

Feb 1856

# NICHOLS' MONTHLY.

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FEBRUARY, 1856.

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THE long, intense cold of the winter, has necessarily interfered with the success of our labors. Lecturers have been idle, and agents inactive. The great work of reform, in the propagation of principles, whether by the living word of public speakers, or the circulation of books, tracts, etc., has been impeded; but the season has now arrived for more active exertion, and we are cheered by many signs of promise, and hopeful indications.

The renewal of subscriptions for the Monthly, and the addition of new subscribers, has been as rapid as we could expect, when we take into account the hindrances and irregularities of the past. Our friends here wish for a general effort to increase its circulation, and stand pledged for its success. Let all who feel as they do, heartily second their efforts.

Our lecture—"Free Love, a doctrine of Spiritualism," published as No. 1 of a Tract series, is declared to be "just the thing" to remove prejudices and bring all candid minds to a recognition of our principles. It places our doctrines on the high, pure, spiritual ground where they belong, and where they are impregnable.

The celebration of the one hundred and nineteenth Anniversary of the Birth-day of THOMAS PAINE, on the 29th of January, was made the occasion of one of the noblest manifestations of liberality and mental freedom that ever took place in this country. This celebration was attended by not less than three thousand persons, in Cincinnati and vicinity. Salutes were fired from one of the hills overlooking the city, and also from the United States' barracks, on the Kentucky shore. Greenwood Hall, the great hall of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute, and one of the largest in Cincinnati, was filled to overflowing, so that when every standing place was occupied,

hundreds were obliged to go away without gaining admission. The military band of U. S. Army, and a German musical society, the Union Choir, furnished excellent music. An opening address was made by the President of the meeting, ISAAC E. HEDGES, Esq., a prominent business man of Cincinnati; an Oration by Dr. T. L. NICHOLS; and a brilliant and eloquent address by F. HASSAUREK, Esq., Editor of the German liberal paper, the "*Hochwächter*." We publish the Oration, which includes the biography of Paine, which we stereotype for our series of World's Reformers, and the Resolutions, and hope to be able to give the Address of Mr. Hassaurek in our next number.

At the same hour, two other celebrations, with speeches, music, etc., were going forward; the German Festival, at the Turners' Hall, and one in the neighboring city of Newport.

Read the Oration, including the biographical sketch of Thomas Paine, and the resolutions; consider that the President of the meeting is a leading Spiritualist and a healing Medium, as well as one of the leading business men of Cincinnati; that this great meeting was attended by Spiritualists, Liberals, and Socialists, of various nationalities, and you have an indication of the public sentiment of this great central City of the West.

For three Sundays, the Free Love question has been earnestly discussed in the Cincinnati Spiritual Conference, with a constantly increasing interest. Though we have been attacked with virulence, by a few conservative bigots, the mass of the people here are liberal, and open to conviction. They are seeking the truth. It is a city and a country of great hearts, and much mental freedom.

With the new list of the Progressive Union, we shall send a Circular of great interest to all its true members. It points to an onward movement, and an advance step toward the realization of our great plans of social reformation. The dawn is brightening.

Read the Circular printed upon the cover of this number, and see what you have to do concerning it. It opens to us the beginning of, and the preparation for, the True Life of a near future. We enter upon this work, in the faith that the time has come; and that we shall be sustained in this enterprise, by the devotion of all who are one with us, in our work for humanity.

Let us take courage and move forward, not by the impulses of transient excitement, but like men and women who have principles, and ground for faith, and hope, and earnest labor.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1856, by MARY S. GOVE NICHOLS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of Ohio.]

## THE SISTERS:

*With some Passages in the Life of Jeremiah Gerald Fitzgerald.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY LYNDON."

### PART SECOND.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### "IMPRACTICABLE."

THE gray dawn was just beginning to be tinged with rose color, as the magnificent steamer Bay State, or Massachusetts (we need not pretend to be particular as to names, for we never remember them,) sped through "Hell Gate," or "Hurl Gate," which ever piety or custom may choose to call this narrow, rocky channel, filled with whirlpools, connecting Long Island Sound with the East River.

Nelson Meadows and Charles Ashton stood looking at the whirling water, in the early morning. How true it is that no two persons see the same thing. One man looks at a landscape, and it is a compound of grass, grain, and trees—food for man and beast, and shade for both. Another sees a thousand waving lines of beauty in the ever changing light and shade, in massive and graceful foliage, in the form and symmetry, and the wonderful freedom and variety of hill and dale, forest and cultivated field. The idea of Gothic Architecture comes to him from the Heaven pointing Fir, and the Corinthian capitol from the coronal grace and beauty of the Elm, the Grecian columns from the smooth towering trunks of mighty trees, and not only symmetrical architecture, suited to the growth of man, in his triune nature, love, intellect and their unity, but the symmetrical man and society are also fully shown in the forest, and in the individual tree. One man has eyes that he may see a thousand worlds in one, and another that he may not perceive any but the common forms that fill his sight, and shut out all things else. Ashton looked into the boiling eddies and he saw vicious circles

in human destiny, that swallow for ages the best endeavor. Nelson Meadows saw a somewhat dangerous place for navigation, and busied himself with a prophetic diving bell, and apparatus for blowing up the rocks, and smoothing so much of one of the thoroughfares for human life.

Charles Ashton was a good deal of an abstraction. It seemed that nobody was acquainted with him except Nelson Meadows, and his sister Minnie—not even his own mother, though he was very well acquainted with her. He was a sort of an unknown God, whom the tender and devout mother very reverently worshipped, but did not at all understand. She had never sought to understand him. It was enough for the mother's heart to love him.

We have said that he was a sort of abstraction. What we mean is, that he did not live the actual, every day life, of those about him. He was always thinking how bad the world is, and how good it ought to be—he was looking to a sort of possible, and yet impossible perfectibility, and seeming to say by every look in his sternly dignified, and yet exceedingly handsome face, "I have a fine prospect, from the snow-clad Chimborazo, where I stand—give me your hand, fellow sinner, and come up at a step." Every body said that they could not comply with the invitation, however desirable the prospect, and most people took the liberty of having their own opinion of "that young chap Ashton." One said "smart," another, "crotchety," another feared that he was "an infidel," others had got past fearing, they knew the fact, and *of course* deplored it.

Here he stood in the hallowing light, on the upper deck of the boat, by the side of one of the most faithful friends in the world, an enigma to himself. He loved Mr. Meadows fervently, and yet he was no lover of men. He had a general and rather vague and intangible love of woman—a sort of chivalrous appreciation and admiration of what he prophecied she would be, and judged she ought to be. He had an idea of the freedom and development of the feminine moiety of the genus homo, which was something like the title deed of a gold placer in Australia or the moon, in the absence of all other wealth, when you want a piece of bread, or a lodging, in the city of New York.



You could hardly believe in the impracticable character of a handsome fellow, standing six feet in patent leather boots, in a suit of faultless black, with an elegant cloak, waving its folds about him.

"I have considered your proposal, Meadows," said he, "and—

"For Minnie's sake you accept it, though it is a good deal like ministerial calls—'duty doing.'"

"No," said Ashton, very firmly, "I do *not* accept it. George Vinton says he deals in silks and civility, calico and compliments. He does what he can. I shall not do the same thing, simply because I can't. I can never get my consent to simper and repeat silly nothings, to silly women, who have wheedled money out of cheating husbands, to be wheedled in their turn, by young men whose greatest accomplishments are to politely conceal the worst sort of impatience and ill temper, and lie gracefully, and with the best show of probability.

"I have little to do with the world as it is. I am content with my winter's work, for a soul has found a birth into a higher life, through my means. For the future, I have a different mission. I must fulfil it through poverty or reproach."

"Impracticable!" murmured the kind friend and "liberal Christian," with something like impatience.

"We have to live in the world, Ashton, and I, for one, think we owe the first duties to ourselves. You are the last man to endure a state of dependence. Why not engage in some business, even though an irksome one, that will secure your independence?"

"You may as well say to me that I must eat to live, and therefore it is well for me to eat poison, and breathe poison, in order to sustain me whilst earning poisoned food. I simply *can not do it*. If I can not live by my mission to the world, which is to write and speak truth, then there are two ways open to me. I can go to the west, and cultivate the earth, which gives bountifully in return for labor, or I can die."

"They are nearly one way," said Mr. Meadows, "for you can not live alone. You have higher wants than for food, clothing, and shelter. You and Minnie would wither and die, if you were thus transplanted. 'Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word

of God,' or, in other words, every truth of the Divine love, which are expressed in a ready sympathy with our kind, and in all the varied utterances of art. Man loves his fellow in poetry, and in pictures, in music and in architecture, and in every form of beauty, and of use. Cut yourself from these, and attempt to live by bread alone, and you die miserably, and inevitably; and if you continue to live an animal life, you die just as surely, to all that is beautiful in living."

"You speak my thoughts," said Ashton reverently, and he pressed his friend's hand; "leave me to myself; you can not take your friendship from me, and I will find my work, or be found of it. I am prepared, for another heart now throbs in mine, and gives me double power. If I am a dull fellow to all but myself, it matters not. The essence of flowers is distilled, and preserved many years after the flowers are dust. So it may be with my loving thoughts. Whether this be a true comparison for my genius, or my talent, I do not attempt to determine, I only go to fulfil what I feel is the prophecy within me. You are 'a man of business,' yet you reverence my love of humanity. Still from the lower habit of your life you wish me to work as you work, 'to get a living.' I recognize the necessity to get bread, and am not above eating yours, gained, though it may have been, in a system of unrighteous competition and cheating. I know I do not seem to you beneath yourself, even though I take alms at your hands, for it is a gift from your heart, or rather it is my right, won for me by a more worldly skill than I possess. Nelson Meadows, your heart understands me, though the outward life of the merchant in you, mutters 'impracticable.' Let me alone. Lay not the iron hand of custom upon my poet-heart to stop its beating. I must be myself. If fidelity to my own conscience unites me to you, Amen and Amen. If not, we are severed by the law of God, and no effort can unite us.

"You go home to a circle of which you are legitimately a part. I wrap the drapery of an inner world about me, and dream my dream of philanthropy, and sing its lyrics when I may, or write them in human hearts and lives, or on the plastic earth."

The two men pressed each the others hand, and parted to the

companionship of their own thoughts. How much each knew of himself and his duties—how true a prophet, or poet was the one, or how useful an actual man was the other, the future must unfold to us, and our readers. We believe that we are all in the process of creation, or evolution. Some find the clue, or thread, in unraveling their web of fate, and go right onward, with little hindrance, to the end.

To others, it is a tangled web at best, knotting and breaking, and seeming to be destined to disorder forever. Oh, friends! the clue is conscience. To do the best thing presented in your interior consciousness, this is the highway of holiness which the living God has made, and which the Angels guard, and lead us in forever, if we but walk therein with watchful care, and ever-willing love.

One Life is filled with trials and temptations, and often more heroism, and more wisdom is needed, in the common walks of life, than has won battles.

The man and woman who lives conscientiously and wisely, can never fail, though a worldly success may elude them forever. The network of the Divine Providence forever sustains the faithful, though the false and worldly may write failure against every act of theirs.

Let us, then, be reverent to the Divine monitions within, and keep, through all vicissitudes, our own self respect.

## CHAPTER II.

## "UN ENFANT TERRIBLE."

"You will go into the nursery, Minnie dear," said Mr. Meadows, as he stood in the hall of his elegant house in Bleecker street. "Norah, this is my sister, Miss Meadows; take her up to the nursery, and make her comfortable."

"Irish servant girls have, by common consent, only one name. Many families, in New York, never know the surnames of their servants. Norah is nurse, Biddy is cook, Catharine does chamber work, and waits at table; but nobody thinks that Biddy is a widow Macree, who keeps her own two children, out of her wages, in somebody's shanty, and pays the schooling of a child she brought over with her, whose mother died when the ship was one day from home; or that the rest have surnames like any other Christian people. Not even Mr. Meadows, the kind man and "liberal Christian," knew the names of his "domestics."

Norah looks very happy to see him, and is very proud that he said "how do you do, Norah? How is the family?" and she is glad when she answers, "all well—thanks be to Almighty God." She would have said, if Mr. Meadows had thought to ask after *her* family, "my poor old mother is very bad, thanks be to Almighty God." But Mr. Meadows never thought of Norah as having any relations. She was a mother to his children, and in his presence their tender affection for their nurse always seemed to suffice her, and he did not feel that she had any want of relations, and so he did not go instinctively to seek them for her, or ever think to ask her if she had any.

"This way Miss," said Norah, as she tripped up stairs to a sunny south-side chamber, the very pleasantest in the house.

A little table just high enough for the little chair of the eldest hope of the house of Meadows, and Minnie's namesake, aged five years, sat before a cheerful fire. A bowl of bread and milk, a rosy apple, and a slice of toast was the beautiful breakfast, of a most beautiful child. The little Minnie was feeding herself with commendable industry.

"And here's your aunty, Minnie," said Norah, as Miss Meadows came to the cheerful fire, which had a great charm in the chill morning. The little rosy Miss had her mouth, we are sorry to say it, quite too full for a lady-like child. Norah fidgetted, and waited for the large mouthful to disappear, but, with the innate delicacy of the true Irish character, she said nothing.

Minnie was not satisfied that she had been introduced to the aunty she had been for some days expecting, with such an impediment in her speech. She patiently masticated and disposed of the unlucky mouthful, and then said leisurely—

"You are my aunt Minnie. I knew you were coming, and I want you to make me a cat's cradle. Uncle George made me one, and then he tangled it; and then he said you would make me one. He said you would be just fit to make cat's cradles for me."

"Minnie!" said Norah, with a cautionary gesture, and a careful intention to break her toast, and her chattering communication at one and the same time. The little one did not heed her, but went on—"he said you would have red cheeks like mine, because you lived in the country; and great hands, because you milked the cows; and he said he uncluded—"

Miss Meadows laughed, "'concluded' I think he said."

"Can you never have done?" said Norah, in evident distress, glancing toward a glass door that led into a conservatory, where many flowers basked in the sun, as did the genial nursery. She busied herself with a little boy, who was demolishing a red apple in one hand, and making noisy flourishes with a willow rattle in the other, as he sat on a soft mat near his sister's table.

The quick eye of Miss Meadows detected a shadow flit across the

door of the conservatory, and looking into an opposite mirror, she was instantly in possession of a funny revelation. George Vinton was imprisoned in the conservatory, listening to the communication of his mature young niece. He was fretted and impatient to get out, and there was no egress, except through the nursery.

"Is my trunk in the hall?" said Miss Meadows to the anxious Norah.

"Yes, Miss; we will have it taken to your room presently."

"I'll go down," said Minnie; "don't trouble about having the trunk moved at present."

When she returned, the prisoner had taken himself to the parlor, where he lounged over Harper's, and wished that his stately sister Imogene Meadows, whom he persisted in calling *Jennie*, could ever come to breakfast in any sort of season.

Presently, his niece made her appearance. She was a great favorite, and stepped on the glossy boots of her uncle, and climbed on drab pantaloons, and pulled his mosaic vest buttons in the morning, and laid her hands, not always guiltless of spot or stain, on his white vest in the evening, without rebuke. She ran to her uncle, but his brow was clouded. She saw it instantly, and drew back as if she were eighteen years old, instead of five.

"What is it, Georgy?"

He drew her to him. "It is that you have been very naughty to me. Your aunt has come."

"I know it," said Minnie, simply.

"Well, I had just come in to say good morning to you, on my way down to breakfast, and to bring you a prettier apple than Norah had, and when I heard a stranger coming, as your aunt is to me, I went into the conservatory. Why did you tell her what I said about her?"

"Did you not wish me to?" said Minnie solemnly.

"Of course I did not want you to tell her that I said she had great hands."

"Is it naughty to have great hands?" said Minnie, with wonder in her eyes. "I wish I were big. I love Norah all but that she

is bigger than me. Her hands are nice large hands, and her feet too." George Vinton laughed. "I think they are."

"Yes, and she is very big, and I am very little," and the tears came in the bright eyes.

"Little simpleton!" said Vinton, kissing the overflowing eyes. "You will grow large enough in time, and wiser I hope, than to tell what you should not. Let me tell you, little Miss, ladies don't like to have large hands and feet, and you should never tell things to people that are unpleasant."

"That is what Mamma says," said Minnie, "but Papa said some times it was our duty to tell people unpleasant things."

Again Vinton laughed. "Was it your duty, little minx, to tell your aunt of her great hands?"

The child was mystified. Her education had begun with various teachers, more or less wordly.

"You are not angry with me?" was her issue out of a puzzling subject.

"No, Minnie; George is never angry with his best friend;" and again he kissed the rising tear in the bright asking eye of the little one.

He drew a scented mouchoir, delicate as gossamer, from his pocket and pressed it over the tear wet eyes, and whispered, "what is the new doll's name?" just in season to change the current of thought to a brighter channel, when Mr. Meadows shook him heartily by the hand, and introduced *Miss Meadows*.

George Vinton was the glass of fashion, and the mould of form. He was never known to be embarrassed, though he sometimes averred that he felt "very young," after the manner of David Copperfield, in the presence of his excellent brother-in-law, who had in his business, and among his clerks, the imposing awe of success. He might be, and indeed had been mistaken, when he went in the country, for the driver of his carriage, and that glossy-hatted, and sleek-coated individual Englishman, had been called Mr. Meadows, by the side of his employer. This was an excellent joke among clerks, who still dressed much better than their principal, as did the grave and dignified, and very decent looking Jehu aforesaid.



There was a slight tinge of red over the face and forehead of the young man, as he rose gracefully to salute the stranger.

Minnie had eaten her breakfast, and welcomed her aunt, without one inquiry for her father, yet she now went up to him with a calm joy expressed in every feature of her bright face. "I am glad to to see my Papa," said she, and then she added, importantly, "I have been a very good girl. Why were you so long away? Did it take you so long time to persuade my aunty to come?" And without waiting for answers, she ran on—"Do you think her hands are very large? Let me measure them on mine." Miss Meadows put out a tiny white hand, fat and dimpled, and at the same moment she caught sight of George Vinton's blushing face, and burst into a hearty laugh.

"It's no use trying to escape *un enfant terrible*," said George.

"It is easier to escape the trap of a conservatory," said Miss Meadows gaily, and she and Vinton were like old acquaintances from this time. Mrs. Meadows came now to be presented to her sister, whom she had never seen, and to take her place at the head of the table with a grace and dignity that somewhat atoned for the lateness of the hour. She was tall and full, and moved languidly. Her hair was blonde and her face a transparent, pearl-like white. Her long taper fingers, on which rested her wedding ring, and a large turquoise, seemed to grace every thing she touched. She was dressed in a sky-blue morning wrapper, open in front, and revealing a delicately embroidered skirt; the sleeves were open and short, and trimmed at the ends with down, and revealed exquisite undersleeves. The waist was open and trimmed with down, and the chemisette had the same beautiful work and lace as the undersleeves. The brother and sister affected fine linen. Miss Meadows had never seen such a morning dress. To her it would have been perfect as an evening dress.

Mrs. Meadows received her sister graciously, with a languid patronage that Miss Meadows would have smiled at, had she been at liberty to smile at the fashionable mistress of so fashionable a mansion. She poured some amber-colored coffee upon real cream, in a cup of pure white porcelain, and passed it to Miss Meadows.

"I must decline, with thanks, your delicate offering," said Minnie; "I drink only water."

She passed it to her husband, and he also refused it.

"Am I alone to drink nectar?" said she, very quietly.

"You only are to be blessed with the headache;" said George Vinton, sarcastically. She did not notice him at all, but sipped her coffee, eating nothing.

"Did Mr. Ashton return with you?" said she to her husband, with quiet indifference.

"We had the pleasure of his company," said Mr. Meadows warmly, as if he felt that his wife did not quite like his friend.

"On stilts!" said she, with the slightest shade of sarcasm wreathing her handsome mouth.

In an upper room, a dark, pale girl sat sewing. I suppose she went to bed and rose like other people, and changed her clothes, but she seemed to be always in one place, and always to have on the same dress, varied occasionally with a crimson ribbon, or a sack of the same color—gifts from Mrs. Meadows, whose artistic eye required this relief of colors.

"We have friends to dine with us," said Mrs. Meadows, as she laid an ash-rose-colored silk dress before Kitty Gallagher, the pale seamstress. "Can you change the waist and sleeves of this, and trim it with lace in time?"

"I shall get a sore throat," said Miss Meadows smiling, "if I uncover my neck at this time of year."

"All girls do," said Mrs. Meadows.

"Uncover the neck, or get a sore throat, or both?" said Minnie, laughing.

The stately Imogene smiled gently and patronizingly, and said, "I want to introduce you to some persons worth knowing."

"Don't condemn me to the alternative of a blanket shawl, or the croup, if I am going into good company," said Minnie, with such pleasant authority, that her hostess yielded. It was settled that a change in the sleeves, which should necessitate bare arms and floating drapery, that should dip into every thing, or compel

the service of a waiter for every thing, with some yards of costly lace should be the only change in the dress for the present.

Miss Meadows remained with the dress-maker, while her sister, who always had headache, went to take the air in her carriage.

At five o'clock Miss Meadows was ready for dinner, and had done two things that would have been very difficult for many others, and one of them impossible, even for her elegant sister-in-law. She had achieved the peculiar style and tournure that might have made her pass for a New York lady, and she had gained the confidence of the sad sewing girl. She thought much more of this girl, who had a pain in her heart and in her side, than of the "people worth knowing," to whom she was now to be introduced. The epitome of Kitty's history was, that her mother died when she was fourteen, and her father took one to his heart in her stead, who did not love the *childer*. An elder brother had come first to America, and then Kitty had dreamed of him, and his love, and of this land of promise, till she had besought her father for means to come here also. The father gave her enough for her passage and a little more; so she paid her way with a dress-maker, and learned the trade.

Her brother was married, and was a teacher, and had lost his brogue, and no one supposed him to be Irish. He was in an inland village, and discouraged Kitty from coming to him. He did not wish to be known as an Irishman—it might hurt him with the Know Nothings, as he was one of their members, and sometimes made speeches for them—rather intemperate speeches—against foreigners.

"When I got Sandy's letter," said Kitty, "I knew it was all over with me. I had no relations, I must be my own friend, and I have been, thanks to Almighty God. He goes to the Protestant Church, with his new wife, poor boy, and I could bear it better, if I had not such a pain in my side."

## CHAPTER III.

## DINNER AND A DOCTOR.

MRS. MEADOWS was a lady patroness of genius, talent, and pretension. She did not intend to be all this, but being an assayer of gold, she got many a basketfull of dross. It would be an untruth to say that the lady always knew the pure metal from the worthless glitter, or that she could at all times distinguish French paste from a diamond of the purest water. The lady, in her capacity of lion hunter, during her husband's absence, had discovered a new celebrity, a sort of *omnium gatherum*; Doctor by assumption, or courtesy, or both. This personage seemed a sort of mental scrap-bag, holding shreds and patches of every hue and shade, and therefore adapted to every body's torn robe, or mantle.

He was a Homœopathist, and carried box and book, and all the infinitesimals. He was an Electrician, and galvanized, or electrified, as he found subjects. He was a famous Magnetizer, and made free with all ladies having headaches. He was a Phrenologist, and could, therefore, lay hands on the remaining healthy moiety of ladydom.

Dinner was over; the elegant hostess reclined in a luxurious easy chair, in the back parlor, which made one in a suit of three. The orange silk dress shone through black lace, and diamonds glittered on her arms and bosom. Her ivory shoulders were displayed, as if she were in the torrid zone, instead of screening her face from a fire of glowing anthracite, and listening to the whistling wind of a raw day in March.

She looked, beside Miss Meadows, as a butterfly clad in golden splendor resting on a rose-bush in bloom, beside a little brown moth.

The moth has exquisite plumes, it is true, but who, but a naturalist, with microscope in hand, ever discovered them?

Was there any naturalist in the present company? George Vinton was in a state of dignified indifference to every one. A careful observer might have detected a slight quiver and curl of the upper lip, and then an evanescent, though very decided, corrugation of the brow, as Dr. Legrand FitzNoodle laid his hand deferentially upon the coronal region of his luxurious sister's head, for a little time, and then set himself down before her, and took her two thumbs in his hands, carefully placing the balls of his own thumbs upon hers.

"The faces of the thumbs are powerful magnetic centers," said "the scientific gentleman." "Let us cross hands," said he, "and put our palms together." Then turning to the company, he said, "I can demonstrate that this manipulation is on strictly scientific principles." Mrs. Meadows inclined graciously toward him. George Vinton rose, with something in his usual languor, which seemed as the snapper to the whip. He went into the next parlor, and ran over the keys of a piano—and then he came back, and addressing a very diminutive old man, with all the deference of a subject for a king, he led him to the instrument. Mr. Meadows and his sister joined the group, and even a young girl, who was called Miss Dean, and who came with Dr. FitzNoodle, and never saw any one else when he was present, also entered the room, as the first notes of the piano sounded.

Oh, those exquisite silvery notes! like the tinkling waters in the heaven we dream of, and pray for, and feel in the soul, at rare and most beautiful moments. George Vinton fixed his eyes upon the inspired face of the slight man, who, when not playing, seemed near seventy years old. His hair was white as burnished silver—his eyes burned in their deep jet, his pale face shone, and his full lips seemed set as marble, as he struck the keys with long and delicate fingers, that would accomplish any reach ever made.

For a little time he appeared to be improvising, and watching the notes, as they leaped rejoicingly from the instrument. Then he seemed to lose himself within himself, and closing his eyes, he played the variations in Mozart's duett from Don Giovanni.

His perfect appreciation of the work, and his entire mastery of his instrument, made those reverent, who knew any thing of the wonderful power of music. Those who were present, had taste and love, if not profound knowledge, and the dear old master was sustained by their loving recognition, as they stood wrapped in the inner beauty of those heavenly strains.

As the last notes died away, Mrs. Meadows glided to the back of the musician, and passed her white hand gracefully over his forehead, putting back some stray locks of the silvery brightness: "My dear old Porpora," she murmured, with her flute-like voice—and the heart of the aged lover of music, thrilled with delight at her touch and her tones. Yet the whole scene would have been spoiled, and indeed she would not have enacted it, if she had called him by his true name, and designation, viz: Solomon Smith, teacher of the Harp and Piano forte.

Many a man of true genius passes through life unaccredited, except by a sacred few, who have themselves won no recognition. A queen might not have more truly appreciated the master, than Mrs. Meadows, and a queen might not have had a tithe of her beauty, or grace, or half as sweet a voice. The tones of that voice sounded in his ear, the touch of that soft hand thrilled his heart in many late and lonely hours, after this delicious night had burnt out its fever in the slight form of the old master.

Mr. Meadows looked at his wife with an admiration and adoration that are not to be described. Her presence was sacred to him, and all the homage she received was as legitimately hers, in his opinion, and surely it was as sweet to him, as worship of the "True God" is to the devotees of any faith.

Miss Meadows had begun her study of mankind. She was strongly attached to the pretty naive girl, who was called Miss Dean, and who was entirely fascinated by the Electrician, Magnetizer, Homœopathist, Phrenologist, and Biologist of the day, Dr. Legrand FitzNoodle.

The two young ladies stood a little apart, tenderly joining hands as young ladies are apt to do, when the charmer of Miss Dean and Mrs. Meadows came up to them. He was an extremely dark, sallow

man, with bright, restless, dark eyes, and his hair turned back, after the manner of young girls the last ten years—which proceeding gave him the credit and advantage of all the height and breadth of forehead which he naturally possessed.

He came up gracefully and deferentially, as was his wont, but presently he took the two locked hands of the young ladies in one of his, and began to pass the other “scientifically” over the phrenological developments of Miss Meadows.

That young lady blushed deeply, and, looking up, she caught George Vinton’s eye, and the almost imperceptible curl of his lip. She did not wish to be rude to her sister, who stood by, encouraging the doctor to make a revelation of her relative’s characteristics, and she had an invincible repugnance to allowing this man’s hand to rest, for the smallest appreciable space of time, upon her person.

She bowed her head from beneath his hand, and said playfully, “my dear sir, excuse me; I dare not risk your revelations.” He still insisted. “I pray you wait till I employ you professionally,” said Miss Meadows. There was a decision in her eye, and in the tone of her voice, that awed away the FitzNoodle. Her quick glance detected that Imogene was displeased, and her brother George well satisfied. The doctor walked over to the music master, and began a learned discussion of the merits of Sebastian Bach, and Mozart. He had read up for the occasion, in “the Cecilian Gift,” an annual that he had that day dipped into, after Mrs. Meadows had told him that they were to have the company of her revered master at dinner.

George Vinton’s eyes traveled after the discomfited doctor, but he seemed to have no thought in the world but to be politely attentive to Miss Dean. Just now little Minnie came flitting in to kiss good night to her father and mother, George Vinton and Miss Meadows.

She had accomplished her sweet mission, only that she lingered on the fair cheek of her mother, when that lady said “have you no kiss for my excellent friend, Dr. FitzNoodle.” Minnie paused, and looked at him earnestly. “Is he your friend mamma?” said she, soberly.



"Yes, he is my good friend."

"Then you may kiss him, or he may kiss *hissself*, for I do not like him;" and she went over to the old master and said humbly, "may I kiss you, Mr. Smith?"

"Certainly, my beautiful!" said he with lively pleasure.

"On your eyes?" said the child.

"Yes, my darling."

"And on your pretty fingers, that God loves, because they make the sweet music?"

Tears trembled in the eyes of the master. The child's praise was sweeter than that of the mother.

Appreciation, approbation, acceptance, reverence, and love make an incense that is sweetly intoxicating to the spirit. All these seemed united in the circle where the dear master sat, and all was intuitive in the lovely child, who came so simply and lovingly to kiss his eyes, and his fingers.

Intuitively the innocent little one rejected the man of the world, the sham man, and sought the reality in the old musician; and her loving appreciation was more precious, because she convinced all that her expression was not formality, but a beautiful, vital thing.

Tears welled up in the dear master's eyes, when all the rest were smiling at Minnie's want of *politeness* to the doctor.

How are the pure intuitions of childhood profaned, and destroyed by our deceitful, lying customs, which are misnamed civility and politeness. When will people reverence the divinity of their intuitions, and especially those of their innocent children?

## CHAPTER IV.

## RETROSPECTION.

MINNIE returned to her room at a late hour. The company that gathered around Mrs. Meadows formally, or informally, was in no haste to break itself into its individual integers.

There was a luxurious sphere, a combination of beauties in her home and surroundings that was what people call seductive; that is, there was a great attraction in carpets, in which the foot sunk as in moss in winter, and a cool matting in summer. Oriental couches and cushions of downy comfort, as well as the resisting elasticity of hair stuffing; easy chairs with easy names—such as “Sleepy hollow,” “Porpora’s own,” and one with a curious Chinese name which I have forgotten, but which signified “the repose of heavenly music.” Chocolate more delicious and intoxicating than sherbet, and the chiboque, golden tea, rare fruits for the epicurean Platonist, and ham sandwiches for bank directors, clergymen and ladies who live in the prison of the senses; bouquets of fragrant flowers in January, and in snow storms; music on the harp and piano, and a stray Sivori, or DeMyer upon occasions. All the lions, male and female, including Kossuth and Jenny Lind, and Dr. Legrand FitzNoodle; all this and much more, made a world of many charms, especially to the poetic and imaginative.

Minnie’s first evening in her dear brother’s home had been a study, a pain, and an intoxication. Ashton came not. He had said to her at parting, “You will see me when I am settled, and hear from me before.”

When she went to her room, she found on the white cushion of her toilet-table, a rose-colored note, that looked as though it must be intended for Mrs. Meadows. It was so delicate, so beautiful, and

the superscription was so elegant. It harmonized entirely with the room, which joined the nursery, and had a southern exposure. A fire glowed in the grate, and a climbing plant with broad, shining green leaves, was growing in a white marble vase, and was trained over the windows on the inside of the room. It looked and felt summer like—this luxurious vine and this soft atmosphere, tempered by a perfect ventilation. While muslin curtains threw out the green leaves in bold relief from the windows. Minnie sunk in a chair like “Porpora’s own,” and opened her note. It was as follows :

“*Dearest :—*

You must not sleep without my sweet good night. I could not call, for reasons that you will guess at. I must get settled in a home very different from yours. Nelson will show you my den in due time. I must be at work ; you may be an observer—a student. By this time, you have begun your study of your elegant sister-in-law, and her self-satisfied brother, the handsome George Vinton. You will be a clever naturalist when you understand these and other specimens. *I trust you.* May you sleep in peace, my beloved.

CHARLES ASHTON.”

Minnie was not quite satisfied with her note. It was good to see the dear hand-writing, but something of a burden rested on her spirit, after she had read it. But she had grave duties before her, and she essayed to lighten her spirit as she proceeded to perform the aforesaid duties, viz : to brush and roll up the mass of beauteous curls that charmed every one—Mrs. Meadows and Dr. FitzNoodle included—and which were the veritable plumes of the moth, visible to all.

There are secrets of the toilet that it were well were generally known. The way to preserve and beautify the hair is one of much value. Miss Meadows kept the glossy beauty and softness of her hair by wetting the roots of it every morning, when she took her morning bath, in cold water. When she retired, she brushed her hair very fully, and softened it with a small portion of a pomade made of one part of castor oil, and two parts of spermaceti, dissolved together. (N.B. The spermaceti must be tied in a piece of fine muslin

to hinder the admixture of its scales in the pomade.) Scent before cooling with rose-water, or any agreeable perfume. This pomade does not need bandoline, as it makes the hair firm and soft at the same time. Minnie proceeded to roll the glossy curls, rendered silken and fragrant by the pomade, and very soon all was close under an open lace night-cap, and her fevered cheek rested on the snowy pillow. There was a large congregation of persons and thoughts, flitting through the chambers of her mind, as she sought for sleep. George Vinton with his languid elegance; Ashton with his stern resolve and manly beauty; the old master, with his silvery locks, and burning eyes, and wonderful fingers; the indolent grace, and pearl-like beauty, and sumptuous splendor of her sister; the shallow accomplishment, the multiform skill and pretence, and the real ability of the FitzNoodle; the dove-like beauty and charm of Miss Dean and her infatuation; the sterling goodness of her brother, and the witchery of little Minnie—all these and the uses of life to these, thronged through the busy brain that rested on that downy pillow.

Who wonders that sleep came not, and that she shifted her cheek often to a cool place on the pillow? All who have not been trained in the arena of society, know the intoxication of a first meeting with the magnetic elements of a refined and elegant circle. There was a leaping of the heart, a fullness of the brain, and strange thrilling thoughts, and unformed hopes, and prayers, that kept Minnie awake, long after all the rest of the family were wrapped in quiet slumber. Did Ashton keep her company in these vigils of her first night in Gotham? Doubtless she will inquire when she sees him, or writes to him, and so we will wait his reply, instead of taking the novelist's privilege of going into locked bed-rooms, and double locked hearts, for all sorts of facts, secrets, and useful, and useless, information.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE TWO DENS.

"He's just middlin', sir, and I am exceedingly pleased that you have called. I gave him my opinion this mornin', sir, that there's a Providence that rules over us;" and the speaker raised herself from her occupation of scrubbing the stairs, and stood with brush in hand, prepared for as long a conversation as her auditors would allow.

Mr. Meadows and his sister were on the stairs of the principal entrance to the Lafarge Building, Broadway, seeking the den of the old master, and also that of young Ashton.

Nancy was scrubbing the stairs—as usual. There was a sort of traditionary feeling in every one's consciousness, that went up those stairs, that Nancy was always scrubbing them, just as we have the feeling in a long storm of rain, that it has never been fair weather, and never will be, but that the earth has always been streaming with rain, since the flood, and always will be.

Nancy was a curiosity—not a natural curiosity, and not a curiosity of literature, or art, but still so curious a specimen, that she set every one wondering and thinking, who could stop to wonder, or think, which comparatively few in New York can do. She was bundled, rather than clad, in rusty black garments; small shawl overtopping the bundle, was crossed on her bosom, and tied under its own corners at her back. She had also a rusty black hood on her head, and from under it peeped brilliant black eyes; almost too bright were Nancy's black eyes, and then her face, a fact without excuse in New York, where the Croton flows through all thoroughfares, and anthracite coal is the fuel, her face was the same dingy

color as her dress and hood. Dirty hands and faces in Pittsburg and Cincinnati, where bituminous coal dispenses its tiny plumes of "lamp black" upon every thing and every body, are most excusable. As a Laplander presents snow to the freezing nose of the friend he meets, so the denizen of Pittsburg, or Cincinnati, makes his first salutation to a friend, and adds instantly, "excuse me, but there is a black spot upon your nose," and the other adds, in the merest social equity, "and on yours," and then a handkerchief of a leaden white, if it has just come from the laundry, is put in requisition.

Nancy had no excuse for the mask she wore, except her manifold occupations.

"Yes, I tell him there's a Providence. How much better that the rheumatism should attack his neck, than his fingers—for he would die if he could not play the harp and piano."

Her disquisition on Providence was cut short by Mr. Meadows dropping a quarter dollar into her hand, and hurrying his sister off the wet stairs.

Nancy was glad of the gift, which was always repeated when Mr. Meadows went up those stairs, as if she kept the entrance, and that were the toll; but she was much more gratified with the liberty of speech which she attained by this means, and the opportunity to give her opinion of Providence.

Notwithstanding the traditionary belief that she was always washing the stairs, she had that morning "done up" the den, that was "Porpora's own," on this wise: She had carried a mattress, on which the old gentleman slept, into a dark closet that once did duty as a bed room, and now held great piles of music. Handel and Haydn, Mozart, the Bachs, and a hundred more, beside the voluminous compositions of the old master, *alias* Solomon Smith, teacher of the harp and piano. Into this closet, the rolled mattress, confined with a cord, was put, and it rested on the piles of imprisoned harmony, the hopes, prayers, and aspirations, and the life-long achievements of those through whom the God of that loving unity called music, has breathed his sacred and ever glorious gifts. Then the little iron bed-stead that held the slight form of the musician,

was carried into the inner room in the corner, where Nancy took the little rest that fell to her weary lot. Then she had arranged the benches on which sat the musician's pupils in the hours for lessons; she had swept and dusted every thing, harp and piano most carefully included. She never dared touch the heaps of music to arrange them, but contented herself with going over them with her feather brush, very lightly and very reverently, for she adored music. When she had done all this, beside kindling the fire and removing the ashes, for those wonderful fingers of the master were never allowed to touch any thing that would militate against their delicate use, she had a tea-kettle boiled, a cup of black tea made, a French loaf lying on a white cloth, and a single boiled egg resting in an egg cup, a minute pat of butter, with a funny stamp of a cupid and bow, and an Indian pearl shell with salt, completed the breakfast. It was always supposed that the master went to walk whilst Nancy was attending to these duties; but if he sat buried in his easy chair, (a gift from Mrs. Meadows,) with his white handkerchief over his face, Nancy never appeared to know it. This was, indeed, the perfection of training; for to talk was heaven's first, last, and best gift to Nancy. How Mr. Smith had obtained this immunity from the exercise of Nancy's gift and passion, tradition saith not; one thing is certain, it extended not beyond the breakfast time. After that the talker talked to the master, as if he were a man. And though she had several other rooms to attend to, no occupant obtained immunity from her tongue, except Mr. Smith.

Miss Meadows trembled, and her heart beat very quickly as her brother remarked that it would be respectful to call on Mr. Smith before they went into Ashton's room—but it was a calm and soothing presence that she came into. She sat by the venerable man, and he took her hand, first when he said "good morning," and again to examine its physiognomy and determine the amount and character of her musical talent.

"I think," said he, "I have some where seen you before?" and he looked inquiringly from one to the other.

"Mr. Meadows and Miss Meadows," said Nelson, to refresh the old man's memory. He remembered all that belonged to his art; a



whole opera was as a name to us of to-day, and no one could confound the facts in the history of music and its professors, without being instantly set right. But of the recent days and years he had a confused idea, like the noise from Broadway sounding through his chamber, made up of the rumble of wheels of many kinds, the omnibus, the carriage, the truck, and of the light tread of youths, and the trembling footstep of age, aided by the iron shod cane, that rings upon the pavement, the dull footfall of the fearful, sad, and sorrowing, and the bounding flight of the hurrying, hopeful ones.

"Meadows, Meadows," said the old man, "I remember, you came from New Rochelle; no, Harlem. You are the son of Colonel Evans who lived in the last farm house; no, not the last, the third from that, and who used to drive cream colored horses—no, white horses. It was Mr. Blake that had the cream colored; no, it was another man altogether, I remember now."

"No matter, for all that," said Minnie, "you spent an evening with us in Bleecker street this week, and you promised me lessons."

"Ah, I remember," said he, smoothing her hair as she sat on a low chair beside him. His chair was high, that he might rise without too great an effort.

Just now Nancy came importantly to usher in the very notable Dr. Legrand FitzNoodle and a lady.

The lady was Miss Dean, and though she seemed embarrassed, and a shade of trouble was over her fine face, she met the cordial advances of Miss Meadows quite as cordially. Minnie inquired tenderly after her health, for she looked ill—ill at ease.

"You ask Miss Dean if she is well," said Dr. FitzNoodle in a deep, sonorous voice; "are not the birds in good health? Are the squirrels delicate and complaining? I assure you, Miss Meadows, that Miss Dean has learned, from me, the true art of hygiene. She is electrified in the morning, she is magnetized in the evening, and she takes a globule of arsenicum, and one of veratrum, on alternate days."

"Do the birds and squirrels have such admirable hygienic means at their command?" said Minnie, mischievously.

The doctor found it convenient to be inquiring after Mrs. Mea-

dows, with an absorbing and admiring interest, just then—and when he had learned that she had been better than usual since his evening in Bleecker street, he bowed with an air of “Exactly—I know my powers; they never fail or disappoint,” and then he turned to the musician and told him that he had brought him a new pupil of such ability as he had never seen equaled, and then he presented the blushing Miss Dean, and concluded by lauding the powers of the master, declaring that he believed them worthy of the pupil, and then he rambled into a general dissertation on music; spoke of Bach’s *Armida*, and Donizetti’s opera of the *Marriage of Figaro*. At first the jet eyes of the master were very fierce and fiery, but gradually they became milder, and he seemed disposed to pardon the confusion of Dr. FitzNoodle’s memory, in attributing Gluck’s *Armida* to Bach, and Mozart’s opera to Donizetti, even as Mr. Meadow’s and Minnie had pardoned the master in the earlier portion of the interview. It was evidently hopeless to attempt correction, or enlightenment, in either case.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE TESTIMONIAL.

"THE blessed old man!" said Ashton; I am so glad you are to take lessons of him. Music is a benign thing to take with you into the world, or out of it, and it is doubly blessed when learned of him. He is one of those "unaccredited angels," that brighten the earth-life, with small appreciation, and go elsewhere for their reward, though Dr. FitzNoodle is getting up a testimonial that shall repay him for a lifetime's endurance of what the doctor calls "base ingratitude," and Ashton smiled a most palpable sneer.

"Do *you* know that man?" said Minnie, shuddering.

"I flatter myself I do," said Ashton, shrugging his shoulders, "rather better than his landlord, or his ladylove knows him."

"Why not expose him, then?" said Minnie."

"What do you know of him?" said Ashton, laughing. "Beyond certain anachronisms which are his speciality, for he never knows what he thinks he does, and an unlimited pretence, I'll wager 'the Smith testimonial' that you know nothing to his discredit. But stay—not quite so fast, Master Ashton. Has Miss Meadows made the acquaintance of our unitary caretaker, Nancy?"

"I have only seen Nancy this morning," said Minnie.

"And heard her testimony concerning Providence?"

"That is all."

"Then please, Miss Minnie Meadows, to state why you demand this great exposition of Dr. FitzNoodle."

"I feel sure he is a quack and impostor."

"Those are hard words," said her brother, mildly. "He always relieves Imogene's headache, and I have heard of very extraordinary

cures performed by him. I thought you had got beyond inquiring for diplomas," said Nelson, earnestly. "Let every body do all the good they can, and let us be charitable to one another. Personally, I am not attracted to the doctor, but my wife is as perfect as most people, and she esteems him highly. Miss Dean, too, who is a lady of taste and talent, is his friend. I heard it hinted, something more."

"What becomes of your complaint against the excellent doctor?" said Ashton, laughing. "I do not doubt you are of the same opinion still, and I may be also. But then I reflect that the Fitz-Noodle is a part of a system. He has as much right to be a part, as divines and doctors who have diplomas, and, for aught I know, he has a dozen. He has hinted as much to me. Certainly, if beautiful and gifted ladies could confer diplomas, he would have no lack. Mrs. Meadows would vote him a Hippocrates, and Galen, and Mesmer combined. Miss Dean would certify that he was an Apollo, and a high priest of the beautiful, in a sort of general way."

"A catholic bishop of the beautiful," said Minnie, "for he seems to know every thing equally well."

"Exactly," said Ashton; "he possesses the rare gift of being equally well informed on every subject. He is at home with Mesmer and Hahnemann, Mozart and Reichenbach, Electro-magnetism, Fourierism and Communism, and finally, the universal philosophy of Noodleism; and here is a young lady who has just "come out," who has no experience of life, professional or otherwise, and no evidence save a womanly instinct, who, nevertheless, demands the indictment, and conviction of this universal philosopher and philanthropist?"

"Now I am wiser," said Ashton, gravely; "Here is my friend, Miss Dean, a simple-hearted, honest girl, of fine talents, who entertains the addresses of this gentleman. What am I to do, if I do not like her innamorato, or if I think him a scamp? If I tell her my feelings and opinions, she will cut my acquaintance, and take her lover more closely to her heart; probably hasten her marriage, and put it out of my power to serve her, or have the pleasure of her really pleasant and interesting society again, during the period of our natural lives."

"I am sorry, Minnie," said Ashton, with mock gravity, "that you are such a little mischief-maker."

"Very well argued," said Nelson Meadows, "but you are mocking all the time, and I would like to know what you mean."

"Look here," said Ashton; "is not this a magnificent article? and he held out a superb goblet of silver, lined with gold, and wrought in a beautiful pattern of oak leaves and acorns. On each side was space for an inscription. "This," said he, "is the testimonial. Dr. FitzNoodle honors me by selecting me as the Poet Laureate on the occasion. I am to compose two Latin verses, to be engraved upon the cup. Dr. FitzNoodle's name is to be on one side, and Mr. Smith's on the other; and it is to be delicately set forth that Dr. Legrand FitzNoodle presents this testimonial in the name of the grateful lovers of art, to Solomon Smith, musician. All this is to be done after Miss Dean has taken lessons enough to appear in a concert, under the patronage of 'the distinguished musical amateur, Dr. Legrand FitzNoodle.' I believe your wife is to be one of the lady directors, or patronesses, of this concert?" said Ashton to Mr. Meadows, with as much indifference as he could command.

"I doubt it," said Nelson, compressing his lips sharply.

"You will not mention my office of poet, as the verses are to be original with the doctor. There is one difficulty that has not yet occurred to the gentleman, and which may possibly mar the plan of the testimonial, though I trust it may not defeat it. The cup is a genuine electro-plate, and therefore not suited to engraving, as a copper center to the lines of the letters, is no more a part of the plan of the doctor's testimonial, than it is that the fact should transpire that the cup is worth one dollar and fifty cents—neither less nor more."

At this juncture Dr. FitzNoodle appeared at the door of Ashton's room tenderly escorting the blushing Miss Dean, who some how felt an instinctive rebuke for her love of the doctor, whenever she came into the presence of Miss Meadows or Ashton.

Esther Dean had led a solitary life, though born in New York. She had taste and talent of a high order, but she had found little sympathy, and less encouragement.

Her father was a merchant, and his family had lived genteely, and his daughter had been educated as others are. She had the usual round of school lessons and accomplishments, and more of music than any thing else, because she loved it better.

At fifteen she was left fatherless, with the care of her mother who was feeble and delicate in health, and weak in intellect. The father had died insolvent.

Esther Dean had given music lessons for their support for three years, and for the last year she had sung in the choir of St. Thomas' Church. Here Dr. FitzNoodle had seen, heard, and marked her as a suitable object of *patronage*. He had, in the most honorable manner obtained, through Mrs. Meadows, an introduction to Miss Dean's mother. He had become acquainted with Mrs. Meadows professionally, through that lady's devotion to mesmerism and lion hunting.

Dr. FitzNoodle withdrew Charles Ashton to the furtherest corner of the room, where they conversed in a low tone, and examined the cup. There was an unlucky mark across the bottom, that appeared to have been intentionally made with a fork, or some other weapon, and the copper shone forth unmistakably. "Of course, you do me the justice to believe that this is no work of mine," said Ashton; "but you must consider it fortunate that you have discovered the cheat."

The doctor ground his teeth. "Some enemy of mine has done this," said he.

"My dear sir, it serves a friendly purpose—if intended for evil—for you surely must be glad to know of the fraud before the presentation."

"I give you my word," said the FitzNoodle, "that I gave Ball & Black forty-five dollars for that goblet last week."

"Then you have only to return it," said Ashton, with a relieved expression of countenance.

"No," said the doctor, shaking his head despairingly; "it has been changed. Some enemy has done this."

"Do you think the change has been effected since it came into my possession?" said Ashton, very calmly.

"I *think* not," said the doctor, slowly, as if reflecting. "I think I can trace it. Meanwhile we will have the verses engraved, and it will be a sort of study for the real one."

"But if you do not find the real one—"

"Of course I shall buy another," said the doctor, pompously.

"Are the verses finished?" he asked in a profound whisper.

"I had not thought it necessary to be in haste, as this fortunate discovery of the character of the vase, precluded the possibility of its being engraved—except as a study," he added, quoting the doctor's words.

"I can have it after engraving, and keep it in memory of a dexterous cheat," said the doctor. "I admire skill, Mr. Ashton, even the skill of a robber or defrauder."

"I dare say you do," said Ashton, blandly; and his eyes sought Minnie's, who had evidently absorbed the subject, the conversation, and the character before her. Mr. Meadows was busy with some pages of Ashton's manuscript, and Miss Dean was making the acquaintance of his guitar. A close observer would have seen that she was sad and heart-sinking; that she had unformed misgivings respecting her lover; that she had no "faith of assurance" in him, and yet he was so kind, and she was so lonely in this great city, where she had really no brother man, and no sister woman, that she dreaded to disbelieve in him—even as the human mind dreads to disbelieve in God and immortality.

Alas! poor, lonely Ettie Dean!



[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1856, by L. T. NICHOLS, M D., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of Ohio.]

## ESPERANZA;

### My Journey Thither, and What I Found There.

#### II.

##### A DAY AT NIAGARA.

DARLING! I have seen Niagara! Henceforth this wonder of nature is to live in my memory, associated with thoughts and feelings which will mold all our future. How much I wished that you were with me! Yet, I have the fear, that, though it might have been a happier day for me, it would have been less full of the destiny, that this future has in store for us.

I slept sweetly, with your image on my heart, lulled by a murmur that seemed to come from the center of the earth, mingling in deep throbbings with the roar of the nearer rapids. I was waked by a light, playful tapping on the door, which might have connected the two rooms, and I sprang up, and opened my blinds to the sunshine, and the mist-cloud, tinged with rainbows.

In a few moments I was in the great reception-room, on the first floor, where my beautiful companion welcomed me with a cheerful "good morning." When I apologized for being late, she said, "You write long letters. I went to sleep by the scratching of your pen. I hope you have given me a favorable introduction."

We sallied out of the hotel, and I took a new look at her, with rested eyes, and by the morning light. She seemed younger and fairer than yesterday; for her silver gray walking dress was the perfection of a morning costume for such a jaunt as ours; and it was only when she spoke, in her more serious moods, that it seemed that she must be as old as I judged her yesterday.

"Shall I be your guide?" she asked, "for every rock and tree seems familiar to me, and it is a great pleasure to introduce one to strange scenes."

"Or persons," said I.

"Yes—I am strange to you; but I ought not to be. It is you who are really strange; and I seem so to you only because I am natural. You see so little of what is genuine in men and women, that a simple honesty and natural freedom surprise you.

"Now, lend me your eyes, as well as your ears; follow me down this stairway, and do not look up until I tell you."

I did as she directed. I went down the hundred and fifty feet of precipice, by a very convenient, but provokingly artificial covered stair case, with the roar growing every moment more tumultuous. I followed my guide, with downcast eyes, seeing only the broken masses of limestone, agitated waters beating among them, and a pair of delicate feet and ancles, picking their way daintily over them. The roar grew louder and nearer; the ground trembled; the spray came in gusts in my face, when, gaining the surface of a flat rock, my fair guide laid her hand on my arm, and said, reverently, "look up."

A torrent of bright water seemed pouring out of heaven. Those who are disappointed with the first view of Niagara do not get such a view as this. I stood in an ecstasy of astonishment and delight. My eye swept along the American fall, near whose extremity I stood, past the walls of Iris Island, into the great Horseshoe, where the mass of the mighty river pours down, and whence come those deep pulsating thunders, to the Table Rock of the Canadian shore.

I shall not attempt to describe the indescribable majesty, and terror, and beauty of that scene. The waters, which pour over the rim of the cataract, a deep blue, almost green, fell in the morning's sunlight, in vast columns of glittering diamonds, and then rose again in clouds of mist on which were painted arching rainbows.

Retracing our steps, we were soon seated in a row boat, and embarked upon the boiling cauldron, into which this world of waters pours its everlasting flood. The morning breeze from Ontario blew gently up the great gorge, that the cataract has opened, which is spanned by the beautiful Suspension Bridge; and this upward breeze saved us from the misty showers, while an extra fee to the boatman induced him to skirt along the eddy of the American shore and Goat Island, so as to cross the great gulf as near as possible to the

principal fall. I had the best view, and the fullest enjoyment of the scene. Its terrors were lost to me, in its glorious majesty and beauty; and, the feeling of sublimity, with which I was impressed, mingled harmoniously with my sentiments toward the strange, but beautiful, and I believe and am sure, most pure and noble woman, who sat by my side, enjoying all my enjoyment of these new emotions.

The sublimity of Niagara is like that of the ocean and the stars, but more concentrated.

Our boat was swept down by the torrent, and made its landing among the rocks, where, refusing the proffers of accommodating Jehues, we walked gaily up the road built on the side of the almost perpendicular precipice. But, at every few steps, I stopped, and turned to get a new view. The sun was now shining full upon the whole long line of the falls, whose height seems lost in their extent. From the middle of the great Horseshoe, where I could see that the mid channel of the river lay, there rose a cloud, like the smoke of a furnace, high in the heavens. The white gulls were sailing in the air; and the scene grew in beauty, as it lost in the terrors of proximity.

My friend looked on it all, calm, silent, pointing to one feature or another with finger or parasol, saying few words, but, as I saw and felt, watching my features, as if to see how they reflected the scene; sometimes she laid her hand upon my arm, sometimes on my shoulder. Once, when half way up the cliff, her enthusiasm broke forth, but not at the cataract. "Oh! my dear flowers," she exclaimed, and in an instant she was clambering up the steep side of the cliff, I could hardly tell how, and eagerly picking the wild flowers that grew from the clefts of the rocks, where the moisture was dripping from every seam of the limestone strata.

When she came down, with a hand full of lovely little flowers, her eyes were bright and moist, and her cheeks flushed.

"Here they are, the dear ones!" she said; "the same that I found here ten years ago. They are not only sweet and beautiful, themselves, but fragrant memories cluster round them."

"You were not alone, then;—nor with indifferent company?" I remarked.

She looked in my eyes with her clear, open look, and said : "I was with one I dearly loved—but a true friendship is not indifference. Do you feel it so?"

"I shall be very grateful," I said, with real humility, "for whatever you can give me."

She took my hand, and we walked up the rest of the ascent, hand in hand, like two children.

Here stands the Clifton House, the resort of most English, and many American visitors, with its pleasure grounds laid out too precisely to harmonize with the savage aspect of rock and flood around. We passed along the margin of the great gulf, stopping at many points to get new views of the scene, until we stood on Table Rock ; and then, from the very margin of the descending river, followed its torrents down into the chasm into which they plunged.

She stood alone with her thoughts and memories, her face now calm and pale ; her eyes looking either back into the past, or forward into the future. She had advanced to the edge of the overhanging rock. I knew there was no danger to her steady nerves and well-poised spirit ; but the rapid fall of the water, as I looked past her, made her body seem to rise, and I remembered, with a shudder, the fate of the young girl, whose fall, a few rods from this spot, has found affecting record. I sprang forward, and caught her firmly by the wrist, to ensure her safety. She turned with a sweet smile, and said :

"The spirit-world is beautiful, and I have some dear friends there, but my work here is not accomplished. This life has come to be too rich in blessings, to be thrown aside. We need not be in haste to meet the future, because of the eternities."

O Clara ! how precious seemed to me this calm and beautiful faith in the unseen world.

"But this life," I said, "is so poor, in its hopes and possibilities, and worse than poor in its realities to most, that they can scarce be blamed for flying from the present if they have any reasonable hopes of a happier future."

"Suicide," she said, "is a violence to nature, only justifiable as an escape from something worse. It is sometimes a right, in a

world, whose imperfect conditions admit only a choice of evils. But all destinies are onward, and the fruition of all our hopes is before us. Century by century this river eats its way through these rocky strata. The mountains crumble, and the valleys are filled up. The tree grows from its germ to its destined strength and beauty. Humanity also grows and advances toward its future."

"True of the race, or the races," I said, "this may be; but how of the individual victim to the imperfections and wrongs around us?"

"The eternities are ours, and justice is the supreme law. You ask God to be merciful. He will not be what he is not for your asking; but it is enough, if He is just. He is accountable to all His creatures. Evil, privation, discord, are stages in progress; they have their uses to the undeveloped spirit; but let us be thankful that we are emerging from them; and that the time has come for truth, riches, and harmony. Happiness is the universal aspiration, and the universal destiny."

"Happiness for all?" I asked. I can not tell you, Clara, with what a look of angelic pity, mingled with surprise, she turned to me.

"For all!" she repeated softly. "Can you believe there is in all God's universe, one human soul destined to an existence unworthy of his goodness?"

I have never felt so ashamed of a creed which dooms our brethren and sisters to utter and eternal despair. But my mind was darkened with other doubts.

"You talk," I said, "of happiness on the earth. Are we worthy of such a social state, as some of our sanguine reformers have imagined. Is humanity yet good and pure enough to live in a harmonious society?"

She walked away from the brow of the rock on which we were standing, a few steps; then turned and stood before me.

"Look at me," she said; "I am, as I told you yesterday, a human sister of yours. Am I good enough to deserve happiness? Were you as good as you believe me to be, do you not think we could live harmoniously, purely, and happily?"

"Were all like you, I could believe any thing," I hastened to say.

"It is not a question of all, but of some. There are those, who are wiser and better than I, living nearer to the life of the heavens. There are many who, in various degrees, are so far freed from ignorance, error, and evil habits, physical and spiritual, as to be able to live in the harmony of a true life. I am but one of many loving women, who enjoy upon the earth, a foretaste of the freedom and harmony of the beautiful life of the heavens."

I was impressed with the simple truthfulness of every word she uttered; yet, it was so strange, so different from what I had ever heard. I looked around, to be sure it was no dream; but more than the fact of my wakefulness was a testimony in my spirit, that what she said not only might, and should be true, but was a living and present reality.

A group of fashionable ladies from the Clifton House passed by us; and their coquettish airs, and frivolous conversation, offered a contrast which deepened my impression.

"You have excited my curiosity, and my hopes," I said. "Will you not enlighten me further?"

"I have said too much, not to say more," she replied; "but this world requires such things as breakfasts. If you please, we will take a carriage here, and go round by the Suspension Bridge. It is an example of human achievement in one direction. Let us not undervalue ourselves.

We entered a carriage, and after an interesting drive, and a view of that beautiful work, and its surroundings, came back to the hotel with an appetite.

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*Night.*—The evening of my second day of absence from you, O beloved One, has closed around me; the evening of a day full of new sensations and new emotions. How much of life is sometimes crowded into a single day!

After breakfast my guide went to her room to write some letters, and I wrote you the account of our morning's ramble. When I had finished, I went down, and found her ready for our visit to Goat Island, which separates the American from the British fall; though, as the boundary line of the two countries runs in mid channel,



it gives us the whole of the lesser fall, and more than half the greater.

The mid-day had grown sultry, and I found my guide dressed in a charming robe of light blue stuff, which floated in ample folds of unstarched gracefulness. I am not good, you know, in describing costumes. I could never answer your question, "what kind of a bonnet had she on?" I only know that, in this case, the entire dress seemed as clear and pure an expression of herself, as her language or gestures. She gave me several letters, in the most tasteful envelopes, directed to gentlemen and ladies in various places, in a handwriting full of elegance and character, and sealed with a seal of curious device—a peculiar ring, encircling nine stars. I afterward saw such a ring, on the third finger of her right hand; and she wore a brooch with nine golden stars, set in a peculiar fashion.

Going toward the rapids above the falls, which themselves form a spectacle of great power and beauty, we passed over the bridge, which spans several piers; how built, passes my engineering skill. Near the further end we found a group of ladies and gentlemen, looking at the place where the poor man clung so many hours, and then went over. As we passed along, meeting groups of visitors, I saw several gentlemen salute my guide, with great respect. She returned, or rather invited their salutations; but no one approached to speak to her.

"In heaven's name, who are you?" I would have exclaimed, but I was held, as by a spell, from making any obtrusive inquiry. We walked slowly through the walks of this beautiful, and though much visited, still, secluded place; for the island is large, nearly covered with forest trees, with cool walks among them. At the best points of sight are seats for the accommodation of visitors.

As we sat on one of these, where we had watched the adventurous little steamboat, the Maid of the Mist, with her deck load of mummy looking passengers, dressed in yellow oil-cloth cloaks and hoods, to save them from the showers of spray, while she ran boldly into the foam-gulf, and then fell off rapidly down the tumultuous tide—as we sat here in the deep noon-tide, after seeing this wondrous voyage, without caring to make it, she said:



"It is time, my friend, that we were better acquainted. Can you shut out the old world of forms, customs, and prejudices, as these torrents separate us from the lands on either side?"

"I can try," I said, with a curious sense of a Robinson Crusoe isolation, in very pleasant company.

"Well, try. First of all, how do you like me?"

The question took me a little by surprise. I am afraid I blushed, and hesitated; but, remembering Robinson Crusoe, I summoned courage, and answered:

"I admire you more than any woman I ever saw; I respect you deeply, and am ambitious of your good opinion and friendship. I hardly know how to answer to the word like. It seems too weak an expression, for the kind of devotional feeling you inspire."

She smile a gratified smile, which was not one of vanity, but of hope; not of pride in herself, but pleasure at my frankness of expression, and perhaps my power of appreciation.

"In investigating some things," she said, in her quiet and unpretending manner; "it is needful to begin with the outside, and work inward; but with the human character, it is best to begin at the center, and work outward. Will you tell me of your loves?"

O Clara! I have a faint suspicion that I blushed again. But she sat, holding my hand in hers, like a dear elder sister, and looking so sweetly kind! Once, and not long ago, I think I should have fallen on my knees, and said—O, divine angel of my life, I love you, and you only. But that was before I knew my Clara. So I answered bravely:

"I love the dearest and most charming little girl in the world. We are engaged to be married next spring; meantime I go with what means I have saved, and a little my mother left me, to find a home."

I thought a shade of sadness passed over her countenance. It might have been the remembrance of my mother. It might have been the thought that so many such anticipations of happiness as ours, have never been realized. She said, then:

"Does it seem to you, my friend, that this love, and this union, will fill up the capacity of your loving life? Do you feel secure and

justified in making the irrevocable vow, to love this dear one, and no other, "till death does you part."

"It seems to me," I said, "that this love so fills my being, as to shut out the possibility of another; and I hope that even death may not part us."

"If it is a true and integral love, it will not," she said; "but every passion asserts its eternity. No one, until taught by bitter experience, ever expects a love to change. But they do. The love that seems to fill our desires and capacities, at one time, in a few years may seem poor and mean; and expanding souls find a capacity for more loves, than they can often find to fill them. Will you tell me what idea you have of freedom?"

I will not try to tell you my answer, Clara; for I just then caught sight of the "meteor flag of England," on the opposite shore, and launched out into some apostrophe to liberty worthy of a ward meeting. I was checked by a droll look of surprise, and my lady said:

"We are not talking of such external matters, as they discuss at Tammany Hall. Our political freedom is well as a step in progress, but not much to boast of."

Now I had boasted of it so much, even in the sacred precincts of Old Tammany itself, where I have inhaled so much bad air, gin, and tobacco, in "our country's cause" that I felt it necessary to vindicate myself. So I said—

"You will allow that this is a free country, I hope."

"Not very," she said, with a smile of provoking assurance.

"Do not the people make their own governments, constitutions, and laws?"

"With some slight exceptions, perhaps. A few millions of negroes do not vote."

"They are represented by their masters and owners."

"All the women."

"They have their husbands and brothers to vote for them and protect them."

"Yes—I read of a case of this protection, a day or two ago, in the papers. A man killed his wife with a club. But this is not all. Leaving out all slaves, and women, and children, who seem to fare

pretty much alike, a majority governs, and the minority is governed. And even of the majority—are you not politician enough to know how wire-pulling, caucus nominations, and party discipline reduce the number who govern to a few individuals, self-appointed, and not the most worthy? Does it surprise you that a woman should know something of politics? I have associated with men, and lived at times, in the heart of this turmoil.”

It was all too true; and I concluded to let Hail Columbia sing itself, as best it could.

“Now, let us come back to my question. Have you the freedom in your spirit, to always do the right yourself, and to allow his rights to every human being?”

“This involves the question of what is right?” I replied; “is that settled?”

“The first right is the right of each one to settle that for himself, and to pursue his own right, in his own way, so long as he does not interfere with the equal right of every other. The Declaration of Independence asserts the principle, crudely, but well enough—in the Right to Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. It is a tautology; for either term includes the others. The right of Life, includes all the conditions and uses of life; Liberty includes all freedom of thought, passion, and action. The Pursuit of Happiness means, that happiness, being the true end of existence, no one has a right to deprive us of its means, which are in a freedom to follow that attraction which is proportional to destiny.”

Do I tire you, my Clara, with these details? I know I can give you but a faint impression of the eloquence, with which all this was uttered; but I wish to write it down while it is fresh in my mind; and I wish also to fulfill my promise, in giving you a full account of every incident of my journey. I shall wish to read it all over again, on my return. So, patience, love!”

“What I wish you to think of,” she said, after a little pause, “is whether you, who are, in many respects, so pure and intelligent, have the idea of a true freedom, which will not allow your soul to be bound, nor allow you to bind another. Are you tolerant of human deficiency and error, while you have a standard of absolute

right? Can you leave even this loved one whom you wear on your heart, free to love another—if another love should come to bless her—or would you make it a curse? This is the first central question for you to solve. Study it well.”

“I will try to do so,” I said, with a feeling I never had before. Clara, we must try to leave each other in freedom. God forbid that even my great love should be a bond to you.

We walked in silence, broken only by the musical roar of the cataract, the tenor of the rapids, and the basso profundo of the Falls; walked away from the latter, and past the former, to the upper end of the Island, where the glassy river ripples calmly against the shore, in beautiful contrast to all the foam and tumult, heard in softened murmurs from below.

Here we sat down on a grassy bank, by the water's side, secluded from observation by a clump of evergreens, which also protected us from the sun.

“Is it not beautiful,” she said, after looking up the river. “I have a friend who crossed up there,” pointing up the eastern channel, “when the ‘Rebels’ were on Navy Island yonder, and the loyal troops were raining shot, shell, and rockets among those trees. A very fine spectacle at night, he says, with the sound of the cataract for an accompaniment. Happily, the trees sustained all the damage. But a truce to all wars, great and little. To-morrow we go on our journey; is it not so?”

“Do we?”

“If you choose to accompany me, *we do*. Have you any settled route; or selected destination?”

“I had thought of going to Wisconsin; crossing to Minnesota, and then south through Iowa, and perhaps to Kansas, and back by the rivers—or even round by New Orleans and the sea.”

“A good route enough. But let us see if I can induce you to vary it. I go up the lake to Cleveland; then across Ohio to Cincinnati; then down the Ohio and Mississippi, to my home. Has it ever struck you as a possibility that a home which makes me happy, might answer for you?”

“If I knew where it was?”

Can not you trust me to take you there? Then, if you do not like it, or me, the world is all before you, save what you leave behind."

Though couched in a playful badinage, I felt that there was an earnest good faith in this invitation. I held out my hand, and let a beneficent destiny, as I believe it to be, lead me onward."

"You are very good," she said, with an expression of joy; "you do well to trust me—better than you now imagine. Oh! my home; if this were there, and you were one of ours, do you know what I should be doing? Stop, I'll show you; will you please unlace my gaiter?" and she held her little slender, foot to me, just as your little sister Flora might. And, with a trembling hand, and, I confess, a throbbing heart—for I am not so good as I wish to be—I unlaced the pretty boot, and took it off, and then the other.

"Thank you!" she said, with the utmost simplicity; and then, while I wondered, she carefully unclasped her garters, and pulled off a pair of most gossamer webbed stockings. I don't know what made me tremble, or how I could doubt. I am ashamed of myself. I am ashamed of the world in which I have lived. But my doubts were soon ended. Laying her things by my side, she took up her skirts, as gracefully as possible, raising them nearly to the knees, and walked into the river, and stood there, dabbling her white feet and most beautiful limbs in the cool water—a picture of radiant happiness. She seemed to me, Clara, not a Venus new risen from the sea, but the goddess of a holy freedom, that had just descended from the shining heavens.

When she had enjoyed the coolness of the pure water, which had come all the way from the Great Superior, and the Lake of the Woods, she said, expressly to wash her feet, she came and sat down in an attitude a painter, or even a sculptor, would have loved to copy, and let her limbs dry. As I admired them, she looked at them, and then at me with such a happy look.

"I think they are pretty," she said. "I am very glad my body is beautiful;" and after a moment's pause, she added softly—"I am also very glad that you are so good. Say to your Clara, that she has much right to love you, for you are worthy, and will be more so."

I write it, dear Clara, just as it was said. Then she dressed herself without my help; and I knew she had given me another trial, and was thankful, very thankful, that I had borne it so well. And then she put her arm in mine, and we walked slowly back, scarcely looking at the Falls or rapids, to dinner.

And dinner, I would have you know, is rather a sublime affair at the International. So I dressed for it; that is, I dressed as much as our fashions allow a gentleman to dress. And when I went into the drawing-room to escort this newly found sister of mine to the table, I found her superb as a princess. I will try to tell you "what she had on." Her hair was dressed, rather simply, away from her forehead, with a knot of the little wild flowers of the morning, which she had kept fresh. Her dress was a very rich brocade of pale lilac, trimmed with falls of rich lace, and made just within the fashion. Her white round shoulders, and beautiful bust are all her face and contour promised. She wore diamonds and turquoise; but every ornament seemed to have some special use and meaning. I have the idea that she dressed, not for the company, not for any impression she might make on a crowd of visitors; certainly not for admiration, but *for me*. It was another lesson—to show me that a true life includes the beautiful. That if we would win people to knowledge, virtue, and happiness, we must not begin by outraging their taste. How many reformers have made this grand mistake.

When I advanced near her, I know not how the feeling of familiarity had vanished, but her style, elegance, superb beauty, and more superb manner—impressed me as if she were a queen—not an actress queen, putting on haughty airs of royalty, but a queen of nature, born to her sphere, and living in its constant recognition and use. Do not think it strange, Clara, that my heart swelled with great throbbings, as I approached her, and I bowed to her with a genuine humility. Her pure, calm eyes surveyed me, from head to foot, and with an approving smile she extended her hand to me. The gong sounded its brazen summons with its most civilized dissonance, and she took my arm, and we went to dinner.

I wish I could do justice to that dinner. It is a large, high room;

at the end a recess, in which was stationed a band of music. A regiment of colored waiters, drilled into a droll, stiff, imitation of military evolutions adapted to a dining-room, brought and removed the courses, with great pomp and ceremony. The band played some appropriate march at each remove; then there was a waltz for the soup, and fish was eaten to a polka. It was a little tiresome, perhaps; it made our unsophisticated country friends stare a little, but they soon got reconciled to it, as we do to every thing. I was very much amused, and commented freely to my companion.

"You see attempts every where," she said, "at order and harmony. They are often imperfect and grotesque, but they show the direction of our aspirations.

"Here is a collection of strangers, inharmonic and discordant, whose only safety is to hold themselves apart, in little knots and coteries. How few here, have any real knowledge of, or trust in, much less any love for, those around them. We are played to by a hired band; we are served by hired waiters, who labor under the burden of caste. It is cold, discordant, or at best indifferent and mercenary.

"Can you imagine, in a far more beautiful room than this, a company of free, pure, and loving men and women—all acquainted with each other, all harmonized in groups of friends and lovers; genial, hopeful, happy; the music by an artist group playing with enthusiasm, and rewarded by plaudits; and the table served by those with whom it would be a labor of love, so that every dish would come with its own blessing? Can you not imagine such a dinner as this?"

"In heaven, perhaps," I answered, almost bitterly.

"Whatever can be truly conceived of the Earth-life," she said, "is possible, and practicable. Ideas were given for realization. I see that I must make a personal application. Do you not think that you and I are capable of being members of such a society?"

"I believe," I answered, "that you are capable of any good that is possible. As to myself, I am not sure that I am good enough."

"Could you not cheerfully play in the band that furnished music



to such a feast, and feel rewarded when I, and those younger, and more beautiful, and dearer than I, thanked you for that portion of the repast?"

Such a question did not need an answer.

"Can you not fancy yourself very happy to stand behind my chair, and supply my wants, and those of others you might admire more and love better?"

You know it would make me happy to be of any service.

"Others have devotion, enthusiasm, friendship, love, as well as you. Civilization, with its bigotries, false methods, and discordances, tends to cultivate isolation and selfishness in us, and to make us believe there is little else in others; but it is not truly so, my friend. Humanity is better than we give it credit for. There is more devotion, more heroism, all around us, than we reckon. There are fifty men in this room who would risk their lives to save mine; who would brave great perils to save a house on fire—who would volunteer on a forlorn hope in any great emergency. There are few women here, frivolous as our social habits make them seem, who are not capable of great exertions, and great devotion. The human heart is full of heroic qualities and aspirations, seeking for spheres of action."

I shall tire you, dearest, if I go on giving you these conversations; but they had an inexpressible charm for me.

Our dinner itself, was of little account. I have long been half a vegetarian, and the flesh of most dead animals disgusts me. It is but a modified cannibalism; and some of these dead bodies, set on our tables to be eaten, I know had better be in the cemetery. I am not satisfied with myself when habit, or some remnant of savageism in my nature, tempts me to eat food worthy only of a savage or a beast of prey. I could not imagine this pure and lovely woman, putting flesh between her lips. She quietly waved away the soup, declined fish, asked the waiter to remove the side dishes nearest us, and took a potatoe and some maccaroni; and afterward some pudding, and fruit. Of course, I followed her example. I could not have done otherwise, had I wished.

But here is a difficulty. I felt that for me to eat flesh, in the

presence of this woman, in my present relation to her, would be an indelicacy approaching sacrilege. It seemed to me in the strength of her pure presence, that I could never taste it again. But how shall I reconcile this conscience with politeness, when I sit by a lady who devours pork chops and sausages? But this was a question not to be discussed at table, and I postponed its further consideration.

Remembering the little draught of delicious wine in the cars yesterday, I turned to the long wine list, on the bill of fare, and passed it to my friend. She ran her eye over it and said, "it is not needful, unless you require it. The water is good, and wine belongs to occasions. If we are to have any to-day, it will be furnished us."

What this meant, I could not conceive; but a few moments after, a waiter came with the compliments of a gentleman whose name I did not distinctly hear, and filled our glasses with a beautiful hock wine. She said, in a low tone, "that elderly gentleman, near the head of the table; he is Mr. ———, Senator from ———."\* He bowed to us with much dignity; and my friend raised her glass to her lips, with a sweet recognition of his friendly attention. But, though the wine was excellent, she drank but little. Later, another gentleman sent us champagne wine. I recognised him as one of those who had saluted us on Goat Island. She tasted this as before, but would not permit me to order wine and return the compliments, as I wished to do. And I see now that it was a very "snobbish" notion that made me desire it.

"It is natural to wish to return presents, compliments, and hospitalities; but if you reflect a moment, you will see that it is not delicate to do so at once. It is as if you were anxious to discharge a debt. If you meet these gentlemen, at any future time, you will have the right to reciprocate, *after* I have introduced you. You are not too old or too proud to have a mentor."

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\* In the revision of these letters for publication, I have thought proper to carefully erase or change every personal designation that might compromise any one.—*Editor.*

"No," I replied, as we rose from the table, "I am only too happy."

In the evening we had music and a dance. When I entered the drawing-room, I saw my friend surrounded by a group of ladies and gentlemen, among whom were the two whom I have mentioned. I did not go to her at once, respecting the mystery which enveloped her. It was her supreme right to be incognito, if she chose, and as long as she chose. In casual glimpses, I saw her engaged in an earnest conversation with the group that had gathered around her, and who listened to her with an affectionate respect which gave me much pleasure. Pretty soon she invited me with a movement of her fan, to approach, and introduced me to the ladies and gentlemen.

"This is my brother," she said, "who has been very kind to his unknown sister. Mr. ———, said she, turning to the senator, will you introduce me? The best of *men*, even, have some curiosity."

The gentleman took my hand with a benevolent smile, and said, "Mr. Wilson, I have great pleasure in presenting you to my dear friend, Miss Elmore.\*"

I did not feel any better acquainted, though the name solved many mysteries. I had heard my mother speak of her very lovingly, and of her family.

Music interrupted further conversation. A professor of the piano-forte displayed his skill, playing with a facility of habit, but a lack of feeling.

A lady sang, in a manner that showed long and careful training, but it seemed to me with a superficialness and meretriciousness, that gave us only the mere shell of the compositions she essayed.

Mr. ——— asked Miss Elmore to favor us and the company, and was warmly seconded by the rest of the group—all but me. I confess that I feared that she would not succeed—that in some way she should fall from the pedestal where I had enshrined her. She made no excuse, but looked around to see if no one else wished, or

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\* For convenience sake I substitute, in print, this name, for the real one, of a woman, whose relations might object to such publicity, and for other reasons which will become apparent.—*Editor*.

was invited to play — then took the arm of her friend, and walked with the most perfect, simple dignity to the piano-forte. A murmur of inquiry and approbation went round the room ; which a moment after was hushed in a silence so profound that we could hear the ticking of a clock, and the sound of the cataract. She stood so poised and graceful ; her movement in taking off her gloves was a tableau ; she sat down—I know no other word—regally. I saw a gleam of pride in the deep eyes of Mr. ———. I never waited for music with a more excited expectancy.

She began by a light, trickling run ; then struck several chords of very unusual combinations, and fell into a prelude, which was an evident improvization, and took up little passages of several operas, as if she were thinking over with her fingers, what she would choose. Finally, she struck thrillingly into the prelude of the cavatina in *I Puritani*. I can not tell you of voice, or execution. She seems perfect in both ; but the soul, the feeling, the spell of power, with which she gave this noble composition, was so far beyond any thing I had conceived of, that I can not pretend to describe it. It may not have been to others what it was to me. But the group in which I was, sat spell-bound, and I saw tears run unchecked. When the last note died away the hush continued—there was not a sound. The clock ticked, the cataract murmured ; and it was not until she rose, and bowed with a bright smile, that there came from every side tumultuous plaudits and encores. Gentlemen pressed around her, and begged her to favour them again—to sing some thing, any thing, even to play if she could not sing.

She sat down, and all returned to their seats. She commenced a series of graceful variations on the air of *Home, Sweet Home*. “Sing it ; Oh ! sing it,” came to her in appealing murmurs. She looked at me with a happy smile, and sung the dear old song, as it could only be sung by one whose memory and heart is filled with a home of beauty and love, and happiness. And this time, there was no lack of tears and no attempt to conceal them, and no stint of the plaudits which followed, in the midst of which she glided gently back to our corner and received our congratulation.

## THE LIFE OF A MEDIUM;

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

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## SHALL WE OBEY THE SPIRITS?

Few questions are asked with more frequency or anxiety than this—"Shall we obey the Spirits?" And yet the question is not very wise. I have given my experience in the experiment of gold digging. I will relate another incident of later occurrence. While residing at Howard street, where my room was crowded day and night with visitors, my hand, by its own peculiar movement, and uncontrolled by any conscious volition of mine, wrote this sentence :

"Go to Boston to-night at five o'clock.

GEORGE FOX."

I had no reasons for making this journey, and did not feel prepared to do it. However, the Spirit seemed to urge it, and at last, for the sake of the experiment and to better understand my duty, I made up my mind to comply with the request. Accordingly I went, and on arriving there, I went to a medium who was a stranger to me, where I received the annexed words :

"I am here to meet thee. Recreation—and to test thy confidence. Now go home.

GEORGE FOX."

I remonstrated a little at so expensive an experiment, and inquired if such advice, under the circumstances, was Christian-like ; for I could not afford the time or expense. In reply, I was told that I needed rest—that the money was of no consequence, and that he, George Fox, was happy that I had followed his advice. I do not know that I did any good to others in Boston, although I visited the *Daily Herald* establishment, and satisfied some inquirers there, who were desirous to learn something with respect to the phenomena of spiritualism.

As a general thing, however, I do not deem it prudent to comply with similar requests, where the interior convictions of duty do not urge a compliance. There may be occasions where it may be the part of wisdom to follow out such direction, but it is only for those who are determined to be bold experimenters to push forward in answer to such requests. Every person who undertakes any such journey, or services, should be prepared for disappointment in every case, and take the responsibility of his act. Doubtless there are many reasons and a deep philosophy underlying the whole of this portion of the spiritual field, which at present are not comprehended, even by the most deeply skilled in the history of the phenomena. I am acquainted with gentlemen, who, to test the matter, have suffered and endured many hardships, and have expended much time and money, to solve various problems. They have settled, at least for the present, that it is not wise to follow spirit directions, except for experimental purposes; yet there may be exceptions. I can only say, each one must be his own guide—while it is possible that there may yet be found some mode of settling, within practical bounds, this branch of the subject.

We do not follow advice or obey directions, given us by persons in the form, unless we have great confidence in their wisdom and goodness, or capability to advise or command; or unless the advice and direction is in accordance with our own final judgment. May not the same rules apply to suggestions of spirits?

If we employ a physician, or a lawyer, we find one we can trust, and then follow his directions. In a military expedition or at sea, or wherever there is the necessity of unity of direction, every subordinate must yield obedience to his superior. In the common affairs of life, we seek advice of those we consider capable of giving it. In traveling, we follow with confidence the directions of any disinterested and intelligent person who knows the routes. In business, we consult men of experience and integrity; is there any reason why, when we are assured of the identity of a spirit, and of the verity of our communications, we should pay them less deference, than we would have done to the voice of the living?

It is wise and well to be careful, not to be deceived and imposed



upon, either by Spirits or Mediums. A person so impressible as to be influenced by spirits, may well be supposed to be susceptible of the influence of spirits still in the form. Every thing is to be tried by our common sense, or clearest impressions of right. We should not do that which we feel to be wrong, at the advice or direction of all the men, or all the spirits, in the universe. This inward sense or feeling of right—an internal satisfaction, peace, and rest, in what we do—seems to me the best test that we can follow in our search after the right way.

Yet, I would not have it thought that I undervalue the leadings and monitions of those guardian spirits, or groups and societies of spirits, whose lives are joined to ours; who assume a charge concerning us, and who are the active media and manifestation of the Divine Providence. That we have such guardians and friends, I have a happy assurance; and while we live a simple, honest life, observing their impressions, following their promptings in truth and goodness, and minding the inward checks they give us, when we are tempted to go astray, they will watch over us.

How far one may “grieve away” these spirits by disregarding their silent monitions, and by a course of reckless wrong-doing, is not for me to say. It seems evident that many are left, for a time, at least, to plunge into evils; to live dishonest, hypocritical, false, bad lives; and many who die early and sudden deaths, or endure great sufferings as the penalty of their misdeeds, may be permitted in this way to escape from unfavorable conditions of circumstance and organization, and enter upon a new scene of progress, in some sphere of spirit-life.

In this, as in all other things, we are to “try the spirits” by our own reason and sense of right. We are to “prove all things” and “hold fast to that which is good.”

In the earlier chapters of this work I have given several examples of what I believe to have been the monitions of guardian spirits saving my life. Thousands of similar instances might be collected, in which some strong impression upon the mind—sometimes a vision in sleep, has saved persons from peril and death. In other cases men have had such warnings and premonitions, as have enabled



them to prepare for their inevitable fate. Are these monitions from some faculty in ourselves, or do they come from some superior intelligences, or from intelligences, who are in superior conditions?

In many cases, there is nothing to prove that these warnings do not come from some usually dormant faculty of provision, or second sight in ourselves. But there are others in which the warning is external to us, and must come from some other intelligent source. When, by night or day, the form of a departed parent appears to a child, with a warning of impending evil, which is the more reasonable supposition—that it was an action of some usually dormant, unconscious, and involuntary power of the mind; or that it was really what it purported to be, the spirit of the father and mother, intervening to protect a beloved child? If the former supposition may seem to some persons the more philosophical, the latter appears to me the most natural; and as I have been for years the daily medium and witness of manifestations, which prove beyond all doubt the possible and actual existence, intervention, and communications of the spirits of those who once lived in the form, I can have no question of the nature of such monitions.

And whenever they come with a vivid impression of their verity, to my internal consciousness, I would heed such monitions. This feeling is one of internal satisfaction and rest. It is what the scriptures term “peace in believing.” From such monitions we do not well to turn away; and yet they can not be too carefully discriminated, from mere imaginations, morbid fancies, and those vagaries of the mind, which so often lead astray. It is to be remembered, also, that a medium, so impressible as to be acted upon by spirits, may also be susceptible to the impressions of spirits in the form. A medium may be entranced, magnetized, or psychologized by those around him; and he may write or speak as they may wish. This is, doubtless, a great source of uncertainty and error. The communications are contradictory. Great masses of what are supposed to be spiritual communications, from distinguished personages, are the mere effects of those psychological impressions.

It is, therefore, of great importance that the medium be of a simple, candid, unprejudiced character, that he may not influence

and distort his own impressions. He should be a clear lens, transmitting the rays of spiritual light without distortion or discoloration. The circle should be of the same character; each mind a plain, clear surface, upon which the rays may fall. In the examination of the spiritual doctrines, a man should lay aside all theories, prepossessions and prejudices of his own. There should be a harmonious receptivity, and a willingness to accept all truth, submitting it only to the test of reason, and its correspondence with other truth. All the truths in the universe harmonize by a law of universal analogy. This is the great test of truth in all spheres of being. Every truth is fitted to every other, by a perfect mutual adaptation; and if any statement is made, which has not this fitness of relation, it must be rejected as untrue.

Shall we believe the spirits? If what they tell us is reasonable, is probable, is in harmony with other known truths, yes. If unreasonable, shocking, revolting, and discordant, no. If it be some fact not connected with principles, within the scope of their vision, and in regard to which there can be no motive to deceive, we shall do well to heed them, particularly when satisfied with the character and identity of the spirit; but in matters of frequent deception and hallucination; in those in which our own passions are liable to lead us astray; as in mercenary speculations, and searching for hidden treasures, we do well to doubt, and to exercise due caution.

It is asked, why do not the high intelligences communicate important information, connected with the physical wants of man; discover mines; invent machinery; reveal the mysteries of science, and so enrich the world.

I think there are very good reasons why such knowledge is withheld. It is best for men that they should go on by the law of growth and progress. Such discoveries would almost certainly, in the present state of the world, be perverted to bad uses. Men are first to be enlightened and harmonized, before such knowledge can be of real value. There is more wealth in the world now than men can make any proper use of. A Divine Providence, an Infinite Wisdom and Love, presides over all spirits, and controls or over-rules all manifestations.

Further, it is not to be assumed without evidence, that discoveries, inventions, and important movements in the world are not effected by spiritual agency. The whole Catholic Church believes in the Communion of Saints, in their angelic guardianship, and promptings to heroic deeds and religious duties. Shall we say that the invocations to departed spirits are without efficacy? Men in all ages have been conscious of supernal aid.

The inspirations of genius, as they are called, have often a remarkable resemblance to what are now termed spiritual communications. Poems, full of great thoughts, come into the mind, without effort. Discoveries of the most wonderful character come to men, in the most sudden and unexpected manner, both waking and sleeping. Thomas Paine, in his *Age of Reason*, declares that he owed almost all the knowledge he possessed to thoughts that would suddenly bolt into his mind, without effort or conscious volition. Those who complain that the spirits do not enlighten mankind, and improve their condition, must first prove that the progress and achievements of the past have been without their agency.

If we reflect that spirits are still men and women, with the same natures, thoughts, and loves, we can judge of their actions by our own. They do as we would wish to do, so far as they have the power. We may rely upon them, as we rely upon each other.

## THE PAINE FESTIVAL.

THE celebration of the one hundred and nineteenth Anniversary of the Birth-day of THOMAS PAINE, in the City of Cincinnati, may be considered as marking a new era in the cause of Freedom and Progress. We are enabled to publish here the Oration and the Resolutions; but did not receive the able address of Mr. Hassaurek, nor the opening remarks of Mr. Hedges, in season for this issue. The entire proceedings, however, it will be seen by the last resolution, are to be published in pamphlet form, under direction of the committee. In publishing the oration, we have, for convenience, separated the central, or biographical portion, from the exordium, so as to print it uniform with our series of "World's Reformers." In the pamphlet it will appear in another form; and the whole proceedings will have, we hope and believe, a wide circulation.

[It will be noticed that in the following Oration, we have alluded only in general terms, to the current religious slanders, respecting the character and habits of Mr. Paine. It seems to us, that any other course would have been out of keeping with the dignity of the subject and the occasion. Those slanders—charges of immorality, drunkenness, and death-bed abandonment of his principles, have been abundantly disproved in courts of justice, and by the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses. They were "pious frauds," whose object was to advance the cause of religion by falsehood. The life of Paine is in his works, and of the most important of these we have given a candid and careful representation.]

After an opening address by ISAAC A. HEDGES, Esq., President of the Festival, and music by the band, Dr. T. L. NICHOLS delivered the following

### ORATION.

MR. PRESIDENT—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I have accepted with pleasure and with pride, the honorable position your committee has assigned me. It might have been entrusted to one better able to do justice to the demands of this occasion; but the honor could not have been conferred upon any one who would appreciate it more highly, or who could feel more anxiety to perform worthily the sacred duty of rescuing from the darkness of ignorance, the blight of bigotry, and the calumnies of creed-bound sectarians, the fame of a man, who has done more than to "fill the measure of his country's

glory;" one who has been a hero and a martyr in the cause of civil and religious liberty throughout the world.

I respond cordially, therefore, to the summons to address you on this occasion, and to the sentiments expressed in the preamble and resolutions, inviting you to join in this celebration; and I, a stranger here, congratulate you upon the liberality, freedom, and justice, which have prompted your noble response to that invitation.

I congratulate Cincinnati, Queen City of the West, that she has the mind and heart, the manly courage and nobility of soul, to render this tribute of justice to one of the great unappreciated heroes of humanity. I congratulate the Great West upon the spirit of freedom that breathes over her prairies, and flows onward with her rivers. I congratulate the country that embosoms this glorious home of plenty and of liberty; I congratulate the universal humanity that there is an America, and a Great West, and a queenly city here, and a people, so free, so intelligent, so generous and heroic, as thus to celebrate this anniversary, to vindicate the truth of history, and help to right the wrongs of half a century.

*It is right*, that the examples of courage, genius and philanthropy in the past, should be held in remembrance for the emulation and gratitude of the present and the future.

*It is true*, and it is a part of my duty to make it manifest to all who hear me, that the life and writings of THOMAS PAINE prove him to have been a hero, a philosopher, and a philanthropist, and worthy of our admiration and gratitude.

*It is true*, as will abundantly appear, that his eminent and unequalled services, in the cause of American Independence, and of Civil and Religious Liberty, entitle him especially to the honor and gratitude of every American; and it was, therefore, rightly and nobly resolved to celebrate, here and now, the 119th Anniversary of the Birth-day of the Author-Hero of the Revolution—the vindicator of the rights of man, and the champion of Civil and Religious Liberty, THOMAS PAINE; whose COMMON SENSE awoke the American people to the Declaration of Independence; whose CRISIS, in the times that tried men's souls, gave vigor to our arms; who asserted and defended the Principles of Republican Liberty in both hemispheres; who was the uncompromising foe of all despotisms, and the unwavering friend of Freedom and Humanity.

Most heartily do I respond to this appeal; most cheerfully will I present to you all that is needed to sustain it—the simple facts of the Life of that HONEST MAN, whose birth upon our planet was a blessing to humanity, and rendered illustrious and memorable THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

## THOMAS PAINE.

THE memory of THOMAS PAINE, the "Author Hero of the American Revolution," has been shrouded in error and blackened by bigotry. Let those who may be so ignorant of his true character, and of the facts of history, as to question his right to a place among the foremost of the World's Reformers, read the following impartial account of his life and works :

THOMAS PAINE, son of an English Quaker, was born at Thetford, England, January 29, 1737. A man of the people, he received only the common rudiments of an English education, and at the age of thirteen was taken from school to assist his father, in his trade of staymaker.

A desire for a more active and adventurous life led him, shortly after, to ship on board a British privateer, the celebrated ship "The Terrible," commanded by Captain Death. But his father, fearing to lose his son, and being opposed to wars, as a part of his religious faith, made such an appeal to his youthful feelings, as induced him to return home, and lay aside, for a time, his warlike and adventurous projects.

But his monotonous and distasteful labor was so ill-suited to his active spirit, that he subsequently joined the privateer, King of Prussia, and made a cruise; of the incidents of which he has left no record.

Of the heart-life of this man we have no history. There are, however, a few facts which open that life to the imagination of the sympathetic reader. He was married in 1759, at the age of 22 years, and settled at Sandwich, pursuing his trade. His wife died at the end of the first year of their marriage. In this love and this loss, we have the key to much of his later life. It was a shock from which he seems never to have recovered. If in his later years he seemed a cynic, those who have so loved and suffered, know how to forgive.

At the age of twenty-four he was appointed to a place in the



excise, which he held for thirteen years. During this time he married again; but it was an unhappy marriage of convenience; or rather of duty and gratitude. He married the daughter of a deceased friend, and took charge of his family and business. This uncongenial and fruitless bond was, after a few years, severed by mutual consent. So far as is known, Paine lived through his life, like so many other human benefactors—loveless and childless. Severed from ties of family, they adopt the race, and give to humanity those talents and exertions which else might have been, more happily perhaps, but less usefully, expended in the narrow circle of a home. The ages of the past have been ages of sacrifice, and the world's saviors have borne their crosses, and their crowns have been crowns of thorns.

In 1774, at the age of 37, flying from the scene of so much unhappiness, Paine went to London. Here he turned his attention to scientific pursuits, and among the philosophers with whom he became acquainted, was Dr. Franklin, whose eminent practical sagacity recognized his fitness for the new world; and he accordingly advised him to try his fortunes in America. He followed this advice, and his destiny, and came to Philadelphia, where he first secured employment as editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, for which he wrote some pleasant essays and poems.

Thus, in the prime and vigor of his early manhood, chastened in the school of adversity, unperverted and uncorrupted by either a religious or scholastic education; a self-taught, self-made man, he found himself a citizen of the New World, at the outbreak of the American Revolution. His scientific and literary pursuits had introduced him to the society of Franklin, Rush, Barlow, and other eminent men, and he joined in their discussions on the condition of the colonies, and their relations to the mother country.

To appreciate the work which Thomas Paine was now destined to perform, we must remember the state of affairs at that period. The idea of liberty and independence had come to but few of the foremost minds of that age. The great mass of the American colonists, both the people and their leaders, were thoroughly loyal, and strongly attached to Great Britain. They believed in the Divine Right of Kings; the sacredness of hereditary rule, and in the obligations of loyalty. But there was also a feeling of sturdy determination to maintain their constitutional rights. In this state of things, in 1776, taking counsel with the leaders of the Republican movement, Thomas Paine burst upon the country with his "*COMMON SENSE*." It was a trumpet peal, which awoke the Colonies to the thought of independence, and prepared them for the contest in which it was won. He taught the people that freedom



and security were the true objects of government, and that the simplest form, by which these ends could be attained, was the best; that "of more worth is one honest man to society, and in the sight of God, than all the crowned ruffians that ever lived."

With the religious faith and feeling which characterize all his works, he says:

"The reformation was preceded by the discovery of America, as if the Almighty graciously meant to open a sanctuary to the persecuted in future years, when home should afford neither friendship nor safety."

And after the most cogent arguments in favor of independence, and a free government, he closes with this noble and eloquent appeal:

"O, ye that love mankind! ye that dare oppose, not only tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the old world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart. Oh! receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind."

The effect of this pamphlet, "*Common Sense*" is, probably, without a parallel in human literature. The first emotion it produced was terror—the next feeling was conviction, and then came an enthusiasm for its principles that resulted in the Declaration of Independence. Contemporary testimony is unanimous on this point. The friends of liberty were cheered onward; those who wavered were made firm, and thousands were converted. "*COMMON SENSE*" was the knell of European despotism, and the tocsin of American liberty.

Paine did not only *write* for freedom, but volunteered as a soldier in the continental army,—giving this personal testimony to the sincerity of his principles. In this position he became the guest of Washington, and the friend of Lafayette and the principal officers of the American army—with many of whom he lived on terms of intimacy to the close of his life.

But the struggle of the Revolution was long and severe; and there were times when the bravest might well lose courage and the most sanguine despair. It was not enough to arouse the spirit of the country—it required to be sustained. The people were soon tired of the war. The militia, drafted for brief terms of service, and unused to the hardships of the camp, were leaving the army. Our cities were occupied by the enemy; his ships filled our harbors and bays, and the frontiers swarmed with his savage allies. In this day of darkness and despair, Thomas Paine came to the rescue. It was not Washington, nor the Adamses, nor Franklin, nor Jeffer-

son ; the men we call, and rightly call, the Fathers of the Republic, who were chosen as the instrument of Providence, in this emergency, but the calumniated Thomas Paine. His "CRISIS" went forth to the country like the clarion peal of victory, in the midst of disaster and defeat. It opens with the inspiration of genius, and its first sentence is the sound of a trumpet which will reverberate through all time :

*"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country ; but he that stands it NOW, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman."*

The disheartened soldier, who was leaving the army, turned back and renewed his enlistment ; the farmer left the plough in the furrow ; the mechanic, his unfinished work on the bench. Men and means gathered around the Standard of Liberty. Members of the Continental Congress returned to their post of duty. The CRISIS was read to every corporal's guard in the army ; and courage and confidence succeeded to terror and despair.

A man of the people, Thomas Paine knew how to appeal to the popular heart. Sincere and earnest in his devotion to Liberty, he inspired others with the same zeal. His appeals were prompted by a higher feeling even than patriotism—by the principles of Justice, and the dictates of Humanity.

"Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods," he says, in this remarkable production, "and it would be strange indeed, if so *celestial* an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated."

"I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength by distress, and grow brave by reflection."

"We live in a large world, and have extended our ideas beyond the limits and prejudices of an Island. We hold out the right hand of fellowship to the universe."

It was in this spirit that Thomas Paine incited and led on the Revolution, which owes as much to his single pen, as to the swords of all its heroes. At every stage of that great struggle, he wrote a new number of the Crisis, which was distributed to the army and country. Well has he been denominated the "Author-Hero" of the Revolution ; and well might Jefferson bear testimony to the fact, which bigots have almost made the world forget, that Thomas Paine "had done as much as any man living, to establish the Freedom of America." During the war, he served, also, as Secretary of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, of the Continental Congress ; as Clerk of the Legislature of Pennsylvania ; he volunteered to be one of a party to burn the British fleet in the Delaware ; and he accompanied Mr. Laurens to France, and aided to secure a loan of

ten millions livres, and a present from the French Crown, of six millions.

For these great and inestimable services, he received, in 1785, the thanks of Congress; and a pecuniary remuneration of \$3,000. The State of Pennsylvania voted him five hundred pounds currency; and the State of New York granted him a farm of three hundred acres, at New Rochelle. This may have been enough to satisfy the simple tastes of Thomas Paine, but scarcely enough to evince the gratitude of a magnanimous nation. In his case, our Republic has not been merely ungrateful; but it has permitted religious bigotry and proscription to cover with ignominy, the name of one who deserves both honor and gratitude.

The war was over, and Paine turned his attention to the arts of peace. He invented an Iron Bridge, and went to France and England to secure patents in those countries. This project, which had but a moderate success, seems to have been a means by which Providence led him to new fields of labor in the cause of Freedom and Humanity. It was the period of the French Revolution, which followed the American. Its principles were attacked with eloquent sophistries by Edmund Burke, but Thomas Paine defended them by publishing, in 1791, in England, bearding the British Lion in his den, his immortal work, "THE RIGHTS OF MAN."

In this work he asserted the great principles of Human Liberty; eternal, impregnable, and as fresh to-day as in all the cycles of the past. He overthrew the basis of hereditary power, by showing that man never could have the right of binding or controlling his posterity by institutions, or governments, or creeds, or laws.

He defined the natural rights of man, as those which always appertain to him, in right of his existence. Life, itself, brings to every being the right of seeking his own happiness, or the greatest enjoyment of that life, which can be exercised without injury to the equal rights of others.

Thus every civil right rests on natural right. Society and government are for the guarantee and protection of every natural right; none are surrendered; but only, as a matter of convenience, in certain cases, delegated to others.

"Public good," he says elsewhere, in his Discourse on Government, "is not a term opposed to the good of individuals; on the contrary, it is the good of every individual collected. It is the good of all, because it is the good of every one."

It is this principle I have tried to bring to the comprehension of those who are placing institutions above humanity; and who would have every individual suffer, for the general good.

Paine understood the true basis of Human Society, or of what-

ever government or regulation it requires, in the affections or attractions of the Human Soul—those Attractions which, as Fourier has said, are proportional to Destinies.

“The wants and affections of man,” he says, “impel him to form societies.”

“Formal government makes but a small part of civilized life.”

“The more perfect civilization is, the less occasion has it for government, because the more does it regulate its own affairs, and govern itself.”

“All the great Laws of Society are Laws of Nature.”

“Man has no authority over posterity in matters of personal right. All hereditary government is, in its nature, tyranny.”

“All delegated power is trust—and all assumed power is usurpation.”

Such are some of the fundamental principles, announced in Paine's treatise on “The Rights of Man;” principles which have a wider application, it may be, than he suspected—principles which are universal and unchangeable—because true; for there are axioms in social and political science, as in mathematics.

No man ever comprehended the Age in which he lived, and the great thought and work of that Age, better than did Thomas Paine, and no man has given clearer evidence of genius or inspiration. Thus he says:

“The present Age will hereafter merit to be called the Age of Reason, and the present generation will appear to the future as the Adam of a New World.”

“An army of principles will penetrate where an army of soldiers can not; it will succeed, where diplomatic management will fail; it is neither the Rhine, the Channel, nor the Ocean, that can arrest its progress; it will march on the horizon of the world, and it will conquer.”

Such was this man's faith in principles; such his consciousness of the power of truth; for he believed that—

“Such is the irresistible nature of truth, that all it asks, and all it wants, is the liberty of appearing.”

Has any man, in any Age, given utterance to a more sublime faith?

And these principles, stated with great clearness, and supported by a power of illustration that rendered them irresistible, are radical, fundamental, and universal. They are the basis of all right; and opposed to every wrong. The most advanced reformer of this day does no more than to extend, to a wider and more comprehensive sphere, the application of the principles of the “Rights of Man,” as stated, and in the statement demonstrated, by Thomas Paine. It

was this work that excited Mary Wollstonecraft to write her noble "vindication of the Rights of Woman." And these principles, the basis of the Declaration of American Independence, and its claim to the great rights of "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness," have only to be carried out to their legitimate ultimations, to accomplish for Humanity that integral and Universal Freedom which is the condition of Progress, Development, Harmony and Happiness.

Political independence and reforms in Government did not satisfy his principles or his philanthropy. Paine was a Socialist. He pressed upon legislators the duty of securing to all men the means of happiness; of protecting the rights of honest poverty against the usurpations and plunderings of wealth; and while his writings against superstition and priestcraft, brought upon him the hatred of sectarians, his *Essay on Agrarian Justice* offended the wealthy and aristocratic. But Paine, like every other man who is in advance of his own age, must look for justice to posterity.

The publication of the *Rights of Man* in England, brought upon Paine the prosecution of the Crown; but while he was waiting the result of a trial, he was informed by an embassy from France, that he had been elected, with several other distinguished personages, a citizen of the French Republic, and also by the citizens of Calais, a member of the National Convention. Called to this new field of labor, he left England, and published an address accepting the honor of citizenship, and the post of Representative. He was a member of the Convention, in that stormy period; he voted and spoke in favor of the trial of Louis XVI., but his humanity revolted at the idea of unnecessary bloodshed, and he earnestly opposed the execution of the King, and asked, as a favor to America, that he might be permitted to come to this country, and end his days in peace. This brave effort to save a human life, and the life of a King, caused his own imprisonment, in the reign of terror, and his own condemnation to the guillotine, from which he providentially escaped. I say *providentially*, for such was his own belief.

We come now to a consideration of that portion of the life and work of this extraordinary man, which has doomed him to the calumnies and execrations of the ignorant and fanatical; but which, when truly examined, will be considered as honorable and useful as any portion of his career. He had been the instrument of Providence, in the birth of the Great Republic; he had struck a blow at Hereditary Rule, and the Divine Rights of Kingly Despotisms in Europe, from which they can never recover. He had now another war to wage with intolerance, bigotry, and religious proscription and persecution.

Thomas Paine was a religious man. Born a Quaker, while free from sectarian creeds, he inherited a spiritual impressibility. He was a man of intuitions. In our day he would be called a Spiritualist—he would be claimed as a MEDIUM.

This is not mere assertion—his writings contain abundant evidence of all I assert. First, of what I term his mediumship, or susceptibility to spiritual impressions, I quote a paragraph from the *Age of Reason*, in which he says :

“There are two distinct classes of what are called thoughts ; those that we produce in ourselves by reflection and the act of thinking, and those that bolt into the mind of their own accord. I have always made it a rule to treat those voluntary visitors with civility, taking care to examine, as well as I was able, if they were worth entertaining ; and it is from them that I have acquired about all the knowledge I possess.”

Mr. Paine had his religious convictions, and he was faithful to them. He intended to write a work on religion, to devote to it his matured powers, and to publish it toward the close of his life, making his dying testimony an evidence of the sincerity of his opinions. But the Reign of Terror, that inversion of the Revolution, whose internal history has never yet been truly written, by making his death probable at any time, hastened this work. He could not leave the world without bearing his testimony ; consequently, in France, with the guillotine flashing death upon him ; with his friends falling on the right and the left, and his own life in imminent peril, he sat down to compose the “*AGE OF REASON*.” Let us take his own solemn declaration of the motives of that work. The people of France, he says, oppressed for ages by religious superstition and despotism, were rushing into the opposite extreme of a blank atheism. Paine wrote the *Age of Reason*, to prove the existence of a God and immortality ; and I know of no work extant, in which these two articles of his creed are more powerfully and convincingly sustained.

He wrote the first part of the *Age of Reason*, including the criticisms on the Old and New Testament, without a Bible or Testament to refer to ; hurried by the prospect of the threatening guillotine ; and six hours after it was finished, he was arrested. He gave the manuscript into the hands of Mr. Barlow, on his way to prison, that it might not be lost. If there ever was a dying testimony, this is one, for his death seemed inevitable.

Eleven months of imprisonment was terminated by the death of Robespierre, and his own restoration to his seat in the convention.



In his earlier works, Paine had advocated Religious Liberty as a right of Humanity. In the "Rights of Man," he says:

"The first act of man, when he looked around, and saw himself a creature which he did not make, and a world furnished for his reception, must have been devotion, and devotion must ever continue sacred to every individual man, as it appears right to him."

Elsewhere, he says:

"Religion is man bringing to his maker the fruits of his heart, the offering of his adoration. It is the equal right of all, to do this in his own way, and the grateful tribute of every heart is acceptable to the Almighty."

These are the words of the Infidel, Thomas Paine. But in the "Age of Reason" he defines his own belief; in that book he says:

"I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life."

"I do not mean by this declaration to condemn those who believe otherwise. They have the same right to their belief as I have in mine. *But it is necessary to the happiness of man, that he be mentally faithful to himself.*"

The literature of the world does not contain a more beautiful declaration of tolerance of the opinions of others, and the duty of fidelity to our own.

"I trouble not myself," he says, "about the manner of future existence. I content myself with believing, *even to positive conviction*, that the power that gave me existence is able to continue it, in any form or manner he pleases, either with or without this body; and it appears more probable to me that I shall continue to exist hereafter, than that I should have had existence, as I now have, before that existence began."

"The consciousness of existence is the only conceivable idea we can have of another life—and the continuance of that consciousness is immortality."

But he did not believe the Bible, you say. So much of it he believed; all of it, he certainly did not. He says of the Old Testament:

"It is a history of wickedness, that has served to corrupt and brutalize mankind; and, for my own part, I sincerely detest it, as I detest everything that is cruel."

And holding to this belief, he had no power, as an honest and most conscientious man, to conceal it from his fellow-men. Thomas Paine was not only no hypocrite, but he was no selfist, time-server, or coward. He knew his work, and he did it. He said:

"When a man has so far corrupted and prostituted the chastity of his mind, as to subscribe his professional belief to things he does



not believe, he has prepared himself for the commission of every other crime."

But if Paine did not believe in all that is contained in the Bible, he did believe in, and most truly revered, the Word of God. Here is his own statement :

"THE WORD OF GOD IS THE CREATION WE BEHOLD, and it is in *this word*, which no human inventors can counterfeit or alter, that God speaketh universally to man."

Elsewhere he says :

"The creation we behold is the real and ever existing word of God, in which we can not be deceived. It proclaims his power; it demonstrates his wisdom; it manifests his goodness and benevolence."

And he wrote his "Age of Reason," the most abused, perhaps, of all human productions, with this noble purpose :

"To relieve and tranquilize the minds of millions, and free them from hard thoughts of the Almighty."

A noble purpose; a sublime faith; a conscientious endeavor; what can we ask more?

Thomas Paine was a man of great honesty of purpose, as well as freedom of thought. He did what he believed to be right, acting under a noble sense of duty, and caring little for consequences to his person or reputation. In this he was an example to all reformers—a resolute, heroic character, whom those who hate must still respect. His sentiment, in the Rights of Man, respecting the squandering of public money, is a lesson which too many of our politicians need to study. He says :

"Public money ought to be touched with the most scrupulous consciousness of honor. It is not the produce of riches only, but the hard earnings of labor and poverty. It is drawn from the bitterness of want and misery. Not a beggar passes, or perishes in the street, whose mite is not in that mass."

Few men have seemed so unselfish as Paine. He was poor, and though a small copy-right on "Common Sense" would have enriched him, he gave it to the legislatures of the several States. He made a donation of each number of the Crisis to the cause. He refused large sums for his "Rights of Man," that it might be circulated in cheap editions, throughout Great Britain. He never pressed his claims upon the country for his unequally and almost wholly unrequited services. The three thousand dollars given by Congress was a remuneration for sacrifices, and it was left to the State of New York, to provide, by her moderate but sufficient bounty, for the wants of his declining years.

In regard to the character of Thomas Paine, we have the following testimony from Joel Barlow, a gentleman of high position and

distinguished talent. Mr. Barlow says he was "one of the most benevolent and disinterested of mankind. He was one of the most instructive men I have ever known; charitable to the poor, beyond his means, and a sure protector and friend to Americans in distress in foreign countries.

"As to his religious opinions, as they were those of probably three-fourths of the men of letters of the last Age, and of nearly all those of the present, I see no reason why they should form a distinctive character in him."

I am not inclined to claim for him this undistinctive character.

Paine is distinguished—nobly and heroically distinguished from nearly all the men of letters, in that age and this, by his conscience and courage. He saw and knew as well as we see now, that had he concealed his religious convictions in deference to popular sentiment, he would have been honored and applauded, instead of defamed and calumniated. Had he bowed to the church, or even kept silent, a mantle of charity would have been spread over any human errors or weaknesses, and his name would have been heard in every blast of the trump of fame, and swelled in capitals in every Fourth of July oration. Had he been a politic, a worldly, a selfish, a dishonest man, he would have done this: but he was too unselfish, too honest, too faithful to his interior convictions, his sense of duty, and the leadings of Providence to shrink from his work, though it might lead to ignominy and martyrdom.

Outlawed by the British Government, whose cruisers covered the seas, and who searched for him in vessels in which it was supposed he had taken passage, Mr. Paine returned with difficulty to the United States, in 1802. Outlawed by the priesthood, and pious people of this country, he lived in New York and its vicinity seven years, in comparative obscurity and isolation, suffering in age, disease, and loneliness, all the calumnies that a fanatical malice could heap upon him, and an ingratitude, for which it belongs to us to make a tardy, but sincere reparation. He died at the age of 72, in a firm belief in the principles he had held through his life, and, of consequence, in the assured hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave.

Such was the life, and such the character and doctrines of this man. Had he been less honest, less philanthropic, less entitled to the admiration and gratitude of mankind, the whole world would have sung his praises; and we should not have been required to demand of a creed-darkened age, *JUSTICE TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS PAINE*.

And there shall be justice, honor, and immortality to the memory of this man, when the names of some to whom Peans are now shout-

ing, shall be lost in oblivion. When the tyrants and despots of mankind are no more feared; when king-craft and priest-craft are no more honored; when usurpation and oppression, bigotry and superstition, the frauds of the crafty and the plunderings of the powerful, no longer spread ignorance, poverty, vice, and misery over the earth, then will free, enlightened men do justice to the memory of THOMAS PAINE. And no true justice can be done to him, until we come to the realization of the principles he taught. We honor a conqueror, when the conquest is achieved. We celebrate a triumph when the victory is won. The heroes of American Independence, who were satisfied with that achievement, have received the honors awarded by a grateful country. But the greater work, and the nobler ambition of this man of principles, is yet to be accomplished. It is the future that will witness his triumph, and from the future will come his full reward.

It was not enough for him that America was free—he asked the freedom of universal man. It was not enough that victory perched upon the starry banner of the new republic; wherever the flag of freedom was unfurled, there was his post of duty. His country was the world; his sympathies were with the oppressed of every land; his great heart would have given freedom, hope, and happiness to all mankind.

When man shall be free from the rule of despots and despotic institutions; free from the chains of superstition and the terrors of religious proscription; free from the creeds, and bigotries, and fanaticism of the ages of ignorance and credulity; free from intolerance, injustice, and oppression of every kind, then will the life, and thought, and character of Thomas Paine be understood, and his memory duly honored.

Let us do our duty as bravely, as earnestly, as unselfishly, as unflinchingly as he did his. Let us honor the memory of this heroic man by living the principles he taught; by resisting every oppression and injustice, and ceasing to be oppressive and unjust. It is by giving vitality to the principles of a man that we pay the highest honor to his memory.

The time is coming when the true reformers of mankind shall be honored as they deserve. America will repent of her ingratitude. She will rise above the mists of error that have obscured her vision. Free from the bondage of a foreign yoke, she will throw off the shackles that fetter her mind and heart; and when she has comprehended a true, integral freedom, that recognizes every right of humanity, she will be ready to do the justice we demand. The historian who writes for that future will record the services of Thomas Paine. On the roll of fame which that future shall emblazon, no

name of the past shall brighten with a clearer luster, in the constellation of heroic benefactors, his star shall shine, immortal as his Principles.

"And the "COMMON SENSE" of mankind shall triumph in the "CRISIS" of this great contest for universal freedom; and THOMAS PAINE shall find justice, when an "AGE OF REASON" shall inaugurate the "RIGHTS OF MAN!"

## FURTHER PROCEEDINGS.

After the delivery of the Oration, the Marseilles was played with admirable effect, by the United States military band, of the government barracks at Newport, Kentucky; and an able and eloquent address delivered by FREDERICK HASSAUREK, Esq., Editor of the German "*Hochwächter*;" after which Dr. NICHOLS, in behalf of the committee, reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

## RESOLUTIONS.

*Resolved*, That the genius, integrity, and philanthropy, the devotion to principles, and the unequalled services of THOMAS PAINE, in the cause of American Independence and the Rights of Man, entitle him to national honors, and "the love and thanks of man and woman."

*Resolved*, That we commend to all Reformers, Educators, and Legislators the study of the Principles of Civil and Religious Liberty contained in the writings of THOMAS PAINE, viz: that freedom and security in the exercise of every right, and in the pursuit of happiness, are the great objects of society and government; and that religious belief, like every involuntary and spontaneous act of the human mind, should be free, under the only rightful limitation of freedom—its exercise not infringing upon the equal right of another.

*Resolved*, That every usurpation of power, by monarch, oligarchy, priesthood, or majority, is a despotism; that every government, law, institution, or custom is tyrannical, which interferes with the natural rights of man, and hinders individual prosperity and happiness.

*Resolved*, That the individual man is sovereign over all his institutions; that we accept and reaffirm the great principle asserted by the author of the "Rights of Man," that men have no right to bind

posterity, with constitutions, governments, laws, institutions, creeds, systems, or customs : therefore it is the ever sacred and indestructible right of every human being to choose for himself, as if such things had never existed, that form of government, society, and religion, which commends itself to his reason, and promises to promote his individual happiness ; such right being exercised with a due regard to the equal right of every other individual.

*Resolved*, That we distinguish between the Christianity which is the representative expression of the moral virtue, and physical, and mental achievement of civilization, and the Christianity of blind superstition, clashing creeds, bigotted sects, and ignorant and intolerant fanatics, which has filled the world with persecution and bloodshed, and opposed every advance in science ; which fetters the limbs, darkens the mind, and hardens the heart of humanity ; which is a stumbling block in the path of progress, and the great embodiment of error, intolerance, and despotism.

*Resolved*, That we can respect the sincerity, if not the wisdom, of every honest belief ; that we desire, in the assertion of our rights, to trespass upon no right of another ; that we can tolerate every thing but intolerance ; and war only with the despotisms, which war against the rights of man.

*Resolved*, That we earnestly recommend to our fellow-citizens everywhere the celebration of this anniversary, until men shall become enlightened, tolerant, and brave enough to do JUSTICE TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS PAINE.

J. S. BOYDEN, Esq., moved the following additional resolutions:

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this assembly are due to the committee of arrangements ; the contributors of " material aid ;" to the military volunteers who have paid the honors of a national salute to a nation's benefactor ; to the President and officers of this meeting ; to the orators of the day ; to the Union Choir and United States military band, of Newport, Ky., for their liberty-inspired and inspiring music ; and to the independent press, which has given, or may give, publicity to our proceedings.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this meeting be presented to Major Heintzleman, U. S. A., for a national salute.

*Resolved*, That the proceedings, addresses, and resolutions of this celebration be published, in a durable form, for general distribution, and as a memorial of this anniversary.