

NICHOLS' MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1856.

We write our leader in the beautiful country, surrounded by grand forest trees, with gushing springs, and murmuring rills around us, the music of many birds, and breathing as sweet and pure an atmosphere as any place on this planet is blessed with. It is a sweet and lovely place, MEMNONIA.

The Yellow Springs Water Cure is one of the largest Establishments of the kind, in this country, and is furnished for about one hundred inmates. Having had no suitable care, medical or otherwise, for some time past, it has lost ground as a water cure; but it has all its original capabilities in this respect, and the advantage of a wonderful salubrity and beauty in its location and surroundings. We are making some important improvements, such as securing an abundant supply of perfectly soft water, in addition to the water of the springs, and shall be prepared to give patients who may apply to us, the best means and conditions for a recovery of health. For recreation there are pleasant walks, bowling alleys, and a good gymnasium.

We took possession of our place the first week in July. There has not been the least manifestation of opposition or ill-will toward us; on the contrary, we have been treated with uniform respect and kindness. A number of the best citizens of Yellow Springs wished us to come; the largest portion were willing that we should freely enjoy the common rights of citizenship, and we have heard of no individual, with the single exception of the Hon. HORACE MANN, who has recently manifested violent feelings toward us. We trust that he will become more tolerant. One citizen, it is true, a personal friend of Mr. Mann, attempted to get signers to a petition, requesting us to remove, on account of some fancied injury we might be to Antioch College, but he could not induce a single prominent citizen to sign it, and the whole affair fell into ridicule.

What has made the change? Many causes have conspired. A reaction follows every excitement. "The sober second thought of the people," said Mr. Van Buren, "is seldom wrong, and always efficient." Our works have been extensively read here, and the people have seen us. Better counsels have prevailed.

But the great change has been wrought by spiritualism. It had been doing its work silently, until Mr. Conklin came here, in June, when the public manifestations converted and disarmed the most violent of our opponents. It may not be that every spiritualist here is ready to embrace our doctrines; but it is true that he is less prejudiced, less intolerant, and more inclined to justice and peace.

Being now in quiet possession of this beautiful property, with the friendly co-operation of the proprietor, Dr. Ehrmann, who will also aid us as consulting physician, in cases where patients may desire Homœopathic treatment, and with the good feelings of, we believe, the majority of both the citizens of Yellow Springs, and the students of Antioch College, we republish our circular of announcement, and are ready to receive applications from those who wish to become inmates of our home.

Letters will reach us, addressed to either Cincinnati, or Yellow Springs; more quickly, here. We shall continue the superintendence of our business as heretofore, and all orders will be promptly attended to. Our printing and publishing department, now in charge of our excellent friends, Henry Watkin and Valentine Nicholson, will be prosecuted with energy, and we look forward to five years of earnest labor, and a corresponding success.

It is indispensable that all persons who desire to come to us, as patients, pupils, or boarders, should apply by letter. Students, intending to enter any department of Antioch College, will do well to come the first week in September. The term commences on the tenth.

IX.

THE MASQUERADE.

MY BEAUTIFUL: I imagine myself with you, seated at your side, and telling you all that I write. Would that it could be so! I know that you would ask me many questions, and bring out by your inquiries, a hundred details I may forget to give you.

The basis of all true life is industry; and the product of industry is wealth. In our civilization, many are idle drones; and the labor of vast multitudes is wasted or unproductive. I have long seen this, but never clearly as now. Here all work, from the infant of five years to the oldest; and a large portion of this labor is productive of wealth. I walked around yesterday, almost the entire day, except the hours in which I wrote to you, and inspected many details of this industry, which is the basis of so much happiness.

The first material wants of this society are food, clothing, and shelter. Grain, fruits, vegetables, milk, eggs, honey, are produced in superabundance for every want, and some in large surplus. Of wheat and corn, those great cereal staples, for example, there is always a three years' supply in the air tight granaries. Of fruits, there is a large stock, dried or preserved. The finest vegetables, as green corn, green peas, and tomatoes, are also kept in large quantities. There are a thousand hens, and a hundred swarms of bees. The eggs are preserved both in vacuum and by drying to powder. A few hours' labor each day, through the growing season, not only supplies every want, and fills the granaries and store-houses beyond all fear of want, but leaves an abundant surplus, which the Fairy takes to a ready market at New Orleans, Memphis or Vicksburg.

This surplus is exchanged, in part, for sugar, rice, etc., and in part for the materials of clothing, both for the general stock, and

for individual requirements. This clothing is made up during the winter, and on rainy days, when out-door work is impracticable. The general clothing, and bed and table linen, is made up by groups of workers, in the sessions of general or communal labor. The private wardrobes are made up in the groups, in the hours of individual work or amusement. A lady who has dresses to make for herself, or for some one she loves, invites a group of skilled artists to assist her, and she assists them in turn. Great skill is thus developed, and a wonderful beauty and variety of costume.

The shelter, or dwelling combines every needed convenience. The suites of rooms, consisting of parlors, bed-rooms, bath-rooms, and closets, are clustered in groups, the parlors of a group opening into each other, so that several can be combined, where a group gives a party, and invites the members of other groups. At the same time the privacy of every individual is most sacredly respected. The whole is lighted, and warmed in winter, by gas, and cooled in summer by a most perfect ventilation.

The large saloons have self-acting ventilators, which open and let out the warm air, and admit the cooler, at a certain temperature. The outer walls are all double, for protection against both cold and heat; and a blower attached to the steam-engine throws either warm or cold air, as needed, through pipes, to every portion of the buildings.

So the three physical wants have a beautiful and abundant provision: a residence of excellent adaptation to every requirement of comfort and taste; clothing for use, cleanliness, and beauty; and food in abundance, healthful, nourishing, and satisfying the demands of an esthetic gastronomy.

But the supply of these physical requirements, even on a scale of luxury and refinement, requires but a small portion of the industry of this society. There is a varied and active work in manufactures and art, adding to the wealth, elegance, and luxury of the Home. Of these I will hereafter give you some details. There is abundant work, and also abundant leisure; but the work, performed as it is here, is more attractive than rest, and I see that the busy instinct of humanity here finds its normal action. Every work, by skill and combination, is made amusing.

It is curious to see the industrial force of this society, and the prodigies it performs. I spoke of this to Alfred, yesterday, as I watched the progress of the addition to the building, whose walls are rising day by day, and where men and boys, and even a few girls, work on like so many beavers, impelled by the same instinct.

"We have nothing else to do," said he, "for we are not obliged to take care of each other, as in the society we have left."

"For example?" said I; willing to see the case he would make.

"For example, we need not deduct from the effective industrial force of our society, a parson to preach for us; a doctor to cure us of diseases self-produced; a lawyer to help us quarrel; police to keep us in order; soldiers to fight for us; sick people and their attendants; financiers to fleece us; traders to buy and sell for us; thieves and paupers to plunder us; and so on to the end of the long list of the civilized drones, leeches and parasites."

It was a good enumeration, but not yet half filled out. In New York, every working man does enough labor every year, in paying his rent, to build a good house, which would last him his life time. If he works three hundred days a year, two hundred and fifty or more are for other people. Yet what a life! How poor, enslaved, meager and miserable it appears, in comparison with the free, buoyant, happy life around me.

"There are other economies of labor here," said Alfred, "which may be worth considering. If the men are set free from the useless occupations of civilization, or the necessity of supporting those who follow them; the women are quite as free and available to productive industry. In the isolate and discordant disorder of the prevailing society, our women would be either fashionable idlers, or housekeepers, or domestic drudges. Here we have neither. A small group is in the nursery; others in kitchen and laundry; and all free to assist in some productive or beautiful industry. Our force is four or five times as great, therefore, as with the same number of persons in the old society, so that we can easily accomplish double in half the time."

"And the enthusiasm counts for something?"

"It nearly doubles the product again. Twenty of our boys and

girls, working together, with the vigor of health and the excitement of an emulative contest, will often do more work in two hours, than the same number of hired laborers would do in a day.

"There are other economies than those of labor. For instance, it would cost three times the labor to build separate dwellings, for as many families as our population would compose. They would burn six times the fuel. Their separate cookings, washings, bakings, etc. would require ten times the labor. Fifty barns, granaries, cellars, sets of fences, kitchen furniture, implements, etc. and all this, to secure less privacy than we enjoy, less comfort in every way, giving us a thousand cares and annoyances, and not a tithe of our means of happiness. Civilization is a miserable state of toil, vexation, and enslavement, under the best conditions. You have seen what it may be under the worst."

The hideous picture of the life of poverty in our city, came to me, in the light of this contrast, as it never came before.

I walked away thoughtfully, and came soon where a noisy group of children, from three to ten years old, were engaged in picking and shelling green peas. They were stripped from the vines with great rapidity, and carried in baskets to two dog carts, the contest being to see which cart would be soonest filled by its group. There was also a spirited contest between the pickers and shellers, and it was no empty victory, for the members of the triumphant groups have the right to wear the badge of their triumph at the evening parade and festival.

It had been beautiful weather for several days, but the gardens required moisture. I went with Vincent to see the opening of the sluices for irrigation. The canal winds along the hill side, with an embankment skirted by the osier, or basket willow, which is also a staple of industry for the winter; the willow furniture of all kinds made here, being light and graceful as fairy work, and finding a ready market at high prices.

In the arrangement of the grounds, more than four hundred acres can be watered from this canal, which is fed by a mountain lake and living springs. If these were to fail, Vincent said, they could readily send the water up from the lake below. As we

passed along the dyke, opening the sluices from point to point, it was beautiful to see the waters go rushing and dancng down the slopes, and we heard the cheers of the children, as the rivulets reached them. In a little time the whole region was well moistened. Where the lands are out of the reach of this irrigation, there are watering carts, filled by backing into the lake, and then distributing their showers like the watering carts in Broadway.

Among the favorite amusements or attractive occupations of the young people of both sexes, is the training of horses to beautiful exercises, on a part of the grounds, well fitted for this purpose. As there are fifty horses and ponies, there is no lack of material; and the children not old enough to be entrusted with horses, have their pet goats, dogs, and sheep, under excellent subjection, so as to go in the saddle and harness, and perform many uses.

This life, you see, is not simply utilitarian. It is not to get the greatest possible product out of a certain amount of labor, or a certain number of hands. The higher object is seen every where, of making the life best worth living; a means for the exercise, development and enjoyment of all faculties. These equestrian exercises, I could see, were well adapted to give strength, energy and a certain boldness and self-possession of character. There is, also, on this play ground, a gymnasium for old and young, much used in the winter, and at all seasons when the regular work does not furnish sufficient exercise. This has done much, I am told, to give the men and women the fine and full development which I cannot enough admire. We have seen this, even in the city, where the pupils of a few teachers of gymnastics show a remarkable contrast to the pale cheeks and undeveloped forms which fill our drawing-rooms with objects of pity, and the grave-yards with victims of consumption.

I am indebted to Vincent for many of these observations; for he accompanied me in my walk, pointing out any matter of interest, or giving any required explanation. He had been a physician formerly, I knew, and I asked him respecting the health of Esperanza, for as yet I had heard of no sickness.

"My office of physician is a sinecure," said he; "we have left

the causes of disease behind us. With pure food, cleanliness, exercise, freedom from care, and happiness, what should make us sick? We have had no death here, and scarcely any illness. Many brought out of civilization the results of its evil practices, but every day of this life has purified and strengthened them. The children who came with us have passed their purgations, such as measles and scarlatina, almost without confinement; those born here, we hope may not need them."

"Do you think uninterrupted health possible?"

"Why not? Health is the natural condition; disease the unnatural. Men earn their diseases. Even where there is malaria, or a poisoned atmosphere, one whose life is pure and true in all other respects, can resist a single cause of disease. People who eat no flesh of dead animals; who take no such poisons as opium, tobacco, hops, or whiskey; who do not exhaust their lives by any immoderate or unnatural indulgence; who are pure and chaste, have a vigor of life which triumphs over many evils. Harmony of the system is health; and where is each body and spirit so likely to be in harmony, as in a harmonic society? We have solved the question of disease. For us, then, is no more sickness."

"Have you ever thought," I said, "of the possibility of a continual recuperation?"

"Of an earthly immortality; yes. It cannot come, I think, to a fragment of humanity; but when the whole earth is harmonized, I see no reason why life should not be prolonged indefinitely, if it were desirable; which it is not, at present. The argument to the contrary is from analogy—and all analogies fail under new conditions."

"Will you excuse some questions, which may not seem needful to you, and may even seem invidious?" I asked.

"I wish you to be entirely frank with me and all," he said. "Ask freely, and you shall have as true answers as can be given. We would cheerfully make our life an open book, to all earnest seekers after the truth."

"Will you tell me how you deal with crime?" Vincent looked in my face with a curious, puzzled expression; then smiled, and said:

"I was near forgetting where you have so lately come from. I have told you that we have no disease. The mental disorder, or discordance, which results in crime, finds no place in harmony. What crime, for instance? Theft, where every one has all he wants? There is no inducement to any crime against property, where all have an interest in the common-wealth. There is scarcely a possible motive for a crime against the person, and a pure and healthy life is a good security against the insanities of passion. There is the same security against sensuality. If a crime were committed, the criminal would be pitied as an insane or diseased person. All would try to cure him."

"But if a man or woman were wicked or perverse?"

"If this were not also disease, there would be, first, coldness; then withdrawal of all sympathy; then expulsion. It would be like the sloughing off, or excision of a mortified limb. But I apprehend no use for such surgery. A healthy body does not lose its members. No more does a healthy society."

"If, at any time, or for any reason, a member wishes to leave?" I said, not without a sense of some absurdity in the question.

If any member wishes to travel abroad, there is entire freedom. Each one has an individual property, as well as an interest in the common wealth. The society is like a bank, where property is deposited for safe keeping."

"I have asked you in regard to crime. It is true that I see no temptation to fraud or violence; but it is difficult to conceive of a society where there is never idleness, wrangling, or any other disorder. It seems necessary that there should be some government or authority."

"The prevailing spirit of our society is activity. It is our fashion; and approbateness and self-esteem, no less than conscientiousness incite to industry. How can a man with any self-respect, or feeling of justice, or regard for the good opinion of others, eat the bread of idleness? The social wants of sympathy, friendship, and love, can only be satisfied here, by earnest right doing. Paul said, "if a man will not work, neither shall he eat." With us, it would need no authority to enforce such a rule. A man

would be ashamed to eat, who did less than his full share in producing our food. As to wrangling, whoever should begin it would wrangle himself out of his group, and out of all sympathy and enjoyment. There is nothing to wrangle about. The healthy and happy are not quarrelsome.

"You ask of government. The individuals are self-governing; the groups are self-governing; and the society, which is a group of groups, also governs itself. How is that tree governed, or your own body, which is, perhaps, a still better type of a true society? Each leaf does its own work; each organ performs its function, and the result is harmony. We have our central group, which is in some sense governing, but it governs only by attraction. It is the central wisdom and the central love. All offices are functional. For example, Manlius is an accurate calculator of relations and equilibriums, and an orderly and exact accountant. Should there arise any question of justice, in business matters, every person here would wish to refer it to him, and would be satisfied with his decision. We do not need to appoint or elect him to this office. It is his, because of his fitness. So all other matters. If a discord arises in our harmony, every nice ear detects it, every one wishes it corrected, and it is. The central group governs, but as unconsciously as the central nervous life in your body. It is the center of the pervading life, or harmony of the spirit."

"Does the pecuniary success of this enterprise equal your expectations?" I asked.

"Look!" said Vincent, with a wave of his hand toward the home and domain, which we now overlooked, from a little eminence. It was in truth a glorious sight. Fields, gardens, groves, vineyards, edifices of an architecture like music, the fairy steamer, a little fleet of boats, the mills and factories in the distance, the groups of gaily dressed and happy men, women, and children, some with horses and carriages, some on the lake, some bathing in its waters—for it was late in the afternoon, and in the hours of recreation—all these made a scene of enchantment.

"Pecuniary success," said he, "is not a very high consideration,

perhaps ; but it is a fundamental one. We owe nothing, we own all you see ; our granaries, stores and cellars are well supplied. We can spare a large surplus, and our mills, manufactures and arts bring us a good income. We shall soon have the means to found another home ; we could do it now if we could find people who were prepared for it. But we must risk nothing by haste.

"But the true success is the securing of happiness, in the harmony of all relations. Our life gives exercise and enjoyment to every faculty. Our eyes see beauty in nature and art, and are not pained with deformity, and the spectacles of poverty and misery. Our ears are fed with music, and speech, which improves in purity. We breathe a pure air, and have done something to gather around us a harmony of odors. The natural taste finds its highest satisfaction in our fruits. The sense of touch is never violated by uncongenial contacts of false relations. So much for the satisfaction of the senses.

"Small as our society is, it affords a career for a true ambition. The approbation and love of our own, are what best satisfies us. The applause of strangers, and people with whom we have little genuine sympathy, is a very hollow thing. I need not tell you that our loves are true, free, and beautiful. You have seen our children. It is a new generation of humanity, which will complete the work we are beginning, and in due time spread peace, plenty, and harmony over the earth. Then our armies will be armies of industry ; our wars will be with the deserts and morasses, which will be conquered into fertile domains. The wilderness is to blossom as the rose ; and all prophecies are to be fulfilled."

"Then you believe in the millenium ?"

"*It is here.* This is the cloud no bigger than a man's hand. It is the 'kingdom come.' We are beginning to do the will of God on earth as it is in the heavens. As all prophecies are fulfilled, all prayers, also, are answered."

"All ?"

"Yes. Those which are not fulfilled—or answered, are not prophecies or prayers,"

"Do you look for cities in this new order ?"

"Yes, magnificent cities—but not such gatherings of avarice, voluptuousness, poverty, crime, and all miseries, as London, Paris, or New York present—those aggregations of all the infamies of civilization. I can imagine the bay of New York surrounded by a hundred homes, with extensive gardens, each the palatial residence of two thousand persons, largely engaged in manufacturers and commerce, and certain arts which flourish in concentration. Here the museums, libraries, art-galleries, and theatres would be upon a grand scale, and hither would tend a constant stream of visitors for improvement and pleasure from the rural homes, scattered over the country. But this is for the future. The present cities are concentrations of the present civilization. The cities of the future will be the magnificent emporiums of the future society. We are in its germinal period; but there is no conceivable condition of riches, grandeur, and happiness, which may not be achieved by a harmonized and spiritualized humanity."

We walked slowly homeward, along one of the nice graveled roads, which run to every part of the domain. On each side were beds of odorous flowers, and masses of berry-bearing shrubs. The raspberry, the blackberry, currants and gooseberries grow along these roads in profusion, and all the grounds are so laid out as to combine use and beauty. Thus the merely ornamental trees are rare; but an abundance are growing which will be useful, such as the sugar maple, the common and Spanish chestnut, the English walnut, and all kinds of fruit trees, set in lovely groves, wherever the ground is more suited to that than to other culture.

"These are our workers," said Vincent. "Every leaf is at work, collecting from air and sunshine the materials of our wealth. Our bees are seeking honey in every flower. We could turn everything we touch to gold, if we choose: it is better to turn every thing to improvement and happiness."

At a turn of the road, where it winds round a mound planted with a grove, we heard happy voices, and pushing through some thick foliage, we came upon a group of young people and children, surrounding Serafa, who was giving them a lesson in Botany, and the analogies of plants and flowers. With a subtle, penetrating,

poetic power, she seemed to read the secrets of every flower brought to her, and to find in it some characteristic development, either of civilization or harmony. As we came near, we paused, but she held out her hand, and the circle opened to admit us; so we reclined on the soft carpet of the grass besides her, and amid many shrewd and curious questionings, she concluded her lesson; which had been appointed as one of the recreations of the day, in the order of the morning. When she had finished, a cry arose from the girls and boys of "The poem—now the poem!"

"Ah! a poem is waiting?" said Vincent.

"Yes, she has promised us a poem at the close of the lesson," said Angela—"a poem of flowers, and fairies, and dreamland."

"I should think that more in your line," said Vincent. "You generally contrive to exhaust all the riches of fairy-land, so that nothing is left for other poets."

"Papa! you are always laughing at my poetry," said Angela, reprovingly: "When you were at my age did you make any better?"

"Oh, no! much worse, I believe, and no verses at all; but let us have the poem."

Serafa made no apology; but, shading her eyes, thought a moment, while all were hushed in a profound silence; then she began, slowly and in low tones at first, and afterwards more rapidly, to weave a fairy tale in rhyme, which I could scarcely believe an improvisation. Her audience hung on every couplet with breathless delight, and when it was finished some were clapping their hands, and some laughing through their tears; and then they gathered around her, and threw their arms about her neck, and kissed her all over.

She gently disengaged herself from these fond and admiring caresses, and joined us in our walk home, taking my arm as frankly as if I were her brother or her dearest friend. I asked if she wrote down these inspirations:

"No," she said, they were not worth it; and it was better to make new ones when they were wanted." But I thought that if I were in the way again, I should try to save something for those who have no poet-improvisatrice at hand.

We parted from Vincent, and continued our walk alone, along a shaded and odorous path, bordered with the sweetest flowers. Serafa is not beautiful like Melodia; she has not the piquant charm of Evaline, but a grace and loveliness all her own. She reminds me of those birds of modest plumage, which excel in song. Serafa is the living spirit of gentle poesy.

"Will you tell me," I said, "something of your experience of this life?"

"Gladly!" was her answer. "I came with the first group, and have seen our harmony expand to its present development. The germinal period, when we struggled in the darkness of the old, was one of devotion and consecration. We worked out our development in trust and hope. Even that was a life of happiness. But here we struggled up to sunshine, and put out leaves and tender twigs, and so, gathering the elements of growth around us, we have increased to our present period of flowering and fruitage."

"Did your education fit you for this work?" I asked.

"By contrast, perhaps," she answered. "I was nurtured in the severest school of Calvinistic orthodoxy. Poetry came and set me free. I read Shelley and the mighty bards, and in the light of their inspiration, the dense fogs of superstition vanished. I was brought by angel ministration to the heart life of our group, and in it found my home. All life, all hope, all worthful work centered in this cause, and when providence opened the way, I found with them my happiness, and here, the life you see, but as yet only an external view. The interior, spiritual, and love life is for you, I hope, in the future."

"And you are happy?"

Her radiant look answered me, but she gave expression to the emotion that spread over her not beautiful, but most charming face, a gleam of sunshine.

"Happy!" she said, her eyes moistening: "have I not every thing life can give or be. Home, rest, work, congeniality, friendship, love? What is there more?"

"A poet might ask fame."

"I will not affect the modesty of disclaiming the title of poet. I

have the consciousness of the divine gift, and feel myself an instrument by which the poetic element finds a certain expression ; a weak and uncertain instrument, yet giving my notes cheerfully. I have the dearest appreciation here ; and I know that what I may ever give of living poetry, will not die. I look to a bright future, in which the works of these first workers for harmony will be estimated, perhaps above their intrinsic merits.

"As for the world outside, I care little for its opinion of me, but wish to do it what good I can. We have a little volume of my poems now being electrotyped, and they will soon be sent to some publisher, to take their chance in the world, and do the good they may."

I may not have mentioned that a printing office, small, but very complete, is among the means of industry here. In it are printed all labels of perfumery, preserves, seeds, and various manufactures ; also a monthly magazine, and circulars which are required to send to the groups of preparation. There is also printed and distributed daily a miniature journal, containing news, criticism, satire, drollery, and a curious variety of articles of general and local interest. I will enclose you copies of some of these, which will give you a vivid idea of the freedom and good feeling which prevail. This paper is a perpetual source of expectation and amusement. The articles are anonymous, and the little groups every day try to guess out the authors, and criticise them without mercy, and often, of course, to their faces. Here appear the poems of Serafa, criticisms on the artists and public speakers, and the musical and dramatic entertainments.

I have spoken of the refined manners, and the ease, and even elegance, of deportment and conversation, which are universal here. I could not understand it at first, but it was easy to see how those who gathered, group by group, around the refined and delicate spirits of the central life, would naturally take on the tone of their manners. The whole society is a school or a university of daily culture. Coarseness is soon polished by contact with refined natures ; and a pure harmonious life develops into every expression of beauty. The stage, dramatic and operatic, is also a school of

manners, and conversation ; so are the daily assemblies ; and the works of art have their own refining influence. The little journal is a sharp but friendly critic of any deficiencies ; and I have heard in all the groups of old and young, raileries, full of wit and pleasantry, but quite free from bitterness, on any awkwardness of speech or behavior. These seem a natural or spontaneous means of education and improvement.

I have looked for the feeling or reproach of aristocracy or exclusiveness, but it does not appear. Each group seems to cluster together by its own affinities, and the groups are interlocked by many interests, in labors and pleasures. Scattered in all the groups are persons remarkable for particular qualities, or for skill in particular branches. For instance, the fashioning of costumes brings into request the skill and dexterity of those who have been tailors and dress-makers. A good shoemaker is an acquisition. A blacksmith finds himself the center of a group of ambitious pupils ; a skilful mason is looked up to by all who take their turns at building, and so on. Every talent finds its place, and the real uses of life are held in due respect.

But I must finish the story of my walk. We sauntered by the shore of the lake, talking of many things in this life, and its contrasts with the constraints and evils of the old society. Our path wound round a little cove or bay shaded with over-hanging willows, a retired and lonely place, where we heard the merry voices of children. Coming to an open space, we saw a picture, worthy of some tropical Arcadia, or a new Eden. Harmonia, Vincent, and the venerable patriarch I have spoken of in a former letter, were on the bank, sitting on a mossy seat, while a large party of the children, from three years old to fifteen, were bathing in the crystal water : The bottom is of pure white sand, and the shores gently sloping, so that each one found his depth. It was a beautiful sight. Foremost among the swimmers, in beauty and skill, was the lovely Angela, whose perfect form had been the study of all the painters and sculptors. The exercises of industry, the menage, and the gymnasium had developed both boys and girls into a perfection of contour seldom seen. Their skins were rosy with

health, and I seemed to be looking upon a group of the water genii, or the cherubim of the classic painters.

As I came in sight of this group, sporting in these clear waters in all the innocence of nature, stranger as I was to such a scene, I looked for some disturbance; but there was not the least. Angela hailed us with joy, and led off a series of aquatic gymnastics for our amusement, in which she was followed by all her companions. They swam and sported like so many mermaids; while some were teaching the smaller children, and aiding their efforts; until Vincent and Harmonia rose to join us, and then all came out upon the bank, wiped each other with towels, and put on their clothing. I thought of the virtuous indignation of one of our policemen, at such a spectacle. His feeling may be right enough for civilization—but here, I could not detect the least indication of a thought of impurity. Why need we be worse, in this respect, than the savages, or even the partially civilized inhabitants of tropical climes?

We supped with Serafa; a quiet, genial, soulful repast. She had asked those she wished to meet; not those who might expect an invitation; those whom she might benefit, as well as those who could be a pleasure to her. Of our old friends we had Laura, Edgar, and Endymion, a brother poet, who, you will remember, was with us on the Fairy. We had bread, a *blanc manger* of sago, honey, and pear marmalade that was perfectly delicious, and strawberry ice cream.

There was a pleasant and exciting anticipation of the grand fête of the evening, which was to be a masquerade—that most piquant metamorphose which our morality has mostly denied to us. The cabalistic spirit I found in full play. Every one had a secret, for the grand charm was to be able, by an entire change of costume, manners and voice, to either maintain a perfect incognito, or, better still, by an imitation of peculiarities, to pass for another person, and then, in the assumed character; to say and do things that would afford a week's amusement. All this was explained to me by Laura, who offered to assist me in disguising myself and to keep my secret, while she defied me to find her out before ten o'clock, when all unmasked and all deceptions were exposed.

The sunset hymn was sung, and the day stars taken to their rest, when all went eagerly to prepare for the evening.

When the band sounded the call, and I went to the large and brilliant assembly room, the spectacle that I encountered was one of the most grotesque and picturesque that could be imagined.

The saloon, besides its permanent ornaments of painting and statuary, is freshly decorated by a group of artists, for each new occasion. Now it was hung with the flags and emblems of all nations, and the costumes and masks represented nearly all peoples, civilized, barbarous, and savage. I found myself in an assembly of Japanese, Chinese, Tartars, Hindoos, Persians, Turks, Arabs, Russians, Germans, French, Spaniards, English, Irish, Scotch, Africans, North and South American Indians of the primitive nations, and South Sea Islanders. In all these, the costumes, male and female, were carefully copied from the best authorities, even to the color of the skin, and imitations of elaborate tattooing. Not only was geography thus represented, but history, for we had the finest costumes of Greece and Rome, and the ages of chivalry. Laura had procured me an excellent dress from the wardrobe of the theater, and I appeared as *un beau Chevalier*, of the period of Louis XIV., and with a little change in my voice and gait, mostly escaped detection.

The effect, *en masse*, as the whole company marched around the room to the music of a full band, such as we seldom hear, was indescribable. In each group were children, dressed in corresponding costumes. I must leave the scene to your imagination.

After the first set of quadrilles, the band played the music of all nations, beginning with the most barbarous; while groups executed the corresponding dances. Thus we had the Greek and Roman dances, such as we see in bas relief and pictures, the dances of the Bayaderes of India, the dancing girls of Otaheite, and the Marquisas, savage Indian dances, and the polkas, waltzes and mazourkas of Europe. I was thankful for skill enough to execute, with some applause, a version of the *minuet de la cour*, with my pretty partner, who, with her powdered hair, patches and train, and gentle coquetry, might have been taken for Ninon de L'Enclos.

In the intervals of the dances, all mingled in conversation ; but there was nothing but persiflage, mockery, and drollery. Every one was laying plans to entrap another into some betrayal of identity, and at the same time guarding his own. I thought I recognized Harmonia as a Roman Vestal ; then as a Hindoo Bayadere ; then a princess of Ancient Peru ; but I was each time mistaken. She spoke to me several times in her natural voice, but when I turned to see her, it was to confront a group in which I could not distinguish her in the least.

At ten o'clock, in the midst of a quadrille, the word was given to unmask. In a moment every mask was removed, and all bowed gravely to their mystified partners ; and then burst a roar of merriment, as all the mistakes of the evening were at once detected. But as the mistakes were all innocent ones, and involved no bad consequences, the dance went on happily.

Then came a supper. On ordinary occasions, no refreshments are served in the evening, each group making its own repast, if needed. But as this was an extraordinary festival, a supper was spread in the hall below at eleven o'clock, the tables being set as at our public dinners, with presiding officers, and toasts prepared for the occasion. The representatives of the various ages and nations were called on to respond to appropriate toasts, which they did in keeping with the characters assumed, and I had an opportunity to hear eloquence, wit, and humor, with a freedom and elegance of elocution, which was a constant surprise to me. I saw how completely this whole society was one family, and a school of the most thorough education.

The lights in the ball room had been extinguished ; the band, which was at the supper, took their instruments at its close, and as the great clock on the tower rung out the musical midnight chime, all struck into a grand good-night chorus, and soon after all was in profound repose.

X.

SUNDAY.

I HAD been wondering, my Clara, how we Harmonians should spend our Sunday; but I did not inquire. I waited, sure that each day would bring with it its own life.

In this home, where every day is a holy day; where the noblest and purest religion is incorporated into the daily life; where labor is prayer, and festivity praise; I did not expect the puritanical observance of Sunday to which we have been accustomed. In a society, where men cheat and plunder, and war with each other in the hard battles of commerce and finance for six days of every week, it may be proper enough to confess themselves "miserable sinners," and listen to sermons, and draw on sanctimonious faces, on the seventh. But I did not expect it here.

The Sunday morning ushered in a day of jubilee. On no morning was the band so full, or the music so exhilarating. It had a grandeur of movement and a sublimity of effect, such as I had not heard before. The softest bed could not tempt me to prolong my repose. It was as if every nerve was galvanised to life, with the spirit of the music; so I sprang from bed to bath, and dressing with some regard to the day, I soon joined the sunrise parade.

All were in festal attire. I saw that there was to be no labor. And the band was now swelled to over a hundred performers. All who have musical ears play on some instrument. Those who have only the sense of time, beat drums, triangles, cymbals, and even the Chinese gong joins its wondrous dissonance to the tempest of sound.

I know not if I have said that our bands are composed of both sexes. The flutes, piccolas, oboes, violins, small drums, triangles

and lighter instruments are played by women and girls; while the clarionets, trumpets, bassoons, trombones, ophicledes, double basses, and larger drums, are retained by the stronger sex. This was one of the novelties of the opera, as of our parade bands. Often, the light quadrille bands are more than half composed of women and girls, while the out door bands have a larger proportion of men.

On this morning, the order of parade was different from usual. The crescent, in which the beautiful assembly first formed, closed at a signal given by Vincent, and, as the music proceeded, became first an ellipse, and then a circle. There came then a Song of Light, given with all the power of a hundred instruments, playing in full harmony; and here occurred one of those effects, which we have heard faintly given sometimes in our ball rooms, and in the concerts of Jullien. When the full band was playing, without notice or pause, their voices took the places of their instruments, and gave the words with a choral power and a thrilling effect which I had hitherto but faintly conceived. And amid this grand anthem—now of a hundred instruments, now of more than a hundred—voices, now of voices and instruments mingled,—up rose the golden sun, and the cannon fired, timed with the music, and with the light, and an emblazoned flag of larger field and grander device rose above us, and received our salutation.

The Order of the Day was now given by Harmonia, who seems consecrated to the best work of this life. It proved to be a review day, in which the achievements of the week were brought forward, and a new beginning made in the life of the future. It gave me a fuller idea, than any observation had yet given me, of the variety and perfection of existence here.

The morning lecture, given by Harmonia, was very fully attended. Its subject was the spiritual significance of the facts of science. She opened to us the soul of nature, and showed us the relations of spiritual and material; finding even in the laws of ultimate atoms, the principles which govern the life of the soul.

After this discourse, which was of a wonderful spiritual beauty, and which seemed full of the inspiration of a higher or more interior life, I heard the drums beat, and the bugle sound a call; and

every one went quickly from the halls of science ; and in wonderfully brief time assembled to the vigorous rappel, on the lawn, armed and equipped for military duty ; a beautiful little regiment of two hundred, or five companies of forty each. Of these companies, two were composed of the strongest and bravest women ; but as they were dressed in masculine costume, they could scarcely be distinguished from their male companions ; but their shorter stature, more delicate forms, superior elegance of dress and ornament, and martinet precision of drill soon marked them to the careful observer.

It was the first I had seen here, of preparation for military defense. True, there was the cannon on the Fairy ; the guns for salutes at the landing ; the morning and evening guns, and the soldierly care of the flag ; but here, on this festal morning, was a solemn parade of the whole effective force of this peaceful society, armed and drilled for deadly contest. I have been familiar with the drill of our "crack companies ;" I have witnessed the reviews at West Point, and of some of the finest regiments of our own and the British armies, but I have seen nothing like the celerity, unity and graceful beauty of the evolutions of this corps. The music was serious, grand, and full of sublime energy. The companies marched down the lawn by the lake, and fired rifle volleys at targets, one for each company, anchored at proper distances on the water. The cannon shots boomed across the lake, fired at a more distant target. Finally all paid a marching salute to the groups of spectators, were reviewed by Vincent and dismissed. It was, in all respects, a religious ceremony ; and I could see that no duty of life could be more solemn, than this preparation for defense against whatever violence might assail the life of their society.

Then a breakfast, crowned with an unusual display of flowers, and festal appointments. Thus, at eight o'clock we had enjoyed four beautiful scenes—the sunrise parade, the morning lecture, the military review, and a festal breakfast, each of which would have been a rare event in the dull life of civilization. And now the whole day was before us, to improve and enjoy ; a day of rest, of freedom, and sacred to the highest uses.

From eight to nine o'clock, all occupied or amused themselves, singly or in little groups. Some sat in the groves; some read in the library; some sailed along the shaded margin of the lake; some walked apart in quiet contemplation. I walked with Lanra and Angela to a cool grotto, hollowed out, partly by nature, partly by art, in a limestone cliff, on the margin of the lake, and ornamented with shells and petrifications. The wavelets rippled on a pebbly beach, close by the entrance, round which grew climbing plants. Within are mossy couches, on which we reclined and drank the crystal waters of a cold spring that gush from the living rock and tinkle down a series of miniature cascades. It is a lovely place, cool in the warmest day, and the gentle singing of the gushing rill lulls to repose. Were you but with us, I thought, I should be completely happy.

We returned a little before nine o'clock, to be ready for the Review of Industry, which I was not willing to lose, as it would give me a better idea than I had yet obtained of the labor-life of Esperanza. This weekly congress of workers, men, and women, and children as well, met in the large assembly room. Alfred presided and opened the session with a brief address, very manly and straight-forward. He then made report of the progress of building, awarded the credit due to the best workers, not forgetting the girls and boys who had aided efficiently in carrying stone, mortar and other material; a work which was genuine play to them. I looked round and saw cheeks flush and eyes sparkle, as name after name was called, of those who had aided in this work.

The next report was from the recognized chief of the group of gardeners, a lady of great skill in this department. She also named, and praised in a few choice words, her most skillful, active, and zealous co-laborers. The harvest fields, the mills and manufactory, the kitchen, the laundry, the service of tables and chambers, all departments of this complex industry, were represented in this review, progress noted, defects complained of, criticisms made, and honors awarded.

I had a better opportunity than before to notice the ease, freedom, and entire self-command, with which every one spoke his

thought, and also the clear enunciation, pure elocution, and choice phraseology, which have become habitual in the whole society. There was not a harsh tone, uncouth expression, or any vulgarity of speech. It was a school of graceful elocution. How beautiful it seems to me to have all the children here growing up amid the teaching of such examples. There were in this assembly, twenty little speeches made, of from one to five minutes duration, by men, women, and even the older children. My little friend Angela, for example, gave a very pretty report in the Floral department.

This session closed with a statement by Manlius, of the general results or proceeds of their combined industry. These results were surprising to me, and very animating, I could see to those interested. The wheat harvest, just completed, had added six thousand bushels of the surplus wealth, allowing so much to be sent off on the Fairy, ground into flour for the market of New Orleans. The stocks of preserved fruits, perfumery, oil, etc. were also of considerable value; while the great work of the harvest had diminished the results of manufacturers. The feeling of this wealth and abundance was not one of greed; but of strength, and freedom from care—of power and peace. Riches, I saw, gained by labor, and the product of nature and industry, were not despised, but held in proper estimation. It is beautiful to see a whole community living in perfect honesty; fed and clothed by sun, air, and earth, and their own free, voluntary, and harmonious labors. No one plunders or is plundered—no one has any occasion to do or suffer any injustice. Whatever is sold to the outside world, is sold at the market price; but it is the best of its kind, and always what it purports to be. Whatever is made is done "upon honor," and is of more worth than the usual manufactures, and will in time command a higher price.

At eleven o'clock there was an Educational Review, which interested me even more than the review of industry. Vincent presided at this; for to this important work he has given his chief attention. From the first, all had to be educated. All, the elder as well as the younger, needed to come under a thorough

training, and, beginning at the elements of science and mental discipline, put themselves in the path of progress.

I found now how this work was done, at intervals each day, without confinement, without severe labor; but with attraction and enthusiasm. The groups of education were like the groups of industry. The most capable were alternately leaders of groups, in sciences and various branches of culture; and these reported progress. Exercises were also given in elocution and declamation. The groups or sections of the sciences were large; the same person belonging to several groups. In this way are cultivated geometry and the mathematical branches; astronomy and the natural sciences, going up to general and human physiology, phrenology and psychology. Brief essays were read, giving the study of the week in each department. In all this, the old and young were alike interested. It was beautiful to see a man or woman of fifty learning Greek in the same class with a child of ten. I inquired of the progress of these elder scholars, and am satisfied that amid the awakening and invigorating influences of this life, age is no obstacle to improvement.

The modern languages are cultivated with assiduity; particularly French, German, Spanish and Italian; and it is arranged that the children now growing up shall speak all these as well as the English.

Dinner was served at noon with festal display and ceremony. The band was larger than on other days, the music of a higher character. More flowers adorned the tables; the toilets were more beautiful. Every thing marked the day a solemn festival. The pure wine of Esperanza was drunk in moderation, and more as a symbol of this loving life than as a mere beverage.

So passed the morning hours, my Clara, in a succession of interesting and beautiful spectacles. It was all religion; all worship; all devotion; but of that character which belongs to life; active and real.

Melodia came to me after dinner, saying, "My friend, I have an hour for you," and giving me her hand led me to her own apartment. The mid-day was warm without, but sheltered by these double walls, and with the system of cooling ventilation, there is

to languor within. You may graduate your room to a degree of the thermometer. The beautiful one reclined gracefully upon a couch, placing cushions for me at her side, and held my hand. Do you not feel how much I thanked her for this trust in me? Is it possible to be other than good, under such an influence? Were I ever so base, or sensually depraved, this would purify and ennoble me.

She held my hand in silence a few moments, first with her eyes closed; and the long, shining lashes penciled on her cheek—then looking into mine with an expression of trust and hope. I uttered no word—not even my gratitude.

“You love me?” she said, at length.

I kissed the beautiful hand I held in mine.

“You feel sure it is love?”

“I have no other name to give it.”

“Yet you love another; others, perhaps. Look into your heart and see how these sentiments compare.”

I tried to do as she desired. I felt my love for you, my precious one, as clear, as earnest, as much a portion of my life, as since the hour it came to me, a vivifying flame. I cannot be mistaken in this. It is a pure, and it seems to me, a deathless love. But I saw and felt no less, that I love the beautiful one, who has brought me hither, and introduced me to this enchanting scene. I find also that I have a tender reverence for Harmonia; that my heart yearns fondly to the spiritual Serafa; that I am deeply charmed with the lovely Evaline; and I grew alarmed at myself, as I recalled my real feelings toward Laura and Eugenia.

But I have determined to live the true life, and to be utterly honest to myself, and to all with whom I am in any true relation; and I owe this honesty to Melodia more than to any one but you. So I told her, with perfect frankness, and in as fitting terms as I could find to express my emotions, what I have written to you.

“Were you compelled to choose the love of one of these, and reject the others, can you see what your choice would be?” she asked me, with a look that seemed to penetrate the depths of my spirit.

"What I ought to do in such a case, is evident enough," I said; "but it is not so evident how I could do it. I can conceive of no power which could compel me to such a choice."

"If Clara were to demand it?"

"She could not and would not. If she is in that unity with me, which makes her lovingly mine, she must understand and sympathize with my feelings, and would ask nothing false to them. A demand of exclusive love to her, and an exclusive right to me, would prove that she did not belong to me. So, either way, there is no such thing possible."

"You have learned much genuine heart lore," said she, "since you first saw me."

"I have had excellent teachers."

"It is not so much that. The instinctive life of the heart demands only freedom, that it may attain to the highest wisdom. I have done little for you, but to set you free, and introduce you into a society where the emotions of the spiritual heart are as free as the movements of the material circulation. Here, removed from all outward control of habit and custom, you have been free to think and feel. The ideas come into your mind, and the loves into your heart. But there is a trial before you—how severe, I cannot well predict. When you go from us, the sphere of the old life will assert its power. Should the one you love join with that, to hold you in a selfish and isolate bondage, we may lose you."

I knelt by her side, dear Clara; I pressed her jeweled fingers to my lips, and I promised for you as for myself, that nothing would ever enslave us, but that we would live the life of freedom now open to us. Was I not right? Must we not live this true life of our spirits? It is true that I tremble, and that my heart shrinks when there comes to me the fear that this may not come all lovingly to you; but in my deep heart I have an undying trust in your truth and goodness. Forgive me, dear Clara, if even this assertion seems to imply distrust.

"She will come with me," I said. "I can answer for her as for myself. She will come to our thought, and life, and our beautiful home, and you will love us!"

"We shall all love you, as you are able to attract our love. The earth draws all things to herself, according to their capacity of attraction. In freedom, love is attraction and obeys the same laws.

"You will leave us soon—we cannot hope to detain you many days longer; but you will come to us again, and not alone; and you will come very happy, and both will find your happiness increased. Live but our life, in its truth and purity, and the earthly heaven opens before you."

She bent forward and pressed her lips upon my cheek—then rose to change her toilette, and I went also to prepare for the afternoon and evening, and whatever they should bring to me.

At two o'clock, all who chose to do so, and nearly all must have so chosen, visited the gallery of art. The drawings, pictures, carvings, and statuary, finished during the past week, took their places in the gallery, and were inscribed with the names of the artists. The visitors brought single flowers, bouquets and little garlands, and each one hung flower or garland upon the picture or statue he liked best, or which showed most improvement. It was an ovation to art. Some were not content with marking the works of art in this way, but also crowned the artists with garlands or enriched them with bouquets. So I found the gentle and tasteful, and now, in the excitement of this triumph, beautiful Evaline, walking in a cloud of perfume—incense to her art genius. Melodia had saved a few of the most fragrant, but had resigned most of her honors to younger aspirants; and as tastes are various, and friendship and encouragement go for something, all who had made earnest endeavors found their reward.

From the Gallery of Art, we went to the Hall of Science, dedicated for this hour to the muses. Here, in a deep hush of delight, Serafa read a noble poem, which was greeted at the close with plaudits and laurel crowns. Next came Melodia, with an ode, not yet married to music, but which almost sang itself in the purity of her reading. Then Harmonia read one of those wonderful inspirations of the spirit life, which give, in themselves, the best

evidence of their divine origin. Serafa and Melodia give us their own best life in verse; but Harmonia gives us the pure life of the heavens. They crowned her with a garland of white lilies.

I have not transcribed these poems for you. You must read them here.

We rested until four o'clock, when the only service of the day, which would be considered specially religious, found place. It is the hour devoted to general communion with spirit life. In a circular hall, lighted from above, with a subdued light, the whole assembly sat in a profound silence. Melodia went to a beautifully toned seraphine, and sang an invocation, which, if it had failed to call spirits from the heavens, would almost take us there. We sat there still, in a silence broken only by sighs, until Harmonia rose, and in a manner, very different from her usual one, spoke to the assembly with a power of eloquence, a depth of love, and a wisdom, transcending any thing I had ever heard of mortal utterance. It seemed the Heavenly Society speaking to the Earthly, lovingly, earnestly, reprovably, and, withal, still encouragingly. If an angel spoke not, it was still an angelic utterance. But no one here doubted for a moment, that the thought and love was heavenly. It was an earnest exhortation to purity, to integrality, to progress in the Life of Harmony; a promise that faithfulness to every duty, and the highest love of the spirit should lead to a continual expansion and elevation of this life, and in consequence to a continual increase of happiness.

She ended with a serene benediction, and the whole assembly rose and sang a hymn of solemn joy.

The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to many little festivals of groups, composed of persons drawn together by the most intimate sympathy; groups of friendship always, often groups of love. I found myself with those who have become so dear to me, and was glad to be accepted as one whom they could trust, and whom they might love, should the future prove me worthy. In our little company I saw more of Vincent's social qualities than heretofore. He talked, sang, and enjoyed a restful repose; laying aside the care which has become habitual to him and bringing

out those genial qualities which have surrounded him with a loving devotion.

Each group made its Sunday supper, either in a private apartment, or in the groves, or on the shore of the lake. Some made gipsy parties in the woods, and cooked their suppers in the most primitive fashion. The more central the group in this society, the more simple the food. Our group, to-day, ate only farinaceous food and fruits, believing that the spiritual love life is best nourished on these pure viands. These, with a little wine and sugar, made our repast. It was a genuine love feast, in the sentiment of which all participated; or, if I am still an exception, it is not wholly so; and I fervently hope will not so remain. It was a harmony in which I could detect no discordant tone—a loving unity where every heart throb found its response in every other bosom.

The sunset hymn has always the religious element, but it seemed more strongly expressed this Sunday evening than on other days, or I was more fitted to its appreciation. The glorious image of creative power and love, sank in mild splendors. The festal flag which had floated in the breeze all day, was now deposited in its sacred place, for the week; and all prepared for the musical review which was to be the fitting close of this day of rest and joy.

I found the great Music Hall freshly decorated with evergreens and flowers. The review consisted of the past week's progress and achievement. First, there marched into the room a corps of little fifers and drummers, boys and girls from six to twelve years old, marching in very creditable time, playing simple airs, and beating their parchment with remarkable precision; and as cymbals, triangles, and tambourines were not wanting, they made a very enlivening music. They marched around the center of the hall, were handsomely applauded, and took their seats, in the great orchestra.

Next came a class of musical pupils on various instruments of a higher grade, forming a band, as yet of moderate attainment in execution, but showing excellent training and zealous practice.

After these came solo performers, vocal and instrumental. Songs newly learned, and original songs and music came to us in all their freshness, and were applauded according to the impression they

produced. Some of these were full of local allusions and home feeling; they were sung with a beautiful abandon, and responded to with an enthusiasm, glowing, but never boisterous.

Finally, we had two new chorusses, one for the morning, the other for the evening parade; a grand march, and a glorious symphony, which was a musical revelation of the life and work of Esperanza.

Melodia had composed it, and now directed its first public performance. In it was expressed the break of day, the musical awakening, the play of the fountains, the gathering to the parade, the sunrise hymn, and the morning gun; then the departure of the groups of industry, and all the scenes of the day. The children's band of fifers and drummers was introduced with beautiful effect. As the symphony proceeded, it gathered warmth and richness, corresponding to the pleasures of the afternoon. Then came a musical rendering of the delightful supper parties. This was a gay and lovely passage; then the gorgeous sunset hymn; and the finale of the evening festival, which was indescribably light, joyous, and enchanting, closing with a few soft chords, full of repose and loving sweetness, as if sinking into dreamy slumbers, ending with a pianissimo passage of a delicious serenade.

At this ending, the whole house, which had sat eager and breathless, rose, spectators and musicians alike, and applauded Melodia, who stood by her music stand, pale and agitated. Vincent, who had played in the orchestra, came forward to congratulate her. He picked up a wreath that had been thrown to her, but before he could place it on her head, the lovely head sank upon his bosom. She threw her arms around him and burst into tears.

But the plaudits recalled her from the one to the many. She raised her head, and now radiant with a flush and a smile of joy, thanked the musicians for their performance of her work, and all for their generous applause.

The festival was ended, and its queen, crowned with flowers, then came among us, and received our individual congratulations. I did not press forward, where so many had an older if not a better claim; but she soon came to me and held out her hand. As I

pressed it to my lips, the scenes of the brief past flashed through my memory; the first meeting in the cars; the hours at Niagara; the pilgrimage and the journey by lake and river; our beautiful voyage on the Fairy, and now the life of Esperanza.

Oh Clara, were you but here to live this life, and partake of all this happiness! Patience, oh heart of mine! Patience and Hope!

How rich and beautiful, O mine, is every phase of this life! What a contrast has this day been with the dull, tiresome, solemn Sundays of our puritanical Pharisees, who "for a pretense make long prayers!" It has been a day of rest, but not of idleness; a day of repose, but not of a miserable solemnity; a day of recreation, full of joy in the present, and blissful anticipations of the future.

All the days seem long here, so filled are they with uses and pleasures. At night, I think over so many pleasant events, that it seems as if they must have required a week for their occurrence. And this Sunday, it seems like many great festal days combined in one, and each event is crowded with delightful memories.

And now a new week opens to me—one more week of absence from you—one more week of the enjoyment of this earthly paradise. I have the hope that you will be content with the delay, and have such sympathy with my enjoyment of this life, and such a desire to know all I can learn of it, that you will not wish me to be in haste to leave it, only that you may the sooner come with me. I have a week to learn the deepest workings of this life. I have given you its external aspect; something you may have gleaned of the heart-life already, but that I have yet to penetrate more fully, for I feel that it is in the heart, or love-life, of this society that reposes its divinest charm. The dear friends here, I am sure, will hide nothing from me.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A WESTERN TOUR.

LEAVING New York, the scene of long, arduous, and I am happy to believe, useful labors, I went up, through the grand scenery of the Hudson, to Albany, and thence westward to Syracuse, where I made my first stop. Here I found some earnest spiritualists, and received many visitors. After two days of almost constant test giving to curious, and often anxious inquiries, I went to Rochester.

This flourishing city, one of the principle in Western New York, celebrated for its flouring mills, was the scene of the commencement of the spiritual excitement, now spread over the most advanced portions of the world. Here the "Fox Girls" were first developed as mediums; and met with bitter persecution and much success. But "a prophet hath no honor in his own city." Spiritualism prevails less in Rochester than in many less favored localities. It is related of Jesus, that the people where he resided during his early years, when they heard of his miracles and teachings, were quite incredulous, and said, "Is not this the carpenter's son? Do we not know his parents, brothers and sisters?" Of course there could be nothing wonderful about a man who had grown up among them; who had been to the same village school; played at the same games, and earned his living by a common handicraft.

It is true that many of the most enlightened citizens of Rochester gave the phenomena of spirit communications a candid investigation. Committees appointed by large meetings of citizens, after a patient and faithful examination, made such reports as satisfied many of the absence of trick or imposture. Still, to a great extent, spiritualism in Rochester justifies the adage, "familiarity breeds contempt." I found less interest there than in many other places. Church Phariseism, or fashionable religion, has a strong

hold in the community, who are not inclined to reverence revelations which were not made either long ago, or at a great distance. But as all revelations must be made at *some* time, and in *some* place, the position of such persons is not very philosophical.

At Buffalo, I found a much greater interest, and here I remained for several days, and was visited by a large number of persons. The "Age of Progress," a spirited as well as spiritual paper, is published here, and the cause moves forward with much energy. Some of the most remarkable physical manifestations ever known, have taken place at Buffalo; particularly in the families of Mr. Davenport and Mr. Brooks. Suspicion has been thrown upon the manifestations in the Davenport family, from the alleged fact that the mediums, two boys, have sometimes appeared to join the mischievousness incident to their age, to the manifestations; but the genuine character of the marvels done here, has been attested by too many unimpeachable and clear-minded witnesses to permit me to discredit the manifestations.

In the case of Miss Brooks, there seems to be no doubt that spirits play upon the pianoforte, without the intervention of human hands, in a very wonderful manner. Many mediums have been impressed to play; or their hands have been used to produce music they were utterly incapable of playing without such aid; but the playing on instruments by spirit hands, or spirit power alone, though more common, perhaps, seems more marvelous.

At Buffalo, I was visited by a gentleman, who was affected with palsy, so that one side of his body was nearly useless. One arm had hung at his side, without power of motion, for years. Though not a healing medium, I was strongly impressed to benefit this man, and taking hold of his palsied arm, I raised it up, and became the medium of an invigorating power, which enabled him to move it by his own volition. I had thus, in my own experience, a demonstration of this spiritual power of healing, and see no reason to doubt that it has been exercised to some extent in all ages. In animal magnetism we have an example of a spirit in the form, acting upon another so as to produce paralysis, somnolence, and clairvoyance; to quiet pain, and cure disease. Why may not

spirits, out of the form, have as great or greater power over those who are susceptible to such influences? There is abundant evidence that spirits do act upon the human nerve system, both directly and through mediums. It may be questioned, in the above mentioned case, whether the spirits magnetized and so cured the paralytic, through me, or influenced, and impelled me to magnetize him; but in many cases, the spirits do themselves magnetize and cure the sick. Such patients must, however, be impressible, and might probably be developed as mediums.

Leaving Buffalo, after a week of interesting work, in which I enjoyed the society of many friendly and excellent persons, I went to Cleveland, which is also a head-quarters of spiritualism, and has its weekly paper, the "Spiritual Universe," devoted to the cause of immortality, which has enlisted here, men of wealth and social influence, as well as many intelligent and earnest reformers. The spiritualists of Cleveland have a hall set apart specially for lectures on spiritualism, and here Mr. Pardee, who was the pleasant companion of my tour, addressed the public, in the trance state, so much to the general satisfaction, that he was engaged to return, after our visit to Cincinnati, and minister to them in spiritual things.

Cincinnati was the western terminus of this tour, and the place to which I seemed to have been specially sent. I had become acquainted in New York with Dr. T. L. Nichols, and Mrs. Mary S. Gove Nichols, who are widely known by their medical, reformatory and spiritual writings. Through them I had also become acquainted with some of the most worthful spiritualists in Cincinnati; and it was partly owing to their solicitation that I wished to visit Cincinnati at this time: but to my own personal wish was added the impelling influence of my guardian spirits.

These friends, it is known, have taken the high ground of: the freedom of the affections, as the necessary condition of true relations, spiritual and material. They have been denounced as Free Lovers by those who have not read their works, or are incapable of understanding their meaning. They were therefore met at Cincinnati by a virulent opposition, on the part of those who understood the freedom of love to mean an unrestrained

licentiousness. Dr. Nichols met this opposition by giving, by impression, and under remarkable circumstances, a lecture entitled "Free Love a Doctrine of Spiritualism"—a lecture so satisfactory that its publication was demanded. This was followed by the introduction into the Spiritual Conference of a resolution denouncing Free Love, and denying that it was a doctrine of spiritualism. Dr. Nichols met his opponents in debate, before crowded audiences, for four successive Sundays, when it was brought to a close, and the resolution lost by a decided majority.

This occurred a short time previous to my visits. At each of these debates Dr. Nichols had announced that I was coming. When I arrived, he welcomed me to his residence, on Broadway, where I met at private circles many highly intelligent investigators. My friends had taken a room for me on Eighth street, over Mr. Pease's Book-store; my coming had been well advertised, and orderly arrangements made, so that I was soon crowded with visitors. One of the first of them happened to be a lawyer of the highest standing at the bar of Cincinnati—a gentleman free from prejudice, and of much intellectual courage. The tests of spirit presence and identity, given him, were so startling, that he related them to the lawyers and judges of the courts then in session, and the consequence was that for two weeks my room was constantly visited by members of the legal profession. I have never come in contact with minds so fitted for investigation, or who so well understood the weight of evidence. Never were the tests more clear and satisfactory—less marred by discord—than with these gentlemen who had made it their business to search for truth and detect error.

During my stay in Cincinnati, I had some hundreds of visitors, mostly of the most intellectual and worthful class. Living with friends, and rent and advertising being freely given me, I was at no expense, and received enough to pay the debt of borrowed money, which I have mentioned in a former chapter, and place my family in a comfortable home. It was a pleasant, and in many ways, a profitable season.

Among the friends of spiritualism in Cincinnati, who have given

labor, and made sacrifices for the cause, is Dr. Edward Meade, a physician of the insane, who has established a large and well-edited weekly paper, entitled the *Spiritual Messenger*. To its candid and faithful notices, often in the leading editorials, I am much indebted for my success.

Cincinnati is an intellectual and artistic city, to a considerable extent, but still a city of heartiness and liberality of feeling and sentiment. It is remarkable for geniality. A perfect stranger there talks to you like an old acquaintance. People you never saw before seem interested in your business, and will go out of their way to do you a favor. In dealing with them, if you ask for less than five cents' worth of any article, they give it to you, refusing any compensation. Pennies are scarcely used at all, except at the post-office. These are little things; but evidences of a magnanimity, which is more characteristic of Southern and Western, than of Northern and Eastern cities. There may be more intellect in the East, but I have found more heart in the West.

Leaving my friends in Cincinnati, I returned to New York to arrange my business, so as to be free to make another visit to the west, which I did a few weeks after,, stopping at several of the same points, and also visiting new ones. One of the most interesting of these was Yellow Springs, Ohio, a beautiful and romantic village, about seventy miles north-east of Cincinnati. To this place I was invited by a few prominent citizens, and though I could spend but two days here, much good, I believe, was accomplished.

Yellow Springs is the site of Antioch College, founded by the "Christian" denomination; but intended to be liberal, and tolerant of all creeds and opinions. It is under the Presidency of Hon. Horace Mann, whose labors in the cause of education have given him a world wide celebrity.

Antioch College is intended to be the great liberal college of the West; and its professions of unsectarian toleration have attracted to it liberal and progressive students from most of the Western States. Many have come from Oberlin, where the religious discipline of Presbyterianism is maintained with such severity, as to drive away those who are too far advanced to be bound by creeds. It is the

boast of Oberlin, that no young student comes there and remains six months without being converted. There are exceptions; but it is true that the machinery put in motion for the purpose, does succeed in psychologizing most of those who are susceptible to such impressions.

Yellow Springs at the time of my visit was, and still more, had been the scene of a violent excitement, which spiritualism did much to allay. The friends, whose guest I had been in Cincinnati—Dr. and Mrs. Nichols,—had leased the extensive Water Cure, near the village, intending to open it for its original purpose, and also as a school for intellectual, moral, and spiritual development. It is a lovely place; a romantic glen, deep shaded, with springs of living waters, and a mill stream near the house, which is spacious and beautiful, having accommodations for about one hundred persons.

When it was known at Yellow Springs that Dr. Nichols had leased the place, a violent opposition sprung up, headed by Mr. Mann and the Faculty of the College, who feared that the proximity of so noted a champion of "Free Love" and Spiritualism would be an injury to the College. Mr. Mann was especially violent in his denunciations. Public meetings were called, at which he made exciting speeches, and this excitement, threats of violence, and some difficulty on the part of the proprietor in getting possession, had prevented the Nicholoses from establishing their institution. This difficulty, spiritualism was destined to overcome. Nearly all the friends of the Nicholoses were, like themselves, spiritualists, and those who were converted, consequently ceased their opposition.

When therefore the manifestations made during my visit had converted, or, at least, confounded most of the prominent citizens of the place, and several members of the College Faculty, there remained no obstacle to them taking possession of their property, as soon as legal possession could be given. On visiting Cincinnati, after leaving Yellow Springs, I told them they could go at any time—that the battle had been fought by the spirits and the victory won. When the excitement first began, the spirits told Dr. and Mrs. Nichols that the battle would be fought and the victory gained, almost without their striking a blow. They removed to Yellow

Springs early in July, and established the Memnonia Institute, a school of health and life, without any active opposition, and to the great satisfaction of many who were interested in their success. Mr. Main, almost alone, persists in considering their doctrines dangerous, and in asserting that they are insane or corrupt. But he will find few to sustain him in theory, or in the violence to which he seemed confident at first, that it would lead. The time is well past when rights can be set at naught and people persecuted for opinions' sake. Such bigotry, intolerance, and proscription belong to a darker age. The students of Antioch belong to a more advanced era, than that of the Inquisition, and I venture to predict, that from this time forward it will be no discredit there, for one to be a spiritualist, or to believe that all men and all women should be free to live the truest life, and enjoy the greatest good of which they are capable.

My western journeys seem to have had two great objects, combined, of course, with many lesser ones. The first was to give the evidences of spiritualism to many of the leading minds of the West, by my visits to Cincinnati, Cleveland, and other points; the other, the work I have described at Yellow Springs and Antioch College.

I would gladly visit every similar institution of learning in the United States. The students, I doubt not, would joyfully welcome the opportunity of investigating spiritualism; but the greater portion of them are under the rule of sectarian bigotry to such an extent, that no access could be had to the minds of the students. But the time is coming when these prejudices must give way, and when immortality and the spiritual life will be considered as important subjects of study as Greek or Algebra.

I may mention here some facts relating to the Memnonia Institute, interesting to me, as spiritual phenomena. Mrs. Nichols is a medium of high and varied capacity. Afflicted with a severe illness, she was taken in charge by her spirit friends, and guided to a cure under circumstances which would have been fatal in nine cases out of ten. Under this spirit direction, a series of abscesses in the lungs were treated and cured. Her principal physician was

the spirit of Hahnemann, the founder of Homœopathy. There could be no better test, for neither she nor Dr. Nichols had any faith in Homœopathy, nor any knowledge of its medicines.

The spirit of Hahnemann would appear to her, and prescribe a medicine suited to some new condition; this she tested by going to a homœopathic physician, Dr. Ehrmann, of Cincinnati, and asking him the symptoms to which such a medicine were suited. In all cases she found that the spirit had prescribed the medicine suited to the case, according to the Homœopathic practice, and the result predicted never failed. Being also spiritually clairvoyant, she was enabled to look into her lung and examine the size, position, and condition of the abscesses as they formed, opened, and discharged their contents into the air-tubes. This course, combined with a course of water cure, resulted in a perfect recovery, although the case was dangerous, and with most persons would have been fatal. It would be interesting to know how much of the insight into disease and skill in treatment for which Mrs. Nichols has gained a wide celebrity, are due to the aid of guardian spirits, and the higher range of clairvoyance, which seems to come from their influence.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

RESIDING, and expecting to remain for a number of years, in the vicinity of Antioch College,—we wish to give our readers as good an idea as we can of this interesting Institution, which was founded about four years ago, mainly by the exertions of Hon. HORACE MANN, LL.D, its President. The funds for building the College were contributed, to a large extent, by the religious denomination called "Christians;" but many wealthy Unitarians in the Eastern States, at the personal solicitation of Mr. Mann, have also been liberal contributors.

The site of the College, in the pleasant rural village of Yellow Springs, which has been for many years a place of summer resort, on account of its beauty and salubrity, is a central and well chosen location. We do not know its superior in the West for such an institution.

The educational plan of the College is of the most liberal kind. Both sexes are admitted, and there is a large number of female students in the various departments; one female Professor, and three female teachers. The instructive force consists of the President, nine Professors, and the Principal of the Preparatory Department, and five assistant teachers. The students are distributed in three departments—the full Collegiate Course, the Preparatory, and the English Course. There is also an Elective Course, including such branches as the student may prefer in all departments. There is a professorship of music, and of modern languages.

The terms are as liberal as the course of study. Many of the students enter on scholarships, with free tuition. To others the tuition is but twelve dollars a year. There are three terms; Spring, April, May, June: Fall, from September 10th, to December 9th; Winter, from December 17th, to March 17th. Board costs from two to three dollars a week. Connected with the spacious College buildings are two large wings, one containing dormitories for ladies; the other for gentlemen. Students also board at private houses in the vicinity.

There is no man in this country—perhaps no man in the world—who has done more for popular instruction than the venerable President of Antioch College. As a champion of liberal education, his name is known wherever civilization extends. He wishes to crown a life of usefulness, by establishing in the heart of the Great West a model College; and much has been done to accomplish this result. But there are, connected with Antioch, some things which are inconsistent with its high pretensions, and which, if not changed, will go far to peril its success. Of these objectionable features we wish to speak in a spirit of kindness, and in the hope that they will be considered, and removed.

In the address which introduces the laws and regulations of the college, published with the last catalogue, occurs this sentence:

“It is our most anxious desire that the Faculty, Teachers, and Pupils of this Institution shall constitute one undivided and harmonious family, among whom the feelings most appropriate to parents and children, to brothers and sisters, shall constitute the paramount and characteristic relation.”

We turn to the “Laws and Regulations,” and read rule 20, which says—

“Students are forbidden to permit ANY PERSON of the other sex to enter their rooms; they are also forbidden to visit students of the other sex at theirs, without permission from the Faculty.”

“Any violation of the above will subject the offender to *immediate and unconditional expulsion.*”

Not your father or mother, brother or sister, at your utmost need; not the good lady with whom you board, or even Biddy the chambermaid. Let us see further of this brotherly and sisterly arrangement—

“Young Gentlemen and Ladies are not allowed to take walks or rides together without permission.”

Ladies and gentlemen visit the glen on alternate days, so as not to risk even meeting each other.

“Any student, entering into the marriage relation, will by that act dissolve his or her connection with the Institution.

“Without permission of the Faculty students will not be permitted to board with families in the village, who take boarders of the other sex.”

There is one regulation which is felt as a greater hardship than any of these, by which the two sexes are absolutely prohibited from uniting together in the exercises of the Literary Societies of the College. Several young ladies have recently left the college on account of this utterly absurd prohibition.

Are these the laws and regulations of a united and harmonious

family? Do these stringent rules of non-intercourse, worthy of a monastery, belong to the relations of brother and sister?

While professing entire toleration in matters of religion, the Faculty require every student to attend the daily religious exercises in the College Chapel, unless excused for conscientious reasons; and each excuse, when asked, is often refused.

"All students are required to attend public worship in the College Chapel on Sunday, who do not obtain permission to attend elsewhere."

The last six pages of the Catalogue before us are taken up with an address by President Mann, in which he urges upon students the duty of acting as spies and informers on each other in case of the violation of any of these thirty six laws and regulations.

These, it seems to us, are faults and inconsistencies which threaten to destroy the character and usefulness of Antioch College. We believe that the rules we have quoted, and the general spirit of the government or discipline of the College, to be false in theory, and evil in practice. They show an utter want of confidence in the honesty, virtue, and manliness or womanliness of the students. To open its doors to both sexes, and then prohibit them from boarding together, walking or riding in company, enjoying the pleasure and advantage of each others society, unless subject to the most humiliating restrictions, even denying them the right—we will not say privilege—of uniting in the exercises of the College Literary Societies, must strike every sensible person as the height of inconsistency and absurdity.

It would be better to go back to the system of separate schools for the sexes; for, bringing them together under these ignominious regulations, must have an unhappy, if not an immoral, influence.

These laws have their origin in an intolerant, puritanic spirit; they belong to a past age of tyrannic rule;—they indicate a want of faith in man, and a belief in the dogmas of original sin and total depravity. They are unworthy of the age we live in, and of the progress of humanity. It is impossible that they can long be submitted to by classes of enlightened American students.

Friends of Antioch College! it is not the discussion or propagation of the principles of human freedom and social rights, that can peril the prosperity of your Institution. It is such regulations as these, and the spirit that dictates them, which perils it every hour. Such a government brings the faculty and students into continual opposition, prevents the possibility of union and harmony, and makes a burlesque of filial and paternal relations.

Antioch College is too far in advance to compete successfully

with the old, partial, sectarian colleges. It appeals to the support of the most liberal and advanced classes, and it is by their patronage alone that it can hope for success. Its danger is that "between two stools it will fall to the ground." It is already too much advanced for conservatism. If its liberal patrons and students are driven away by existing regulations, as they surely will be, if they are persevered in, from what quarter can it hope for success?

The students now attached to Antioch College, and those who propose to join it, have a work to do for this Institution. The vantage ground it gives them must not be lost. We trust that they will not desert an Institution of so much hope and promise, without making an effort at reform. The College is not the property of the President, nor of the Faculty, nor the Trustees. It belongs to the people, and especially to the students. It was established for their benefit, and all its regulations should consult their interests, and progress and happiness. The Emperor of France is not powerful enough to enforce a rule repugnant to the students of a French University. It is time that the arbitrary and absurd powers claimed by the Faculties of our Colleges, were held in check, and that students, especially where, as at Antioch, a large portion of them are men and women of lawful age, should not be subjected to a code of regulations worthy of being incorporated with the Blue Laws of the most absurd puritanism.

The fall term of Antioch College will commence on the tenth of September. It is expected that there will be five hundred students here at the fall term. We hope there may be—and if there is a prospect of reform in the government of the College, there will be more than there would, with the certainty that the present rule will continue. Let those who have been driven away by such annoyances as we have mentioned, give Antioch one more trial, and see if they cannot be removed. Let the male and female students unite in demanding equal rights and equal privileges, and so much freedom of social intercourse as is consistent with their best interests as students, and the Faculty cannot be so suicidal in policy as not to comply with their reasonable demands.

We do not wish to see a rebellion at Antioch, nor to see scores of the best students leaving, disgusted with its tyrannical regulations; but for the sake of all concerned we shall be glad to see a peaceful revolution, and to have Trustees, Faculty and Students unite in making it—what it must be to be successful—a truly Liberal Institution.

REFORM MASS MEETING.

A **MASS MEETING** of the Friends of Progress will be held at Yellow Springs, Greene county, Ohio, commencing on Friday, September 26, 1856, and continuing as long as the meeting shall determine. The advocates of all reforms are invited to attend, and present their remedies for the ills that afflict humanity.

The subjects of Woman's Rights, Land Reform, Harmonic Education, Popular Theology, and Socialism will be specially considered. Socialists of all grades, and those who are favorable to the establishment of a Free Working Man's College, are particularly invited to attend.

L. A. Hine, Anna Denton Cridge, W. Denton and others will be present. Frances D. Gage, Lucy Stone Blackwell and others are invited to attend.

C. M. OVERTON,	} Committee of Arrangements.
J. D. GAGE,	
T. E. TABER,	

THE above notice has been handed us for publication, and we cheerfully give it place, and hope that the meeting may be as successful as its projectors can desire. It is proper, perhaps, that we should also say that the meeting was appointed, and the arrangements made respecting it, before our removal to Yellow Springs, and that we have not been consulted in regard to its proceedings, and are not among those who are specially invited to take part in them. Still we shall probably attend the meetings, and shall be glad to do anything in our power to promote their general objects, as we can come under the general invitation to the advocates of all reforms.

Yellow Springs, during the sessions of Antioch College, is a center of much earnest thought and high aspiration. The fame

of Antioch as a Liberal College, and an Institution of the broadest toleration of opinion on all questions—religious, moral, and social, has gathered here hundreds of the young of both sexes, whose minds are, in a great measure, free from prejudice, and open for the reception of vital truths. It is proper, therefore, and desirable, that the leading ideas of the age should be presented here for examination, and for acceptance, if they can pass the ordeal to which they will here be subjected.

The speakers, who address this meeting, must not expect to speak to a crude and excitable audience, which can be moved and moulded by passionate appeals, but to studious and logical enquirers after truth, who will accept or reject after a calm and full investigation. They are not to be led or guided in these great life questions by their teachers, nor can they be carried away by the excitement of a public meeting, and the eloquence of the advocates of so-called reform. But those who wish to sow good seed, in fertile and well prepared ground, could scarcely find a better place than Antioch.

At this, as at most meetings of a similar kind, the reforms presented will be mostly of a fragmentary character. The advocates of Woman's Rights have taken a very limited view of their nature and extent. Those who see slavery as the great evil of civilization, shut their eyes to far more extended wrongs and deeper sufferings. The Land Reformer has found a little fragment of truth. The critic of the popular theology is still but a partial Destructive. Harmonic Education is an integral subject, and belongs to the Constructive business of Reform; and Socialism includes all that relates to the happiness of humanity.

We shall watch the progress of these meetings with much interest, as we shall be able to judge better than we otherwise could of the policy of calling a convention of the Progressive Union, at some future day, which has been in contemplation.

MEMNONIA.

Our friends, who have felt sorrow and indignation at the postponement, and, as many thought, defeat, of our project of the establishment of the preparatory school of a new social order, will now rejoice with us, that we have peacefully and happily begun our work. The time which seemed lost, was needed, it may be, to prepare us all. The fury of an insane, or at least, a very unreasonable opposition, has spent itself, and the atmosphere of thought has been purified by the commotion.

Though we shall do but little during the present year, we shall be much better prepared to begin the next. Our place, with all its beauty and advantages, wants many improvements. Fruit trees are to be set out, vines and berry-bearing shrubs planted, and the wonderful capabilities of the place developed. Any of our friends who can send us fruit trees, vines, raspberry, blackberry, and currant bushes, well advanced toward fruitage, will materially aid us. We have engaged with the proprietor to improve the place in these particulars, and every dollar saved will be so much contributed to our work;—that is, every dollar which can be saved in this way, will be expended in other work for the great cause.

While our preparations and improvements are in progress, we are ready to receive those who can come to us for health or improvement. We prefer that they should be such as have read our writings, and have a desire to live the life of truth and purity, in all things, which they recommend.

We have said in our circular, that "Memnonia will be, provisionally, a despotism," and we have been freely censured, as usual, by those who do not understand us. A despotism may be the best of possible conditions; and where despotic power is exercised only to protect and benefit, no one can complain of it. There must be, in the preparatory condition, the power of preventing or removing sources of discord. This is all the despotic power we propose to exercise. We expect, at first, but few inmates in our home. No desire for a seeming success shall induce us to accept of one, whom we consider unworthy, or whom it may be inexpedient to receive. And no one must be offended, because we may be obliged, for any

MEMNONIA.

reason, to refuse him or her admission. We shall prefer a consistent conservative, as a patient and inmate, to a hard-hearted, impracticable reformer.

It is probable that we shall have, during the winter months, a course of Medical Lectures, similar to the three courses given by us in New York. If so, it will be a school, not only of hydropathic practice, but of individual and social reform, and will aid those who wish to be qualified as lecturers on Physiology and Hygiene, and to carry the knowledge of the laws of health and life among the people. Should we perfect this design, seasonable notice will be given, and applications may be made for admission.

SONG.

[The following song, sung at the consecration of our New Home on the eve of its Author's birth day, which was celebrated by a small party of friends residing here, and visiting us from Cincinnati, was written in pencil on the advertizing pages and margin of Little's Living Age, in a railroad car. How it made out to sing itself, under such circumstances, may be set down as one of the marvels of poetical manifestations.]

All sweetly, humbly, joyfully,
Rings music through my heart,
And sings itself triumphally,
As if of Heaven a part;
All solemnly and thankfully
I feel its blissening power,
As ringing out victoriously,
It celebrates the hour—

When angels meet us faithfully
To found a home on earth,
Where lovefully and truthfully,
Their Heaven shall find a birth.
The song leaps up rejoicingly,
The ringing music comes,
Through all the heart's sweet lovingness,
From the celestial Homes.

The burden of its blessedness
Is brooding o'er the soul;
In purity, fidelity,
The Heavenly currents roll;
All sweetly, humbly, joyfully,
It ringeth through the heart,
And sings itself triumphally,
For 'tis of Heaven a part.

M. S. G. N.

NICHOLS' MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1856.

THE election is over, and, as we expected, JAMES BUCHANAN is to be President of the United States, for the four years ensuing. He is an old politician, careful, prudent, and sagacious. The South went for him *en masse*; and the North, more strongly than many of our sanguine friends expected.

Never has a vote for president been so sectional. In portions of the North, almost the entire vote was thrown for Fremont, while in many States, he received not a single vote. We do not care to enlarge upon this result. It affects our movement but little; and as we should have offended many, had we predicted what has occurred, we would probably also offend as many were we to now give our impressions of the future.

What we may say, is that many of our friends have been far more excited and absorbed in this political contest, than was needful or useful. They have neglected much higher interests, and duties of a more personal character. It is not needful to get into a blind worry of excitement about an election. It is better to keep the mind clear, and the feelings undisturbed—and if all citizens could do this, the country would be safer than it is.

We have waited patiently for this breeze of excitement to blow over, and for our friends and co-workers to recover from its effects, and to enter with more earnestness upon the true work of reform. Be sure that this true work is more than making, or hurrying at electioneering speeches; more than getting into a fever of excitement and apprehension; more than voting for the best men for even the most important offices. Neither we ourselves, nor the world, is to be reformed in this manner. We have a work of vital reformation to do in and for ourselves; and to aid others in this work. Now that the destinies of the country are settled for a few years, shall we not attend a little to our own?

To aid our readers, and those who are willing to become such for another year, we shall do our best to give the monthly a practical character; and make it not only entertaining but instructive. Our work is with the life we are to live, in all its principles, and

modes, and manifestations. We must become practical reformers, or all speculations are of no avail. The time of preparation is short, and must be improved to every hour. It is no sluggish work; but demands all the earnestness of our spirits. We shall give a large portion of our pages, for the next year, to practical lessons in the work of Individual Reform—this great and important work which is to fit us for the Life of the Future, and which will prepare us for whatever may await us.

The first work for every one is to see if he cannot increase the number of those to whom these life lessons can come. Have you not some friend or acquaintance, whom your influence can induce to become a helper in this work. Examine, and answer to your own conscience.

It is very desirable, as friend Nicholson has explained, that renewals and new subscriptions be forwarded—promptly.

Our publishers, who assume this burthen and risk, for the *great cause's* sake, wish to know, as nearly as they can, what they can depend upon, for the coming year. We advise every subscriber, whose term expires with this year, to send in his renewal at once, with as many more as he can induce to join him; and we pledge ourselves that every reader shall have a means of good, not to be measured by dollars.

It will also be more convenient if subscriptions are sent to Henry Watkin, 227 Fifth street, Cincinnati, as it will save us some labor, and place the money more directly where it is to be expended. Still, those who find it more convenient, can send it either to Valentine Nicholson, Harveysburg, O., or to us, at Yellow Springs.

No individual pecuniary interest is connected with this monthly. But though no one can be pecuniarily benefitted by its success, its failure to meet its expenses involves individual loss. We give our work freely, as we have from the beginning. Let others see if they have no corresponding duty in regard to it. Let each do a little, and the work is done.

The "Work of Reform," elsewhere more fully noticed, is now ready for circulation. One generous and devoted friend of our cause has paid in thirty dollars toward the fund for its circulation. Are there not others who can do likewise? It is the fullest statement of our purpose and work yet published, and cannot fail to conquer prejudices and make converts to the truth. We wait but the means to send ten thousand copies to as many readers. Meantime, let every one who can do so, order a few or many for his own private distribution. Now is the seed time—the harvest is in the future.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR PUBLISHERS.

LOOKING over the mail book of this Journal, I find the names of some who were, a score of years in the past, my intimate friends and coworkers in the reform movements of that time. Other names I find of persons who, "speaking after the manner of men," are strangers to me. To all I extend the hand of friendship, with words of kindly greeting.

Born upon the same earth, living in the same age of the world, each earnestly desiring the culture, the refinement, the progress,, towards harmony and peace, of our common race, yet scattered many of us far from each other, east, west, north and south, our spiritual affinity, will, whilst we remain in the earth life, require some bond of union, some medium of connection, tangible or visible to the external senses. This Magazine will, we hope and believe, continue to be both a bond of connection, and also a welcome messenger, bringing glad tidings, words of peace and joy, to many "wandering pilgrims."

It is due to all, subscribers and readers, and alike due to the editors, as well as publishers, that an explanation be given of the cause of the recent delay in the regular monthly issue of the Journal; for even though double numbers do come at the end of two months, making up the full supply of reading matter due to each subscriber, this cannot fully compensate for the disappointment and anxiety which many of the patrons of this work have suffered by the delay.

It is known that the editors have left Cincinnati, and taken up their abode in a spacious and beautiful country home, where they design devoting their time and talents mainly to teaching, and healing, for three or four of the next coming years. This Monthly

Journal is designed to be one of the instrumentalities by and through which they may do much, both in teaching, as well as "healing of the nations."

In order to enable them more effectually to attend to other parts of the work, the editors have found it desirable to be released from the care and responsibility of attending generally to the publishing, this part of the work has passed into other hands. Up to the present time, all the matter printed in this periodical has been stereotyped. This was done for a two-fold purpose, a part of the matter was thus preserved to pass into the pages of useful books, some of which have been, and others are yet to be published, the stereotyping has also enabled the editors to supply back numbers, and past volumes in any amount, to all who desire to have them. For several years the Nichols's worked faithfully, yet almost alone. Many organized societies threw heavy obstacles of hindrance in their pathway; popular newspapers slandered them for gain, and to secure the applause of men. Many honest and pure minded persons, were thus, for a time, misinformed of their motives and their objects, and caused to stand at a distance instead of coming jointly into the work, of encouraging, and instructing people in the purification of their lives. Time works changes upon all things, and in all things—so it is doing, or has done, in this case. The editors are now meeting friends, and friends are meeting them. A new society has been formed, the objects of which are of great importance to all people. To enable us to carry out, and ultimate the objects, and purposes of the society, we shall need material, as well as spiritual wealth. We expect to earn our own money by our own industry, and save it by our economy. The editors, publishers, and immediate friends of this Journal, have sat in mutual consultation and council over its condition, and its uses. We find that in a mere pecuniary point of view, it has never returned the money invested in its publication, and had we no higher motives in view than the money which may be realised, or lost, in such enterprises, the friends of this periodical would look in vain for the appearance of a single number more. Money, however, is but one small item in the account, and yet it is an

item. We must avoid *debt*, because it is an accumulation of disease and would bring premature death.

This Journal then, it has been decided, *must live*. It has great uses to fulfil for mankind, and yet it must not enslave, must not involve any one or itself in debt, for these reasons do we economise. We shall henceforward stereotype only the matter which we wish preserved for making books, printing a surplus of each number just what we may think will be in demand. We see so much good that might be accomplished with *time*, and with *money*, that we have not a minute of time, nor a penny in money, that we can willingly see wasted.

With the coming January number of this paper, we wish to give to the reader many new and encouraging facts; many of these we are already in possession of—one important one is yet to be attained, viz: a large list of new subscribers. It is important that we have this item, and that we have it by that time; as we no longer stereotype the entire matter of the paper, we wish to know as definitely as we may the number of journals which we ought to make at each issue to supply the demand, and yet leave no great surplus to run to waste the profits of our labor. Some effort has already been made, and we design to continue the same for a time, by canvassing, making personal visits by some one of our number, to different places and neighborhoods where we may suppose companies of subscribers may be obtained.

We can give no better apology for the delay in the issue of the two last numbers, than that it has furnished us time to enlarge our list of subscribers, and to complete some other changes in arrangements for the future. We have reason to believe every subscriber would not only excuse us if they could know all the circumstances, but that they would many of them cheerfully, yea, joyfully, join heart and hand with us in the work of spreading truth before the minds of men, (including women, as a matter of course.)

In conclusion, I would say: although this journal has in time past been *very good*, yet I think you will find it doubly interesting in the future. The new arrangement will give the editors more time, and more space for editorial matter; and they will also

frequently add variety to the Journal's matter, by inserting letters and communications from their numerous friends and correspondents.

The monthly will also be enriched and enlivened by the account of the progress of a new society which is now being formed. The members are being found, spirits and angels are writing, impressing, advising and encouraging every one of these persons to engage daily in *deep* examination, and individual purification, and the culture, the equalising, of all the faculties of the mind, in order that each one may themselves become truly the recipients of heavenly knowledge and wisdom, so that no one need say to his, or her, neighbor, "know thou the Lord, because all shall know him from the least to the greatest."

Then in view of all the facts, herein alluded to, and in view of many more of great moment, which yet remain to be told, may we not confidently expect all old subscribers to promptly renew, and also that many will earnestly engage in the work of inducing their friends and acquaintances to subscribe. Should any of them urge the objection that they have heard unfavorable reports about this journal, or about the opinions of its Editors, and friends, please ask them, "Doth our law judge any man before it hear him;" ask them also to "Prove all things;" not by the voice of the prejudiced multitude, nor by the test of idle rumor; but in serious, honest, candid examination. May the "blessings of those who were ready to perish" eventually rest upon you all.

VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

WE published, in our October number, the statement of Mr JARED D. GAGE, of the facts respecting his expulsion from Antioch College. It is a plain, clear statement, and seemed to require no comment from us at the time of publication. We wish, however, now that it has been read by all who were interested enough in the subject to give it perusal, to make a few observations respecting our present relations with this College.

The offence for which Mr. Gage was expelled from Antioch was not a violation of any of its rules, but for liking us, sympathizing with many of our opinions, and having the manliness to speak as he thinks, and act up to his sense of duty—virtues so rare, that they are by the faculty, and probably by many students, considered as vices. It was scarcely needful to make an example of courage and independence of character, in this case, for these qualities are not contagious, nor are they likely to prevail as an epidemic in our literary institutions; where craven submission is the rule, and manly independence the rare exception. Mr. Mann has expelled two students from Antioch College for not subscribing to his opinions; he would doubtless expell all who should dare to assert their right of thinking for themselves, and acting upon their convictions; but there is little danger that his classes will be lessened by this means. In Colleges, as in society, the examples of freedom of thought are so rare, that they may as well be tolerated; and in this case, Mr. Mann has exposed himself to needless odium; since there is no probability that the independence of Mr. Gage, had he remained in the College, would have had any effect, but of warning others of the danger of having opinions of their own, and being governed by their convictions of duty.

As it is determined that no student shall board with us, or have the benefits of water cure while attending College; we are making

arrangements to provide for those who wish to come to us, better instruction, and better facilities for study than Antioch can furnish. We have the promise of better scholarship in the ancient and modern languages; in mathematics and natural science; in music and the arts of design; in philosophy and rhetoric. We can establish, by the side of Antioch, a better, more thorough, and more comprehensive school than it is, or is likely to be. The owner of Memnonia is able and willing to build the necessary edifices, as soon as more are required. If our friends, and the friends of a harmonic and integral education, are willing to aid in the work, we may establish here, in this central and beautiful locality, a College, which shall be in its physical, intellectual and moral benefits superior to any existing institution.

We hoped and expected, when we took our lease of Memnonia, that we might be permitted to benefit the students of Antioch College, at least, so far as their health was concerned; and that our friends would be allowed to participate in its educational advantages; but as this reasonable expectation has been defeated by the intolerance of Mr. Mann and his associates, we have nothing left but to establish the best school we can organize; and we believe that we shall have it in our power to form a better one than now exists, taking into consideration all the requirements of integral development.

XV.

IMMORTALITY.

DARLING: My peaceful slumbers were broken, as broke the light of a new day, by the distant note of Vincent's bugle. It mingled with my dreams; then I woke to the consciousness of the happy life around me; then came the inspiring air, chased by the echoes of forest and mountain, nearer and nearer. It was repeated at intervals, until its full burst resounded on the lawn, and a moment after, it was joined by the band of instruments, in an awakening and inspiring harmony.

I thought at first that the seeming distance of these sounds had been the artistic effects of a skilful player; but I found that our vigilant chief had mounted his horse in the first dawn and taken a gallop over the domain; and that his bugle call had been sounded at intervals in his rapid approach to where the band stood ready to join him.

The morning parade has every day some fresh interest. A magnetic life is diffused through the whole society. In the music all are attuned. Discords vanish. The individual becomes so sweetly harmonized with the will of the body that all move as by one impulse of the pervading life, and find in that harmony the greatest happiness.

Never has the solitary, isolate life of the selfish individualist seemed so poor and mean, as it now appears to me. That longing of the soul for love, for sympathy, for unity, never wholly, and seldom at all, satisfied in our life, can only find its perfect satisfaction in the harmony of such a life as this.

When I entered the saloon of the morning lecture, I saw Melodia seated in the center of the platform; and on either side Vincent

and Harmonia. Vincent was calm, Harmonia pale and sorrowful. Melodia rose and stood silent a moment; and her upraised eyes filled with tears. Tears came in my own, though I knew not why. But soon a sweet smile and a slight flush came over her face, and in her low sweet tones she said:

"Dear Friends, what I have to say to you will sadden us for a moment; but there will come with it, also, a deep joy.

"Our good Father is soon to leave us, to join the noble and beautiful society of the heavenly life. Our dear Harmonia has been with him in the night watches; the spirits who watch over us have announced to him his speedy welcoming to the life of the heavens. He goes to join in higher accords of harmony; but he will still be with us and watch over us; and he will be able to be more to us, and do more for the great work of the redemption and harmonization of humanity than he can do here.

"Joyfully does he welcome the summons. He feels that his great love for all his children here will find a freer and better expression from the spirit spheres than it can from this. He wishes me to say, that before he leaves the bodily form, he hopes to see and greet you all. His strong, brave, generous spirit prepares to lay off the outer form of the earth life, as he would lay off a garment he needs no longer. His work is done. He is ready to enter with joy upon a new and higher form of existence, to which, when a few years are past, he will welcome all of us, his children.

"I, who have known him longest, and to whom he has been more than a father; I yield him cheerfully to the joys of the inner life; assured that while his external form seeks new unities in progression, his noble spirit, his best self, will be ever with us, loving, inspiring, and strengthening us.

"When the large bell of the tower, at whatever hour of day or night, shall strike nine strokes, it will be to summon us all to assemble here, to receive his parting benediction. Let us lay aside all selfish grief, and be prepared to bid him farewell as joyfully as the radiant ones will bid him welcome."

She was smiling through her tears. Harmonia took Vincent's arm, while Melodia supported her on the other side; and they

breakfasted together—but all the rest conversed cheerfully, though in lower tones than usual. There was also a more perfect order of movement, and a greater earnestness visible; but no depressing grief. Faith in immortality is no pretense here, but a very real and sustaining assurance.

An hour later, when I returned from a sail across the lake, what was my surprise to see the good Father sitting in his easy chair, under the trees, with sunshine and flowers around him, enjoying the songs of the birds, and the beauties of nature. Harmonia held his hand, and Angela brought him the most odorous flowers. He saw my surprised look, and held out his hand to me. It trembled more than usual, and his face was more pallid. But there was hope and happiness in his blue eyes; and his voice, though a little fainter, was as cheerful as ever.

"*Bon jour, mon fils!*" he said, as he grasped my hand, "you expected to see the old man on his back. Oh, no! I prefer this. They are very good to me, and let me have my own way in every thing—my good children!"

"I hope you will recover, and enjoy their society many years," I said.

"Don't think it, or wish it. A few days at the most is all I have to stay now; and you are traveler enough to know that when one has made up his mind to go he does not wish to be delayed. I am satisfied and happy. All I have wished and worked for in life is accomplished, or will be, and I am content to go. You will join our family, and find here all that your mind and heart can ask. Is it not so, *ma fille?*" he asked, turning to Harmonia.

"Yes, Father. You have henceforth other duties and other joys. We are to increase, and you, with greater powers of vision and locomotion, can aid us. The little scattered groups, who are earnestly working in the orderly preparation for a harmonic life, may soon begin to join us, and enjoy its realization. You, father, will influence, guide, direct, and welcome them to the home you have chosen for them. Then, out of this, other homes are to be born, and you, who found this domain, will perform the same function in respect to others, and aid our spirit guardians in watching

over the infant societies. So shall this new, harmonic man, increase, multiply, and replenish the earth."

The old man's eyes sparkled with joy; then he raised them reverently to heaven, and said in a low, soft murmur:

"*Que votre volonté soit faite sur la terre comme au ciel :*" with this sentence from the Lord's Prayer, in his sweet mother tongue, the old man closed his eyes, and there spread over his countenance an expression of ineffable rest and peace; and, supported by the soft cushions, he fell into a slumber, as of infancy.

Vincent has managed for several days to give me, daily, an hour for conversation. In these hours he has listened to my doubts with entire patience; he has answered all my questions, and thrown light on many subjects connected with the progress and destiny of our race. With very little of personal ambition or vanity; with strong faculties of analysis and synthesis; with a nature full of philanthropy and love, he has done his work of enlightenment, organization, and direction with so much fidelity, as to vindicate the wisdom which selected him for this work. That wisdom, dear Clara, I need not now tell you, I believe to be supernatural. And he has had ever at his side, and in his deepest love, one who has stood between him and the angel life, and who has been to him the medium of its inspirations.

To-day we took horses and rode over every part of this domain, which is like the most beautiful garden, with groves, and shaded avenues, and lovely prospects, and pretty pavilions for rest and shade, scattered over it. I cannot write you all our conversation; but I will put down the most important portion, both for you, and because I wish to record it while fresh in my memory.

"In what respect," I asked, "does your system differ from that of Fourier?"

"It differs not so much in principles and ends," he said, "as in means. Fourier saw the possibility of harmony, and believed that nothing was needed for its realization, but to bring a certain number of men and women together, under certain conditions. There is no experimental proof that he was not right—that is, that with means, and power, and science, and skill, men might not be

harmonized *en masse*. But where is the means or power to do this? Our system is that of growth, from the minutest germ to the mighty tree. And the preparation for germinal growth was individual development and harmonization. Fourier would have collected a thousand persons, in two or three years, in a phalansterie. I believe that there could not be selected one thousand persons in all civilized society, who could have formed such an association, or who could have been held together against their own repulsions except by some stringent despotism, without a previous preparation.

"We differ from the theory of Fourier, also, in not paying tribute to capital, and in giving less of external or pecuniary reward to talent or genius. These with us have their reward spiritually, and to a certain extent the material correspondent. We are somewhat more communistic than he proposed, while we guard, I think, better than he provided for, the special rights of the individual."

"Are you then nearer to the system of Owen?"

"No: we reject a democratic communism as having no guaranties, either of order or individuality. A society is not a mere aggregation or agglomeration of individuals; but a regular organization. It is a body which has its head and its heart; its nervous centers and circulation; its organs and members all united together, and constituting a united and harmonious body. Physiology gives us the highest type of a true society. Vegetable physiology approximates it, and, being more simple, is more easily understood."

"Have you examined the system of Monsieur Cabet?"

"Yes. I wrote to him at Nauvoo, and he sent me his *Voyage en Icarie*, a magnificent dream of a National Democratic Communism, in which the government, that is, the central expression of the popular will, performs all functions, and provides for all wants, in a large country, with great cities, wealth and splendor. Men see something of the life of the future, but not the means to attain it. Hence all have failed.

"Yet the means are so simple, and so in accordance with all the operations of nature! If any merit has been mine, it has been in

seeing this ; but I can claim none, for it has been revealed to me. I have accepted and rendered practical, what Fourier himself has revealed to me from the life of the heavens."

"And this method — was it readily accepted by those whose first impulse would probably be to denounce every thing which seemed to them like a despotism ?"

"It was sometimes misunderstood ; but the rejection of our method, for this reason, served to separate and keep from us those disorderly persons who would have perilled our success.

"We taught that while freedom was a condition of a true life of harmony, an orderly obedience was its most vital necessity. We demanded obedience, not to us as individuals, but to the principles of the life. The lesson ever impressed upon us was that there must be obedience, else there cannot be growth. In the tree, every atom assimilated must obey the life of the tree ; in the human body, every organ and every atom must alike obey the law of life and its requirements. The strength of the heart and the wisdom of the head can only be demonstrated by perfect obedience. It is not by erratic action that the one gets power and the other light. The heart and head of a man and of a society must be corrected by consequences wrought out in obedience, and not by disordered acts and efforts. Obedience is for a body and a society ; and consequences are the only corrections. If there cannot be a perfect and orderly obedience, then there is not unity ; and the part that is extraneous or parasitic is to be cut off. And many were severed from us."

"Allow me to ask how you were able to satisfy people full of protests against social tyrannies, of the truth of these principles ?"

Vincent smiled as he answered—"Their acceptance was not so hard as you think. Most received them intuitively and lovingly. The wise saw their truth and necessity. When it was proper to make explanations, there was no lack of analogical illustration.

"I pointed to the director of an orchestra, whose function is to guide every movement, and to become the central thought and will of a body of musicians, where the most perfect and accurate obedience to the directing power is at once the greatest happiness of

each performer, and the necessity of the performance. I showed that the least erratic individualism here, would not only mar the general harmony, but destroy the happiness of the individual. So in architecture, every workman must work to the line of his specifications, and the directions of the architect and master builder, or mar the work, and his own delight in doing it. Every combined movement involves the same principle; and that which is best for all, must always be best for each. Call this order, tyranny, despotism—what you will—it is the absolute necessity of every harmonic movement, from the systems of the universe down to the smallest plant that grows.

“The conservative sentiment for the preservation of order is a true human instinct; but the order usually conserved is very false and costly. The true order, which is heaven's first law, never demands the sacrifice of the highest freedom and happiness of the individual, but secures both. The first qualification for our life is a true humility; our first duty is a true obedience; our first requirement a true order; and these secure to us all the freedom and all the happiness you see us enjoying.”

Vincent spoke a single word to his beautiful horse, and he bounded away toward a distant group of workers, whose labors he joined; while I rode slowly home, revolving all this in my mind.

I will not conceal that the words humility, obedience, order, have a harsh sound to me. Humility has seemed a disease or a sham. Obedience has been the requirement of despotism. Order is the excuse of tyrants. And yet I can see that throughout the universe there must be the humility which recognizes and strives to attain to the higher or more advanced perfection. The true scholar, artist, or poet must be a humble worker toward his ideal; and the greatest men have had most of the virtue of humility. Away with vain pride. It is the sign of a little, mean, and sordid spirit. I see, too, that obedience to laws and principles pervades all nature—every plant and animal living in obedience to the law of its life; atoms and systems obeying the requirements of universal and eternal laws. Shall I be less obedient to the law of my own life? to the requirements of my physical organization, my moral nature,

and my conscience or highest sense of right? Surely not, dear Clara; and I accept the principle of obedience. And order: it is a sublime ideal. It is the basis of all harmony. In architecture, in music, in all that man has worthily achieved, it is the prime element. It presides over the formation of snow-flake and crystal; it is the governing principle of the infinite series of worlds. Shall it be less the controlling element of the human soul, and of human society? So I accept them all. May I live to them as I wish!

As I looked round upon the dinner groups of the great dining saloon, I could detect no sign of sorrow. Beautiful as is the life here, the life hereafter is seen and felt to be so much more beautiful, that the change has no terrors and no regrets. I think there was less conversation than usual, but it was light and cheerful. The old man had his chair wheeled out upon the balcony and enjoyed the after-dinner music. He beat time with his fingers, and looked round upon the groups of his children, and up to the serene heavens with a countenance full of a calm joy. Melodia sat near him, and they talked at intervals. He was giving her his last thoughts and messages, as a friend who is going on a journey leaves his directions, and then promises to write.

You shall enjoy with me, some of these bright days, the luxury of this musical after-dinner hour; almost the only one in which all indulge in the *dolce far niente*. The necessary labors of the day are over. Cares there are none—no cares nor sorrows, except for the outside world, and the friends that many have left behind them; and for these there is the hope of their sometime coming, when their bonds shall fall off, or be broken asunder.

Then were formed groups of work, or study, or amusement, which often combines both, for even the most romantic pic-nics are made scenes of industry or of study. A group of artists goes to the woods to sketch, and the afternoon's pleasure is an addition to the stock of beauty and riches. The out-door conversations are full of intellectual life. Children make groups around the wise or imaginative, or people with good memories. Finally, there is no lack of books.

I sat in one of these groups, to which I had been invited, on coming near, and felt the calm flow of this restful life. It was a fraternal group of happy men, women and children, lying on the sweet grass under the shade of a broad spreading tree, discussing the future glories of the destiny of man, when this harmony shall have spread over all his heritage.

"It will not require so long as you think," said one. "Let but the most advanced minds now in the world have the assurance which our success must give them, and they will enter with joy and enthusiasm upon the needed preparation for our life. There must be hundreds, yes, thousands, scattered over civilization, now ready and longing for an exodus out of it. If we could but receive them here, the teaching, example and influence of our life would bring them into harmony. In two years we might form other associations, and so on in geometrical progression."

"Fair and softly, my dear," said a wise and gentle matron, who might have been his mother, but was not. "You have had but little experience of the life of the world, and know not the strength of its bonds. You do not understand how men are bound to their wives and families; and wives to their husbands and children. The church, society, business entanglements, debts, relatives, dependents, all these enslave vast numbers. So do all the common habits of life."

"But the young, the unmarried, and those not yet embarked on this dull and troublesome voyage," said he.

"The young have their duties, attachments and ambitions. The life of business and society is attractive to the young. They are full of hope, and do not see its cares and slaveries. Then there is much lack of courage in the young. I have known a college of hundreds of young men and women, as good as the average surely, held in the most abject subjection to the bigotries of two or three professors. It is a world of flunkies, my friend, with very little of genuine independence."

"But, if people are cowards, are they to be blamed for not having courage?" asked one of the children.

"No, dear; they are to be pitied. Cowards make despots, and

despots confirm people in their habits of cowardice. It is a circle of error; and evils tend continually to reproduce themselves. Out of this slough of despond strong spirits rise, and inspire others with courage. They unite for strength; they come into orderly movement, and soon achieve the conditions of a noble life."

"But to me," I ventured to say, "it seems that so much depends upon conditions. For example, a tree on a high mountain, or in a high northern latitude, or where there is a scantiness of soil or moisture, attains but to a meagre growth. In Shetland, the horse dwarfs to a pony. Men require conditions for development. Here it is so easy to be good, brave, noble, heroic. Here all conditions favor the development of a true life, and true and beautiful relations; but in the world it is very different. All conditions and influences are false and evil."

"True; but you do not consider the sublime fact that man is a condition maker. He alone, of all beings, has the power of making his own conditions, and therein is the possibility of his destiny. The acorn must germinate where it is buried; the tree must grow where it is planted; but man, with his powers of locomotion, can choose climate, soil, food, and make for himself the conditions he requires, whenever he has the wisdom to know his needs."

I am surprised every day by the intelligence of the youngest and humblest members of this family. The facts and principles of universal science, but imperfectly known to our learned professors, and which they so often boggle over, are familiar to little children here; because they are common subjects of conversation. The intellectual light kindles and blazes here, from the proximity and harmony of so many minds; and the awakening and culture of all faculties.

The other day a group of children, tired of some active work, gathered round Vincent and asked him for a story. He sat down on the grass and they sat near him, two of the youngest laying their heads in his lap and looking up into his face.

He plucked a flower, and looked at it a moment—then began:

"Once upon a time the soul of a plant found itself flying through the air."

"Had it wings?" asked a little one.

"Perhaps it was in a balloon," suggested another.

"Souls are not very heavy," said Vincent, "but this one had its luggage to carry with it."

"A soul with luggage!"

"Yes, provisions, clothing, and other little necessary articles such as souls must have in this world; and these were all packed away very safely in a nice little case, large enough for the plant soul, and all its goods and furniture."

"Oh! but tell us what it had to eat."

"Yes; that interests you. You little folks are very fond of your victuals."

"Of course; because it is of our food that our souls are forming our bodies;" said one of the older children.

"You be quiet with your little wisdom," said Vincent, smiling, "it is not your soul that is now in question, but the soul of a plant."

"In this little case was carefully packed starch, sugar, oil, and some very fine matter, to manufacture into vessels and utensils. Plant souls are very carefully provided for. And this little carriage was flying through the air, upheld by wide-spreading silken wings, and borne along by the winds. It went high over trees and houses, in the currents of the atmosphere; then came a calm, and it settled down slowly to the ground, and fell in a moist, warm place, in a little crevice of the earth, and there it lay, all dark and still."

"So the plant soul rested awhile; but no soul is satisfied to be idle long; and as the warmth of the sunshine, and the sweet moisture of the dew began to come through the little windows of the soul's dwelling, it said, 'come, I must be at work. This idleness will never answer. I have a destiny to achieve, and I must be about it.'"

"So it went to work," said one of the little interrupters."

"Yes, indeed. It was all alive and busy, making vessels, and preparing to expand itself. But it had so little room. 'This will never do,' said the soul, 'I must get out of this, if I burst it open;' and as the shell grew soft and swelled out with the expanding soul, pretty soon it really burst open, and the little soul was free."

"How warm the sunshine was, how sweet the dew, and how pleasant the showers. 'Now I must grow,' said the soul. 'I must expand into all the use and beauty I am capable of. I am determined to be the largest, finest, and best that is possible to be. Let's see what I must do.'"

"Yes, I should like to know what a plant soul would find to do for itself," said a very young philosopher.

"It will be a dry time soon, and I shall want plenty of water," it said, 'so I must sink some pumps into the ground to suck it up.' So it began to make little fibrous roots, and push them down into the earth. 'And I must have more air and sunshine,' it said, and it began to build up a little tiny stalk, up into the light of day.

"But then its stock of food and materials was almost exhausted. 'This will never do,' said the soul. 'I must have food and matter to work with. Let us see what we can find.' It pumped up some water and examined it, and found some atoms of lime, and silica, and potash, and some old matter which other plant souls had no longer any use for. 'This will do very well so far,' it said, 'now let us see what we can find up in the light here. Oh! here is a plenty of good things. Carbon, and oxygen, and nitrogen, all in the atmosphere, and electricity, to work with, and a perfect shower of energising sunshine. What a rich and beautiful world it is for a little plant soul to expand and mature itself, and do its work in!'

"So the plant soul pumped up the water, and strained out all its solid matters to build with; and it made leaves with thousands of little cells to catch the carbon and oxygen, and nitrogen in from the air, and it inspired electricity, and drank in the sunshine, and worked away like a little bee, building its stalk larger, and its roots deeper, and making more leaves, until it had got a body large enough for its soul, and just as beautiful as it could make it."

"And then it rested, and had a good time," said one of the most tired of the little workers.

"Souls never rest long, and our little plant soul had now another work to do. It was to provide for a progeny of little plant souls, make their little cases, and provide them with just such a supply of food and materials as it had itself to begin the world

with. So it set to work with a new energy and delight; and made such a nice, cosy little nest or dwelling, then set it all round with delicate leaves of bright colours, and gathered fragrant aromas from the atmosphere, and made up a stock of honey from the sweetest dews, and with much love and care, brought forth and nourished a whole family of little young plant souls, that the earth might continue to be beautiful, and the race never be lost. And in this last work was its chief glory and delight; and on it the plant soul expended all its powers; and then it was satisfied and content. Its work was done. Henceforth it was to live in the life of its children; or in the higher unities of the soul life of the universe."

You cannot think, dear Clara, with what a solemn earnestness these little children listened to this little story of the life of the plants and flowers. It is in this way that the children of Esperanza are educated. The whole world around them, every plant and flower, is full of life and wisdom.

The play at the theater last evening embodied humorous and ridiculous illustrations of the most besetting sins of our life. Three or four of the characters were personifications of pride, vanity, conceit, intolerance, petty malignities, gossipings, carelessness, bad manners, faults of speech, and queer gaucheries. I have seldom laughed more heartily. There was comic power, both fine and broad, among the actors and actresses, and they played with a perfect abandon, while the audience, down to the smallest children, enjoyed it even more than I, for many of the points were evidently personal enough to have for them a greater zest.

It seemed to me that the performance of this single comedy three or four times a year would do more to correct all the little faults and vices of any society, than the most careful and continual didactic teachings, and yet the serious portion of the plot was of absorbing interest, and also dependant upon the comic development. The use of the stage, as a school of manners and life, was never more apparent to me; and all its capabilities of use and beauty will be developed in the expansion of the New Social Order. When Esperanza shall number its two thousand souls, its Opera and

Drama will be proportionally expanded ; and when we shall have clusters of such homes, and cities of Harmony, the grandeur and beauty of Art will be beyond all our present conceptions, and the scene of the most glorious of prophetic idealizations.

These dramas of the future ! How much more might they be to society than those of the past !

Is it not time that we let the dead rest, and not be perpetually digging up its mouldy relics, and displaying its hideous anatomies ? It belongs to poetry to penetrate the realm, and shadow forth the glories of the future —and why not of dramatic poetry ? All art seems to me the expression of hope, of aspiration, of an idealization which looks forward into the future of our destiny, rather than back into the past. I would have the world look onward ; for this perpetual retrospection cannot but hinder progress. And though the past, seen through the mists of time, may seem gigantic and heroic,—and even put on the semblance of a golden age, I would still look for the grandeur and glory of a true life in the future, which it is the province of all high art to reveal to us.

Every night I spend the last half hour with one or more of the dear friends who are most in the life of my heart ; sometimes with Melodia, sometimes with Serafa, or Evaline, or Eugenia. As a rare favor, I have a few moments before retiring to rest with Harmonia, through whom the angel of my life, my sainted and adored mother, comes to bless me, with the blessing of peace in all the Present, and Hope in all the future.

XVI.

THE LAST FESTIVAL.

WE have much to do, my dear Clara, to make ourselves fit for, and worthy of, the happiness of this life. Perhaps I should speak for myself, and leave you out of the question ; but, however ungallant, I must believe that you have some faults to correct, as well as I, who have so many.

My habits have been disorderly and erratic—they must become orderly and harmonious. I have studied and worked by fits and starts, and without a steady, persevering industry, so indispensable to the accomplishment of any object. We must have a time for every work, and always the work in its time ; a place for every thing, and everything in its place. Every faculty must have its rights, and we must advance in the achievement of all our possibilities, in an orderly progression. Is it not so ?

Here, order, neatness and beauty, are habitual. I have not seen, for one moment, any person in an unsuitable or unbecoming costume. The dress is suited to the work. There is no where the least untidiness. In vain may you look through halls, rooms, saloons, and even the walks and lawns, for any object to mar the beauty of the scene. Dust, dirt, and disorder are banished. This care has become so habitual that it is not in the least a burthen.

There is a special group of cleanliness, which attends to the washing, sweeping, dusting, and general care of the halls and saloons, while each person cares for his own apartment, as for his own person and clothing. But every one has the habit of neatness and order, keeping every article in its place, and picking up every dead leaf, twig, scrap of paper, or any object unpleasant to the sight.

So there is a group or committee of temperature and ventilation, and pure air and agreeable warmth or coolness and pleasant odors are assured to all. These groups, like those of decoration and embellishment, are self-appointed by their attractions and fitness for these functions. And all the cares and duties of the home are so divided among those whose ambition and happiness consists in their performance, that they are done in the most perfect manner possible.

As I spoke of these practicalities to Alfred, who, trowel in hand, was working at the head of the building group, on the addition to the edifice, I asked him whether the more repugnant functions were readily performed.

"There comes in here," he replied, "the element of devotion. There is, in our best members, the most loving and the wisest, a strong desire to do every thing for the harmony. You may have seen, as I have, an accomplished musician, qualified to play the first violin, or direct the orchestra, beating a bass drum, or triangle, when needed, to secure the perfection of a musical performance. So here, Harmonia and Melodia are oftenest seen engaging in what civilizees would call the most menial labors; and Vincent and Raphael working in manures or, ditches. It is the best and bravest soldier who volunteers in the forlorn hope. He who is chief among you shall be the servant of all. This devotion makes all functions honorable. If there is a duty more toilsome, repulsive, irksome, or dangerous than usual, it is sure to be most eagerly sought.

"This is the fact wherever exists the corporate spirit. Where is the post of honor in your fire department in New York? Nearest the fire, is it not, where the toil is hardest, and the danger greatest? so is it here.

"The orderly, faithful, heroic worker here, satisfies the most of his faculties, and enjoys the happiness which their satisfaction gives. We work from justice, benevolence, pride, ambition, love.

"All high motives here tend to goodness. Self-respect, a desire of the good opinion of others, friendship, affection, all stimulate to industry, to improvement, to elegance and refinement.

"In the old society of which you have seen something, it is honorable to be idle; and he is most caressed who is the least useful or the most mischievous member. The man who works is held in low esteem; but the aristocrat is he who holds the power of compelling the largest number to work for him. In a social state so false, there are few motives to virtue, and many incentives to vice. In our society, and that we seek to perpetuate, all this is changed."

It is so true, my Clara! This is the place for us to be just as good as we wish to be in our best moments. And as there are here all motives to goodness and virtue, there are few temptations to vice or crime. Why should one ever do or speak a falsehood here, where all is truth? Why ever steal, either material or spiritual goods, where each one can have all that he has a right to have of either? Why should one ever hate, when love is the pervading element, or seek to injure any, where all are striving to be good and do good continually?

The passions and conditions which make the most terrible curses of civilization, here find no place. There are no brawls, riots, or tumults, for all is order and peace. There is no motive nor occasion for drunkenness, where all are free from care, and enjoy in the avocations and amusements of each day, a more beautiful exhilaration than any stimulant can offer. Libertinism and prostitution are impossible, where love is without constraint, and the purity of woman finds its safeguard in the freedom of her instincts. Money is not here a temptation to the pretence of love, nor is the heart ever bartered for position or gold. The relations of affection are assumed with careful deliberation, and with a deep sense of their sacred character. There is no influence to induce man or woman to enter into a false relation; or to remain in one a single hour after its falsity is discovered; and the man or woman who should do this, would forfeit all respect; so much is the interior life—the life of the heart—guarded against all falseness and evil.

By our customs and laws, the woman is made subject to the will of man, in their most intimate relations. She is taught to submit and obey. It is not so here. Woman reigns supreme over the

realm of the affections, and with her finer intuitive sense, guards the truth and purity of all her relations; and every true man accepts humbly and joyfully the favors she bestows. This chivalric deference to woman, which is in our society so often a pretense and a sham, is here a noble and beautiful reality. The sphere of woman, centering in the affections, is thus clearly defined, and never encroached upon; and the rights of woman are secured by her having achieved her supreme and pivotal right—the right to herself; to the care and bestowal of her own person; and the free control of all her conditions and relations.

And in dignity, purity, and beauty of position and character, the world has seen no women who excel those of Esperanza; nor has human society ever before offered, except in rare and individual instances, conditions for the development of these noble qualities. In talent, education, accomplishment, beauty, and elegance, they would grace any court; while in loveliness and purity they seem to me angelic.

With an earnest spirit, I have sought to know the truth respecting those relations on which the harmony and happiness of life so much depends. I have searched into the depths of my own heart and taken counsel also of the wisest here. I have also well observed the passionnal phenomena around me. And I come to these conclusions.

There are three kinds or phases of passionnal or heart-love of which individuals of both sexes are susceptible. There is the love of reverence, aspiring and adoring; the love of peerage, or equality, in which like seeks to like; the love of condescension, benevolence and protection. With the first, we climb upward; with the second, we stand firm; by the third, we raise others to our own elevation. There seem to me to be varieties of each of these phases; nor can I observe that one ever interferes with the other.

I said last night to Melodia, when we were talking soft and low of these sacred things, for such they are here esteemed, "Is it true, dear Melodia, that you, and all here, are absolutely free, in this matter of love?"

"Assuredly!" she said, with a gentle look of surprise. "Free? What then is there to force or restrain us?"

"I do not see, and yet love has its laws."

"As all life has; and the laws of love, like all the laws of life, are very despotic or absolute, and not to be disobeyed with impunity. I am free to love, just as I am free to eat; but health, and even life requires that I do not eat what is not congenial to me. Every where, and in all things, freedom has this limitation. It is the right to do right—never can there be a right to do wrong.

"Love may be defined as the sense of congeniality or unity of being in two individuals of different sexes. It is an attraction like gravitation; and like all attractions, it must be free. But like other attractions, also, it has its laws; and these laws must be obeyed.

"The best thing for you, my friend, is to believe in the divinity of your nature, and to trust in the truth and wisdom of those you love. Only in this trust can your heart find rest and peace. Our life has much for you of soul-riches, if you can peacefully accept what comes to you because it is rightfully yours; but if you cannot trust me and others, with an entire faith that we will do what is right, both as regards you and all others, you will greatly mar your own felicity. You must feel that I am to be trusted with the guardianship of my own heart, and that Clara, and all you love must be trusted in the same self-guardianship. If I, or she, or any of us make mistakes, which we are not likely to do here, they will bring their own punishment and correction. Hard as it might be for you to see Clara forming a relation not all sacredly true to her, and to you, it would be a greater grief to her; and she will guard her heart much better than you can, by any selfish and jealous claim over her. Learn then to trust. How can you trust a woman's love for you, when you cannot trust in the truth of her sentiment for another?"

"But do errors never occur?" I asked; "Is the heart infallible?"

"In the transition, while mixed with the old life, we have all been liable to errors and mistakes. Our instincts have been perverted; but still we could only try them with the greater care.

The consequences of our faults were the only correctives. Each had only to live to his highest sense of right; and what better or what else was possible? you must still trust your feet though you stumble at times—you must go by your senses, if they have deceived you. So must you trust the heart. And be sure, my friend, that every woman, who lives our life, wishes, of all things, to be right, in what is most sacred to her."

It has been hard for me, dear Clara, and doubtless will be in the future, to rest as peacefully as I should, in this holy faith; but I know, in my deepest consciousness, that it is right; and that you are as worthy of my whole trust, as you are of my love. And I know that I can leave you in freedom. Do you remember what Pericles writes to Aspasia, in that beautiful book of our noble Lander? "Do what thy heart tells thee"—he says—"do all thy heart tells thee; and oh! may the beautiful feet of my Aspasia stand firm." It was the trust of the hero, and the prayer of the lover. And so, my blessed Clara, with the same deep trust, and the same fond prayer, will I ever say to thee, do all thy heart tells thee.

In my conversation with Vincent to-day, I took occasion to ask him what influences were used in this state of social freedom, to protect the young from the effects of passionai excesses.

"There is no lack of such protection," said he. "Our young people live upon a pure and simple diet, and their senses are not unduly and prematurely stimulated by unhealthy and exciting food. They are generally free from the hereditary taint of amative disease. Love comes to the pure mind of youth, as an ideal sentiment, and, in one of a natural life, and unstimulated passions, it does not soon take the form of a sensual desire.

"It is also a matter of observation and experience with us, that the first loves of the young, are the loves of aspiration and reverence. When the youth of fifteen loves, with a timid and worshipful reverence, a woman of twenty-five or thirty years, the very reverence and idolatry of this love protects him from the hope or wish of any sensuous expression. So the young maiden, in the

flush of her womanly life, looks up to some heroic ideal, some man who embodies all that she can conceive of manhood. And those of us who are fitted to inspire, and worthy to receive, these fragrant aromas of the budding soul, are too wise, and too good ever to bring upon them the blight of premature indulgence of a sensual passion.

"Our youth of both sexes live in a sacred vestalate, until their lives are expanded and matured, and they are ready to perform the parental functions. This chastity gives vigor to body and mind. The power that would else be wasted, expands itself in the perfection of the whole organization, so that our young men are full of the strength of an unexhausted manhood, and our young women have all the power and beauty of perfect womanhood.

Compared with the world, all our lives are chaste and pure, and they are proportionally progressive, aspiring, and happy. The spiritual element triumphs over the material. As our lives improve, the children born to us will have superior organizations, and so on, we hope, through progressive generations, with increase of health, physical and mental power, longevity and happiness."

"And still on?"

Vincent turned his eyes on me as if to read the full meaning of my question.

"Yes, still on! Who shall limit the power of a progressive being? What grandeur and glory may not humanity be capable of in the now dawning future, when life and immortality shall be brought to light.

Life and Immortality," he said, with a slow emphatic utterance; "but this is a mystery, which the future must unfold to us."

You have a fine talent for music, my Clara, and for the arts of design. You have the capability to make an excellent player and singer, and also a good painter. But if we were to marry and live the routine life of civilization, these beautiful talents could never be developed. Have we not seen this in many cases? The mother of a family cannot be a great artist—the great artist must neglect her family. Whatever the talent of a young lady for music or

art may be, soon after her marriage, the piano-forte is closed, the harp stands tuneless, the easel goes to the lumber-room. There are too many cares and duties.

I cannot endure that it should be so with you. I cannot be the means of hindering your progress in the development of all your faculties. But in the waste and monotonous toils of civilization development goes not onward. Even the round of fashionable dressing, visiting, and dissipation, is inconsistent with intellectual and artistic improvement. Our whole life is such a waste, dear Clara, a dreary, hopeless waste. Men toil for the means which women spend in a toil as unsatisfactory.

But here—here in this home of freedom, and beauty, and love, here every talent finds its culture and use. Here, my Clara, you can become a glorious singer and musician. Melodia will teach you with great joy. Here you will have many friends to appreciate and admire you. Here you can become a lovely painter with Evaline, and your works will find their true place. You will have society, the best, the pleasantest, the most improving, without the necessities of making formal morning calls, or giving expensive and tiresome evening parties. Here you can dress from morning to night with neatness and elegance, with a costume appropriate to every avocation.

I have never seen in any society so much attention paid to dress as here. It takes rank as a fine art. It is as if each person was a statue or picture, or a character in a drama, and took special care to dress the part correctly and with absolute taste. There is an abundance of clothing, both common and individual—always a three years' supply at least. The groups of construction who make the costumes of both sexes, and those for all uses, are artists, who work with enthusiasm, and, guided by the purest taste, combine in every thing the useful and the agreeable. The fabrics are strong, soft, rich; the colors pleasing and harmonious; the forms elegant and superb. In ornaments there is a variety and beauty rivalling that of the nature around us. I have not seen one instance of slatternliness or tawdriness. There is always neatness and good taste, and often great elegance. Not to offend

the eyes of others, and to give them all proper delight, seems to be one of the social duties.

In New York I would not wish you to sing or play at a public concert or the opera. There is something repulsive in the idea of your being the town-talk ; and having your name in newspapers, bar-rooms, and worse places ; but here, I should be delighted to see you on the stage, in drama or opera, or in the concert-room ; for it is only a larger family, and more select than any fashionable party ever was or ever can be in the world of civilization.

Oh ! how often have I seen at our parties, men bending over sweet young girls at the piano-forte, or embracing them in the waltz or polka, from whom they would have shrunk with disgust, had they known them as I did. But here, dear Clara, there is not one, with whom I could not be as content to see you, as if he were your own brother. Not that you would be intimate with all, or find all equally attractive, but that you would have for all a kindness and respect.

And though your life here would demand an orderly and careful industry, yet you would have abundance of time for study, and artistic improvement. The burthen of work and care is so divided, and so well apportioned, that no one feels the weight ; and no one would throw it off. Men and women perform all duties here, with as much alacrity as the muscles and organs of your body perform their functions ; almost as unconsciously.

Doubtless it was more difficult at first, as it was to move your fingers rightly when you first began to play on the piano-forte ; but you know how soon those movements, hard at first, became easy, habitual, pleasant, and almost involuntary. So is it here, in the beautiful order and harmony of this life.

And you shall come here, my Clara, and be taught by those who will so love and prize you, and those whom you also will prize and love. I know it, Clara, you cannot fail to love them ; and though I may feel some of the old selfishness, which would seek to monopolize you, and deprive you and others of their rights, I know that I shall conquer it, and that we shall be a thousand times happier here than we could ever be in the isolation of which we

have dreamed ; or in the worldly society, of which we have seen enough to satisfy us of its hollowness and shams.

I have considered well of our dream of the little vine-covered cottage and pretty garden in Minnesota, or Iowa ; where we could be all the world to each other. It is better that we have here all we can desire of each other, and as much more as we require. And then, Clara, should any thing happen to me, should I be taken from you, I feel how desolate the world would be to you ; but here, I should leave you with those to whom I could entrust your happiness most joyfully—to those who would be parents, brothers, sisters, friends and lovers to you. I should leave you assured of every comfort and happiness. Do not be troubled at this, for it is needful that I think of it. Prudent men of small incomes insure their lives, that they may not leave their families destitute ; but they cannot provide against spiritual destitution. Here you will be every way insured. It is a home to live in, and to die in.

The day that I see you here, dear Clara ; the day I see your springy step upon this lawn, when your soft eyes shall shed a new radiance over this landscape, when Harmonia shall fold you to her heart, and Melodia shall open her arms to you ; when Vincent shall give you his earnest welcome, and Manlius smile his happy, approving smile ; when I shall see you enshrined in a group of loving spirits, and all our loves forming an accord of rich and beautiful harmony, then shall I be completely happy—then shall we realize on earth the happiness that we have thought that heaven alone had in store for us. Then shall we know the meaning of the prayer, “Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.”

The good Father Gautier, has a national fondness for the two arts of music and the dance, and he had desired that we should have this evening, first, a pretty opera and ballet, and afterwards a concert and ball in which all could join. So all had been prepared to meet his wishes. Oh ! could you have seen the dear old man, with a group of his rosy little ones around him, sitting cushioned

up in his arm-chair, in the center of the music saloon, listening to every note of the music, beating time with the dances, and enjoying the innocent delight with the zest of a child!

"The music is good," he said to me, when, at his invitation I drew near him. "My children sing, play, and dance very sweetly; but I fancy I shall soon do better. I think our friends on the other side have better instruments, larger bands, and much finer music. Then, in dancing, there can be no comparison. When I get these poor old legs off, I shall dance again, as I sometimes dream of dancing."

When the opera was over, and the favorite singers and dancers had received their ovations; the floor was cleared and levelled for the concert and ball. The arm chair of the good Father was wheeled to one side, and elevated upon a little platform. He slept a little while in the interval. He was sleeping, watched over with a hushed tenderness, until waked by the overture of the full band. He awoke, smiling happily, and opened his eyes as if upon the heaven of his dreams.

Then pealed forth a magnificent chorus of a hundred well attuned and well trained voices. It was the old man's favorite chorus. The tears ran down his pale and furrowed cheeks; tears of extacy; not, I am sure, of sadness.

Then came the dance; a brief dance of an hour, in which old and young all joined, and in which symetrical figures, charming music, and a magnetic life circulation, produced a harmony, which must be felt. A few times in our lives, dear Clara, in our best moments, and in the most genial groups we could gather around us, we have felt something of this life; but compared to this, it was as a rill to a river; and I can conceive, that in the fullness of this life, when Esperanza has found its full growth and development, all its harmonies will be proportionally increased.

After the dance came more music. Melodia sang the Marseillaise. Gautier's brows contracted; his muscles became tense, his chest expanded; his eyes flashed out their youthful fires. But he soon smiled and shook his head; and said, "Not that, dear one;

that is of the old world and its struggles and contests; sing of the new Life and its harmonies and joys."

And Melodia sang a magnificent ode of Freedom achieved, of Harmonies established, of Peace, and Love, and Happiness. And the grand chorus, swelled by all voices, and filling all hearts, was the fitting termination of the evening's festival.

The plaudits of the assembly demanded that Melodia should be crowned with the votive wreath.

She bent her beautiful head, with the true humility of a great soul, while Vincent placed upon it the wreath; then stood a moment smiling her thanks; then walked to where the good Father sat, enjoying the triumph of his child, and mid the plaudits and vivas, took the flower wreath from her head and placed it upon his brows. As she dropped upon her knees before him,—all were hushed into a reverent silence. The old man could not speak. He laid his hands upon her glossy hair, and raised his eyes to heaven.

She rose and kissed his hand, and they bore him, exhausted, but full of happiness, to his repose.

THE TRUE LIFE.

THE development of all the faculties of man, and their harmonious action, constitutes the true life. Whatever comes short of this is partial, deficient, false, evil. Whatever hinders this is wrong.

Developed in all his being, and harmonized in all his doing, the True Man is free to do the highest right he can see; and he will not be bound, by any ties, to falsehood or wrong. Duties, obligations, affections, hold him only as they are consistent with the right. He does not permit them to fetter his soul to evil.

The true man is brave. He dares do all that may become a man. No fear of censure, or persecution, or worldly loss, can hinder him from marching straight onward in the path of duty. He is a moral hero; and neither the ridicule nor the injuries of the world can make him swerve from the right. He is brave enough to disregard enmity; and has also the higher and more difficult courage to persevere against the allurements of friendship and the blandishments of love.

The true man is steadfast. Having once seen that a certain course of life is true and right, he never wavers nor falters, until he brings himself up to the standard of his ideal. Firmly, steadily, with a perseverance that never relaxes, he works on, gaining point by point, until he has made himself what he feels that he ought to be. You can rely on this man. You know where to find him. You can reckon on his progress, and be assured that he will accomplish whatever he has determined.

The true man is humble. His humility is neither a disease nor affectation. He may be a purer, nobler, better man than all around him; but he does not compare himself with others, but with what he is striving to be; and his short comings fill him with unaffected humility. The proud man has a low standard of life—the vain man finds his standard in the opinions of those around him. The

true man cannot be satisfied with anything short of all possible perfection ; which is to be, day by day, the best and truest man he is capable of being.

And this humility is the element of a true obedience. He humbly obeys the teachings of life. He does what demands the doing. Whatever the truth of life requires ; whatever his highest perception of right demands, that he does with a cheerful and reverent obedience. He obeys the humblest and meanest teacher of the Divine Will, requiring only the assurance of its Divinity. The lessons of flower or star, of nature in all its manifestations of the Infinite Order, are reverently obeyed ; not only in the thought but in the life.

The true man lives up to his aspirations. He does not lie lazily in the valley, dreaming of the mountain top. He climbs : and though the way be rough and difficult—each step is a gain. Each mounting step takes him into a purer atmosphere, and gives him an enlarged horizon. He works. O ! how many only dream of life. In listless idleness, they imagine, they hope, they desire ; they do everything but *will* and work. They procrastinate : the hours, days, weeks, months and years go by ; and still they dream and hope. Time glides past them, and the great work of life is unaccomplished.

The work of life is to be done, and its purposes accomplished. The battle of life is to be fought, and its victory won. Repose, idleness, vain dreaming, aspirations without realization—these are not the true life of man, in any sphere of being. The true life is one of labor, energy, noble deeds, and high achievements. Not in the worldly sense ; for its successes are base and miserable, beyond expression.

What are these successes ? Wealth, the accumulated plunder of the poor ? Fame, the appreciation of folly ? Sensual delights, which enervate and destroy all manhood ? Surely, these are not for the true man, nor are they part of any true life, though they be what almost all the world is seeking. The true life is not the life of the senses, or of sensual participations, to which the hopes, ambitions and exertions of all selfish spirits tend. This life is par-

tial and therefore false. It is low, and therefore debasing. It belongs to the animal man ; and the monopoly of the animal starves and degrades the spiritual.

In the true life, there is an order, and subordination, and equilibrium of all the faculties,—a true order, in which those that serve use, and truth, and beauty, all find their proper exercise and satisfaction,—a true subordination in which the higher and nobler faculties take precedence of the lower,—in which the spiritual, the sensuous, and the animal, perform their appointed parts.

And this order, subordination, and equilibrium of the faculties constitutes the true life to which we must attain ; or sin against the light. None of us have now this order in our lives. A few faculties, and those not the highest have been cultivated and pampered at the expense of all the rest. In some, acquisitiveness has been the ruling faculty, and benevolence, and justice, and ideality have been starved. In some, alimentiveness has been pampered into gluttony,—the stomach is more than the whole spiritual nature ; and all life is expended in satisfying this low appetite. Others join amativeness to this, and waste upon this form of sensuality the power and energy that would give life to all the being. Oh, wasted and ruined lives ! How poor, mean, and degraded !

Up, out of this mire !—this Slough of Despond !—this Valley of the Shadow of Death !. See the deformity, the waste, the spiritual desolation of this sensual death-in-life ; this wretched impoverishment of being ! Resolve to be a true man, in the culture, and exercise, and enjoyment of all faculties ; and resolve to use the means necessary to attain them. War against the selfish, sensual faculties, that are destroying the soul's nobility. A war, not of extermination, but of subjugation. The lower faculties must not rule the higher ; the sensual must not impoverish the intellectual and the spiritual by their monopoly of the energies of vitality. The higher faculties of man must assert their supremacy, and the sensual nature, pampered by indulgence into excessive manifestation, must be subjected to whatever discipline is required for its reduction to the subordination of a true life.

If alimentiveness has run into the excesses of gluttony and the

wasting death of dyspepsia, the will must triumph over it. The great cure of disordered passions is the hunger cure. Is the greed of gain cankering the spirit and wasting the life? Declare war against it. Turn your energies into other channels, and for a time refrain from all gratification of this necessary, but often diseased and perverted, faculty. Is the sensuality of amativeness exercising over you its despotic, enervating, and life-wasting power? For your life and your soul's life, conquer it. Let it henceforth have no dominion over you. There can be no true life in any one in whom this faculty is not under the control of all the higher powers of the soul. The sensual passions should be the servants of the spirit, and not its masters. Enslaved spirits, will you not throw off their chains, and assert the dignity, and purity, and nobility of a true manhood?

Equilibrium, order, harmony of being,—in these only can we live the true life. We can “give from all faculties to all faculties,” only as all our faculties have their orderly development. If the demands of alimentiveness take up three-fourths of our time, care and labor, what exercise or satisfaction can be given to the many higher faculties. If we give our days and nights to calculations and toils for gain, we satisfy the one low faculty of acquisitiveness at the expense of all our being. If we expend the strength of life on the sensual indulgences of amativeness, the life becomes a waste. No development is possible. The spiritual being is paralyzed, the intellect is weakened, and at last the body itself is destroyed.

Our only safety, and our only assurance of success, in our efforts to live the true life of our aspirations, is in the conquest of these dominating propensities, and in the orderly and harmonious development of all our being, which is the supreme achievement of a Harmonic Life.

A NEW WORK ON SOCIAL SCIENCE.

ALBERT BRISBANE, a pupil of CHARLES FOURIER, and one of the most earnest and persevering promulgators of his doctrines, has just published a brief and comprehensive view of his philosophy and theory of association, as an introduction to the great work of Fourier, *Universal Unity*.

The work before us, a thick, handsome octavo pamphlet, price fifty cents, is one of the clearest and best works on social science ever published; and we cannot too earnestly advise our friends, and all students of social science, and of the nature of man, to procure this work, and give it an earnest perusal.

We have thought it so worthy, that we have read it, section by section, in our Sunday meetings; and made it the basis of our discussions. We have written to Mr. Brisbane, who, many years ago gave us our first knowledge of Fourier, urging him to use the means necessary for the circulation of this work, ("The Theory of the Functions of the Human Passion,") both for its own sake, and as the *avant courier* of the great work of the great master. As he is in possession of an ample fortune, and therefore abundantly able to do this work, we hope no consideration will prevent him from doing it. He has done well—intellectually, he has done nobly. He has written a very clear and powerful statement of great truths; he has stereotyped and published it at his own expense, and is stereotyping the larger work; but this is not enough. They must be made known by every available means of publicity. A thousand dollars, judiciously expended in calling attention to these works would be of more service to the cause of humanity, than tens of thousands wasted in premature efforts and disastrous experiments at forming associations.

We are reminded here, of a tribute due to another distinguished pioneer in social science, the French socialist, CABET. A friend

from Illinois recently brought us a brief sketch of his life, the constitution of the Icarian Community at Nauvoo, Ill., and other documents. We read these with interest, and then did what we had long contemplated doing—wrote to Mr. CABET to send us a copy of his principal work, and the one which has converted thousands in France and Germany to the principles of communistic democracy. We received a polite and friendly note from Mr. CABET, and a copy of his "*Voyage en Icarie*," a volume of six hundred pages, which has not been translated into English.

The copy before us, printed in Paris, is of the fifth edition, with a title-page, on which is displayed, in the peculiar style of French typography, the mottoes of French communistic socialism, which we copy in as near the form as our type will admit, and translate as clearly as we can.

FRATERNITY.

ALL FOR EACH.

SOLIDARITY,
EQUALITY, LIBERTY,
ELIGIBILITY,
UNITY,
PEACE.

§§

LOVE,

JUSTICE,

MUTUAL ASSISTANCE,

UNIVERSAL ASSURANCE,

ORGANIZATION OF INDUSTRY,

DIVISION OF THE PROFITS OF MACHINERY,

AUGMENTATION OF GENERAL PRODUCTION,

EQUITABLE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRODUCTS OF LABOR,

SUPPRESSION OF MISERY,

PROGRESSIVE AMELIORATIONS,

FIRST RIGHT
TO LIVE.

MARRIAGE AND FAMILY,

CONTINUAL PROGRESS,

ABUNDANCE,

TO EACH ONE

ARTS.

ACCORDING TO HIS WANTS.

§§

EACH FOR ALL.

EDUCATION,

INTELLIGENCE, REASON,

MORALITY,

ORDER,

UNION.

FIRST DUTY
TO LABOR.

FROM EACH ONE

ACCORDING TO HIS ABILITY.

GENERAL WELFARE.

The *Travels in Icaria*, have a curious resemblance, in some respects, to *Esperanza*; and if we had seen them, previous to the publication of fifteen chapters of the latter, we should have been compelled to alter it, to save us from a very probable charge of plagiarism. In the story of Mr. Cabet, a young gentleman, fasci-

nated with an account he has heard of Icaria, sets out on a journey of exploration. He is engaged to be married to a young lady. He meets with a variety of adventures ; and finally, makes the last part of his journey on a steamboat, belonging to the democratic community. But here most of the resemblance terminates. If the book were translated, we should advise our friends to procure it ; and those who read the French, may probably obtain it at Nauvoo. We regret to learn, as we do from some documents sent us, that the prosperity of Mr. Cabet's community is threatened by serious, and, apparently, irreconcilable dissensions ; contrary, it seems to us, to the whole spirit of communistic principles and organization.

Our readers are aware that we do not entirely agree with either the associationists of the school of Fourier, nor with the communists of the school of Owen and Cabet. While we accept many of the principles of both, we cannot entirely adopt the methods of either. We believe that a true society will be more individual than Owen and Cabet contemplate ; and more communistic than was seen by Fourier. The individual and social spheres, rights, and duties will be clearly defined, and may be made perfectly harmonious.

Moreover, we differ from both in our theory of formation, which we believe must be according to the law of growth, and orderly, organic development, and never by heterogenous and discordant agglomerations.

SPIRITUALISM.

THE phenomena of Spiritualism are facts no longer disputed. The testimony in regard to them is cumulative and convincing, in such a degree, that disbelief has become impossible. Therefore, the present ground of dissent is a general admission of the facts, but a denial of what seem to many the legitimate conclusions. But with men, who hold themselves free to believe what comes to them as truth, the question is a simple one; while to those who have subscribed to a certain faith, and vowed to walk in it all the days of their life, there is some difficulty.

When a manifestation comes to us, certainty from no mundane source; professing to come from a spirit friend; containing evidences of identity; and coupled with nothing to make us question it; we see no strait way but to receive the fact as stated.

For example, I go to a rapping medium, or one comes to me, or is developed in my own family. I satisfy myself that there is no trick, deception or fraud of any kind, but a genuine phenomenon of physical signs, which are the medium of intelligent communications. Having satisfied myself that the intelligent communicating power is not in myself, nor in the medium, I then ask what or who it is. The *operating force* is my witness; and it avers, that it is the spirit of my deceased friend, and gives particulars to establish his identity. I have no other witness. How then can I impeach this testimony; and, if not impeached, how can I refuse to receive it? My disbelief will not change a fact revealed through my senses, and I am compelled to believe.

But there are manifestations, claiming to be spiritual, of a very different character. There are mediums, going about the country, claiming to be trance or speaking mediums, who go into "the state," reel off some pompous and ridiculous rigmarole, giving no test or

evidence of mediumship whatever. When such come to us, we make short work with their pretensions. To one who came recently, as he represented, sent from a long distance by the spirits, and with no will of his own ; we said " Friend, we will hear what you have to say or the spirits through you ; but we accept and reject men and spirits on the same principle, and would turn a disorderly spirit out of doors as quickly as a disorderly person." He went into " the state," and after a short oration in which certain spirits proffered their invaluable services to pilot our ship, and protect us from hidden dangers, and warn us of frightful conspiracies, " through this medium," we politely informed " this medium " that we had no acquaintance with such spirits, and felt no requirement for their services. The next time he went into " the state," the spirits abused us to their hearts content, and left us, a prey, doubtless, to all the dangers that beset our path.

Our lesson is, treat the spirits as you would treat men in the form. Treat mediums according to your sense of their value, and your demand for their services. Be courteous, but firm ; and reject as freely as you accept. If a message comes to you, that does not find acceptance, it is not for you, and the spirit or the medium is in error. Intelligent spirits will make no such blunders ; but honest unintelligent mediums, or those who suppose themselves to be such, may. Therefore be charitable to such, and reject with kindness. A truly humble and sincere medium will bear rejection without bitterness ; while anger, for such a cause, though it may not be a positive proof of dishonesty, certainly favors that supposition.

Time and means are wasted in attention to low forms of spiritualism, or to pretences and hallucinations. Thousands have indulged in a kind of dissipation of curiosity and marvellousness, to their injury. We had better " try the spirits," and accept only such as our reason can approve. He that opens his house to all comers will be likely to have it filled with loafers ; and he who opens his mind to all spirits may receive correspondingly low and poor ones. " Evil communications corrupt good manners," and

this excellent proverb applies as well to spiritual communications as to any others.

Our best life is in the free and open acceptance of all the good that can come to us, from men and spirits, and an equally free and firm rejection of all evil, from whatever quarter it may come. We must put from us the idle, the discordant, the depraved. In all we do, we must seek our highest development, and the best life we are capable of living. Those who tolerate bad company, by that means keep away the good; and this rule applies to all our associations. In no world can we hope to be on terms of intimacy with good and bad spirits at the same time. Like seeks like. To him that hath shall be given.

TO OUR YOUNGER READERS.

I wish to say a few words to you, who have the most of life before, and not behind you. We are all young in the spirit-life—we have all an eternity before us ; but it is of the earth-life I would speak to you ; and that in the most simple and practical way.

This life is to be lived in the manner best suited to insure present enjoyment and future happiness. This is the true life. And as every one may live many years, or but a single day, therefore every one should live as if a long life were before him, and also as if it might end at any moment. Be as ready to live as to die, and to die as to live. He who has come to this equipoise of life is truly happy.

Be faithful in little things. Life is made up of them. You rise, eat, drink, perform various labors and duties ; study, read, amuse yourself, or change your employments, converse, love : the day passes. You have performed no grand achievement—but if you have done what was for you to do orderly and well ; if you have learned something, enjoyed some pleasures, helped to make others happier, you have done well. A thousand days pass, and thousands, and this is life.

It should be a life of steady growth and improvement. Each day should increase the stock of knowledge and wisdom. Each day should bear the record of some good accomplished for yourself or for others. Each day should bring you a little nearer the point of your ideal perfection.

I would have you make a business of this life of growth. Merchants, bankers, all men of business, keep accounts—so that they can tell at any time how they stand with the world. I would have you keep a similar account, to know how you stand with yourselves ;—not of dollars and cents alone, but of the goods and graces of life.

Open a book account with yourself, and make your entries every night. Begin by taking an account of stock on hand ; of your goods and evils. On the debtor side put down, item by item, all your deficiencies, bad habits, evil tempers or tendencies, and short comings in every respect ; with the determination of overcoming them. Let this be your serious and earnest work. Every day keep an account of the good or ill you have accomplished, as measured by your conscience, or highest sense of right.

Don't say that you have not time for this. Each day has twenty four hours. If you sleep eight hours, there are still sixteen. If you work ten hours, there are yet six, and you can give half an hour every day to this account with yourself. The account might run somewhat in this fashion :

DR.	TIMOTHY TRYAGAIN, IN ACCOUNT WITH HIMSELF.	CR.
To rising an hour too late, and being late at breakfast.	By a good bath and careful dressing.	
To eating too much and too fast.	By greater care at dinner and supper.	
To getting angry, and speaking crossly.	By bearing an annoyance with patience.	
To idle and impatient words.	By reading with care one hour.	
To wasting an hour in useless conversation.	By practicing in spelling and writing.	
To neglect of my studies.	By six hours earnest work.	
To carelessness and disorder.	By resolving to do better to-morrow.	

The particular form does not matter ; but the daily examination is important. It may be well to first put down every fault and deficiency—thus :

“ I am resolved to work, day by day, with the whole power of my will until I correct my faults, and make up my deficiencies.

“ I am careless and negligent in my person, seldom taking a bath ; leaving my hair, teeth and nails uncared for ; and dressing with less neatness than I ought.

“ I eat too fast, too much, and of food that is impure, exciting and diseasing.

“ I drink coffee and tea ; and have fallen into the filthy and exhausting habit of using tobacco. I am also, sometimes, tempted to drink ardent spirits.

“ I am hasty in my temper, petulant, cross, and sometimes use harsh and profane language.

"I waste much time in frivolous and useless gossip, chaffing, and mere nonsense.

"I am conscious of envy and selfishness; and of a growing love of money for its own sake.

"I find my habits and thoughts tending to a low sensuality; and that my higher faculties are left inactive.

"I do not habitually regard the good and happiness of those around me, nor try every day to say or do some pleasant and useful thing for them.

"I speak indistinctly; write a poor hand; misspell many words; and am ignorant of much I ought to know.

"I am disorderly, unpunctual, wasteful of time, and allow most of my faculties to go unimproved, so that they afford me no happiness.

"I resolve therefore to mend this poor, unsatisfactory life; to bring it into order and use; to learn what most require to know; to rid myself of all evil habits; and to bring all my faculties into exercise and growth."

This resolution, alone, may not be sufficient. We mourn over our faults—"resolve and re-resolve, and die the same." The work must be entered upon with method and order; and, if possible, with the power of combination and mutual aid.

Read over this list every morning and night. Resolutely put down every fault committed. Be honest to yourself, and to your heavenly guardians. Not only mark every fault, but punish it. Inflict upon yourself some honest chastisement—deprive yourself of some gratification, that will impress it upon your mind, until the object of amendment is accomplished.

So poor and mean are we—so disorderly in our lives; so far removed from the perfection of purity and manhood or womanhood to which we should aspire, that some such method is needed for our care. Will all our readers, old and young, think of this? Will they not all enter, with us, upon this work of self discipline and improvement? This is the course we are pursuing, and shall steadily pursue at Memnonia, until every bad habit is overcome and every evil eradicated, and all our lives are rounded into the orderly development of all our faculties, and that individual har-

monization which is the absolute condition of a harmonic society.

There are many of our most earnest spirits, who may not be able to come to us, and do this work ; but who can do it for themselves, if they have but the will, which makes for itself a way, under all circumstances. Our ideal is to be realized, and the time for preparation is brief. Days, weeks, months, years, slip away from us, and find us resolving that, sometime or other we will do right, and become all we ought to be. Dear Friends—begin to-day—begin this hour. You will not be ready any too soon, to join the groups of harmony, and establish on the earth a true social order, in which we can be, and enjoy, individually and socially, all that God has made us capable of being and enjoying.