA INSTITUTE, on the first of April, and invited our friends to attend its inauguration, and the celebration of the Anniversary of the birth day of CHARLES FOURIER, on the 7th of April. By the terms of our lease of the Yellow Springs Water Cure, we were to have possession on the 15th of March, for needful preparation, but failing to get such possession, we are reluctantly compelled to withdraw the general invitation; confining our celebration, if held, to such persons as we may be able to invite specially; or possibly postponing it to a later date, and a more favorable season. This delay may also postpone the opening of the Institute for some days or weeks, and patients and others, wishing to become its inmates, will do well to apply, in all cases, by letter, to avoid disappointment.

It may be of interest to our readers to know something of the cause of this possible delay. When the Circular of Memnonia was printed, we sent an early copy, with a polite note, to President Mann, of Antioch College, expressing the pleasure we felt at the prospect of living in the vicinity of that liberal Institution. This feeling, we regret to state, was not reciprocal. It is difficult to understand his motives; but his immediate action was to manifest a violent opposition to us, and our movement, in which he was joined by several members of the College Faculty, and some of the people in the village. A public meeting was called, in which our opinions were denounced, and a committee—consisting of Hon. Horace Mann, and two citizens of Yellow Springs—was appointed to come to Cincinnati, and make an effort to prevent us from entering upon possession of our leased property. Failing to convince the proprietor that he ought to break the lease, in deference to their

prejudices ; they called upon us, to inform us of their opposition to our ideas, and our projected institution. It is not impossible that they may succeed, by some pretext of possession, to deprive the owner of the property of his rights, for a short time, and in that way prevent our opening at the time specified.

This opposition, we understand, beginning with President Mann, extends to such of the faculty and citizens as are under his influence. Other citizens of a more liberal character, and a large portion of the students, are desirous that we should enjoy the rights guaranteed to every law-obeying citizen.

The course of President Mann has excited more inquiry into our doctrines, stimulated to more investigation, and caused more discussion in a week, than any efforts of ours could have done in years. Wishing to injure, he has served us more by his opposition, than he could have done by the most open advocacy of our principles. The students of Antioch, male and female, are of the most advanced and liberal character. They are not boys and girls, but men and women, and very capable of investigating and judging for themselves any question of morals or society.

In the excitement which naturally attends the discussion of such a matter, in a rural precinct, we are sorry to say, there has been much misrepresentation, slander, and falsehood. We have been charged with various enormities, without the least foundation. Even the President and Professors of the College have made public statements, in which it is a great charity to believe they are mistaken. But we have no desire, now, nor at any time, to discuss such personalities. These excitements soon die away ; truth is restored by the discussions they create, and the great cause moves onward.

Memnonia may be delayed, but only for a brief season. We hope to date our next number from its pleasant and invigorating shades.

CHAPTER XII.

GENERAL MATTERS.

DR. FITZNOODLE was relieved. The haunting question that continually recurred, "how are my bills to be paid?" was now in a way to be partially answered. His lectures had been poorly attended, though he had purchased a man of talent, some said of genius, to be his "private secretary," and write any quantity of lectures for him. He had hung the walls at Niblo's with mammoth bills; all that is changed, since a city under one roof has been built over the old "garden spot;" but the people had been gulled on some former occasion, with the doctor's pretensions, and New Yorkers have no leisure for a second humbug, by the same person. The lectures did not pay. They even ran the lecturer in debt, but then he had other resources. Examining heads, attending to private practice, homeopathically, magnetically, electrically, giving psychometric and physiognomic delineations of character, selling patents for a circular saw, a life-preserver, perpetual motion, and "Banning's Supporter's," with shoulder-braces of his own invention. But all did not pay. He was therefore greatly relieved when this benefaction from the Fifth Avenue was added to his need.

No greater curiosity, no more singular *lusus nature*, ever had its origin in Yankee land, than this same Dr. LeGrand FitzNoodle. He was a useful man, for he bought good lectures, on subjects that came home to the daily interests and uses of life, and health, and he gave these lectures eloquently. He was kind-hearted, and often gave money to the poor, and good advice and instruction to the sick.

He was a strange mixture of goods and evils, to use the words of his favorite Swedenborg, whose doctrines he had faithfully studied,

and gave forth in season and out of season. He had been a pedlar, a preacher, a doctor, a lecturer, a magnetiser, and, not to mention any more of his multifarious occupations, it may be said of him that he repeated more truth in the public and private ear, told more lies, sold more patent rights, courted more girls, and gave more lectures that he never wrote, than any man who has lived, or died, since the settlement of our planet. We would be glad to say of him now, *requiescat in pace*, but he is the representative of a class that will not die, or rest, till they are more the occasion than the cause, of the people's education. As long as there are persons to be imposed upon, so long the genus, quack, or humbug, must live and flourish. As stagnant water furnishes the conditions of an abundant musketo population, so ignorance and credulity are the conditions of a pervading Noodleism. The way of the transgressor is hard. The doctor was fast enmeshing himself in the web of his own falsehoods, and he felt it. He was ill at ease. Wherever he turned he met some humiliation of his own creation. He wished to be at Mrs. Meadows' party, because it would give him eclat with some, and a ready currency in his "practice" with others. Still he dreaded George Vinton, Ashton, and Miss Meadows. And somehow he began to fear that his position was not altogether safe with Mrs. Meadows. All this lady's friends had to be *sans reproche*. If a lion, or an elephant, had walked her saloons as monarchs of the menagerie, if they had been her most cherished private friends, her most ardent, or acceptable admirers, it made no difference in their favor, if it turned out that they were not *comme il faut*. If a man were discovered to be minus in any of the moralities, or had made a public infraction of any of the social proprieties, he had to be supported by a large clique, in order to pass into Mrs. Meadows' society. She would accept any one who could be sufficiently endorsed, no matter how worthless. Innate character was not her society standard, though for herself she preferred "good people," that is, those who interested and entertained her, who were kind, reverent, and worshipful to her, without ever wishing for anything that she wanted for herself. Very beautiful and charming was Mrs. Meadows, and very popular, and a careful and exemplary leader in her set.

Dr. FitzNoodle had some reason for his anxiety respecting Mrs. Meadows. The lady had heard rumors that he was a married man, and also rumors that he was "attentive" to divers and sundry ladies, among whom was Miss Dean. For this young lady Mrs. Meadows had a kind and respectful feeling. There was so much tenderness, modesty and talent united in her, that she had kept her place with several of the former friends of her family, with a true, yet timid dignity. She was regarded as a fair artist by all good judges, and she had the hearty esteem of George Vinton. Though Mrs. Meadows feared her brother rather more than she loved him, she always respected his judgment and taste, and always received a person whom he introduced with more real, though not, perhaps, more ostensible reverence, than those who were introduced to her by others.

"Jennie," said George, a little before the party, "what is this party for? You have not any particular lion to bring out, have you? Dr. FitzNoodle is *passé* with you, by this time, and they do say that he is not a true knight—at any rate not a Templar."

"Are you one to repeat what 'they say?'" said Mrs. Meadows, with gentleness.

"Yes, when it will be of any use. I can be a grand gossip upon occasions. Now Jennie, I'll tell you a secret, if you will tell me why you have this party—the particular motive, I mean. Why all those white japonicas that you have ordered? It seems to me there is a waste of the emblems of purity."

"You are always satirical and curious when there is no need," said Mrs. Meadows. "I have the party for the simple reason that I wish to have one." She did not express any curiosity to learn the promised secret.

"I see that I shall have to tell you all your secrets, and mine also," said George, laughing.

"Well then, you have the party to wear your new Parisian dress of white satin, worked with thread of gold.

"You have white japonicas and orange flowers to mate the dress. The fashions of Paris, the sweets of the Indies, and the blanched and scentless beauty of the japonicas, which, like the girls, are good

for nothing but to look at, and admire—all these are to have a party—not you, Jennie. Now my secret is, that you have invited one gentleman who *may* have an old house on his head in a week. You must cut him gently, Jennie.”

“And Miss Dean also?” said Mrs. Meadows, in an unconcerned tone, which she intended should hide real anxiety.

“No, no. We are forming a Dean party. The girl is worth saving. You shall see how nicely we shall manage it all. That new sister of ours is a trump.”

“I trust you will not be imprudent, as regards Miss Meadows, George.”

“Which means, being interpreted, that I am not to get in love with that young lady,” said George, whistling. “Suppose I have done so already. Is she not amiable, excellent, intelligent, well educated, and *poor*—with more manners than my most elegant sister had once upon a time, which is quite within my remembrance. Why, Jennie, Miss Meadows has twice as much education as you, if I leave out your knowledge of the world, and the fashions. She has taste enough for her beauty, and her station. You need more, and fortunately you have it. You have your own gifts *ma belle sœur*. No one who *understands* you, can deny that. You know I appreciate you.”

Mrs. Meadows never could quite decide when her brother was mocking, jesting, or in earnest. If he built a castle of compliments to her honor, with one hand, he was sure to pull it down with the other, or so loosen the key-stone, that it would fall at some inconvenient time, when she was pleasantly contemplating the superstructure. She wanted to ask him to be more explicit in his communications respecting her friend, the doctor, but she did not wish to seem curious—curiosity was a vulgarism to her, and she avoided it as carefully as she avoided injuring her complexion, by exposure to the heat of a fire, the light of the sun, or a March wind.

George looked steadily at his sister. “White satin worked with gold. A japonica in your hair—pearl ornaments—that large pearl rosary, and golden cross. It will be very becoming,” said he,

nodding his head, as if well satisfied. One ought to give a party for such a view. The object is worthy of the nineteenth century, just to show what the ages have achieved in esthetics. Jennie, you are a public benefactress."

Again Mrs. Meadows was at a loss how to interpret her brother. Perhaps he was no less at a loss, than she was.

George Vinton has a duty to himself which he will perform in due time—indeed, he has already commenced the work. It is to cultivate the human and reverent in his character. He finds so little in those around him, that he entirely approves; he meets so few of those models of human excellence, that his idealism continually presents before him, that he has become sarcastic and irreverent. He is too scornful to be happy, and he is learning the facts of his own existence, and is becoming more appreciative of good, even in imperfect characters. The art in his sister's character, has always dimmed and destroyed her beauty to him. He has not been able to appreciate her properly, or always to feel kindly toward her. He is a great punishment to Imogene, for she wants his love and respect. Whether she will ever become truthful enough to obtain both remains to be seen.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THAT WOMAN."

THERE was a strange, sustaining life pervading Ettie Dean. She could not tell why she was so calm and so happy, but calm and happy she was. Her weak and fretful mother had no power to disturb her tranquility. She always was patient with her poor, sick mother, now she was joyful with her.

Monday was the 23d, on that day she gave no lessons, because of the hard duties of Sunday, and because she had weekly tasks to perform for her mother and herself.

The evening of Saturday, Ettie found herself weary, but happy. She was resting herself playing a piece of music, that she had used to play to her father, when the servant girl came up with George Vinton's card.

She trembled very much as she met him, and her blanched cheek asked plainly the question, "Why have you called?"

She said, "pray be seated;" but George excused himself, saying he had come on a mission of mercy, that no other could be trusted with. "You know," said he, "that Miss Meadows has been ill. She wants you to come and spend the day with her on Monday. I dare say that you may both contrive ways and means to repair the ravages of illness in her case, previous to the evening's party. Stay, I have a note from the young lady. He gave the note, and sat down. Miss Dean read it and said, "shall I write?"

"No, promise very solemnly that you will come, and then play me Massaniello—half of it, at least."

"I promise," said Miss Dean, and, without excuse of any kind, she sat down to the piano, and played for an hour, as unconscious of time as was her absorbed listener.

At the end of that time the girl came with another announcement, which made Miss Dean alternately red and pale, and her heart beat audibly. George took his leave hastily, and brushed past Dr. Fitz-Noodle in the hall.

At twelve o'clock, M., on Monday, Miss Dean went to Miss Meadows to "spend the day." She carried a mysterious paper parcel, the contents of which, would, no doubt, come to light for the evening, for Ettie determined to "act in freedom," and remain for the night with her friend. But for the little ruse practised by George in getting Minnie to invite her for the day, she might not have had courage to have ventured for the evening.

Now she was more cheerful than she had been since her first sight of Minnie. Life seemed to have a new hope; she knew not why or wherefore. She trembled and was sorrowful when she thought of her lover, and she wondered why he never alluded to having met Vinton when he came on Saturday evening. He did not speak of the party, either. He confined his discourse to the "Truths of the New Church," the unity of two wills, which should make but one, and that by a sort of ever revolving swindle always meant the wish, will, or want of the husband.

"You are to be my will," said he, "but I am to be your understanding; consequently I must know what you should will."

Ettie had heard him with a calm want of interest that astonished her. He did not stay long, and when he left he remarked, "if possible, I shall see you on Monday evening." Ettie was just on the point of telling him that he must seek her at Mr. Meadows', if he expected to see her on that evening, but she was holden from speaking. The hollowness of his promise was so apparent to her feeling, that she could not speak one word.

He took her hand tenderly, and kissed her forehead with much apparent reverence, and murmured in a low, cooing voice, "Monday evening."

No one ever risked taking cold at one of Mrs. Meadows' parties. Summer was most exquisitely imitated. The ladies might have been as nude as the statuettes of Hebes, Floras, etc., that were scattered with flowering shrubs, roses, and orange plants in bloom

through her parlors, and not have felt a breath cooler than the tropics upon them.

Miss Meadows and Miss Dean arrayed themselves for the evening in simple white muslin dresses, each wearing a necklace of pearls, and white flowers in their hair. Minnie's necklace was a gift from her brother, and Miss Dean's was a loan from Mrs. Meadows.

"You are both entirely charming," said Mrs. Meadows, as the girls stood before the pier glass in her dressing room, for her judgment of their appearance.

"And you are more purely and magnificently beautiful than any one I ever saw, or thought of," said Minnie, as she looked at her sister, resplendent in satin and gold, pearls and orange flowers, a wreath of which crowned her lovely blonde hair.

Minnie's praise was so earnest and sincere, that Mrs. Meadows was greatly delighted with it, though the calm manner did not reveal her pleasure.

She only said, "then you really think I am decent?"

"Magnificent!" cried both girls in a breath.

Mr. Smith had so far recovered from his illness, that he was to be at Mrs. Meadows' at an early hour in the evening, but owing to some inadvertance, Mr. Meadows' coachman went for him late. The old man, however, took small note of time, and was satisfied that Mrs. Meadows would send just at the proper moment.

Nancy had arranged his white cravat, and the diamond pin in his bosom; had attended to shoes and hose, and brushed his claret colored coat with due care. His white vest, and steel-gray pantaloons, his delicate hands, and silvery hair, all seemed equally to become him. He had been seated in his own easy chair, ("Porpora's own,") by the careful attention of George Vinton, before Minnie knew of his arrival. She had not seen him for ten days, and he had been ill, and she had been anxious for him, and when she discovered that he was in the middle parlor, she made her way through the crowd that separated her from the dear old master, and without thought of what she did, she went to him, and kneeling beside him, she joyfully and reverently took his hand in both hers, and said, "My dear master, I hope you are quite well again."

The old man laid his hand upon her head. He had seemed to himself to be in fairy land, or heaven, before she came. Now a white robed angel seemed to be kneeling before him, and he laid his hand upon her head, and breathed out an audible benediction. Mrs. Meadows was standing beside the old man's chair, her hand resting upon it. She took Minnie's hand and raised her, and passing her arm through hers, she turned toward the crowd of guests with pleasure and pride. As soon as she could, she said in a low voice to her sister, "that was a beautiful and most effective *coup d' partie*."

Minnie looked wonderingly in her face—"What do you mean, sister?" said she.

"I did not know you were going to do that."

"What?" said Minnie.

"To kneel for dear old Porpora's blessing."

"Nor did I," said Minnie, "till it was done."

"Indeed!" said the lady, who could not doubt her truthfulness. And then, after a moment's silence, she said, "Minnie, I would give my set of diamonds to have done that with the grace and success with which it was done."

Dr. FitzNoodle was restless and demonstrative—what Miss Prentiss called "shaky."

"Why are you so shaky to-night," said she, "one would think you were out of your depth?" The question added to his embarrassment. He felt as if the floor were unsubstantial under his feet, when he first entered the house, but when he saw Miss Dean surrounded by Ashton, Mr. and Miss Meadows, George Vinton, and a half dozen of her musical friends and appreciators, and felt how impossible it would be for him to approach her, even were he disencumbered of his fat friend, Miss Arabella Matilda, he was to be compassionated.

The doctor had the good sense and the taste to really like Miss Dean. If she had been as rich, and as advantageously connected, as Miss Prentiss, he would have been disposed to realize with her, his dream of conjugality. But he was very unfortunate, poor man, in a great many ways. Miss Prentiss had a very sedative effect

upon him. She was a sort of extinguisher upon a faint flame; for he could not help comparing her with Miss Dean, and Miss Meadows, and others.

The fair Arabella was past thirty years of age. She weighed about one hundred and sixty pounds. Her face was red, her hair was black. She had insinuations of a beard, and straggling hairs on her chin, which she had prejudices against removing. She was always kind, when she was not jealous, and she saw nothing in Miss Dean to be jealous of. She compared her simple muslin dress with her own magnificent attire. She was dressed in white satin, with bare neck and arms, and a Bertha of real Honiton. She had two massive gold chains about her neck, one attached to her eye-glass, for she was near sighted, and the other to her watch. Her arms were covered with bracelets, as if she were advertising the stock of Tiffany & Young, and Ball & Black for "a consideration." Her fat fingers glittered with a great variety of rings, and she wore a pair of black silk net mits, so as to be able to expose them all. She carried a fan, a scent bottle, a bouquet in a jeweled holder, and a quantity of lace, with an infinitesimal round spot of linen in the center, which she called a mouchoir, or a pocket handkerchief. One hand was engaged with the doctor, for she hung on his arm all the time, and the various articles she carried in the other, with the constant use of her glass to quiz people, gave her full employment.

Mrs. Meadows was very blandly polite to the doctor and his aristocratic charge, but he felt all too surely that there was no heart in any thing she said, or did.

At a late hour, as Miss Arabella Matilda was using her glass in every direction, she observed a servant girl in ludicrous distress in one of the doors, trying to draw Miss Meadows' attention. She deputed the doctor to speak to Miss Meadows, saying "come right back to me," which direction he obeyed immediately.

Miss Meadows went into the hall with Norah. "Oh! Miss," said the girl, so frightened that she had twice her usual brogue—"O Miss, there's a murdering woman below. Will ye just go and see till her."

Miss Meadows hurried down to the dining room, and there found

a small woman seated, with two little boys, about nine years old, one standing on each side of her. She had a faded red shawl wrapped over an old snuff-brown dress, and a miserable crumpled bonnet, with an old yellowish green veil, tied as a half handkerchief over it. Her eyes were a piercing black, her nose sharp as a bodkin, and she had a thin, worn look, as if she had not rested for a dozen years. She seemed as though she had been out of money, out of health, out of patience, and out of decent clothes, for full that length of time.

"I called to see *my husband*, Dr. FitzNoodle," said she. "Is he here?"

"He is here, I *think*," said Miss Meadows, who felt as though it would be a crime in the woman's eyes if any lady *knew* any thing of her husband.

"The girl said she did not know, but she has been up to the parlor since," said she, looking sharply at Norah.

"He is there, mem."

"There are so many people, that one must be excused for not knowing them all," said Minnie, astonished at her own tact. And then she asked the woman to come with her to the library, for she felt that it would be well to throw a veil between the husband and wife, and the family, or the company.

"The children can remain here, if you wish to see your husband alone."

"My children will meet their father with me," said she, with a concentrated acidity.

When the three were safe in the library, Minnie hastily told her brother and Ashton the fact. Ashton, with cruel resolution, communicated the information to Miss Dean.

"I wish to see the lady," said Miss Dean. Mr. Meadows could only bring himself to say to the doctor, that *a person* wished to see him. The result was, that Dr. FitzNoodle, Mrs. Meadows, Miss Dean, Mr. Meadows, and Mr. Ashton went to the library.

It would have been a piteous sight—that meanly-clad, weak, wearied woman, had she not struck fire the moment she saw her pale, trembling, and most miserable husband. "You here

Hetty!" said he, and he seemed swallowing, instead of uttering the words.

"Yes, I am here, and your children are here, and they don't know their own father."

"Yes we do," said one of the boys, stoutly; and going up to his father he took hold of his hand, and said, "for you sent us a rocking-horse, directed to the twins."

"You are a fine man to be gallivanting about, till your own twin children forget you," said the lady, elevating her sharp nose and shrill voice.

Her volubility increased, and Miss Dean and Miss Meadows left the room.

The doctor drew Ashton aside—"Will you do a favor to a poor wretch that you despise, and have reason to," said he.

"I will serve *you*, if I can," said Ashton.

"Will you, then," said he, in a choking voice, "see Miss Prentiss to her carriage, and tell her that I shall never forget her goodness, but that a great misfortune has happened to me; and that I leave New York early to-morrow morning. Don't tell her any more if you can avoid it."

"I will do what you have asked," said Ashton, and he would have left the room, but he felt that it was a kindness to the doctor to remain. The wife poured out the vials of her wrath without mixture and without measure. She talked much of her father, "the bishop," and reproached her husband for having left his clerical charge, and become a mountebank.

"You thought you had me safe in Canada, and that you could run just such a rig in the States as you pleased. But I am here to stop you, sir. How many girls are you engaged to marry this time, I'd like to know?"

Miss Prentiss had taken the doctor up at the Murray Street House, in an appropriate evening dress, with delicate shoes, and the streets were full of mud. Nevertheless he took his leave with his lady and the children, though the late hour made it impossible to get an omnibus. There was a mile to walk to his hotel. This prospect was more pleasant, however, than to listen to the vituperations of

his wife, when he could not answer them, and when he felt that she must be believed.

"I have not had one hundred dollars a year from you, since these boys were born, nine years the 10th day of this month, sir."

"Hetty," he said, "I have always sent you money, when I had it."

"Yes, you sent me three dollars the first of January, and I had to give ten per cent. to get rid of it. Why could not you send a Canada bill?"

"I had none."

"You never have any thing for me, or your children, but you seem to have enough for yourself." She glanced at their different attire, and her husband hurried her away to the street.

Mr. Meadows and Ashton returned to the brilliant assembly. It all looked very mean and bad to them.

Hester Dean was pale as marble. She stood leaning on George Vinton's arm, and Miss Prentiss was biting her nails in a corner. Ashton went to her and said, "Miss Prentiss, I believe—I have a message from the friend who attended you here. He asked me to say to you, that a great misfortune had happened to him, and that he is obliged to leave the city early to-morrow morning. He said also that he should never forget your goodness."

"My carriage is at the door," said Miss Prentiss, and without taking leave of Mrs. Meadows, she said, "Will you meet me in the Hall?" In five minutes she was ready.

"Will you go with me to Murray street," said she, "to see my friend?"

"It is not best for you to go there—I will get in your carriage with you, if you will allow me, and convince you that you had better go home."

When they were in the carriage she gave the order "home," and then said, "I want to help him. May be it is debt."

"It is not that," said Ashton.

"Do tell me what it is," said she, and her tears burst forth unrestrainedly. Ashton reflected a moment, and he thought best to tell her the truth.

"His wife has come."

Miss Prentiss wiped her eyes. "The viper!" said she, "he told me that he never was married."

"He probably meant that he had never been spiritually united," said Ashton.

"Spiritual fiddlestick," said the lady. "He is a liar, a scamp, a humbug, and I am well rid of him. I am much obliged to you, sir," said she, with more gentleness than Charles expected. She told the coachman to set him down at Bleecker street again, and this was the first and last time that Ashton ever saw Miss Arabella Matilda Prentiss.

As a death arrests people in the midst of dissipation, so the advent of the unhappy wife into the Meadows' circle, arrested those who could think. A calamity induces a common interest, and Ashton, Vinton, Miss Dean, and Mr. and Mrs. Meadows found themselves remaining together after all were gone.

Mrs. Meadows had not been disturbed by the bad news, and she had, therefore, attended to her company and to "dear old Porpora" just as she wished. The musician of more than half a century had surpassed himself, and was sent home at midnight, wrapped up like a baby, and attended by one of his favorite pupils.

"I am glad," said Mrs. Meadows, "that we had no scene. We will let the doctor drop very quietly, and few in our set will ever know any thing about it, and those who do, will soon forget it. I shall be especially ignorant of the whole matter."

CHAPTER XIV.

MANY PARTICULARS.

TEN o'clock Tuesday morning, and many things had occurred to our friends and others. Minnie and Ettie had not slept till the world around them was busy at its daily work, or daily idleness. At ten they were bathed and dressed, and Ettie was reflecting that she must lose some lessons.

Miss Prentiss had cried herself asleep, like a very cross, disappointed child. She cared little for her money, or her ring, but she did care for the loss of her lover. To her, the doctor was beautiful, wise, learned, and fascinating. She had never cared so much for any one before. It was too bad to pay such a price for an admirer, who should be spirited away before she had had any comfort of her purchase. But we will do the poor girl justice. She was not grieved for her money. She could save more, and get other diamonds. They had never looked half as brilliant or charming as on the doctor's finger. Poor Arabella! She cried—that was the word. She did not weep—weeping seems graceful and lady-like—crying is child-like. Arabella was an undeveloped girl; a great, kind-hearted, ignorant, jealous, and sometimes spiteful girl. We must take leave of her this morning. She will, doubtless, marry some rich tallow chandler, or butcher, or some poor doctor, or minister. Well, we understand her good points, and compassionate her misfortunes, if no one else is ever able to do either.

Ten o'clock, and the old master was luxuriating in a hazy, half remembered vision of beauty, with the joy still pervading his spirit, a present bliss. Nancy was browning his toast, boiling his egg exactly two minutes and a half, and insuring the golden color of his tea, by slight steeping.

Ashton was thinking—thinking of a civilization that produces rogues and rascals, and sick and suffering victims every where. He was working out a scheme of social reorganization, laying his foundation in purity and health, in an honest will, and as much wisdom as is attainable in the world as it is. He saw that we could conceive of a degree of health and purity that we individually could never reach ; but he studied, prayed, and wrought for the race—for a future most blessed and sure of attainment. He had a little self-examination also. His scheme of redemption began with the individual, and contemplated that sort of personal regeneration, which shall enable us to be free from outward influence, and leave our friends in freedom to be faithful to the law within the spirit. Hence he reflected—"Am I free from prejudice, from contempt, from pride, and asceticism ?

"Is there not a worth in George Vinton, and even in his worldly sister, that I do not rightly estimate ?"

We will leave him answering these questions, and go over to Mr. Meadows' store, where George Vinton is smiling and saying smart nothings to a lady who is buying a white moir antique for herself, and sky-blue dress of the same for her sister. She will buy two shawls also, before she leaves, one at three hundred and fifty for herself, and the other at one hundred and fifty for her younger sister. How much of this transaction and consequent profit is due to George Vinton's beauty, politeness, patience, and wit, we can not say ; but Mr. Meadows sets a high value on his talents as a salesman.

All the while Vinton was despising himself, and the world in general, and the feeble-minded, pretty women, who were to be clothed gorgeously their little day, to suffer much pain and anguish, to enjoy a brief, superficial, and unsatisfying happiness, and to die.

George was a thinker, a mocker, a scoffer at pseudo-sacredness, and a reverent lover of what he deemed good and true. But his goods were not the world's goods ; his truths were not those of the churches, and the society around him. He had not revealed himself to any, though Miss Meadows divined him, and this very

morning she determined to understand his character, his hopes, aspirations, and the extent of his understanding of those heretical ideas that were almost hermetically sealed in her own heart, since she came to New York.

Ten o'clock, and Mrs. Meadows had a bad headache, and no hope of a magnetizer. She drank her coffee, and did not go to see the children. Mr. Meadows remembered her beauty and splendor of the night before, with pleasure, and deplored her headache as a consequence of so "much mind" as she had, and was very sorry for the unfortunate doctor, who, like a hen clutched by a hawk, was on his way to Canada, via the Hudson river. He had bought his wife a through ticket, and trusted to his wits to get away from her at Poughkeepsie, where his man of business, whom he had paid that morning fifty dollars on a debt of three hundred, would stop to make arrangements for lectures. If he had to go on with the lady, he trusted to luck to escape her in season for the introductory lecture, two or three days distant.

How far he went, or how he got off, I am not able to say, but he was heard of in due time, lecturing, magnetizing and "practicing" in Poughkeepsie, and also as being "engaged" to one or more ladies.

Whether his wife ever concluded to resign her right of property in the gentleman, and allow him to become a fugitive from the most peculiar institution, without fear or danger of being claimed, or reclaimed, I am not informed.

We have seen what amount of value she set upon this husband and father. Still she tracked his footsteps, and broke up his arrangements at a very considerable cost in time, money and temper. Alas for Dr. Legrand FitzNoodle! Alas for Mrs. Legrand FitzNoodle!

The weeks sped onward to join the mighty concourse that have gone, hope laden, and grief, and pain, and despair laden, to the great abyss of oblivion.

Ashton had resolved to see more of George Vinton, but his work absorbed him, and the daily succession of Vinton's monotonous duties, occupied him. Miss Dean and Minnie met at the class room of

the master, and almost insensibly their lives twined together. Ettie was calm, and less sorrowful than she had feared. She had been prepared for her disappointment.

Another shock was soon coming to her, which should, in the end, be as beneficent as her experience with the many gifted, and all pretending doctor. She was constantly coming to the knowledge of some of his ways and doings, for which we have in English hardly a generic word. *Tricks* is perhaps as good as we have. For instance, Nancy told her the story of the Smith Testimonial, and showed her the goblet, with the line of copper she had brought to light, across the bottom. To Nancy's credit be it said, she had never told the story to the venerable master.

Again, Miss Dean had discovered by Nancy that the quarter's tuition that she saw, or thought she saw the doctor pay for her, to the master, was a present of a five dollar gold piece.

How to pay the sum due for the lessons, and at the same time account for not paying in advance, without exposing the doctor, were two achievements about equally difficult for the poor, yet noble hearted girl. The problem was solved for her by Miss Meadows, who learned from Nancy the truth, and who took advantage of the old man's memory, to say to him one day, "Did you know that Ettie and I have been very careless in not paying our quarter's tuition? Did you ever have two pupils before, for half a quarter, who were so remiss?"

"Surely your brother paid me for both," said the old man, who could not see through the mist of six weeks, and who had the idea that the girls were both wards of Mr. Meadows, because they came together.

"I think you are mistaken," said Minnie; "but I will ask him?"

The next day she said, when alone with the master, "I spoke to my brother, and he says he only paid you half, and here is the other twenty-five dollars, and a receipt for us both, that you may sign. I want your autograph."

The master signed the receipt, and Minnie took the earliest opportunity to tell Miss Dean of her successful ruse. "And now Ettie,"

said she, "George and I want to practice with you enough to pay this bill to the master. Music is a great deal better than money."

Ettie was very grateful, but she could only accept the benefaction as a matter of business. Of "attractive industry;" George said, adding, "You see I am beginning to be a philosopher."

And he was much more a philosopher than his friends were aware; perhaps more than he was aware himself. He had studied social conditions much, for one so young, and he had for sometime known the Love, if not the Science, of Harmony.

Few who saw George Vinton in what is called society, could have any idea of his true life and character. To see a young man bending gracefully over a counter, covered with the richest and choicest fabrics that fashion claims as her own, to hear the melodious flow of his conversation, to witness the mixture of compliments to the ladies, and commendations of his goods, no one would for a moment suppose that he had any other object in life than to be "an ornament to society," and a successful merchant.

The world that judges by appearances was greatly mistaken in George Vinton.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GREAT CHANGE.

MRS. DEAN was drawing near to the valley of the shadow of death. Since her husband's decease she has walked but little in the light. She was one of those pretty baby-women, who had especially charmed her husband by her helplessness. She had been as pleasant to him as a wax doll is to a child, and he never once thought of leaving her poor, and lonely, and unprotected, save in the care and companionship of his darling Ettie. Mrs. Dean was only forty-five years old, but she had no life left. She had ever been a form without substance—a beautiful form, for a few years of girlhood, and when she became a wife, with the charms of elegant dress, and surroundings, she faded gracefully; but when she lost her husband, she became utterly weak and miserable, and devoted to tea, snuff, and morphine. Ettie had cared for her, nursed her, and sustained her.

For a long time they have occupied the little home in Barrow street. They have had two rooms, and a bed-room. This last is their kitchen, and for the servant girl they have secured a bed in an attic. The back chamber is a sunny south side, with a yard and plot of grass, some rose bushes, and a grape vine. This room Ettie gave to her mother, and she has occupied the front room, that looks into the street; with a lounge that is a sofa by day, and her bed by night, with her piano-forte, and some dear books, with a rose bush, a heliotrope, and a few other plants, she has long tried to be happy. The trial has proved that "happiness was born a twin."

The French say, "to be happy there must be two." The great love in Ettie Dean, which found its expression in music, was forever yearning for companionship. To love, to be beloved, was the bene-

ficent destiny toward which her prayers and aspirations ever tended. She had loved and tended her mother, as an infant. She had borne with her weakness, her wayward, fretful temper, and her self-inflicted suffering, with a sublime patience. Her time was all absorbed in work, or weariness, and yet she never complained. She had to earn six hundred dollars a year, to supply the wants of her little home. Her singing in church paid her rent and her servant, and the rest she earned by giving lessons. She often had felt that she could not long sustain this great burden and care, and yet it was a sad moment when the consciousness came to her that the home must be broken up.

One Monday morning she found her mother very ill. She seemed in a fit, or a stertorous sleep, caused by an overdose of morphine; she could not tell which. She sent for Dr. Grey. The kind physician came in his usual haste. He looked at the insensible woman; he turned pityingly to Ettie.

"Your mother is in a bad way. You were gone to church yesterday; she was lonely, and took twice her usual dose of morphine. Poor lady! Poor child!" said he, seeing Ettie weeping bitterly.

"Will she ever know me again?" said the daughter.

"She will breathe just seven minutes longer," said the doctor, and he took out his watch and held it in one hand, and laid his finger on the faltering pulse of the dying woman. Just seven minutes that failing breath was drawn. Just seven minutes the poor heart fluttered on, and then the spirit was liberated, and the clay alone was left. How much of hope and progress the future must embosom, for such weak and undeveloped children of "Our Father," as Mrs. Dean, we may not know now. But surely all that we can ask, the all-blessing One is rich enough to grant. With such faith, such hope, *let us pray.*

"My carriage is at the door. Who can I send you of your friends?" said the doctor.

"I have sent the servant for Miss Meadows," said Ettie. She reflected a moment, and then said, "will you call at room No. 24, LaFarge building, and ask Mr. Ashton to come to me, and bring Nancy? He will know who I mean."

"And I know who you mean. They are both very proper persons." He took Ettie's hand for one moment, and said, "I do not leave you alone, Miss Dean. The angels who love you, and are your guardians, are with you."

He bade her good day, and left her, and she felt the truth of his words. She was not alone. Her father was as sensibly with her in this hour, as on that memorable night, when he was manifested in the pure white light, that is the vital soul of the coarser and more material light of day.

A little longer, and the clay had been given to its kindred dust at Greenwood, and the little home had been swept and garnished, and Ettie and Minnie sat together in silence, but not in solitude. How quiet and sweet was Ettie's home to Minnie. It seemed very sad that it should be given up, and that Ettie should go to a boarding house.

"If Ashton could take your mother's room?" said Minnie, and you could care for him."

"It would provoke gossip, I fear," said Ettie, "among my pupils. One can't turn in any direction without feeling the bond of some conventionalism, or the hornet sting of slander and gossip."

"But you will not decide what to do just yet," said Miss Meadows.

"No, Minnie, I am not in haste. I am more at rest than ever, though I do not know why it is. I am bereaved of my only remaining parent, and I feel that I have more a father and mother than ever before.

"I have deceived myself as to my heart's best love, and I have been deceived, and befooled, and yet in this hour I feel that more love is mine, than ever before, simply because I am free now to accept all the love that is for me, in the heavens and the earth. Had I held my spirit free to accept the ministry of the angels, free to love all that is lovely in man, or woman, I should not have been the silly dupe I have been. O, Minnie! I have learned such a lesson, concerning selfishness—a selfishness that is consecrated, and its pseudo-sacredness binds men and women a thousand times more strongly than law, or custom."

"Have you, too, learned the higher law of fidelity to yourself?" said Minnie, rejoiced at what she heard.

"I trust I am learning it," said her friend. "I have sought in my great want, to be conformed to another life. It makes little difference that this other life was not good. It might have been good, and have brought me into more remediless bondage. I have had strange and wonderful experiences lately, Minnie, strange and beautiful instruction. I no longer seek to be half of another being, but to be true to the law in my own spirit—to be an individual.

"Dear Minnie, I am very strange to myself. I feel that I have a teacher in the spirit world, even my angel father;" and then she related her memorable experience of seeing her father, and his wise counsel—not directing, or commanding her in any arbitrary way, but showing her that she must bring all things to the test of the love and light in her own spirit.

The more the two friends spoke to each other, the more they recognized that they were drinking from the same pure fountain—even the wise love that frees from all evil, and brings us into harmonic relation with good and true spirits in the heavens and the earth.

The gospel of obedience to the law of growth in the individual spirit, whether of man, or of woman, of that individual fidelity which shall join us to all that is ours, and sever us from all to whom we do not belong in the divinest life, was being revealed in these two pure-hearted women.

It was a great joy to them to know that they were of one heart and one mind, and to believe also that the same gospel was received by their friends, Ashton and Vinton.

Long and lovingly they communed of their faith and their hopes, and then Esther Dean returned to her work, and Minnie set herself to think how the little home might be kept. A large bill was incurred for the burial, and Ettie felt that she must retrench a good deal, and not work so continually.

The problem was solved in a very simple way. Mr. Smith was again attacked with the same kind of fit, or vertigo, from which he had suffered some time ago, and this time its severity made it need-

ful that he should give up his lessons, and have careful attention and nursing.

Mr. Meadows and Ashton advised that he should be removed to the room that had been occupied by Mrs. Dean. This was done at once, to Ettie's great joy. She got her servant another place, and Nancy resigned her office of scrubbing stairs at the LaFarge, with her other multifarious duties, and took an attic in Miss Dean's place. Here she was most happy in serving the "dear young lady," and "the dear old master."

"Did not I tell you," said she, to Minnie, "that there's a Providence that governs all our ways and doings? Has not Providence confounded the evil man in his ways, by sending his dreadful wife after him? Has not Providence saved Miss Dean from his clutches, and brought me out of that hard place, to do what I have all my life longed to do—to take care of a dear young woman, and a wise, nice old man? These has been my ambitions Miss, and to think that I have got my prayers answered at last, makes me very thankful to Providence, and very believing too, you may be sure."

The old master was found to have a few hundred dollars laid by, for the time that had now come, and he had friends, who, with the inexhaustible benevolence that distinguishes New York, were ready to do any thing needful for him, that money would pay for. He was English and had no relatives in America, but his friends were numerous and worthy. He was now in a haven of loving repose, and we will leave him to the kind care of Nancy, and the sympathy of the others, whilst we attend to some of our friends that we have nearly lost sight of, in the ever-changing multitude of persons, and events in New York.

CHAPTER XV.

JERRY.

THE spring had budded and blossomed into June, and Minnie had received but two letters from home. The second was almost a repetition of the first, with the exception that Mr. Meadows expressed a fear that Caroline would not realize the happiness she had hoped for, and had a right to expect, as her health continued bad, and Mrs. Sherwood's temper was very trying; and he said, also, that Frederick's head had suffered from his injury—that he had become very excitable, and that a very small quantity of wine or ardent spirits affected him very badly.

"If he could be made the subject of saving grace," said Mr. Meadows, "all would be well. But he is not as constant at church as formerly, now that Caroline is not able to attend. He stays at home with her, and I have many fears for him. I put up constant petitions to the throne of grace for him, and I hope and trust," etc.

The Meadowsville home seemed a sad place to Miss Meadows in her reflections. New York became dearer every day, and yet she knew that no true life could be lived amid its hurry, its shams, its conventionalisms, its pinching poverty, and its congested wealth, the foul atmosphere of the Five Points, Cow Bay and Church street, and its no less evil moral leprosy, that was often covered with a robe of splendor, or a mask of seeming piety.

As summer came, Minnie found herself longing for the country, but not for Meadowsville. She was sorry to acknowledge to herself that she did not wish to go home. It grieved her to know that she had more hope of Jerry, and more interest in him than in her own mother.

She had fewer troubles in New York than she expected. She

taught the little Minnie many things. The child was skilled in drawing and could already read and write. Mrs. Meadows was always beautiful and pleasant to her sister. She had her own troubles, but she bore them rather gracefully than otherwise. Her headaches enabled her to convince Mr. Meadows, and to *seem* to convince Dr. Grey, that she had altogether too much mind. This exuberant mentality made her very inactive and caused her dreadful headaches, and necessitated the utmost patience in her servants and friends.

Of late she has been greatly troubled about a coachman. The man who had served in that capacity for several years had inherited a fortune and gone home to England, leaving the Meadows' livery, blue mixed, trimmed with yellow, for some less fortunate person. The first applicant for the situation had a "shocking bad hat," and the lady did not think he could ever be made decent; the second had a shocking bad breath and seemed still more unavailable; and so on through a long list of disabilities, which resulted in the horses being confined in the stable, and the lady being confined in the house, till they were about equally restless. Perhaps the horses, too, suffered from "too much mind," for they were very spirited.

In this posture of affairs, a strange arrival greeted Minnie one morning. It was no more and no less than Jerry. He came in a carriage with his trunk, and was set down in Bleeker street pretty early in the morning.

Minnie was looking out at the nursery window, and we must confess she was very glad and very sorry when she saw the tall form of her friend and admirer, deposited on the sidewalk beside his trunk. Jerry was very erect for him, and his clothes looked very well, only that they gave one the idea that they had shrunk some, or that he had grown some after they were made.

He looked wonderingly up at the house as if he were set to count the windows, especially the upper ones, and then he rang the bell. Where he got the notion that he was to pull a bell, and not knock, Minnie could not guess. She afterwards learned that her father had given him very careful and minute instructions, which he religiously treasured in his memory.

Minnie's heart sunk as Jerry rung the bell, and she thought what

can I do with him? In a moment the answer—he knows all about horses, and the empty livery, just the colors that Jerry loved—rose before her mind's eye. She ran down stairs and reached the door before any one else. Mrs. Meadows had not yet arisen, and a little plan matured itself in Minnie's mind, as she went over the stairs.

There is no describing Jerry's joy, and as I never attempt the indescribable, I go on to say that Minnie took Jerry to the library, where her brother was reading the morning papers. Mr. Meadows did not know his visitor till he began to talk, and then he welcomed him very kindly.

"I would not live," said Jerry, "without the light o' life, which is one's friend, you know. I larn't to write, thinkin' I could git on by writin' letters, but I found it would take me a year to tell her in black and white what I would talk in half an hour, and so the long and short on't is, I'm here."

Minnie said, "brother I have a little scheme. Sister is in want of a coachman. I think Jerry had better apply for the place. He can get a character from his last place that may satisfy you," said she, smiling, "and sister may take him on trial without knowing who he is, or that we are acquainted with him."

This plan pleased Jerry, and Mr. Meadows proposed to speak to his wife about him, as one who came well recommended from the country. Then she will not feel obliged to take Jerry for us, but his own merit will be judged impartially.

"But where shall I talk with him, I wonder?" said Minnie.

"Where do you talk most with Charles Ashton?" said Mr. Meadows, with a queer smile.

Minnie blushed for no earthly reason that she knew of, as she answered, "at Miss Dean's, of course."

"Then you can invite Jerry to go there to-night, and tell you all the news that you can't learn here before breakfast," said Mr. Meadow.

"Now Jerry," said Minnie, "can you be very careful, and not bring us out before the lady as your friends."

"Sure and sartin', Miss, I likes to go on my own merits."

And so it was settled that Mr. Meadows should speak for him at breakfast, and Mrs. Meadows should see him afterward.

"There is an odd fellow from the country, who comes well recommended from people I know, in the library, wanting to be your coachman, my dear," said Mr. Meadows, after his wife had sipped her cup of coffee, and seemed somewhat ready to begin the day.

"Do you think him a proper person, Mr. Meadows, I have had such trials in my search after a proper person."

"I think he knows all about horses, and is very skilful and careful in driving, but he is very awkward and very ignorant of every thing else in the city, except the team. You had better see him, my dear, and see what you can make of him."

"I *must* go out to-day," said the lady, despairingly; and so when breakfast was over, she said, "come Minnie, let us go and hire a man."

The ladies entered the library and Jerry rose from his chair, and drew his tall form erect exposing his wrists and his ankles a good deal, for the reason that Fred Sherwood was not as tall, and had not as long arms as the man he bestowed his clothes upon.

"I hear, Maam," said Jerry, fingering his hat all around the brim, "that you are in want of a driver."

"I want to employ a coachman."

"I've never seen many coaches till to-day," said Jerry, "but if you'll give me a trial, I'll see if I can't larn all about one."

Mrs. Meadows, strangely enough, was favorably impressed with the awkward man. She was at once disposed to employ him, though he seemed very strange to her.

"What wages do you ask?" said she.

"Just what I airn," said Jerry, "neither more nor less."

"Who is to judge what you earn?" said the lady.

"You, Maam. I never want's a better, or a prettier judge. I am a poor fellow from the country, and I had some friends that moved to the city, and I pined arter 'em till Mr. —, my master," he said, checking himself just before he had said Meadows. "My master let me come to the city to seek my fortin', and so be where I might sometimes see my friends."

Mrs. Meadows called the chambermaid, and bade her bring the livery for the coachman. She came and laid the gray clothes, and the great coat with many capes upon a chair.

"That is the livery that my coachman wears," said Mrs. Meadows. Jerry looked at the garments with a wondering stare.

"They are very good clothes," said he. "Do you mean me to wear 'em."

"Yes, if you drive my carriage," said Mrs. Meadows. Jerry seemed choking for a minute, and then he stammered out—

"I am afraid I could never get Jeremiah Jerald FitzGerald to wear them are clothes," said he.

"I suppose that is your name, but why not wear the livery?" said Mrs. Meadows.

"Well," said Jerry, "I have more than one reason agin it. The wust one is, I have heer'n tell that them liverys come from a king, and ain't fit for republicans, and I am a republican and a Believer, and so I can't wear clothes that I think is handsome. Another thing, I never wears another man's clothes onless he's my friend, sure and sartin', and one that I love well enough to take care of him in sickness and health, and to pray for him myself, and git my friends to pray for him. That's the long and short on't Maam. I'll work without wages, if you'll give in about the clothes, seein' I'm a republican and a Believer, and a prayin' man, and comes well recommended, as your husband will tell you."

Mrs. Meadows considered. She liked the strange man. She was greatly in want of a coachman. The horses were getting hurt in the stable, and she was getting hurt in the house. She began to think that it was unbecoming to republicans to ape the fashions of a foreign aristocracy. She even began to think, all in the space of three minutes, that she ought to set an example of plainness and simplicity, and genuine republicanism. Mrs. Meadows had at times a decision of character worthy of Napoleon. She turned hastily to Jerry and said, "I agree with you about these trappings. You shall be at liberty to dress as becomes a republican citizen. If you satisfy me, you shall have no occasion to complain with regard to wages."

"Money will never come between a republican and a Believer, as I am, and the beautifulest angel, savin' one, that I ever see, since my name was Jeremiah Jerald FitzGerald."

Jerry could not help turning his eyes upon Minnie when he made the exception.

Mrs. Meadows was delighted with compliments so evidently sincere, and she gave Minnie the commission to see that he was settled in a proper bed-room; that he was duly installed amongst the servants, and that all his wants was attended to in the best manner possible.

ESPERANZA;

My Journey Thither, and What I Found There.

V.

THE OHIO AND THE MISSISSIPPI.

"Once more upon the waters," dearest Clara. In some former phase of my existence, I must have been a water fowl. Now we are "Going down the river—the O-h-i-o." I surrender myself to all the idleness of this week's voyage, very happily; but let me proceed with my orderly narration.

I wrote late last night, but still I did not sleep. I thought and lived over the day and evening. The sweet voice still sounded in my ears; the life portrayed to us, excited my imagination, and the world of civilization seemed such a sordid, miserable sham. I needed no Thackeray to draw it. After a time I fell asleep and dreamed that we—you and I—were the inmates of this home; but it seemed far away in cloudland, and I looked down on the groaning earth with a great pity.

We made a late breakfast. Miss Elmore was calm, and a little pale. I think she longs for her home, and for the society of those she loves. I have a very humiliating consciousness that my company is but dull to her. But she was kind, delicate, and almost tender, in her voice and manner. I offered my services toward any preparation for our journey; but she found nothing for me to do.

"We can take our choice of boats," she said, pointing to the list of those up for New Orleans. "The river is high, and one of those will suit us as well as a packet—so we shall not need to change at Louisville."

Before breakfast was over, our good friend made his appearance, very glad to see us, and bringing intelligence of a fine boat, nearly loaded, going in the afternoon, and so sure to suit us, that he had engaged two state-rooms.

So, after breakfast, we went down to the public landing, and there found the "Effie Afton," with steam up, colors flying, freight coming on board merrily, and every appearance of a speedy departure.

"You will allow me to arrange for our passage," said Miss Elmore. Two minutes after, I think the captain would have placed his boat and himself at her disposal. I don't see but a fresh water sailor is as gallant as a salt. Captain Hardstein is as pleasant as a pet Walrus. Very confidentially, and as a special favor, he informed us that though the bills said twelve o'clock, five would answer every purpose.

Miss Elmore had her own work to do ; but I am fit for nothing, after a passage is engaged, and before the hour of starting. It is only to wear away the intermediate time. So I lounged in a reading room, and bookstores, and a meager picture gallery, and a horrible museum. I sauntered by the river and the canal. I went into lager bier gardens, and looked at great manufactories. At last came dinner time, and I went joyfully to meet the happiness of our last dinner here. All the morning, in my lonely saunterings, I compared the life I saw, with the beautiful life that may be ; and the women I saw with this woman, who, at least, is no dream, but a living reality.

"You have been a truant," she said, as she held out a frank hand to welcome me, when I entered the drawing-room. "Are you enamored of Cincinnati, that you have deprived me of your company, all this morning?"

"I do not forget," I said, with a humility, which had no pretence in it, "how little I can be to you, and how kind you have been to give me so much of your society."

"Well, have I any other? Besides, I have much hope of you. I have been at work this morning ; but we will make much of the coming days ; for it will not be long now before I shall have rivals, who will dispute my claim to you. You are to prepare yourself, like a gallant knight, to defend your fortress."

This seemed absurd enough, but she appeared serious. I see that there is one ; but I have no expectation of finding other women like this.

We dined, and at five o'clock shook hands with our Cincinnati friend on the steamboat; then backed out into the stream, came round handsomely, and pointed our bows toward the setting sun.

And here we are on the river, and here I begin the record of this voyage—of the length and duration of which I am in a state of blessed uncertainty—but what matter, so it be blessed?

I began my letter last evening, sitting on the guards or balcony outside my state-room, and writing by the red light of a western sun-set, while we glided past the panorama of the Indiana shore. As the light faded, Miss Elmore came and joined me. I put up my writing, as she sat at my side, and began to tune a small, sweet-toned guitar. Soon her fingers swept over it, and brought out the harmonies I love. She seemed to muse and meditate in music, which became the expression of every thought, emotion, and memory. Soon she began, in a low voice, to sing old familiar tunes—the airs of her childhood and ours. It was very pleasant to hear the old songs we have so often sung together; and I ventured to join in them. And so we glided along.

We were alone, but not unobserved. Forward, there was a group of the colored waiters, listening in silence and with great enjoyment; nearer were passengers, but all at a respectful distance. There was not an ill-mannered remark, nor the least intrusion. It was no repulsion, or haughtiness of manner that kept them thus apart from our little communion; but a perception of that sweet dignity and purity, which commands universal respect and admiration. I could see it in the look and manner of every one. As the night closed round us, she laid the instrument down; our friendly visitors retired, and we sat conversing.

"We are now fairly embarked on our voyage," said she. "You are the first person, not initiated into our society and principles, who has been invited to visit us. But we grow strong, and secure in our strength. You are to be trusted personally; and the time approaches when the world will be ready to reap the benefit of our work. You will see things which will seem very strange to you; but if you can lay aside the prejudices of education and custom, I think they will not seem false or unnatural."

"I can not feel that I am so prejudiced, as to think our society perfect ;" I replied, "or to condemn another which secures in a greater degree the true objects of society ; the improvement or happiness of all who compose it."

"Society perfect !" she said, with a voice of deep scorn, softened by pity. "Perfect ! This society that produces and perpetuates ignorance, poverty, disease, sensuality, bigotry, and all despotisms and slaveries ? A society where the rich plunder the poor ; where the learned oppress the ignorant ; where disease, wickedness, and crime are the support of three great learned professions ; where birth is a curse, and life a burthen ; where nine-tenths die premature deaths of exhaustion, and the diseases of evil habits ; where body, mind, and heart are alike enslaved, and where there is not the first condition of happiness in a true freedom ? I shall show you something better than this."

"You speak much of freedom, as a condition of happiness. Do you think freedom compatible with civilization ?"

"Every human condition has its own laws. The selfishness of civilization requires the isolate household, marriage, the slavery or ownership of woman, jealousy or the property feeling, applied to her as well as every thing else, and so on. If you will think it over, you will find all social moralities belonging to this civilized condition."

"And does a different state bring different ideas of morality ?"

"That is not a very wise question. Are not all social morals conventional, and related to the system which they guard ? For example, it is very moral and highly respectable, in the polite Empire of China, to have twelve wives ; in Turkey, four ; Solomon is nowhere condemned for his family establishment, which the morality of the age sanctioned, but for worshipping strange gods. England has one code of morals and respectability ; Italy another. In France, maidens are recluse, and married women free ; here liberty belongs to the unappropriated."

"But still, there must be an absolute right, above all these customs and conventionalisms !"

"Ah ! that is what you have to find, and what we have found. Now think out for yourself, what this absolute right is ; and then

you will see how near we have come to its realization. Good night, and happy dreams. Will you help me to see the sun rise?"

With a kind pressure of the hand she left me, and retired to her state-room. I went forward to the bow of the boat and enjoyed the freshness of the evening breeze, and the music of the gurgling waters that foamed around our prow. Soon I saw a cloud of smoke below; a line of glaring red lights; then two tall chimneys, and soon an upward bound steamer, illuminated like a floating palace, rushed roaring past us. And I retired to my berth, to think and dream.

On a boat, the bustle of the day begins early. A bell is rung to waken all drowsy passengers. But I did not wait for the bell. I heard the dash of water in the state-room next mine, and sprang from a wide and comfortable berth, enclosed with mosquito nets, to perform my own ablutions. I found Miss Elmore fresh as the rosy morning, on the hurricane deck. We were gliding through a fine country on both sides of the river—Indiana and Kentucky—and in the distance were the spires of Louisville, where we arrived just after breakfast.

A traveler should give some account of manners and customs. Those of a western steamboat are unique.

The great cabin of our boat, (and all these boats are much alike) is, perhaps, two hundred feet long. The first thirty feet from the forward entrance is liberty hall. Here is the clerk's office, the bar or saloon, as they call it, and the barber's shop. Each is a state-room; and drinking and shaving are both done in the space forward. Here the floor is bare, or covered with coarse matting, and spittoons are plentiful. Then begins a carpet, and the extension tables of the great cabin, which are closed up in several divisions, after every meal, and where parties sit playing the favorite games of the West, euchre or poker. The last thirty feet is the ladies saloon, furnished more pompously than the rest; but not separated until 10 o'clock at night, when folding doors close up this sanctum sanctorum.

When the first breakfast bell rings, the captain or clerk, generally the latter, takes his place at the head of the table, which is, of course, its after extremity. On all water-craft, the head is the tail, and

precedence is to come last. All the ladies, and gentlemen attending ladies, seat themselves near the head of the table, but the whole double line of forlorn male bipeds remains standing, until every lady is seated; and if any one can not get her curls arranged or her collar pinned in season, they all wait with the most wonderful patience and gravity.

When the master of ceremonies is satisfied that every feminine is in her seat, he gives the signal for the second bell; and the unprivileged male passengers sit down and fall to without further ceremony.

We stopped at Louisville two hours to discharge and receive freight, and Miss Elmore accompanied me on a tour of observation, but we saw little peculiar or worthy of notice. A northerner looks for some sign of slavery, but I could not see that there were any more negroes than in New York, or that they differed materially in their condition.

I asked Miss Elmore about it. "There are great hardships incident to slavery," she said, "but travelers can see but little of them. Slaves are sold, rather oftener than our free girls at the north. I am not sure that they find harder masters, or that it is more difficult to get away. Year by year, as many wives are killed by their husbands in New York city, as negroes by their masters in the whole south. Children are whipped, abused and starved, by bad parents at the north, as negroes are by bad masters at the South. Every Legree here, can be matched by some sensual, drunken husband and father there. A good man is a good husband, parent, or master. A bad man finds the means in either place to wreak his badness on some one under his control."

"But the law affords relief in one case, which it does not in the other," I said.

"Are you quite sure of that? In how many cases does the law interfere to protect wife, or child, or apprentice from the cruelty of a brutal husband, father or master? There is law and custom, public opinion and humanity, here as there. There is but little difference. When men and women are far enough advanced to own themselves, they will not be owned. When they can govern them,

selves, they will not be governed. In New Orleans the relation of master and slave is usually very mild. I know a bookseller, whose smartest clerk is a mulatto slave; and he wears diamond shirt studs. I know a large cotton house, whose head clerk is the property of the firm; and I have seldom seen a more competent or gentlemanly man of business. He lives in a neat cottage, and has a wife and family. *All* slaveries are wrong, and an evil, but it does not appear that all wrongs and evils are concentrated in one. I, who believe in universal freedom, rate them all alike, differing only in degrees of misery, as circumstances make them differ."

We returned to our steamer, now ready to start. The abundant rains had swollen the river, and our captain had decided to save his toll by "running the *chute*," instead of going through the canal and locks, which in the three miles between Louisville and Portland, raise or lower the boats a hundred feet. There was a mile of swift, and, in places, foaming rapids; but our big pilot took the center of the current, and with a full head of steam, the smart "Effie" went over flying. It was grand. We were forward on the upper deck, and had the full enjoyment of it. It was good railroad speed, but that on a steamer seems very different. The falls of the Ohio are not much as a cataract, but very good boating, when there is water enough—short and sweet, and soon over.

After this little excitement, I turned my thoughts homeward, and have written thus far on a letter which I will send when it is full. I sit and write, and think of you and home, so far in the northeast, and then of the unknown home which I long and yet almost fear to see and know. This fear comes of a selfishness, I find, in my heart. I can see your right to the freedom that is said to reign in this home; but I cannot think of you as enjoying its possible results. You are *mine*. But I also find myself growing selfish in my friendship for Miss Elmore. I am disturbed at the idea of seeing her loving and being beloved. I see that this is absurd, and wrong, and hateful. I see that she and you, and every one should be free from every bond on your spirits—free to love all that is lovely to you; and I know that I would not have the love that was owned as

property; and yet I cannot get rid of the feeling which men have for whatever they claim as their own.

During the long, sunny day, the passengers either clustered around the card tables in the cabin, or on the shady side on the guards, in groups. They fell into conversations on various subjects—they discussed the Maine Law, Kansas, the Eastern War, Know-nothingism, Spiritualism, and all the exciting questions of the day. Free Love and Woman's Rights included. A country Magistrate gave his opinions as from the bench of justice; an itinerant lecturer on various reforms was fanatical on all, and some gentlemanly, but hot-blooded young southerners felt bound to flash fire at every slur on the peculiar institution.

It was as good as a play. A pale methodist parson, of the Church South, defended slavery and denounced rum; preached piety and put down the "isms," with a warmth that was very amusing. He had so many sides to combat—repelling now the assault of an abolitionist, now of an infidel; and whipping his little testament out of his side pocket to quote chapter and verse on every subject. When it came to a dispute on any question of fact, he offered to bet a Bible!

But he seems a very innocent man, and one we should call rather green, in spite of his white neckcloth. A lovely little girl, five years old, the daughter of a radical passenger, bound for Minnesota, gets into his lap, and talks with him. She was curious to know what book he was reading. He told her it was the Holy Bible.

"Oh!" she cried, "I have got a *leetle bit* of a one at home, and it is full of the *silliest* stories!" Here her mother interfered, and put a stop to her heresies.

Once, as they were gathered near our state-room, the discussion grew warm on the "isms of the day," as the preacher termed them.

"There's the Woman's Rights question," said he, "that a set of infidel and abolitionist women are agitating. Its all against the Bible. Read what St. Paul says. He preached the true doctrine. He says, 'wives obey your husbands,' and he would'nt allow a woman to teach." And out came the little testament. "Now, who

are the women that are lecturing about Woman's Rights? Why, they are a set of infidels. Mary Wollstonecraft, that wrote the first book on Woman's Rights, was an infidel, and opposed to marriage. Fanny Wright was an infidel and an Owenite. Mrs. Rose is a rank infidel and makes speeches at the Tom Paine Festivals in New York. Lucy Stone is'n't much better; for she got married under protest. I tell you they are all infidels, free-love folks, abolitionists, and spiritualists."

Miss Elmore, who was standing near me, looked round at me with a benevolent smile, which the preacher took for an approval of his sentiments.

"That's so, is'n't it, marm?" said he.

"Do you wish to know what I think about these matters?" she asked, quietly.

"Yes, I should, for you seem to be a sensible woman, and when I meet a sensible woman, I always like to get her judgment."

"Then you differ a little from St. Paul, I think, for he did'n't allow women to teach."

A roar of laughter at the minister's expense showed the sympathies of the audience.

"Yes, marm; but giving your opinion will not be the kind of authoritative teaching, which the apostle intended."

"Perhaps so; but if my opinion should happen to carry conviction with it, how would it be?"

"I think it would be very well, marm, if it was the right kind of an opinion."

"But St. Paul says nothing about a woman teaching truth or falsehood—he says she must not teach."

And here was another laugh, at the preacher or the apostle, I could'n't tell which.

"Now," she continued, "when you will allow that a woman's opinion may be as good as a man's, and that she has as good a right to its expression, I will give you mine."

This was a poser, which divinity could'n't get over; and amid the laughter of the delighted audience, he was compelled to withdraw his appeal.

When we were alone, I asked Miss Elmore why she refrained from the expression of her sentiments on these subjects.

"The good I could have done," she said, "would not have compensated for the inconvenience, and it would have been bad economy. This poor little parson would not have been benefited; the rest are working their way out to the light very well, as it is. My views would not satisfy the partisans of any faith, and their expression might make our voyage unpleasant. What I did was as well."

"But you will not refuse to tell *me* your thought on these subjects," said I.

"Oh, no. You are my pupil; and as you believe in the divine mission and right of women to teach the most interior truths, I shall not refuse you. If men originate principles, women give them form and vitality. The law of sex applies to the intellectual and moral world, as well as the physical.

"Abolition is the protest against an evil, seen more clearly, because distant. Men labor to abolish negro slavery and neglect their own, for the same reason that they send missionaries to convert the heathen, and neglect the pagans of their own parishes.

"The Maine Law is a futile effort of a democratic majority to usurp and exercise the powers of a benevolent despot, and force people to do right against their inclinations. The agitation will do no harm in the end; for though it may be established that the right to drink whisky is guaranteed by the constitution of the state, it will be found to disagree with that of the individual. The struggle tends also to freedom; for in defending the individual right to do wrong, men may stumble also on the idea of a right to do right."

"But can there be a right to do a wrong?"

"Not in the abstract and ultimate; but there is the right of individual conscience, and every one must be left free to do what he *thinks* right, so long as he does not interfere with the same right in another. This freedom is the condition of experience and knowledge. As men come to the understanding of principles, they can seize upon the absolute right."

"The absolute—that always confuses me. In human actions every thing seems relative. The right of to-day becomes the wrong

of to-morrow. What is right to do under certain conditions, is very wrong under others."

"That all falls under the law of relations, which is as infallible as mathematics. All principles are absolute, immutable, eternal. Proportions, relations, and adaptations have their laws. A wise expediency is the absolute right. We carry out absolute principles, by truly measuring relations. In building, the level, the plumb line, the measure and square, never vary; but we apply them to produce all convenient forms and relations. In our conduct, we have one object—happiness; the means are the adaptation of our faculties and passions, to the objects of their satisfaction within our reach. You will think this all over, and it will come clearly to you. Work it out like a problem in geometry. You will find that all sciences are exact sciences when you know them. Rather, you will find that there is only one science, and when you get to the central truth, you can see clearly all the circumference."

Thus, dear Clara, does this woman talk with me. Thus does she instruct me; and yet there is not the least pedantry or pretension in her manner. It is so calm, gentle and loveful; her eyes beam in mine with a light so soft and clear; her smile is so sweet; her tones and modulations so musical, that I am charmed, and yet there seems no possibility of my having for her a sentimental, much less a sensual, passion. I try to analyze my feelings. I try to tell you the actual truth; but I think that I do better in giving you these details, and allowing you to form your own opinion. Whatever my present feeling, or future relations to her, I know that I have never loved you more dearly than now; and I never seemed to myself to be so worthy of your love.

I rose early this morning, waked by the rushing steam. We had made a landing at Shawncetown, a lively little river port in south-eastern Illinois. We were to stop some hours, and the engineer blew off steam, and damped his furnaces. I will go on with our voyage.

Last evening a group of passengers gathered round the table in

the ladies's cabin, which, though a part of the long open saloon, and free to every one, so far as I can see by any printed regulation, is held sacred to the lady passengers, and their friends, and is scarcely ever intruded upon by any other. The more quiet and studious men occupy the tables nearest; the card players are further forward, and those who drink toddies and tell stories are at the forward extremity. If the Captain went through the boat every evening and pointed out each one's place, they would not be better arranged.

We were sitting, reading and conversing on general trifles; a sweet pretty Irish woman was exulting in the hope of meeting her soldier husband in St. Louis; a Kentucky lawyer was carrying on a desperate flirtation with the bar-keeper's wife, a plump Bowery beauty with a turn-up nose; I was making studies of the party, and comparing them with Miss Elmore, who held in her hand a volume of Tennyson, when I heard angry exclamations from the other end of the boat. There were oaths, a movement, and then a sharp pistol shot. I started to my feet, and involuntarily looked round to where Miss Elmore was sitting. She was gone—she was half way up the cabin. I followed her as quickly as possible. The passengers were many of them pale; some were escaping through the state rooms; others were gathering about two men who were clinched in what seemed a deadly encounter. One was armed with a bowie-knife and the other with a revolver. One shot had been fired, when they closed, but in such a way that neither could use his weapon. But the man with the revolver, a powerful man, threw off his assailant with the bowie-knife, and raised his pistol with a quick but deliberate aim, when Miss Elmore glided between them, raised his hand so as to make the shot harmless, and at the same time holding up her other hand, awed back the man with the knife, who was preparing to spring upon his antagonist. The Captain was just in time, as he rushed into the cabin, to see this *tableau*. But there was no necessity for his interference; and Miss Elmore, by a look or sign, checked his advance.

"*Gentlemen!*" she said, with a very deliberate emphasis—"You surely forget that you are in the presence of timid women!"

"There is one here, brave enough," said the pistol man, "and I honor courage any where."

"Then you should honor this gentleman," said she, pointing to his opponent, who had put up his knife; "for he has no lack of it. You are both brave, strong men; and you know what belongs to gentlemen, for you can respect a woman. Now," said she, with a smile, "I do not find gentlemen so plentiful, as to allow them to be wasted. If there is any wrong between you, you know how to right it. A brave man can atone for a fault as well as avenge an insult, and, under the circumstances, and considering the scarcity of men who are honorable enough to do both, I think you had better do the handsome thing."

"Madam!" said he with the pistol, "I will do any thing under God's heavens you wish me to. I may have been mistaken about the play, and wrong; but I can't take the lie from any body."

"No body should give the lie," said she, looking at the other, with her clear, calm look, "where a mistake is possible."

"I was hasty, Madam, and I apologize," said he, with a quick frankness.

"Enough said," replied the other, offering his hand. "I was likely as not wrong about the play. It's no consequence any how, but as I had my shot, I'll stand treat."

"And you will play no more to-night?" said the beautiful peace maker.

"Not a deal; if you will take a glass of champagne with us."

The glass was brought. She raised it, and said, "gentlemen, you always mean well, but you sometimes forget yourselves. I wish you better memories!"

The toast was drunk, and applauded. Miss Elmore had just tasted her glass, and now returned with me to the ladies' cabin.

The fainting lady had so far recovered as to be in a comfortable fit of hysterics; and the passengers who had escaped from the cabin came back in time to get a glass of the peace-offering.

"Are those men gentlemen?" I asked Miss Elmore, when I got the opportunity."

"Yes and no."

"Does the question admit of both answers?"

"Almost every one does. It depends on what you understand by the term gentleman. These men are brave, frank, generous, sensitive, and honorable, as they understand honor."

"But they seem to me to be two professional gamblers."

"So they are; but why not gentlemen, as much as lawyers who help fraud and oppression for a fee; preachers who teach doctrines they do not believe, for a salary; speculators who gamble in stocks and staples; financiers who loan capital to usurers and swindlers, and share their plunder; soldiers who make a business of slaughter and kill according to orders? Why may not a gambler, who stakes his living on either chance or skill, be as good a gentleman as these?"

"But why call any of them gentlemen?"

"A man may have the elements of a gentlemanly character, and not be strong enough to control his circumstances. So we must be charitable, and call those gentlemen who might and would be, if they had the opportunity."

The scenery of the Lower Ohio has elements of beauty. The foliage is of great richness; the grass of a deep vivid green; but I miss every where the noble back ground of mountains, lifting their blue summits against the sky. But the sun-sets are glorious. At times the bluffs on the river side are high and picturesque. The boats we meet and pass, give animation to the voyage. The flat boats loaded with coal, or lumber, or corn, which glide down with the current, have their interest. Sometimes you see a corn sheller at work—sometimes a fiddle is playing. Still it is all an idle, monotonous life enough. I do not know what we should do without our discussions, which seem to be a school of popular education.

The parson still attacks the "isms of the day," but upholds his own with great fervor. He is a great advocate of total abstinence.

"But how about that advice of your friend Paul, to 'take a little wine for the stomach's sake?' asked an objector.

"Medicinally ; we allow it to be prescribed as a medicine," said the preacher.

"Oh ! then Paul was a doctor," said a Hoosier ; "I wonder where he got his diplomy ?"

"He was an inspired man," said the preacher, "and knew what was right."

"Look here !" said a quiet, slow spoken man, with a twinkle in his eye ; "St. Paul, we are told, cured a great many people of their diseases by praying for them, laying on of hands, and even by their having handkerchiefs and aprons brought to them, that he had touched. Now, I should like to inquire why he didn't cure Timothy's dyspepsia, and other infirmities, when he liked him so well, instead of ordering him to take his bitters, and setting such a bad example to all posterity ?"

The preacher was entirely unprepared for this question ; and as he stammered and hesitated, the free thinking crowd did not restrain their triumph at his discomfiture.

So we glide along. I walk on the upper deck ; or stand on the bows ; and I think of you all the hours, and of the fast increasing distance that separates us ; then I think it is the same sun that shines for us both ; the same bright stars, the same blue sky that bends over us, and the same Providence that enfolds us.

We made Cairo, the great city of some dim future, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi, late in the night. I looked out but could see little in the misty moon-light. Our St. Louis and up river passengers went ashore here. The rosy little Irish woman, whom every body was in love with, came past my door, as I stood wrapped in my dressing gown, looking out upon the scene. She held out her hand to me.

"Good bye, you little darling, God bless you," said I, with more warmth than I should have used, had I ever expected to see her again.

Her reply was eloquent and characteristic. She said never a word, but as quick as a thought, or the impulse of a loving woman,

held up her pretty lips to be kissed. And I kissed her as I would a very nice fat baby ; and she ran off without a word ; but turned, and waved her handkerchief to me and the rest, as she went up the landing.

In the morning we were steaming down the great, turbid, mighty, monotonous Mississippi, through which flow the currents of a thousand rivers to the distant sea. I can never tell you of its melancholy grandeur.

You will look on the map and see its windings, and fancy us steaming down—down those long reaches, going at times three hundred miles to gain one. The great, impetuous river, filled with the energy of all the thousand torrents, of which its life is made, goes tearing along through interminable forests. In its windings, it washes away the banks on one shore, uprooting great trees, and filling its bed with snags and sawyers ; while a vast sand bar is left on the other side to be covered in time with the cane brake jungles, made of those long, slender, jointed reeds, you see in New York sold for fishing poles. The great fields of these are of a beautiful light green ; but the sad havoc of the river on its banks, is a melancholy ravage. And such sameness. For hours and days the only change is in finding the perpendicular wall of undermined earth and forest, now on the right hand, and then on the left, as the river bends to the west or the east. If I go in the cabin, and stay for hours, when I come back it is the same. The only change is that the foliage indicates a more southern clime. The moss hangs pendant from the boughs of the cypress, and on the shore I see the palm, whose leaves supply us with fans and hats.

I have promised to write no particulars of time or distance below Cairo. I can not, therefore, give the days ; not that I do not trust you, but for fear of accidents.

We pass the hours in reading poetry, aloud ; in music, when we feel musical ; and in long conversations, of which I can give but a meager record. But I must finish one, of which I have given a part. It was renewed at intervals, for my fellow voyager is sparing of conversation, and leaves me much time for reflection. Every day I see how wisely and beautifully she has taught me.

"You began," said I, "to speak of these 'isms,' our clerical friend is so fond of denouncing. Will you tell me further about them?"

"I will tell you all you can hear," she said. "He spoke bitterly of this question of Woman's Rights, and its advocates. Mary Wollstonecraft, the wife of Godwin, and the mother of Mrs. Shelley, was a beautiful and heroic spirit, not very wise. She loved much and suffered much; and had an instinct for freedom and a true life. Few more lovely and feminine spirits have ever lived. She rejected the popular theology, as did most intellectual persons of her time. But she also repudiated marriage, and the slavery of women. When Thomas Paine wrote his Rights of Man, she applied the same principles to a vindication of the Rights of Woman.

"Frances Wright had a more manly spirit. She was a woman of heroism and benevolence; a better logician, I think, but less instinctive, and affectionate.

"The estimable ladies who attend Woman's Rights conventions are doing their work of agitation, from various motives. The love of distinction, the hope of success, the consciousness of power, and the want of a sphere for its exercise, have their share as motives. But they all shrink from the central wrong in the lot of woman—her being owned and appropriated in marriage."

"And here," said I, "you come to the Free Love doctrine, I have seen so much discussion about."

"Any question of freedom will bear discussion. So long as men live in the isolate dwellings, and discordant selfishness, of the society of civilization—each robber in his den—woman must be appropriated, and owned; and custom and law must guard this ownership, as slave laws guard the ownership of slaves. But in a true society, woman can be free, and of course love may be as free as thought, or belief."

"There is one 'ism' more—Spiritualism; I wish to know more of that," said I, at our next conversation.

"What do you know already?" she asked, with a fine lighting up of interest in her expression.

"Very little, that is satisfactory. I have read of the phenomena, and went two or three times to hear the raps. The communications

seemed vague, and the phenomena of doubtful origin. I could not see the use of it."

"Do you believe in the continuance of individual consciousness, after the death of the body?"

"I hope it."

"Hope in the possible is a good basis of belief. Attractions are proportional to destinies. The testimony of spiritual phenomena is abundant. Immortality is as possible as life. I have as good evidence of the existence of spirit friends, and intercourse with them, as I have of your existence, and of my conversation with you. It would be just as hard to disprove one as the other. But you will probably soon have better opportunities of testing this for yourself. Our society lives in open and constant communion with a spiritual society, with which it is in Harmony; and it is to the earth, what that society is to the heavens. If you come into the life of our Harmony, you will find spirit-friends, and spirit-loves in the heavenly society. We will not argue about it or speak of it more, now. We will wait and see what is for you."

On and on; running down those long, interminable, forest-lined curves of the river, swept our good steamer, night and day. Sometimes we brushed over the branches of a tree, whose root was anchored in the bed of the stream.

At last, one bright but very warm afternoon, I saw a little town in the distance; and laying at the landing a beautiful little steamboat, with a single smoke-pipe. Miss Elmore was standing on the upper deck, forward, by my side, looking through a pocket spy-glass. She held out a white handkerchief, and let it flutter in the wind. In a moment a broad white flag, with a golden star, made of nine other stars, rose from the deck of the little boat; and at the same moment there was a burst of blue smoke; and soon came booming up the river the roar of a cannon.

The booming echoes had scarcely returned the sound, when there burst upon the air a peal of triumphant music such as I never heard

before. It was like a bugle, but many times louder, coming with a power and sweetness of sound which enveloped me in extacy. It was like no earthly music, but seemed poured upon us from the clear blue sky, a torrent of melody. I looked round in surprise to my companion, and she, delighted at my astonishment, pointed where the fairy little boat was throwing off a jet of steam; and I saw now that it was the boat, herself, welcoming her expected passenger. Instead of the usual shrieking whistle, she was provided with a full harmonic chord of musical tones, so that she could give bugle signals to a great distance. The single tones were wonderful; but when the chords were given, it was like a tornado of harmony; grand, overpowering, indescribable. It was like musical thunder, or a harmonized Niagara. Not the "voice of many waters," but the voice of steam.

Miss Elmore looked up to the wheel-house and nodded at the pilot; and said to me, "come, my friend, our voyage here is ended."

I went to my state-room and hastily packed my things. We said good bye to our friends, and went on shore, and the Effie Afton plowed on her way.

I finish my letter at the little Post-office here, and know not how soon I can mail another. Good bye, my dear love. Love me and trust me.

THE LIFE OF A MEDIUM;

Or, the Spiritual Experience of T. B. Conklin.

CHAPTER XXV.

TEACHINGS OF THE SPIRITS.

THERE has been and is, much controversy as to what the Spirits teach. I am not about to say that there is no difference between spirits in their views of truth. We have reason to believe that there are advanced, and harmonized spirits out of the form, as well as in it. And that there are unwise, partial, and isolate, or vagrant spirits. There are single colored rays of light, and there is the full spectrum consisting of all rays, and there is the unity of all in the pure white ray. A mind may transmit one ray, and a mind may have so many unities in itself, and be so related to the harmonic life of the higher spheres, that it may transmit all the rays.

A principle may be given us from the spirits, with whom we are in unity, and then a direction that seems to contravene that very principle. For instance, we may be told that we should live in the highest conjugal love; that marriages of hate and indifference are evil; and yet we may be told to remain quiet, and suffering in an evil, unholy marriage. This may be our highest duty for a time, perhaps for all our time, because we may not be able to live to the pure principle which has been given us, without doing an amount of harm to others, perhaps to children, or sickly and unhappy partners, that would greatly overbalance the good of severing ourselves from arbitrary relations.

Now the spirits are not to be blamed for teaching in a seemingly contradictory manner. Principle, Divine Law, are always to be kept in view, and we are to live as near to the higher law as we can; but we are not to forget duties, limitations and atonements. They are a part of us, and our past, as much as a broken leg, or cramped lungs may be. The Divine Law is that we walk with unbroken

limbs, that we breathe into healthy and expansible lungs. If we have not these, then we are to breathe and walk as well as we can.

The great law that we are to live to in all things, is the Law of Love. This the Spirits of ancient and modern times agree in teaching.

Opinions are never dangerous but as they induce practice. This is emphatically an age of power, and of change. Opinions are impressed and revealed from the spirit world, often accompanied by an impulse that is hardly to be resisted, and men make changes and mischievous changes, that frighten those who are embargoed by custom, who rot at their wharves. It may be quite as bad to go where the Prophet's servant went, viz: "no whither," as to be subject to this moral embargo. The problem to be solved is, how shall we move and advance to the best advantage?

The spirits teach us as we can receive. If we can receive but little light, then we must make our way the best we can by that little. If but few of our faculties are livingly active, and the impulse comes to us from their life, then our life must act in a particular, and oft times mischievous manner. To cultivate a spirit of loving usefulness in us, seems to me, from long experience, to be the will and wish of our guardians spirits.

An unbeliever in Spiritual manifestations asked this question: Can Spirits reveal a murderer and enable us to track him, and discover his place, and thus bring him to justice? The answer is plain from events that have transpired. If a greater good is to be accomplished by the revelations than would be otherwise done, and if the "justice" of human punishment be a greater good than to leave the individual at large, then spirits having the power to make such revelations will exercise it.

We may say the same of the discovery of hidden treasures. If it were a good for men to become suddenly rich, we may believe that they would be informed by guardian spirits of hidden treasures. The reverse of this is true as a rule. Hence as a rule, Spirits give no such information.

When new forms of truth are revealed to man, alliances are sought with them on various grounds; and often, when it is found that

they can not be made subservient to special ends of mere personal gain, all interest straightway ceases. Thus Spiritualism has had inquirers whose aims were to forestall a rival in a lucrative market, to make a lucky stock speculation, or otherwise to obtain the rewards of study, foresight or industry, without first deserving them. These attempts to pervert spiritual intercourse to ends of self-aggrandizement have more than once been deplored in communications from the Spirit-world. To the writer it was once said :

“As your own interior teaches, we return not to earth to sow discord—neither to ferret out perplexing temporal matters ; but simply to remove from the minds of our fellow-men that mist which hath intervened and caused the most advanced mind to have misgivings as to its futurity. Our mission is to remove the mist, and enable the struggling soul to see clearly its spotless Celestial origin.” * * *

“Now, trace back, and see what men—men professing to belong to the harmonial philosophy—are striving to obtain. Having once been satisfied that a power independent of self, bringing with it intelligence, was manifesting itself—they are using that power, not for their mental advancement, but for the building up of that house which ‘moth and rust do corrupt,’ and would fain make a Spirit a *clerk for mercenary purposes*. It is upon that I wish to speak. * * * The subject that I desire to convey through your brain is this : ‘The necessity of seekers after Truth, seeking Truth for Truth’s sake, and avoiding to ask Spirits for directions in temporal affairs.’ ”

The following on the same subject was recently given through the Medium in a trance state, and taken down by the narrator, who was not aware until afterwards that the Medium had been solicited (thoughtlessly perhaps) to aid some mining project in the country :

“Men who, after having suffered their individuality to become dormant, and having looked, as it were, upon the sky to find directions thereupon written, fail to have all their desires realized, must not expect that *our* mission is simply to reveal to man secret treasures or mines of gold, silver or copper. We would not have the Medium associated with a visionary enterprise of one who seeks

that, and that alone, which is of earth. It were better for that soul that disappointments of that kind meet him daily, until want shall bring him to his own individuality. We would not have the Medium journey to the place, to be the instrument in the hands of a less intelligent Spirit, to designate that particular ore that he seeks; therefore, as his counsellors in all things that appertain to his spiritual good, as well as temporal—we say *NAY—go not—mix not in with the contaminating influence.*”

The letter, to which the following was an answer, was carefully placed in a sealed envelope, a mile from the Medium's room :

“It was truly said it was from *me*.”

“The Bible contains many beautiful truths; and many, very many errors. I have found no such location—no such state—no such an existence here as that which you term ‘HELL.’ I have found the future to be beautiful: *the inner part of all things that I once inhabited with you.*”

“You know that I would not advise you wrongly in any thing that concerned your welfare while I was with you in the form; and now that I am out of the body, and still able to counsel you in many things, I will not advise you wrong; and in that, too, which is of such great moment, of such a vast importance, the welfare of your soul. I am in a progressive state; and I am in the company of your father and mother and sister; and they, with me, again advise you *not to think of going to California*; because, if you do, you will part from the body before the time which nature has designed you should. You will not be wronged by the one to whom you have entrusted that which is so important to make your earthly life less tiresome. *Do*, I would advise you, *do as I have told you before*—turn all that floats into money, and try to remove from your mind the idea that I am absent. Think of me only as a guardian, a protector, a child of heaven, watching over you continually, using all the influence that I can to harmonize the mind which my physical dissolution hath caused to be agitated.

“You will settle in life, I see, again; and it is my wish that you

should do so ; because a union with another, *on earth*, will not interfere with your future happiness—neither will it make me less happy. I know that such an idea has not for one moment yet entered your mind ; yet, it is necessary that you should again seek and have a companion to comfort you through the remnant of your earthly days.

“ You know, Amy, that I always told you that a home, however small, if we could only call it *our own*—it was sweet. I should advise, when you return again to your friends here, to *keep your own house*, and not be boarding with others. I have a reason for this. I wish to hasten your development ; and if you are the mistress of your own house, you will have more opportunities to give me interviews, and be less subject to the annoyances of those who will naturally oppose. I could tell you all about Spiritualism if you were prepared to receive it ; and as you are ready, and I have the opportunity, I shall endeavor to instruct you.

“ NELLY.” [Nelson.]

The letter to which the preceding answer applies has not been returned, as in the former instance, for publication.

To another sealed letter the following answer was given :

“ A prediction of the death of any individual should never be relied upon, when in his own sphere of action there is no perceptible event that is *likely* to cause a separation ; whether such a prediction comes from a spirit in or out of the body. The future, to the most of spirits, is unknown. There should be a greater discrimination in sifting and carefully analyzing all that is received through partially developed Mediums. Your own experience has taught you that Spirits are not *infallible*, especially those that are attracted to the responses of the one hundred and one inquirer.” [The narrator not understanding what was meant by “ the one hundred and one inquirer,” here asked if he had heard aright, and was answered affirmatively.]

“ When a man would speak, or gain information from our side, he should be ready to receive that which we are best able to give.

We withhold nothing that we see would be beneficial when we have the facility for conveying it. Now, respecting a friend's departing the Earth-life, he *may*, in the time appointed, enter the land of Spirits; yea, and before that day, may be rejoicing with the myriads of happy progressive souls. I have no *positive* knowledge; and I do not think that the Spirit who made the prediction knows more than I do respecting the individual."

"No more."

The tone of voice and manner of the Medium in delivering the foregoing communication were peculiar, and characteristic of one accustomed to the exercise of authority. A lady present asked—

Ques. Will the Spirit give the name he bore on earth? Who is the Spirit?

Ans. One that has never yet spoken through the organs of the Medium, and who, for reasons that will be made known, has NO NAME."

Permission has been given to publish the contents of the sealed letter thus answered.

NEW YORK, May 21, 1855.

"To the Spirits:

"A prediction has been made to me of the death of a party, and the time stated.

"1. Should such statements from the Spirit-World be received with any more faith than a similar one made by a person in the form?

"2. When such predictions are made, do they (the Spirits) speak from *positive knowledge*, as if the future was to them revealed; or, being Spirits, and having greater opportunities of tracing cause to effect, are they merely given as their opinions?

"3. Knowing the prediction, could I not, by warning the party and taking other precautions, so alter circumstances as to prevent its fulfillment?

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"HENRY A. BROWN."

That Spirits not only teach us principles, but give us warning and direction when we err, and cease to be governed by the truths

they impress and reveal, we have abundant evidence to prove. The following belongs to this class of evidence :

The following caution was lately addressed to me through the hand of another Medium seated at my table :

“Mediums should always be in harmony. There is a strong affinity existing between yourself and the opposite Medium.

“I have come from the land wherein there is no disease, no pain, no death. I have come to advise you of the condition of your health, which is not as the Spirits would have it. Your lungs need bracing. You must throw back your shoulders, walk in the open air before breakfast, practice gymnastic exercises ; but above all, keep your chest and lungs fully expanded. Unless you obey these injunctions, you will lie where the willow, the cypress and the elm will wave their branches over your *still form* before the season of flowers shall return.

I am a Spirit M.D.

DR. MEMPHIS.

A lady seated at my table, after conversing some time with a departed sister by means of the table tipping, asked—

“*Ques.* Can you not *speach* to me ?

“*Ans.* Daughter ! she can not. There are but few who have the ability to control the organs of a Medium to give utterance.

“It would be of no avail to multiply words in confirmation of thy progress. Thy own soul tells thee that thou art a pilgrim journeying on the road to knowledge—progressive knowledge. When in thy outgoings among thy fellow creatures, thy soul looks upon those who appear to feel that they are in the Ark of Safety, and need no other instruction or counsel, save that which was given to man to suit a generation in by-gone days,” [the successors] “of which have, through the process of physical and mental development, arrived at that position where the vague ideas which had been translated into the various languages the tongues of men give utterance to, are no longer sufficient for their instruction : when thou seest one of these, that move by thee, and fancy that thou art an outcast, and not an heir of Heaven—pity, and *pray by actions*, that they may become heirs of Truth and joint heirs with thee in thy knowledge of the future.”

Unceasingly the light travels to the earth, and as constantly the interior truth, the soul of the material light, comes to us from the Spirit-world. Love and Truth are one in the unity which we call God, as light and heat are one in the sun that sustains the material life of our earth. We receive as we are able. The darkened soul alone is arrogant and intolerant. The loving and prayerful inquirer seeks for Truth in Love and feels always that there is something for him to attain, and looks with charity and tolerance on his brother seekers after the great good—the Divine Truth.

“By this,” said the Great Teacher of old, “shall all men know that ye are my disciples, *if ye have love one toward another.*” Again: “Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them.”

The fierce controversies of the early churches; the subsequent crusades against the infidel; the tender mercies of the “Holy Inquisition;” the persecution of Protestant by Catholic, and of Catholic by Protestant, and by each sect of the “Reformed Church,” as it has attained power, of all others; the estrangement, nay aversion, which too often in our social intercourse follows the recognition of differences in religious opinions—all these offer a strange and sad historical commentary on the precepts and example of the meek Founder of Christianity.

And yet all has been, and is, professedly done in the interest of Truth, and for the honor of God; and the advocates of intolerance will say that they “employ severity merely to drive men, as children, into obedience, and consequent happiness.”

Men not only assume the possibility of comprehending truth absolutely, but of presenting it in such a comprehensive form to others, that it must needs be seen as truth itself, by all who are not wilfully blind. Hence each church holds the acceptance of its tenets as “necessary to salvation;” and their rejection as indicative of a sinful, depraved heart. To say to a sectarian that not only his own church-made creed is not an infallible standard of truth, but that no such standard has been or can be framed for all men, is to state something inexpressibly shocking. When indeed he asserts that there can be but one true church—but one right exposition of reli-

gious truth—he will sometimes falter a little when asked for some sign or some rule whereby to determine which of many conflicting creeds, of equal pretension, is indubitably the right one; yet he can not bring himself to admit that in any sense all are right, or that all are wrong. The first admission would, to his mind, be a confession that truth can contradict itself; the second, that there is no truth revealed to men.

The confusion of ideas here is plain, and whence arises it? Simply, it may be suggested, because truth itself is confounded with human perceptions of it; the object of sight, or the object of reflection, with the impression produced upon the mind of him who observes or reflects.

What is truth? It may be answered, truth is the universal revelation or manifestation of God, infinite as himself. What is *a* truth? A fragment, so to speak, of the universal manifestation of God; finite, as regards the form in which we consider it; but infinite in the relations it bears to the Great Whole; in accordance with which are the fashion of its existence, its past history, and the determination of its future.

To comprehend truth absolutely, man must, therefore, comprehend God; the finite must compass and possess itself of the infinite. To comprehend any portion of truth absolutely, likewise implies, not only the knowledge of its fragmentary constitution, but of its past, present, and possible relations to the infinite, of which it is a part.

What follows? Not that truth does not exist for any finite being; but that truth, existing for all, possesses only that relative significance to each which accords with its powers of perception, reflection, and appropriation.

“Let us consider,” says Blanco-White, “what is that which men understand by CHRISTIAN TRUTH, when they accuse one another of heretical error; in other words—what is that which the Catholics have thought it their duty to defend by severe punishments; and many or most of the Protestants, by penalties, or privations less revolting? * * * The more obvious and plain the leading terms of some questions appear, the greater the danger of their being used by the disputants in various and even opposite senses, without the

least suspicion of inaccuracy; for nothing appears more free from obscurity than words of indefinite meaning, when they become familiar.

“What do Divines understand by Christian truth? The answer at first appears obvious. Christian truth, it will be said, is what Christ and his Apostles knew and taught, concerning salvation under the Gospel. Thus far we find no difficulty; but let me ask again—Where does this truth exist as an object external to our minds? The answer appears no less obvious than the former—in the Bible. Still I must ask, is the *material Bible* the Christian truth about which Christians dispute? No, it will readily be said, not the *material Bible*, but the *sense* of the Bible. Now, I beg to know, *is the sense of the Bible an object external to our minds?* Does any sense of the Bible, accessible to man, exist any where but *in the mind of each man who receives it from the words he reads?* The Divine Mind certainly knows in what sense these words were used; but as we cannot compare our mental impressions with that model and original of all truth, it is clear that by “the sense of the Bible” we must mean *our own sense* of its meaning. When, therefore, any man declares his intention to defend “Christian Truth,” he only expresses his determination to defend his own notions as produced by the words of the Bible. No other “Christian Truth” exists for us in our present state.”

What, then, is each man, as a truth-seeker, to be left *unaided* to follow the bent of his own inclinations, and to pursue his search alone? Not so. The bond of brotherhood which we confess, enjoins mutual help, for mutual advantage; and we can help each other in many ways, without invading the sacred freedom of each other's conscience. We can offer facilities for acquiring knowledge; we can give information, counsel, kindly encouragement. For this use of the aid thus rendered, our brother is responsible to God alone, not to us; as *we* are responsible for any wilful neglect by which he is deprived of such aid as we might well afford. In all our relations never let us forget that he is free, as we are free; that his charter of freedom is the same as our's; and that this is his true title to TOLERATION.

THE PROGRESSIVE UNION.

SIXTH REPORT OF THE CENTRAL BUREAU.

GREAT qualities are demanded for great achievements. No great work ever was done, or ever can be done, by mean, cowardly, and selfish spirits. The grandest work the world has ever seen attempted, now demands to be done, and this work requires the noblest qualities for its performance. It is the work of a new social organization. It is a higher and nobler work than the discovery of new continents, or the conquest of empires. It requires more zeal and fortitude, more courage and devotion.

When Columbus had conceived the idea of crossing the Atlantic Ocean, to find a new world, or a new route to the eastern shores of the old, he traveled from kingdom to kingdom for twelve years, with a heroic courage, and an unfaltering faith, until he found an Isabella with a power and will to forward his designs. And all this long trial may have been but a necessary discipline for the work before him; and every failure may have been the condition of his final success. Every failure is a success when it leads to renewed exertions, on a higher plane, with a nobler object or improved capabilities. And any success but the highest of which one is capable, is a failure. We, who seek a new world of social freedom, development, and happiness must emulate the sublime constancy of Columbus.

When Cortez, at the head of his little band, determined upon the conquest of Mexico, he burned his ships and cut off all retreat, and made the issue victory or death. And each man became a hero; one of whom it is said, "one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." And Mexico, with its armed millions, was conquered by a little corps of a few hundred soldiers, led by a heroic commander.

And when Pizarro marched against the other great American Empire, golden Peru, and his soldiers murmured at the hardships of their march, and the numbers of their enemies, the chieftain drew a line upon the ground with his sword, and said, "let those who march on with me to victory and empire, cross this line; and

let all others return." The brave marched onward, and their flag floated over the palaces of the Incas.

The world has not been wanting in the spirit of heroism and devotion; unworthy as have often been the objects to which they have been directed. The past is full of such examples. Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans could sing their death-song at Thermopylæ, dying to hold the armies of Xerxes in check, while Greece could prepare to resist invasion. In the early ages of Greece and Rome, such devotion was the rule, rather than the exception. Men gave their services to their country without reward; they gave their lives joyfully when their death became a public benefit. Thousands of men have laid down their lives for others; it has not been a rare virtue. Every country has had its patriots, and every faith its martyrs. Think not that humanity has had but one savior, willing to give up his life a ransom for many. Every man who lives or dies for humanity becomes its savior.

In the centuries of the Crusades, the heroism and devotion of Europe were expended in attempting the conquest of Palestine; and thousands of men laid down their lives with untold sufferings, to rescue the sepulcher of one, who had also given himself to die, from the possession of the "infidel;" who also died, with equal heroism, in defense of the religion he esteemed as holy.

The age of chivalry was an age of faith, courage and unselfish devotion. If there were cowards, flunkies, selfish egotists, and miserable timeservers in the world, they were properly despised. We have heard that the age of chivalry is past. It needs, then, that a new one be inaugurated. The present age calls aloud for some of the heroism expended unworthily, but never vainly, in the past. For men are not to be judged so much by what they accomplish, or attempt, as by the spirit in which they make their efforts. If courage and devotion are worthy a better cause than often engages them, still these qualities are always heroic. But now a Great Cause demands great minds and hearts. It needs men and women, who will swerve from no duty, and shrink at no sacrifice; who will devote, cheerfully, unselfishly, all nobly and heroically, all that they have, and all they are; the labor of life, and life itself, in sacred cause of human rights and human happiness.

Jesus said, "he who loveth father, or mother, or brother, or sister, or houses, or lands, more than me, is not worthy of me." He demanded an absolute renunciation of all things; an utter devotion to the faith and the work. So demands every great cause. A heroic work can not be done by selfish men, and in selfish ways. Those who would save their lives shall lose them. Providence demands instruments or agents for her work. She will take care of her own.

The man who determines to go bravely forward, seeking to live and do the right, will not go far astray. And the consciousness that he has nobly done his work, will be his reward in life and his consolation in death.

To die in a good cause, for one's country, or faith, or for humanity, is noble; but it may be nobler, and require more courage, and a more persistent devotion to *live* for them; and to live the true and heroic life that will honor them.

The principles which we avow; the cause in which we are engaged; the work before us; there is nothing in the past history of the world of any such magnitude or importance. What discoveries, what conquests, what proselytism, can be compared to an effort for the Social Regeneration of man? Our discovery is that of human destiny,* and the laws which govern it. Our conquest is the frauds, and oppressions, and miseries of civilization. Our proselitism is to the Principles of a True Life. Our object is not to found a dynasty, or a nation; but to establish a Social Order, which shall enfold, and purify, and bless, the universal Humanity.

O friends! this is no work for cowards, who stand in dread of every idle gossip; no work for egoists, and self-seekers; no work for those who waste their lives in vicious habits and sensual perversions, which they fancy to be gratifications; no work for discordant individualists, who prefer their own noise to the heavenly harmonies. The prevalent complaint of our time is a "spinal complaint." Men are wanting in "back bone." Our civilizces have no more vertibræ than a lamprey. They are flattened in firmness and conscientiousness, and self-esteem, and bulged out in a morbid approbateness, caution, and acquisitiveness. If they dare to think and investigate—as many do not, few dare to declare, and fewer to act upon, their convictions of right.

Our work demands stamina, manhood, a noble independence, a true freedom, a courage and conduct like that of a knight of chivalry, "without fear and without reproach." The world has lost in the symbols and mottoes of heraldry, what it will do well by some means, to regain. When a man, every time he entered his dwelling or looked upon his seal, saw the sign, and pledge, and motto of something heroic, he had a constant stimulus and excitement to noble deeds. We have this good restored to us, for all who are found worthy to receive them, in the ORDERS OF HARMONY.

If we had but this one little life to live, still it would be better to live it nobly. Still meanness and cowardice, and selfishness would be base and contemptible. If a man had but one year, or week, or day to live, and then came annihilation; still let him live in such a way as to have his own respect—think his own free

thoughts ; do his own brave deeds, and be a man in all the virtue and nobility of true manhood.

But when we consider this life but as the entrance on a great future ; this state, as only the vestibule of the temple of existence ; when we hope and believe, some of us even to positive assurance, in an immortality of progress, shall we not think and live, and act, with reference to the whole life before us, and try to be worthy of the honors of a future existence, even at the sacrifice of some esteem in the present. But, even this is a fancied danger. The human mind is so constituted that it *must* respect what is brave, and noble, and heroic. The man of true thought and life may be persecuted ; but he is, nevertheless, and will be, respected ; while cowards and time-servers merit, and finally draw upon themselves, just what they fear. The divine justice accomplishes itself ; and "he that would save his life shall lose it." Men who, a few years ago, were most abused, are now most honored. Men who were mobbed, are now applauded. Let each man stand firmly by the right, and do his duty, without regard to applause or censure, and he will have what is of more value than the plaudits of the universe—his own esteem.

A new era is dawning. A new world is unfolding. A new phase of society awaits humanity. The work of this new age demands heroic souls ; and for these we seek. If such there be, let them come forward, prepared to brave the perils of an unknown ocean, if need be ; to burn the ships that bore them ; to cross the line traced by the sword of the conqueror. We want men and women who would march through the Red Sea with a song of triumph ; who would die with Leonidas, or with Curtius leap into the gulf to save Rome ; or lay themselves upon the altar to save humanity.

The world wants heroes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Mrs. Nichols.

DEAR FRIENDS—

There are several subjects that I wish to have a familiar talk upon, with my friends, whom I can not see. First of all, the great purpose for which we work—to found a Harmonic Home, where we may be truly Free. That we are not, and can not be free in the present social order, is as apparent to many, as it is that we can not breathe in a healthy manner, in a room where there is no proper ventilation, and where the little air is poisoned every moment by being breathed over and over.

All of us who are awake to the evils and misery of the world as it is, have deep and famishing wants. It is one thing to feel the pressure of want, and another to be wise and just in gaining and giving.

The first requisite to a true Home, a Home of Freedom, is, that Love be Free. But what do we mean by Love? This is a most important question. If we mean the sum total of our spiritual affinities for other beings, our love of unity, for the sake of use, then I think we have a good definition of Love. Many people are so partially developed, that love seems to them only an excitement of the amative passion, that may result in the waste of life to men and women, and consequent disease, or in a poor, partial, and therefore diseased offspring. The instincts of these persons protest against this "Love," and its freedom, and they protest truly. Such "Free Love" is as bad as marriage, with this exception: it is not protected by law, and therefore the evil would sooner cure itself.

We who are called to a Harmonic Life, must look upon ourselves as our riches. Civilization is very rich, but discordant, and therefore its goods are its evils. So it may be with a human soul. The great man who wastes himself amatively, and then seeks in stimulants, such as tea, coffee, tobacco, ardent spirits, flesh, and condiments to get again the semblance of Life, is a sad individual

synonym of our civilization. It is a great world of waste. We, as Harmonists, protest against the individual, and the social waste. We ask for the balance or harmony of the faculties; that all have their rights; that no one or more of the passions, or faculties be allowed to tyrannize over, and rob the remainder.

Especially we ask that the master passion, amativeness, that holds all the spiritual energy that feeds all the faculties, should be conserved according to the higher law of health, and not wasted according to the lower law, or in a protest against it. So evil is the state of the world, that only with a few who have been generated in a better life than the masses, or who have been regenerated by receiving the truth, can this subject be discussed. I come to my friends, to my brothers and sisters, in a great and honest freedom, as if I were a disembodied Spirit, asking you to consider the things that belong to your peace.

Some friends who have wrought nobly in the field of Reform, who have stood by us, second in courage to none, now part company with us. They say as honestly to us, as they have said to the world, "You are despots—you would rob us of our freedom."

Friends, this is not so. We have said to you, do not take drugs. The law of life is, that poisons destroy the human system. We did not abridge your freedom then. We made no law for you. We only announced the law within you. Again, we said vegetables and fruits are a better and more living diet for man, than the flesh of dead animals. You did not complain of despotism even then; but you sought a pure and beautiful diet.

Now we have said we believe that the law of progression in harmony is, that material union is only to be had when the wisdom of the harmony, (the united wisdom of those who love) demands a child. Many accept this law, as a key to a beautiful heaven of love; as a testament, or legacy of power. They feel that in garnering their lives, they are not only enjoying a beautiful present, where there is a continual increase of life, love, strength, and all good, but also a preparation for the future, where a loving freedom shall give to our Home, and its happy lovers, more glorious children than the world has yet seen. We, who are leaders in this movement, feel that our lives have been more or less wasted, either in a false marriage, or in a life where law hinders the right, much more than it secures it; our younger brethren and sisters are immature in knowledge and in strength. The word of wisdom to us all is, to garner life, and to mature it—to be ready to enter into the Harmonic Home of the future, with spiritual and material riches.

It is not strange that those who have no well grounded hope of a true society in this world, should make experiments and swindle

some love, and much money, contrary to existing legal enactments, which all of us must despise. It is not strange that those whose amativeness has been long in bondage to the law of the land, should rebel against the divine law—that is, the law that demands that we do always the best thing.

Starving men are poor judges of the quantity or quality of food needful for them. They are not to be blamed for irregularities, but the law that starved them is to be blamed, and repealed as soon as we are wise and strong enough to do it.

What I wish, is to be clearly understood. We are not despots to ourselves or others. It is our privilege, our most beautiful happiness to live together lovingly, most lovingly, and to obey the law of Progression in Harmony. All who so live—and there are already a goodly number, and it is daily increasing—have a heaven of love.

It is our highest happiness to consecrate the all of our life, spiritually and materially, to the idea of the Harmonic Home. All that is not demanded in fulfilling duty to the old, we consecrate to the new; not in any careless communism, but each person, and each group of persons, doing the best they can with all property, whether it be the riches of love, or wisdom, or money, and other material goods. These feel the need of self-culture and development—that all faculties be fed with the life of love, and developed in unities and uses—they seek to be men and women, not fragments, not “hands,” as our civilization has named its workers—not mere eating, and drinking, and reproductive animals, and dull, monotonous drudges, to get the means to sustain such an existence. To all who can go with us in freedom for all uses, we are helpers, not despots. They are our brethren and sisters, our co-laborers for a true life. To all others, such as have been our friends, or who are enemies to us, and our Truth, we have only to say *we wait for you*. Green apples become ripe when fed from the earth beneath and the heaven above, when blessed with sunshine and with dew. So you will grow to be men and women in the future of time or eternity. God can wait for you and so can we. It seems a little curious to us to be called “ascetics,” “despots,” and “shakers” by those who consider themselves “Free Lovers,” and to be called “licentious and abominable Free Lovers,” by the conservative world around us.

It becomes us all to be humble learners, and earnest workers. What we learn we gladly teach. Often we are obliged rudely to shock old prejudices. The world has so little innocence, and so many coverings, that a lady can't wash her feet in Niagara, without shocking every body, *who ought to be shocked*.

Would it not be well when we are troubled at any unusual free-

dom, to inquire whether we are troubled for ourselves or somebody else; whether we would think the action wrong if no one else in the world thought so? Would not this be a fair way of determining what would be right for us, after settling the great law of right, viz: whether the act infringes on the right of another.

Every thing demonstrates to us, who are seeking a New Social Order, that *for us*, the old world can't be mended. We must graduate into a new world, a new social order wherein dwelleth righteousness. The improvement in the world as it is, will go on, till more and more will graduate into a new social state, and finally civilization will be merged into Harmony. Amen and Amen.

MARY. S. GOVE NICHOLS.

[For Nichols' Monthly.]

HEART KINDRED.

Where do ye wander that might love me well?

Why do ye linger in the far unknown?

Wake the soft murmur of one answering tone,

Mine own heart-kindred whereso'er ye dwell!

There is a subtler than the hearth-stone tie;

There is a brighter than our natal home,

Though it were radiant as a starry dome,

Or Heaven's own portal to the pilgrim's eye.

How wondrous is thy world, Affinity!

How sweet the swayings of thy seraph wand;

Thy homes are builded by no earthly hand;

Thou rear'st thine altars for Eternity.

Who shall our brothers and our sisters be,

When love alone shall weave the household band?

March, 1856.

HESPERUS.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTIONIST, by John Patterson and his associates, is published monthly, at one dollar a year, at Greenville, Dark county, O., (not Yellow Springs, as erroneously stated in a former notice.) No reform paper ever started in this country with so strong a train of contributors; nor do we know of one, at once so varied in its subjects, and so radical on all. It is worthy of success, and we see no reason why it may not attain it. Let those who are not afraid to risk a little with the hope of doing much good, give it a lift.

FROM A GOOD MAN AND TRUE.

WE are happy to testify to the truth of your statement that spirits of a high order teach your views of freedom. There are two or three very good mediums in our group, and through their agency we are enabled to enjoy the society of the good and the gifted of all ages, who have "gone before" us to the spirit land. And we are thus compensated, in a manner, for the desertion of earth's friends, who are alienated by our radical views.

Still it is rather hard to be deprived of that sympathy on earth, which seems to constitute so large an ingredient of happiness.

We not only have to meet with the persecution of open enemies, but we have to bear the hatred of professed spiritualists, who, in their efforts to keep spiritualism in a "healthy channel," would not only dictate what spirits should teach, but must discipline (a la Bellou and Britton,) all who differ from them.

But we cannot pay tribute to the ignorance and dogmatic intolerance which characterize them enough to be governed by their notions, but choose to think our own thoughts and live our own lives, at our own expense; we leave them with their idols, and are left, excepting a small circle, alone, ourselves.

Believing that there is more happiness to be enjoyed, and probably more good to be done at some other point, we intend (five or six of us,) to seek some more congenial clime, where one is not obliged to barter his integrity for bread, to live a lie, do homage to all the foolish and tyrannical conventionalisms spawned upon us by the past, or suffer a moral ostracism. We design, at present, to go to Minnesota, (probably as soon as next spring,) and with the brethren and sisters, work out our own salvation, and do what little we can toward realizing the attainable. I feel that we are on the threshold of the greatest moral warfare that earth has ever witnessed. Aye, "the war is already begun." "Gentlemen may cry peace! peace! but there is no peace," nor will there be till man is enfranchised and liberty is made the common heritage of the race. Who can doubt the final result? "As God lives, we must triumph." The child freedom is born, and she shall yet find "where to lay her head." Herod may plot, Pilate may compromise, Peter may deny, Judas may betray, but immortality is stamped on the nature of the child of the skies, and she can never die. Conservatism may crucify her, bury and set a guard over her, but again shall angels roll away the stone, and she shall rise in all her loveliness. This hope of a more glorious future is all that endears life to me. I should not care to stay on earth did I believe it always destined to remain the

hell it is. And even though a fallacy, I know not but I should cherish it to save me from the abyss of misanthropy into which despair would hurl me. Let us pray and work for the "good time coming."

May God and good spirits bless you for the noble work you are doing for humanity. That posterity, to which you appeal, shall write you a glorious epitaph.

A FRAGMENT PORTRAIT.

BY KATE SEYMOUR.

In the deep shadow of the dying year,
Among the phantoms of the fading past,
He sat alone, and wrapt the robe of fear
About him as a garment to outlast
The direst storms of fate, that demon grim,
Which from the dark'ning future seem'd to beckon him.

Beside his desolate hearth he sat alone,
And gazed with hollow eyes into the fire ;
The smouldering fire, whose life seem'd like his own,
To fade into the darkness, and expire.
A dream from out the realm of slumber flown,
A lovely bark beneath the midnight deep gone down.

Now fierce and high, the north wind shook the trees,
Which had grown old about that antique pile ;
And in the gables, and the sculptured frieze
Did make sad music ; yet he leant the while
His thin cheek on his hand, and bent his look
Upon the smouldering fire, as it had been a book

The long locks of his wild disordered hair
Fell o'er his forehead pale, and his deep eyes,
Lit with a strange, and gentle madness were,
As if some sweet and sorrowful surprise.
Some waif from the dead sea of memory came,
And glassed its beautiful self in the inconstant flame.

[For Nichols' Monthly.]

TRUST.

O, worn and toiling one, look up ! around thee
Are thousands wearier than thou can'st be ;
The iron fetters that for aye have bound thee
Rest heavier on thy brethren than on thee.
Thou lookest upward and a light comes gleaming,
And turns the clouds to rosy mist for thee ;
While they, with minds too darken'd e'en for dreaming,
Only the dust in which they grovel see.

Thy spirit thirsteth for the living fountains
Whose murmur dimly falls upon thine ear,
Thou faintest for the shadow of the mountains,
Whose tops celestial in the blue appear ;
But they know not there is a land before them
Where youth and righteousness in peace abide,
And startled at the brightness breaking o'er them
Their faces in the dust they darklier hide.

The fetters on thee heavily are weighing,
But there is hope e'en in thy very pain,
A gleam of light thro' all thy darkness straying ;
They feel the weariness but not the chain.
Oh ! reach one hand to aid thy suffering brother,
One hand the fetters from his soul to raise,
While thou art bravely toiling with the other,
And thy reward shall come in after days.

And for thyself be joyful ! Every sorrow
But shows that there is light, for thou can'st see
The darkness of thy prison, and the morrow
Shall surely bring a triumph unto thee ;
Surely, if with a will that cannot falter,
A trust in Heaven that can not waver, thou
But layest *all* on Freedom's holy altar,
And toilest on as thou art toiling now.

D. H. Q.