

January 1856

NICHOLS' MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1856.

WE commence a New Volume of our Monthly with the New Year, hoping and expecting, in the absence of any unforeseen calamity, to continue its regular publication.

This, it will be perceived, like the last, contains an extra quantity of matter; making up for the deficiency in our last volume.

This number is the last one which will be sent to those who do not renew their subscriptions. Our friends will observe this, forward their own subscriptions, and such others as they may be able to procure, with as little delay as possible.

We commence the publication of a new story, or narrative serial, entitled "ESPERANZA: MY JOURNEY THITHER, AND WHAT I FOUND THERE."

It has the form of a book of travels, and purports to be a series of letters written by a young gentleman of New York, to his affianced, while on a Western tour, in search of a home. It is published anonymously, but every one will form his own opinion respecting the authorship. We may be permitted to say that it promises to be of great interest to all who look forward to the realization of a true life on the earth, as it professes to give the actual working and daily experience of a Harmonic Society. Larger portions will be given in succeeding numbers.

Since the issue of our last, we have commenced a series of Lectures in Cincinnati, on "The Phenomena, Doctrines, and Ultimations of Spiritualism." They have been thus far well attended, and a good interest is manifested. The second lecture was phonographically reported, and its publication having been requested by many who heard it, it is to be published in a small pamphlet. It is entitled "FREE-LOVE, A DOCTRINE OF SPIRITUALISM." We have

no personal interest in its publication, but shall be able to furnish it for circulation at the rate of three dollars a hundred, post paid, for a dollar's worth or more. The discourse, as given, was considered unanswerable; and we think will help to settle this "vexed question."

We invite attention to the continuation of "The Sisters;" to the remarkable facts in the "Life of a Medium;" to the Sketch and extracts from the writings of N. P. Rogers; to the Report of the Central Bureau; Correspondence, Poetry, etc.

Preparing to go forward in our great work, full of hope and faith in the Divine Providence, and the great future, we cordially invite all who can, to give us their earnest co-operation. While our friends in the West may feel that we have cast our lot among them, and have an increased claim upon their efforts; our Eastern friends must also feel that we are engaged in their work, and the work of the universal humanity.

And we trust that they all feel that this work must go onward. After every winter comes springtime, and the beauty and riches of summer and autumn. The progress of humanity is as sure. Growth is silent, but not less sure. If you fall away from the work, and sink into a withering selfishness, others will come forward and take your places. But we hope better things of you.

We have now before us copies of our two latest publications, the "RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD," and our "MEDICAL MISCELLANIES." They are very neatly printed, and seem to us of great value to all persons who wish to earnestly investigate the religious progress of our race; or to avail themselves of the principles of health and personal redemption.

Professional or volunteer agents can find, we think, a ready sale for these works, as well as for others on our list of publications. We can now supply all orders promptly. We will send either by mail, or express, a package of our works, in return for a remittance of five dollars, or more—making in each case the largest possible discount. But this is not intended to hinder those who wish to aid us in that way, from paying the full price, and giving the profit as a donation to the cause of human enlightenment and progress.

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

THE SISTERS:

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY LYNDON."

CHAPTER XXII.

A WOMAN'S LOT.

THE sun had not risen, and the light was yet "hoddén grey," when Dr. Brown entered the gate of Mrs. Sherwood's yard.

That lady was "stirring." She had slept a great deal, for her, under the influence of the "soothing medicine" given her by the kind doctor. She awoke with a bad headache, and a bruised sensation across her shoulders, a very lame arm, and a pain in her back—a sense of "all goneness," as she expressed it, in her stomach. Her eyelids seemed numb, her eyeballs ached, she had a pain in her side, a weak and tremulous state of the extremities, a dry mouth and tongue, a flutter at the heart, and she was very thirsty. Her dreams had been oppressive; and though she had dreamed of falling into the well, she had not succeeded in allaying her thirst at all.

She awoke in a good deal of mental confusion. She was troubled about Fred, and she was troubled about Caroline Meadows, and the property question troubled her terribly, and she was troubled for fear Dr. Brown might be "led away," by the young folks. All this seemed trouble enough, but the habit of long carefulness in ruling and providing for her realm, soon asserted its sway, and she rose as quickly as possible, under the circumstances, and invested herself in her black bombasette dress. She had bought many yards of that material, many years before. She was always to be dressed in mourning; so she laid in a stock of cheap, black, woolen and of "mourning calico," years ago.

The doctor came in at the gate. The thin, trembling, wierd woman was making her way toward that unsightly, unhealthy and most miserable abomination, the styé, or hog-house and yard, with a

great pail of swill in her hand. It was with exceeding difficulty that she staggered along under her load, when Dr. Brown came up, saying,

"Bless my soul, my dear madam, I thought you were my patient. What can you mean by being so cruel to my friend Mrs. Sherwood?" He took the pail from her, and she came near falling when relieved of the weight. He carried it to the spout and poured it in, and a half dozen hogs of different sizes came to take their morning repast; or rather the first slight instalment of it, for many more buckets must be carried before they would be satisfied, and relax the shrill music with which the farm-house was constantly entertained.

It was really sad to contemplate life in the aching body, and worse than aimless soul, of Mrs. Sherwood. There was a sort of external goodness in everything that Dr. Brown did or said. He seemed to be sent to the people in Meadowsville—the "nervous," and drunken, and overworked, and tormented ones—like the one anciently, who was wanted to dip his finger in water, and cool the tongue of one who was burning in those mystical flames, that have been actualized by literal Christians. Dr. Brown really came to those who lifted up their eyes, being in torment. Mrs. Sherwood felt a great friendliness toward him, when he had taken her pail, and also a real reliance upon him for the future.

She led him to the kitchen; this was her home.

"Doctor," said she in a low voice, that trembled pathetically in the kind man's ears; "will you tell me what Fred has done, or was trying to do yesterday? You know how I have slaved," and her apron was raised to wipe her tears.

"Mrs. Sherwood," said the doctor, confidingly, "you know I have to humor my patients like so many children. Especially when they are a little—— a little out."

"Yes, doctor."

"Well, Mr. Frederick insisted yesterday, that I should make his will, and give his part of the farm to Caroline Meadows."

"His part of the farm is all of it, as soon as I am gone," cried the old woman in a rage.

"My dear madam, don't make earnest out of children's play. Of

course, I humored Mr. Sherwood. I made a will, I have it here in my pocket, and you can take it and put it in the fire."

"But what was Mr. Meadows here for?"

"As a neighbor and friend, he happened to be here, and Fred insisted that he should hear the will read, and I read it to him, but not to Caroline."

"Where's the will, let me burn it?"

"Certainly—certainly," said Dr. Brown, taking some papers from his pocket, with alacrity, but then he paused, as if considering, while the old woman held her trembling hand out for the document.

"Had I not better retain the paper, lest Mr. Frederick should recollect it, and inquire for it. It is not worth a rush, for, of course, it is not recorded. You can trust your interests with me; can't you, Mrs. Sherwood?" said he, blandly.

"Yes, I am sure of it," blubbered the miserable woman. "You are the only friend I have in the world, and if you will make my will to-day, you shall know how I feel to you," and she applied the corner of her apron vigorously to her eyes.

"I have not slaved and saved for Caroline Meadows. Doctor, you don't know how savin' I always have been. This is the third winter on this gown. I never had but two black silk aprons in my life, and the strings of the first is good on the one I've got now, and the corner piece of the first, I've got on my neck now; but what's the use, if she's to come here and rule and reign, and put my hard airnins' into furbelows, and flounces? Sure enough, what's the use of savin' for such as them?"

The doctor would have echoed this sentiment, if he had thought it altogether prudent, as it was, he only said sententiously:

"Mrs. Sherwood, *trust me*."

"I have no one else to trust," she muttered, as she remembered milking and foddering time, (for she never trusted Tim to fodder alone, lest he should waste,) hog feeding, general poultry feeding, and the preparation of breakfast for her other two-legged boarders.

If she had had a full and distinct consciousness for each separate ache and misery that possessed her meagre body, she would have rivaled Prometheus, or the agony of the Laocoon, or of Dives.

What a lot was her's, for a woman, and one who had wealth and experience, living in a "free country," "a Christian land," and sitting every Sunday under the benign ministrations of Calvinistic Christianity.

When Dr. Brown had concluded his diplomatic conference with Mrs. Sherwood, he adjourned to Frederick's room to "manage him." Jerry was outside the door, and the joyful expression of his face and all over his lank, loose-jointed form, assured Dr. Brown that Frederick Sherwood was better.

"Sure and sartin', he's saved, doctor," said Jerry, rubbing his great hands, and then putting one over his left vest pocket, where the watch reposed, with an expression of great reliance, and then reverently looking upward, "He's saved—an' I'll alus believe in prayers and watches arter this. He's sleepin' like a baby yet, and has been sence nine o'clock last night.

"Now, doctor, I did not tell you about the watch, but I must, for goodness knows, I would not take any credit to myself, that did not belong to me. I have done my part like a man, because I've been strengthened to do it; but the long and the short on't is, that if it had not been for Miss Minnie's watch, that I have here in my pocket," and he took it out and laid it in the palm of his left hand, and caressed it lovingly with his right, "if it had not been for this ere watch, and Miss Minnie's prayers, I could'nt a done my duty, and if it had not been for my doing my duty, and Fred's havin' the watch as well as me, and Miss Minnie's praying extra, we never should a got him safe through right in among the spells."

"Jerry, you have been a faithful friend and nurse," said the doctor.

"But its just as true as that you are a kind man, and profess to be a good Christian, and that you are a tryin' to keep in on both sides, that I never could a been that, if I had not had the prayers of that air angel." There was the slightest perceptible lowering of Dr. Brown's brows as he brushed past Jerry into his patient's room.

"Hallow Dr. Brown," cried Fred, cheerfully; "I am myself again—quite ready for the bit, and the halter, and the altar."

CHAPTER XIII.

LOOKING THE WORLD IN THE FACE.

MRS. MEADOWS carefully folded a letter that she had just read, and took off her spectacles, as if to consider. "Sarah Moreton is right," said she, at length, as if musing aloud to her husband. "People are trying to find easy ways to go to Heaven. Sarah is a Christian, and knows how to do her duty," and she unfolded the letter, and read the following :

"My cough is very hard, and being up so often at night, makes it a great deal worse, but my poor, suffering husband must be made comfortable. It is my duty to do all I can to make his last days easy. I am thankful that I am in the way of my duty ; that I am not a burden to any ; I never expected to go to Heaven on downy beds of ease. People seem to me strangely forgetful in these latter days. They forget that to bear the cross is the way to wear the crown.

"I am greatly troubled about your daughter Minnie, my dear Mrs. Meadows. She is a fanciful, visionary person, as I well know, and perhaps I have added to this evil in days gone by. I pray to be forgiven for it. But I must warn you, Mrs. Meadows, to take care of Minnie, keep her from dangerous books, and dangerous friends. In some measure, you are responsible for her 'soul's salvation, and I beg of you, as you value her eternal peace, that you watch carefully what books she reads, and that you do not allow her to correspond with Mr. Ashton after he leaves your district."

"There, husband," said Mrs. Meadows, "you hear what one of Minnie's best friends says. The time draws nigh for this young man to leave us. I am very thankful that Minnie will not much

longer be under his influence, unless you allow her to correspond with him."

Deacon Meadows groaned in spirit. He was torn by different emotions. He had grieved more than any one could ever know, over his daughter's burned arm. Instinctively he knew a great deal of her heart. He was a loving man, and had married for love, and not money, nor convenience, or proximity of persons, or estates. He wanted his children to marry well, in the best sense, because they loved, and because those they loved were worthy of them. He had even considered it a grievous wrong for parents to interfere with the loves of their children. But the situation in which he now found himself was peculiar. He had never dreamed that a child of his could fall on such evil times, or that he should ever be called upon to judge of her love for an infidel. But some how, intuitively, he saw that his darling Minnie loved an infidel. His heart sunk as if she had been bitten by a mad dog, and it was not certain that the virus would take. Mrs. Meadows went on, "I am greatly afraid that Minnie is in love with Ashton. I believe he has seduced her heart from the true fold, and that he has taught her lies that will peril her soul's salvation. Now we shall see, if you will allow her to go on with him to destruction, or whether you will use a parent's authority and save your child."

"My task is very difficult," said Mr. Meadows, with a depth of emotion that his wife had no knowledge of.

She repeated his words, "Very difficult! Mr. Meadows, you surprise me. Very difficult! How can it be difficult to take away bad books from your daughter, and to forbid her holding any correspondence with an infidel. Surely you do not think Minnie would disobey you. She has not gone so far as to forget her duty to her parents."

Deacon Meadows paused before answering. At length he said, "Wife, I am afraid the days of obedience to the requirements of parents, because they are parents, are well nigh passed; Minnie is of age; we have always taught her that she must do right, at whatever cost. I am afraid she is too old, and you might say too willful to allow us to judge for her what is right."

"If I should say to Minnie, that she must give me all her books that I disapprove, and promise me to read nothing but what I judge was best for her, I question whether she could obey. I fear she would tell me that she had a higher duty than to me. And if I should require her to choose between me and Ashton, I think she would marry him at once." Mr. Meadows had noticed that Caroline came into the room when he first began this answer to her mother. Her proud lip was wreathed in scorn, and she answered her father in a way that made him turn pale, as if he were dead.

"You need not fear Min's marrying Ashton. She is too far gone for that. Both those hopeful young people say that marriage is immoral; that love is sufficient to bind souls together, and plenty more such stuff and nonsense."

Mr. Meadows was ashy pale, and Mrs. Meadows an apoplectic red, at the conclusion of this speech. To give any idea of the distress of this father and mother, is utterly impossible. A gulf far more terrible than one opened by an earthquake, seemed yawning at their very feet, to swallow up their child; the darling of the father's heart.

Mr. Meadows trembled for the eternal wellbeing of his daughter, so that he forgot the worldly disgrace, and utter ostracism that such opinions must bring with them.

Mrs. Meadow's eyes were blinded for the moment, to all but the infamy that would cover her child and the family. A yawning pit of ink was ready to swallow the pride of the mother's heart, for Minnie was the most beautiful and charming of the family. Mrs. Meadows had more pride than love. Mr. Meadows was a lover and would have been a martyr for any truth that he clearly saw, and was convinced that it was duty to suffer for. His own heart beat in his loved Minnie's bosom, but there was a great difference in their heads; not that Minnie was very wise, but she had thought much on subjects that her father never had made matters of reflection. He had seen evils in the world, as all see and feel, who have sight or sense. But the Christian Religion was his Panacea. He had taken one step beyond many of his brethren, for he believed that love in marriage was an indispensable addition to piety, in order to

the wellbeing of the family. True, he had married for love, and yet had trouble in his family, and his children were out of the ark of safety. Nelson was a "liberal Christian,"—very bad words at Meadowsville. Caroline was too haughty to be safe in any way, unless she proved to be one of the elect; and Minnie was—her father trembled to think what she was or might become.

Pale and stricken, as by a bolt from above, Mr. Meadows sat in silence, and Caroline cruelly waited for him to reply to her crushing speech.

"Caroline," said he at length, "I trust you wrong your sister. I must request you never to speak in this way again. It is very improper to offend in this manner against any one, and especially a sister. Let me beg you never to repeat the offense."

"I advise you to talk with Min about her opinions, and then you will know how much to blame me."

"I shall take an early opportunity to do so. Meanwhile, as there ought to be no secrets in our family, I would like you to tell me what you have concluded to do, as respects your marriage with Frederick Sherwood."

Caroline was offended that her father should speak before her mother of marriage; she did not like to trust her, lest it should be a subject of gossip; and, more than all, she was offended that this marriage was inevitable, that she could not escape it, and yet secure the property and position that it would give her. The contempt she had for Fred, and the disgust she had of his mother, were very little softened by any benevolent interest she felt in his illness. If the truth could have been raised from the deep hiding place where she kept it, from all, and almost from herself; if she had this moment been in possession of Frederick's will and deed, properly recorded, and he had been in his grave, she would have been infinitely relieved. With the pressure of such a consciousness, she answered brusquely, "I suppose no one is to be allowed any secrets in this house, but Min."

CHAPTER XXIV.

PRINCIPLE *versus* EXPEDIENCY.

"FOLLY! Folly! Ashton. I am as liberal as a man ought to be. I don't care a fig for Sunday, and am willing you should stay away from Church, if you don't like the music, or the minister. But, my dear fellow, there are sacred things, and marriage is one of them. It is one of the institutions on which the very framework of society rests. If you and Minnie love each other, you are stark mad not to marry."

Ashton would have answered, but Minnie, the rose lipped child heroine, barred the way, and said with a solemnity that made Nelson laugh, "We shall never marry brother. We have many good and sufficient reasons not to profane our love."

"Minnie, you are as crazy as the man with the long beard in New York, who calls himself the Angel Gabriel, and blows a tin horn about the streets, and preaches the end of the world, and other dogmas, about as interesting, and profitable."

"But, brother, will you hear our reasons?"

"Not if I can help it. I am quite sure of one thing, that if you did not love Ashton well enough to marry him, you would not be willing to submit to social ostracism, by becoming his wife in reality, whilst all the privileges, and immunities conceded to women, by marriage, were denied you."

"You forget, Mr. Meadows," said Ashton with dignity, "that we have a testimony to bear against a false and degrading institution; a Moloch to which women and children are sacrificed; a slavery in which women and children are owned. Where the woman, if a wife, has no right of property, and no right to her

children; and children, which in a majority of instances, are forced upon her. The father may be a wretch, or a miserable, and unhealthy man. She may bear children for an early grave, or the gallows; still she has no right to refuse to bear them. She is a wife, a thing, having no legal existence, no rights."

"Ashton," said Nelson Meadows, with his lips compressed to a straight line, "do you expect that any institution or circumstances would ever make you blot out a woman, or make her the victim you have been describing? Can't you be a decent man, an individual, human being, and allow your wife to be the same, after submitting to the ceremony of marriage?"

"I don't like the idea of possessing arbitrary power, according to law, or otherwise," said Ashton.

"I have a notion that you will never get enough conferred on you to enslave Minnie, whilst she asserts herself as now," said Nelson, smiling.

"The fact is just this, Ashton, the car of society has to run in the ruts of custom; you may improve the construction of springs and seats, have more room, better ventilation, and school the public into making decent passengers of themselves, or shut them in the smoking car, if you can't persuade them to give up tobacco. But, my dear fellow, we can't allow you to throw the cars off the track, or throw yourself and Minnie under the wheels."

"But that contemptible promise to love, honor, and obey," said Minnie, "I would not make it to an angel."

"Do you expect, or hope, to cease loving Ashton?" said Nelson.

"No," said Minnie, devoutly. "I am persuaded that my love is immortal."

"Can the immortal die?"

"O brother, you cannot, or will not understand me."

"I understand more than you give me credit for. I know that our system of marriage is imperfect, bad, oppressive, that the old ceremony is very stupid, &c., &c., &c., but it is the best we have, and is better suited to the majority of the people than any other. The growth of humanity necessitates changes. Transitions are painful, or uncomfortable, but I am sick of martyrdom. The world

has had enough of it. I will use the world, and its customs, enslaving myself and others, as little as possible. I will travel in the cars at the risk of life and limbs, because they are a great convenience. You and Minnie may cut yourselves off from the world, and its sympathies; you may outrage the honest, ignorant, and innocent about you, who can never understand you, and break the heart of our father and mother.

"Now, if you really love, and trust each other, you may meliorate the ceremony of marriage, so as not to lie utterly, get it within the bounds of a decent conscience, swallow the bitters, then love and trust."

"A little while ago you said marriage was a sacred thing, brother; now you acknowledge it is bad and oppressive."

"To me it is sacred, Minnie; and I think, after all, our institutions are bad, or good, as we are. Marriage, when sanctified by love, seems to me one of the most sacred states out of Heaven."

"A more sacred state," said Minnie, "is when they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the Angels of God."

"In Heaven women do not need *protection*," said Ashton, curling his proud lip in scorn.

"Granted that woman needs it here, in the present evil 19th century," said Nelson, "shall she not have it, shall she be outlawed, ostracised, by the man who loves her with an adoring love, as I know you love Minnie?"

"You forget that my refusal to marry is my own act," said Minnie; "you all the time admit, by implication, the nonage of woman, the absence of her individual existence in the present."

"Suppose I do. I only recognize a fact, and one we have to meet and deal with. When a young girl goes to live with a man as his mistress, the general opinion is, deduced from a majority of facts, that she is seduced; that the man has unworthy motives in thus making her an outcast, or that she is fit for no other companionship with him, than that of a sensual paramour. If you form a marital connection with Ashton, without the sanction of the ceremony of marriage, you must be judged by the popular standard, established by a long observation of facts; a new standard may be set up, after

many thousands have been sacrificed, but the prophetic judgment, according to this, will never benefit you."

"But if we have a mission to protest against the oppressions of marriage?" said Ashton.

"Then I have a mission to protest against your making fools of yourselves. Set the world a good example by using and not abusing its forms and ceremonies. If I could protect the manhood, or the womanhood of a slave by buying either, I would pocket the bill of sale, as soon as I would that for a bale of goods. And I would do just the same by a marriage certificate."

"Very sacred, you must consider marriage, to rank the certificate of it with a bill of sale of a bale of goods, or a slave," said Minnie.

"I have explained that, sister. You know that the marriage of Caroline and Fred Sherwood will never have any sacredness, or sanctity, or even common goodness and liking about it, as far as Caroline is concerned. Fred has a good natured liking for her, as he has for his dogs, and horses, and he admires her as he would a fine, showy "turn out." But she marries the richest and handsomest fellow in town, because he is the richest; and she has an idea that she can govern and guide him, as he does his fiery team. But she is destined to see herself sadly disappointed."

"I think Minnie has, perhaps, missed her duty," said Ashton, laughing, "for she has been employed by Jerry, to pray Fred well. I am by no means sure that she ought not to have prayed for him to die."

"Caroline would be the same proud, and unloving girl," said Minnie, "if poor Fred were in another world. I know she must see much trouble with Frederick, but it may the greatest means of good that Providence can bring to her. She is not so much to be commiserated as Fred, for, with all his levity and thoughtlessness, he has a kind heart."

"But to return to the main question, Minnie," said Nelson, "have I convinced you?"

Minnie smiled and said,

"A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

"I have grave objections to your reasoning."

"Then common sense must not be brought to your market any more," said Nelson, almost impatiently.

"The world has common sense enough," said Minnie; "custom is king. I want to see heroes and heroines, who will band together to slay the tyrant."

She looked upward; her beautiful eyes shone with a light that seemed Heavenly. Her expression was more glorious than the artist has given to St. Cecilia.

Nelson turned away in sorrow, from what he considered the devout fanatacism of his sister and his friend.

Young, pure, and free spirits attempt the impossible. They fail inevitably, for society is always stronger than the individual. The chains of custom have hitherto been rusted deeply, by the blood of many victims, before they have broken. Unity of the will of many, in the cause of human freedom, must come to take the place of isolated effort.

The good and true must learn to be "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."

CHAPTER XXV.

HEART WISDOM.

THE brave, the beautiful, the young, the prayerful, the pure-hearted ! All these was our heroine. She had seen eighteen summers. The roses of June, the white lilies that lie on the bosom of the crystal water, the lily of the valley, that hides its pure sweetness under its green protecting leaves, sweet violets and mignonnette, all and each are not more precious, in their fragrant beauty, than this loveful spirit, this heavenly girl. And yet, should she obey her heart impulse to be as the angels, who neither marry nor are given in marriage, she must become an outcast. Her mother must blush that she has borne her, and her father's loving heart must well nigh break, with its great agony, for the "sin," and shame of his child—his best beloved.

Minnie went to her own room, after this conversation with her brother and Ashton. Since the sorrowful burning of the book and herself, she had been tacitly permitted to be much alone. This was a joy that many never are allowed to experience, and which some never know how to value and covet.

The fresh young cheek pressed the snowy pillow. But the angel of sleep brooded not there. Many thoughts crowded that young brain ; thoughts that, with their relations to the past, present, and future, seemed much more fit for the grave theologian, the profound philosopher, or the acute politician, than for one young, inexperienced, and powerless. For what power has woman, however beautiful, or charming, however wise and loving, but to wear the chain of her sex decorously ; to tread the beaten path of custom, to become a wife, and a mother, an invalid in early life, or the maturity

of her years, and to go down to the grave with the burden on her broken spirit, that she leaves motherless children to suffer, to be either sick, or criminal, to multiply themselves into other suffering, sick, or criminal ones, and then to sink into the grave as their predecessors have sunk?

Blighted beauty; disappointed hope; unfulfilled prophecy. All these are, or should be, the epitaph of the loveliest women ever born.

A Deborah judged Israel. A Semiramis and a Catharine led armies. A Joan of Arc was a martyr to freedom. A Charlotte Corday was a sacred assassin. A Quaker woman, who was a minister, was whipped naked along the roads of New England. A Mary Wollstonecraft was branded a harlot by English society, for despising the law of marriage, and asserting the freedom of love; and the women of "free America," who have asserted a like holy liberty, have been branded in the same manner by those who have no conception of freedom but as license to do wrong.

See here enumerated historical hopes for women. Of the world's heroines, almost all have been martyrs, either by legal assassination of the body, or by the social assassination of character.

Now look on this dear girl, as she lies on her pillow, in fresh young beauty and innocence. She has in her heart the instinct, the prayer, the unutterably sacred impulse, to a pure and holy life. But is she wise enough to achieve it, in a world where impurity is honorable? where infidelity to the life law, and subserviency to an unhallowed public opinion, in Church and State, is often the very condition of an earthly existence?

It is a joy to be persuaded that the pure in heart are wiser than they know; that the heart of this sweet child-woman is peopled by many angels; that every moment they breathe their loving wisdom into her life. It is a joy to be persuaded that those who are of "one heart and one mind," in different and distant parts of the world, and also our angels, who are in the heavens, are, spiritually speaking, "in one place." That in England and America, in China, and the isles of the sea, and in the Heaven of Heavens, are

those who hold each other's hands, in the interior and real life, though externally so widely separated.

Joy! Joy! for the fervent spirit that pulses in that beauteous clay. Her prayers go upward to our Father; the ladder of light or truth is let down, on which angels ascend and descend.

The destiny of woman was the theme of her thoughts, and her prayer. Was she to be only a victim and a sufferer, in marriage and out of it? Was the love that seemed her only heritage from Heaven, to be her bane, her destruction forever? Was her desire to be to her husband, and was he, therefore, always to rule over her? Was she to be only a wife, and a mother? and in fulfilling this destiny, must she be blotted from the life-book of other uses and beauties, or die before she had lived out half her days?"

The silk-worm spins a glorious shroud, but it is still the garment of death. Must woman weave forever her shroud, and put it on at the altar?

Thoughts like these, palpable, yet unexpressed, found place in Minnie's mind. The hours went by, but still she mused, and the fire burned. She prayed for light to see clearly all that was for her to do, and she prayed for power to perform every duty, however painful it might prove to be, to herself and others.

As the day dawned, the light came. It shone clearly into her mind, and the sweet warmth of love enlivened her heart. The question "what do I live for?" had its answer. "I would live for *my own*, in a higher, a more harmonic and a blissful sense, than bearing more babes into the world, to doubt, struggle, and agonize." This answer, with a fullness of meaning, which her life alone can explain, came into the heart and mind of the prayerful one.

She saw, as by a flash of light from above, the meaning of some words, brought to her a short time previous, by Ashton, when he had asked her to give her name as an affiliated member of a society, to promote the reign of truth and justice in the earth. A society for mutual protection in right. He had shown her the watch-words of this affiliated band of brethren and sisters, in their struggle for the free and the good. The words were "Freedom, Fraternity,

Chastity," and they seemed floating above her, on the white banner of heaven, emblazoned in golden light."

To bind in one, many pure and redeemed wills, was shown to be the method of successfully resisting the false, and selfish, and evil will of the world. To seek personal redemption, and harmonization, and a home in the earth-life, where the heavens, through their law and their love, might descend, came a holy purpose into the heart of the maiden; and she rose as rejoicingly as the red sun, to run with him the race of beneficence, for many true and loving ones.

Minnie had gone to her pillow a zealous child, with a partial purpose, and a half clear understanding of what was required of her. She saw with an eye, clouded by custom, the destiny of women to love, to be beloved—to be a wife, a mother. This routine life from the cradle to the grave, had been the only one ever presented her. How then could she think of any other. To love was her life. She had not realized that to woman in the world as it is, it is death to love. The panorama of a suffering, miserable world, had been presented to her, doubtless by her guardian angels, this precious, sleepless night; and the impulse came to consecrate herself to freedom and progress; to make her love a redeeming power, not only to him who was her especial angel, but to all who should come within her influence; to give all effort to create a pure, healthful, harmonic home; to have a place worthy of angel infants, born out of a great love, and health, and purity, and power. This home rose before her. She saw its marble halls, its temple-like porticos, its windows, where clear white light shone through, and where many colored rays were admitted in metrical and musical combinations. The dwelling of the free, the pure, the true, the loving band of which she was one, rose against the blue heaven, in the midst of a spreading domain, where fruits and flowers, foliage and birds, the musical rivulet, the broad river, and the distant sea, all were united in the landscape. It seemed real, though a picture—a heavenly home, though only the light and shade of a vivid clairvoyance.

She went through all the apartments of industry, where all useful arts were plied—she went through the halls of learning,

where white-robed children and youth were mingled with celestial companions ; where the pealing organ gave its glorious harmonies, and where all lesser melodies mingled their charm, while the poetry of motion, the dance and play undulated with the waves of heavenly song and sounds. The temple-like parlors, with fretted columns, and beautiful statuary, were opened to her with their many groups of lovers. The refectory, with food so far from our present low estate, that it needed not the curse of fire, was also shown her.

Pure white garments, with golden-azure, and rose-colored girdles, or whatever hue delighted most, were shown her. She calmly looked upon the scene, and all her senses revelled in her vision of what the world must call an impossible use and beauty. Slowly the revelation faded from her sight ; her earthly consciousness returned, and she rose infilled with a mighty power to redeem and-bless ; to make her woman's love create a human home. The means were in the watch-words she had learned : "Freedom, Fraternity, Chastity." Most worthy words, to those who have the heavenly love to live the life that leads us to a heaven on earth.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"WHAT'S TO COME OF JERRY?"

JERRY walked slowly backward and forward in front of the stable, that contained the blind beauty, Bess Bite. He had his hands clasped behind him, and he made the usual angle of about forty-five degrees.

"More things that I can't understand," mused Jerry. "There's some things that prayin' will do, sure and sartin', and some things it don't or can't do. Bess is blind; she's past prayin' for. Fred is noosed; he's past prayin' for, too. It was a queer notion of his to go to Dr. Brown's and get married, the first time he rode out; and its a queerer one to think of keepin' it a secret.

"I'd like to know what was ever kep a secret in this town. I knowed it just as well as could be when he got home, set his foot on the door step, and said to Miss Carline, 'You'll come early to-morrow?' She pouted, and said, 'I may not come to-morrow.' Fred turned quick upon her, and such a fire blazed up in his eyes, that she concluded, in a hurry, that she could not manage him that way, till he got well; and so she said, very sweetly, 'Don't be a simpleton, you know I'll come early.'

"I knowed it all, Miss Vixin; you have got the halter on, and Fred will make you take in the bit. He'll break you to harness, as he does all his critters, or my name ain't Jeremiah Gerald FitzGerald.

"But what's to come of Jerry? If Miss Carline thinks she's a goin' to stay to home, and play lady, and me take her place beside of Fred—she's mistaken, that's all. Fred is well enough to take his own part now, and sick enough to call the lightnin' up into his eyes, whenever he wants to scare her. I ain't a bit afraid of his dyin' now; thanks to prayers and watches; and his lady love is

welcome to be nurse, and cook, and carpenter, if she wants to ; and she may get Dr. Brown to help her, if she pleases. I hain't nothin' agin' it, no how.

"One thing, I knows, sure and sartin', and that is, I went right into the house with the old one, and dared the spells, and nursed Fred, for the love of him. If Dr. Brown can lay his hand on his heart, and say that he's done all that he has done, for love, and nothin' else, or if Miss Carline can say she's married for love, and nothin' else, then I'm a leettle out in my cal'lations.

"But then Dr. Brown is kind, any how, and has giv me credit for a deal more than some folks, and he can drive a team of stranger critters than any body else, sure and sartin'. He'd think nothin' harnessing a sheep, and a goat, a pole cat, and a fox, and a goose altogether ; and he'd make 'em go too. He's got winning ways of his own, and he gives all his medicine in sugar. What they'd all do without him, I can't give the least bit of a guess.

"But what's to come of Jerry ?" Ever and anon, the dim foresight of the demented serving-man, was fixed on this point. Ever and anon, he strove to solve the problem for this world and another ; and his efforts were equally vain for both. He had more data from which to reason and make deductions than others ; for he went in and out unnoticed, as the tall house-dog Rover, or the great, full-furred, tabby cat, that lay on the cushion in a chair by the south window, when the afternoon sun made her enjoy her sleeping and waking, as a very blessed existence.

No one but Caroline ever thought of distrusting Jerry. If noticed at all, which mostly he was not, any more than the aforesaid dog or cat, it was mentally to conclude on this wise, "he does not understand what we are talking about. He does not observe enough to know, even if he could understand, which he surely can not."

Minnie was an exception in regard to Jerry. She believed that he was a careful observer, and that he was wiser than he, or others, knew. But she trusted him implicitly. She even had faith that his flickering intellect would yet burn with a steadier flame. Her brother had added to this confidence, and she recalled his progress through the few months that he had been in the family, and her

hope rose higher for him. This hope and faith, that was shared in common by Nelson and Minnie, was beginning to weave a web of beneficent destiny, which should answer the oft repeated question, "What's to come of Jerry?"

Minnie was standing in the parlor, in the mellow sunshine that streamed in at the window, as the afternoon sun went down in the mellow beauty and the genial warmth of the early spring. She was leaning on her brother, who regarded her now with a reverent sorrow—as one was regarded anciently, when the lightning had struck them—as favored and blessed of the gods, though destroyed at the same time.

Nelson had been secretly grieved that he had been impatient with what he was obliged to consider the folly and fanaticism of his sister and his friend. He knew the purity of their motives. He well knew that they both coveted martyrdom, rather than that the sad earth should roll on in darkness with its burden of pain and death.

However impracticable he had to consider their ideas, however pained was his benevolence, that they should make misery for themselves, while seeking in vain to benefit others, still deep in his heart was the reverent worship of a higher virtue than the world could understand.

He looked lovingly into the upraised eyes of Minnie—

"My sweet sister, do you know how much I wish you to be happy?"

"And I have no objection to being very happy," said Minnie, smiling. "You seem to think that all the shrubs in my garden will be thorn bushes, and all my flowers, thistles and cactuses—that the sun will never shine on me, and that I will never have even a warm storm. Now I don't agree to your reading of my book of Fate. I shall not accept your prophecy. I believe in a good time coming, and I enjoy a good time that has come.

"Look at my hard, red cheeks, brother. I live on bread and milk and apples. I can break the ice in my bath tub every morning, and get a warm glow after my bath, and I can ride horseback with Fred, and make him proud of me beside. I can earn my

living by working out doors, or in the house. Now brother mine, what is to hinder me from being happy?"

"The outlaw has a prison life, whether shut within four walls, or shut out from the sympathies of his kind," said Nelson, and his eyes brimmed with tears.

"Be at peace, brother. I have found a more excellent way than to be an outcast. I shall join hands with *my own* every where, and work for a beautiful end. I am not to be a wife, or a mother, perhaps, for years, but a great purpose is in my heart, which you shall know, when you wish it."

"I know already of the purpose to found a Home, such as the world has not had yet. I have some faith, but the means to secure the end I have not yet seen. You shall tell me all your plans, but first you must listen to a plan of mine, which is to take you to New York with me."

Minnie's first thought, at this last remark, was not, "I shall be near Ashton. I shall be in my brother's elegant mansion. I shall see good society," and so on—but her words expressed her tender kindness, her all-pervading care and lovingness. "Away from home—from dear father, and poor Jerry," said she, with a sad thoughtfulness. "See the strange fellow, pacing up and down before the stable, talking to himself about 'more things that he can't understand.' Poor Jerry—his dim understanding troubles him very sadly. I have a petition to prefer for him, brother. Before you leave, you must buy him a little silver watch. He brought mine to me this morning, and he looked such a loving good bye at it, that I begged him to keep it a little longer, thinking I would be able, through your help, to make a satisfactory exchange with him. His faith in the watch, is only equaled by his faith in prayer. Daily, life is becoming more valuable to Jerry. I have persuaded him to take a cold bath every morning, to eat less, and to drink no stimulating drink."

"You are a blessed little preacher of righteousness," said Nelson, "and I assure you I value you very highly, especially since you have concluded not to commit moral and social suicide, even for good and sufficient reasons."

"You will understand me, I hope, brother. I have the same opinion of the world's morality, and of its so called Sacred Institutions, to-day, that I had yesterday. If I do not outrage its laws and customs, it is because I would undermine and destroy them more successfully. If I do not claim the destiny of woman, without the chain and manacle that has ever bound her to her helot lot, it is because I would be one of those who shall work out a higher destiny, and achieve a more heavenly fate for my sex.

"Do not for a moment suppose that I think the minister of the Law, or the Gospel, would bless my love for Ashton, or make it more Sacred, more Divinely our right, or that men who can know nothing of our love, or our union, could confer legitimacy on our children. No, my brother: I scorn and repudiate such a creed. I will be one of a noble and unselfish band, who shall labor in their God-given might, to form a Home and a State. Where laws that make woman a thing, a property, only not a transferable property, shall be repudiated, with more detestation than barbarian serfdom, or Negro Slavery, because their evil is more wide spread, and more integrally stultifying, to the individual victims.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A WAKING DREAM.

IN the dim twilight, all alone, though the family came and went about him, Mr. Meadows sat by the window, where he had been reading while the daylight lasted, with the great Bible on his knees. It was Sabbath eve—there was no work to be done, and no lamps were lighted. Those who wished to converse gathered around the cheerful blaze of the wood fire. The father sat apart, his hands clasped upon his sacred book. To him it was indeed sacred. He had never questioned the verity of its histories, the reasonableness of its philosophy, the humanity of its wars, which were said to be by the command of God; the necessity of its atonement, even with an Almighty Being, or the righteousness of such cruel sacrifice—and he had never thought of the miserable failure of this great scheme of redemption.

All was sacred to him. He reverently believed, thinking that some time all would be explained, and reconciled. He clasped his hand upon the sacred book, but he did not think of it nor anything it contained. His closed eyes looked away down the dim vista of the past, a girl more beautiful than her mates, also much prouder, and more tasteful, came before him, and made the center piece of his dream, or picture. His love for this girl, and her dominion over him, came very pleasantly in memory, with its fresh newness, as in the first months he had known her. This loving subjection was now the habit of his life, and yet at times he had brought the girl, the wife, and the mother, to take his side of a question. In rare moments she had softened in the warm sphere of his love, like wax in the sunshine, but mostly she was hard and brittle, and her

husband was very careful of her, and he acted toward her as if she were marked "fragile—this side up with care."

But on this occasion she did not seem brought into his waking dream for herself, but near her was a glorious boy, with rosy cheeks and golden curls, which were clipped of their luxuriance, for he was twelve years old, and very manly. He held his cap deferentially in his hand, for he was in the presence of his mother, who sat in a great arm chair in a dressing gown of rare luxury for the country, with a cushioned footstool at her feet, and something was hidden in soft robes and blankets in her lap. The boy led a pale, delicate child, of nearly three years old, with dark hair, and a proud eye.

"Do you wish to see your little sister?" said Mrs. Meadows.

The children hesitated, though both were very curious to see what could be so softly and daintily enveloped.

But when the father uncovered the little red face and arms, they came up—neither of the children feared their father; both were afraid of their stately and imperious mother. The soft white flannel blankets, bound with blue ribbon; the little lace cap all over flowers, with its snow flecked border, also with blue ribbons; the white slip embroidered with dainty designs, by daintiest fingers, all attracted the little Caroline whom Nelson held by the hand.

The miracle of hands and arms so small, that would yet move; the little, plump, red face, that could be drawn into "ampersands," attracted Nelson irresistibly, and alarmed his benevolence greatly.

Caroline touched the flowers on the frock, and the cap, and the blue binding of the blankets, and said "see dare—see dare, 'em is pitty," &c.

Nelson dared to take the little hand in his—"how little it is, and how soft, and it has fingers and thumb, just like mine."

"Why not, you simple boy?" said his mother.

"O, mother! they are so small," said he, "and they are cold—do wrap it up like a little bird in the nest. Do you think it can live, when it is so small?"

"You and Caroline have been just as small," said the father, smiling. "Indeed, Minnie is a very plump, fine child; weighed eight and a half pounds at first."

Nelson was very still; the "at first" puzzled him. He had been away from home a month, and the advent of this little stranger seemed very marvelous, if not miraculous. His mind was very unclear about the miracle of birth, but his heart warmed to the baby.

Caroline had no such affection. After looking at the bright ribbons, and the flowers, she began to pull the cap off, to appropriate it, and she made a clutch at the very small nose, and alarmed her mother seriously, and made the little face a good deal more like the before mentioned ampersand.

"Do take that child away," cried Mrs. Meadows, nervously.

Can any one tell us of the philosophy of the great facts of affinity? Those loves that may be born in a minute, a day, or a year, and yet never die!

Mr. Meadows and Nelson loved that babe, in the moment of its peril, from the elder sister, with a love that never fainted, never faded, and never will faint or fade. They were conscious of this love, and yet the intellect did not analyze it, and hardly took cognizance of it; and they never acknowledged to themselves, much less another, that the infant Caroline seemed selfish and hateful to them, when she fought, and shrieked, and struggled, to disrobe the babe for herself, and would have done any amount of injury to that little, red face, and those wonderfully small fingers, hands, and arms.

And now, in the dim twilight, in the corner by the window, where the setting sun went down in glory, an hour before, the father still sits and dreams; still looks on the little face, and arms, and hands, and the dainty cap, a robe of white, and the soft blankets, where the precious human budling nestles. And the danger of that moment to the infant Minnie, makes him tremble, now as then. But wherefore this vision of the past, this fear for a peril eighteen years past. Ah! it is not past. The loving father is wiser than he knows. The peril has grown, with the growth of the two sisters, and to-day, Caroline has the same selfish disposition, to clutch, appropriate, or destroy, that she had eighteen years ago.

In that infancy of her vain, evil life, her brother could defeat

her, by his superior strength. He could take her up and carry her away, though she rebelled against this disposition of her slight self, with all her means of resistance.

And it was Nelson, who was again to save Minnie from her sister's evil life, but again she will struggle for the mastery. She has not been idle with her father or mother, but she has found most place with the latter.

In the inmost heart of that father, as he sits apparently asleep, his beloved child is shrined. She is a holy thing to him. Does he not know the pure, and prayerful life of *his own one*? Opinions are strange things to him. He wishes there were none. He forgets the martyrs of the Church, the martyrs to political freedom, and sighs for the days when ministers were settled for life, and not more than one man in his county took a radical, alias infidel, newspaper, and that was Cobbett's, and the man a personal friend of Cobbett; but these two last facts were unknown to Mr. Meadows. He sighed for the days when mesmerism was witchcraft, and punished as such. When phrenology was not a science, and "modern spiritual manifestations" were limited to uneasy ghosts in haunted houses, or foolish people digging for money buried by the pirate Kidd.

It was a sad thing to Mr. Meadows that opinions had invaded even this quiet, and orthodox home. He deplored the employment of Ashton to teach the school; he deeply regretted that he had been in his family, but he felt no bitterness toward him; and though he doubted his goodness, he never once doubted his darling child. Her ideas might be wicked, but she was pure—he knew it, he felt it. He had a witness that no one could silence, in his own bosom, that testified always in favor of his beloved.

Jerry rose with his great, heavy, nailed boots to go out of the room, and Minnie caught him by the arm.

"Don't wake father," she said in an imploring whisper; "he sleeps so sweetly. I am sure of it, by the beautiful expression of his face." But the mischief was done. Mr. Meadows rose slowly, and reverently laid the Bible on the table. Jerry went out, musing on this wise.

"Well, ain't she kind and careful. It *can't* be she's a heathen,

as Miss Caroline pretends. If she's got them heathen notions in her head, its like a dove hatchin' hawks' eggs, that some bad boy has put in the nest. It don't change the dove, sure and sartin'. And I believe that the good sperits will take care o' the dove, and somebody will ring the hawks' necks and throw 'em out, yet. If I could find sich a nest, I'd do it, sure and sartin'. Wouldn't I though, for such a dove as this is? And it can't be that Jerry is the best hearted fellow in this world, or another. That I can't believe. There is a good God, if there's any, and He's got many a good sperit, I guess, besides what's here. I used to think when I lived with Rawson, and when the old one put the spells on me, that there was no good Bein', nor good sperits, nor no good folks, for that matter. But I have larnt somethin', and no mistake. I've got to be a believer, and its good for me. But I'll turn Pagan if Miss Minnie ain't taken care on—sure and sartin'."

CHAPTER XXIX.

DIFFICULTIES.

DIFFICULTIES clustered in every body's way, at Meadowsville. Caroline found herself in difficulties that she had never contemplated. She had tried very earnestly and assiduously to "make mischief" between her parents and her sister. There was a charm, a beauty about Minnie, that she envied, even as she envied her the flowered cap, and blue ribbons of eighteen years ago. She had an instinct that her sister would be happy, and beloved, and that she would never be. And she almost hated her for the prophecy in her own heart, concerning her. Then Caroline was fiercely moral, after this world's fashion, and conservative—for was not conservatism the mode, the *haut ton*, and could any one be *respectable*, or even decent, who was radical?

But Caroline found it difficult to get on with her father, in her plan and procedure of making Minnie appear evil, or absurd, or both; for Mr. Meadows had refused to hear her speak on the subject. One of the most effectual ways of stopping the spider's web of mischief, is to refuse to hear the gossip or the scandal, or the insinuation. If you have not the strength and decision to say at once, "I am not willing to speak on that subject, or listen to any remarks about that person," why then you may lead off, as best you can, in other and less harmful directions.

But Caroline's difficulty in convincing her father, was brought to seem less a trouble, or defeat, by new difficulties in which she found herself. She was a *married woman*, and she was made to feel it in every nook and corner of her imperious will, when Fred's eyes flashed lightning at her, as he *bade* her (yes, that's the word,)

come early next day. She felt that she must obey. She fears delirium, and she has an undefined dread of—she knows not what. But as Jerry has well said, the halter is about her neck. She finds it difficult and unpleasant to tell her parents that she is married. Why was not her father allowed to ask a blessing over this union, which he so cordially approves? Why was the marriage managed with such strange secrecy? She could not tell why, and the fact that she could only explain it, by calling it a sick whim of Fred's, was another of her difficulties.

Now she must prepare to leave her home, for a permanent sojourn in another. She felt it sadly to-day, though yesterday it seemed the easiest thing in the world to keep her marriage secret, and remain at home. To-day she felt the impossibility, and as

“No rogue e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law,”

so Caroline felt angry and rebellious against the usage, that consigned her to the “husband of her choice.” She was obliged to speak to her father, and to ask him to break her marriage to her mother; and then she went over to her home—*her home*! Heaven help her! but Heaven can't. She is not in the order to receive help, any more than Louis Napoleon is in the order to become a Bishop, or a protestant minister to become Pope, or than a dislocated arm is in the order to receive strength, and do its work well, and painlessly.

The law for disorder is pain, trouble, dissolution. The law of order is joy, health, life, heaven.

Caroline's difficulties were the most real of any in her father's home; but Mr. Meadows—(somehow we have taken a prejudice against calling this humane man Deacon Meadows any more, though everybody in Meadowsville so distinguishes him.)

Mr. Meadows' difficulties oppressed him. Nelson wished Minnie to go to New York, and he urged his request with a determined kindness that impressed his father, but he still urged difficulties.

“My son,” said he solemnly, “Minnie is too much under Mr. Ashton's influence now. Away from home, and its protecting

influences, I should dread him a great deal more, as a friend to my child."

His voice trembled when he said *friend*, and it was evident he meant lover, but was not willing to speak the offensive word; for an infidel lover was a thought like a dagger in his heart.

"You are mistaken father, if you think Ashton's chance of influencing my sister will be greater in my home, than here. Many worthy young men, quite her equals, are in the habit of visiting us, and she will have an opportunity to compare him with others; and though in real worth I can hardly conceive of a man in the world who is his superior, yet there may be several who might be even more desirable as "a match" for Minnie. She is young, enthusiastic—not to say romantic. I dare say she thinks she loves Ashton supremely. Let her see others, and find out the real state of the case. Let her see something of the world. Variety is the spice of life, and very few want to take their dishes always plain. If Minnie goes with me, I will answer that she will not marry Ashton, or any one else, without consulting you. I'll agree that she will always do as near right as is possible to the weak article we call human nature."

"But can you agree to save my child from this dangerous man?" said Mr. Meadows, almost despairingly.

Nelson laughed.

"My dear sir," he began, "this dangerous man is a poetical boy, with as honest a heart, as ever beat in a human bosom. He is just a grain fanatical in his Jeremiads, (I beg pardon,) his laments over society. His eyes are microscopic for evils. But he will swing back and come into place in time. Smart boys, as pietists or philosophers, always think they can convert the world in a week. My word for it, father, he is a good boy—a good fellow—I would say a good Christian, only you could not believe me. Really, he is one of the purest, noblest, most unselfish beings, I ever knew."

Mr. Meadows sighed. "This worldly morality," said he, "is worse than overt sin. I wish he had never come here."

Mr. Meadows' junior was a mild man; a happy man; a loving

and charitable, "New School Christian;" but when his father thus repudiated Ashton's morality, and preferred, as he knew and felt he did, the selfish, drunken fellow whom Caroline had just told her father she had married, he found that he had no patience to spare. He closed his mouth very firmly, lest he, the loving, liberal Christian should — the word that would fill this blank is abhorrent to Quakers, unpleasant in good society, and very shocking to good orthodox Christians, like Mr. Meadows.

For a full half minute Nelson's lips were a strait line, he was so indignant at the unspoken comparison between Fred and Ashton in his father's mind.

He did not want to hurt his father, for all good and humane reasons. He did not want to defeat his own suit for Minnie to go to New York, and so he kept very quiet.

At length he said, "am I to understand that you are to trust Minnie with me? She has only two great objections to going. She is not willing to leave you and Jerry. When I asked her she said, "away from dear father and poor Jerry," and she said it so sadly, that I am afraid I shall need more than your consent that she should go. I shall need you to plead a little with her.

The tears filled Mr. Meadows' eyes, and then coursed slowly down his cheeks, but he said with a cheerful voice, as if a burden had been taken from his heart, "I will try to persuade Minnie to go with you."

Those words of hers had convinced him of her love for her home, for her father. Out of love, trust was born, and he was willing to let his darling go, and "see the world."

Mrs. Meadows needed a good deal of argument from her husband to convince her that it was safe for Minnie to go from home. She had just had another letter from Sarah Moreton, marked all over with spiritual crucifixes. Then Caroline was going away. She had wept bitterly that her marriage was so secret and unworthy of the style and character of her family.

"What is to be, will be," and it happens whether we will or no. And Mrs. Meadows, after hearing all reasons in favor of Minnie's going, gave up to one of her own that she said nothing about. It

would improve her daughter's style, and taste, and manner, and improve her wardrobe, and be a genteel thing on the whole. And so she gave up to her husband, or rather to herself, and invited condolence from Mr. Wilson, her pastor, and Sarah Moreton, her friend.

She was really grieved, she said, that her husband had consented to have Minnie go out into the gay world. There is no doubt she persuaded herself that she was very miserable about it. She fully believed in the wickedness of dancing, but then it was very graceful, and she had a carefully hidden desire that her daughter should be graceful, and accomplished, and respected. This last weighed heavily in her prayers for Minnie's conversion. There is a common old saying about killing two birds with one stone, and Mrs. Meadows was very desirous to save her daughter from everlasting burnings, and have her respected and highly valued by the Church and Society of Meadowsville. Also, she wished her to have elegant dresses, and pretty bonnets, and faultless gloves; in short, to have all things done "decently and in order," for this world and another. It is seldom that people know their own motives fully; almost as seldom as that other people know them.

Daily we hear persons charged with motives that never entered into their consciousness; and, in fact, that never in any way belonged to them, and that have their origin only in the good or evil of the one who is passing judgment upon his neighbor.

The man who has large acquisitiveness readily believes a story of robbery or theft. He sees and feels how easy it is for men to steal or rob, and so on of every dominant passion.

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

THE LIFE OF A MEDIUM;

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

EDITED, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HER OWN EXPERIENCE,
BY MARY S. GOVE NICHOLS.

CHAPTER XI.

EXPERIENCES OF A SPIRIT.

THOUGH I have been chiefly the medium of brief and distinct tests of Spirit existence, I have also been used for fuller communications respecting the phenomena of the higher or inner life. The following series of communications will give the reader an idea of the method and manner in which spirits succeed in holding intercourse with those they wish to instruct and benefit. At repeated sittings from day to day, a spirit patiently used my hand, and wrote out the following communications, furnished me by the friend to whom they were written.

FIRST SITTING.

"*My dear Friend*:—It is a pleasure to the Spirits, when they can control the hand of the Medium, to convey their thoughts on paper to their friends. I am now blessed with the time and privilege of saying a few words to you, by way of preface. I wish this to be the commencement of a brief history of my experience here; and I trust you will bear with me in the many impediments which I may have in the way of freely conversing with you. Rest assured that I will as often as I can, from time to time, resume the subject until I complete. I will commence from the hour of my parting from the body, and give you a minute description, as far as I can, in your language: it may be beneficial to yourself, (I know it will be to me,) and others;—I will commence it at the next interview, if possible.

Your friend,

GEORGE."

SECOND SITTING.

"*My dear Friend*:—As I promised, I cannot better employ the time allotted to me than to commence. I found, on escaping from my body, that I had indeed lived in a mist during my earthly career. I found that my Spirit-home consisted"—[Here the communication was suddenly broken off.]

THIRD SITTING.

"After having been relieved from my earthly tenement, I gazed in wonder and amazement at the scene which opened to my view. I there saw my body lying, with friends weeping over my supposed death. It appeared to me like a dream. I could not, for a time, realize that I had passed from my body. I found that I was still in the form of a man, and that I was conscious of the presence of my earthly friends." ["Upon examination," says the individual addressed by the Spirit, "I found that the foregoing communication was not an exact continuation of the preceding one; and I asked if there was anything wrong? The answer was *No*. I then inquired if I should erase the unfinished sentence concluding communication No. 2, and was again answered *No*. So they remain."]

FOURTH SITTING.

"The process of restoration occupied, as I have since learned, some two hours. That is not always the case; it often does not consume more than an hour of earth's time. It depends a great deal upon the physical condition at the time of dissolution.

Done to-day,

GEORGE."

[I asked if the Spirit could not continue and write; and the answer was a communication from "*Florence*," explaining that Spirits had not the power to continue to write a long time at once.]

FIFTH SITTING.

"I was met by my congenial Spirit, and we together remained where my body was until I was conscious that I should have no further use for it. We then floated forth to my new home; of which I, in my next, will speak further."

SIXTH SITTING.

"I was conducted by my companion, of whom I will speak further hereafter, from the earth-sphere,—passing millions of happy Spirits, each of whom smiled a welcome as we passed; knowing that I was a stranger, on my way to the sphere of my attraction, to receive my first lesson."

SEVENTH SITTING.

"My first lesson consisted of a presentation of my past earth-life, from my earliest infancy up to the moment of my parting from the body. I then saw what I had to do in order to retrieve that which I had neglected while a resident of earth. I saw that I had to return and do much, very much, of what I had left undone; the manner of which I will explain in my next."

EIGHTH SITTING

"My punishment consisted in being compelled to linger near earth, and to use all the power that I had to impress those who were (or are) in the dark, as far as I was able. You will readily perceive that that was "punishment" sufficient to inspire the soul of every mortal to cultivate the more important part while on earth; I mean the Spiritual. To be surrounded by happy Spirits, all going to and fro, and feel that you are inferior to them, and at the same time have the knowledge that the cause of your inferiority is the result of your own willful ignorance! My mission to retrieve past errors was, as I have before said, to do all the good I could to those whom I could by sympathy impress with the truth. GEORGE."

[At the end of the latter communication, I began to criticise, and find some fault with its language, when Mr. Conklin's hand wrote the following:

"Friend, the chapter of any book needs no comment until it's completion. Record as written, and *when it is finished*, comment. GEORGE FOX."]

NINTH SITTING.

"I spoke of my congenial partner, and told you that I would, at some other time, tell you more of her. She was one whom I never knew on earth; and one whom, as soon as my Spirit was relieved from the body, at once, by the beautiful law of attraction, I recognized as my celestial mate.—I will speak to-night through this Medium."

[In the evening, Mr. C. was thrown into a trance and "George" continued as follows:—] "The one of whom in the short way I spoke through this hand, as being coupled with me through my celestial journey, was the daughter of a nobleman of Scotland. I had never seen or known her, she having passed from earth to Heaven in early infancy; she being, according to your time, some twenty years my junior, was known as part of myself when my Spirit-eyes were opened. She taught me, as my seeking Spirit was capable of receiving, that which I desired. I, with her, the first few days of my Spirit-birth, attended those who were most in sympathy with me; and from them, with her assistance, I gradually mended up my past earthly errors as fast as possible. I saw in him with whom I often converse, a mind earnestly seeking knowledge; and as that was my mission, I gladly undertook to be one of his guardians.

"When Spirits make an appointment, and conditions are favorable, and *the instrument we desire to use can be influenced*, we always fulfil it."

TENTH SITTING.

"To impress those of earth from the path of error is a pleasure; but to be compelled to linger near earth and learn from thence that which ought to have been done while a resident, is a 'punishment.' To feel your inferiority; to see that there are those still encumbered with the body who are far more advanced than you are; and to be deprived of the privilege of enlightening those spirits who are ignorant, and yet feeling that you ought to be superior to them, will enable you to conceive the truth when I say, that impressing those who are inferior to me on earth is a punishment. I had neglected to do what——"

ELEVENTH SITTING.

"I was unsuccessful for a time in my endeavors to impress you. I at length so influenced your mind by directing your passive moments to these phenomena, and with what pleasure—yes, with what a degree of delight—did I first sound you a welcome! I saw that I could, in that way, make up for the past; yet I was often disappointed when I found that I could not gratify your every desire. When you asked for proof, I tried, and was assisted by all the spirits who visited the circle, and was enabled to give you partial evidence of the presence of some unseen intelligence. I have much soon to give before I complete this, which will remove your misgivings as to my individuality. For the present, farewell."

TWELFTH SITTING.

"Finding that you had some light upon your soul, I, assisted by my helpmate, endeavored to remove the darkness that shrouded your mental perception. We found your mind, in a great measure, free from the contaminating influence of superstition."

THIRTEENTH SITTING.

"I then, for the first time since my spirit was free from the body, realized the blessings resulting from being instrumental in removing from the mind of mortals the darkness which early teachings had caused to overshadow the spirit's perception. You will remember, my friend, that my idea of the future was almost a blank; then you can understand my feelings when I was in the knowledge of immortal life, and was in possession of even an imperfect way of being the means of removing from the minds——"

FOURTEENTH SITTING.

"Of others that horrible idea of annihilation. Yes, my dear friend, the mode of conveying by impression, or by any other form, light from heaven to earth, is gratifying to the spirit; and when I

saw with what rapidity I could progress *with every idea of truth that I could convey*, can you wonder that I often attempted to converse with you when conditions were unfavorable?"

FIFTEENTH SITTING.

"When you consider, my dear friend, that every circle for communications is generally attended by many Spirits who are all anxious to converse with their friends,—and who are often in stronger sympathy with the Medium or inquirer than with the spirit with whom they suppose they are conversing,—you will see that we do not at all times converse *directly*, but *through the agency of others*. I have often, when trying to answer your questions, been repelled by another Spirit who was desirous of sending a word to Earth; and my anxiety was so great that I directed him, in our Spirit-language, to answer, which, with the confusion of the circle, often reached you in conflicting answers."

SIXTEENTH SITTING.

"Yet, when you reflect that we are *but men, women, and children, with our bodies off*, what then, if a Spirit should at times give directly a wrong reply? We sometimes have to reflect back in order——."

SEVENTEENTH SITTING.

"I often, when you called for tests, in my eagerness to respond in promiscuous circles, gave incorrect answers, which on you, for the time, made a wrong impression; and I often felt grieved in spirit, trusting that the day would soon arrive when I would be more competent; when I would explain."

EIGHTEENTH SITTING.

"We move together by attraction, and those with whom we are in sympathy; we never leave as long as we move in the same plane with them. This sympathetic feeling can only be severed by discord—discord, not as you understand it, but as we, which is, [arises from] *an advancement of the mind*. I often leave your immediate presence, yet can still be in communion with you. I do, with my companion, who, for a better name, I shall call LOVE, visit other planets. I have learned much from the inhabitants of the planet known to you by the name of *Jupiter*, which has elevated me, and caused my Spirit to rejoice. I found at first that it was extremely difficult to approach."

NINETEENTH SITTING.

"In our endeavors to manifest to you, we rejoiced to find that you were freed from that which is so annoying to the Spirits—*credulity*. Often Spirits find in their friends the condition that would enable them to give manifestations; yet are compelled to withhold

from doing so, from the fact, that should they unfold their powers at once, it would unbalance the reason. But to return: I frequently, when you were alone, would use the emanations which proceeded from your body, and by the power of *will-force* (for it can not be explained by any other term) cause the slight touches, which you are now feeling, to be made."

TWENTIETH SITTING.

"I watched with deep interest each vibration; and O my friend! if you only knew the joy I felt when you countenanced or credited their heavenly origin!——"

TWENTY-FIRST SITTING.

"—— for however light it may seem to mortals, it is a great and important point to gain, to have our friends feel an interest in the slightest impression felt by them."

TWENTY-SECOND SITTING.

"It is only those that we are in sympathy with in whom we can single out thoughts. We see you, as you see one another, yet we can not see *thoughts*, only as a confused mass, *unless we are in strong affinity with the person*; and then it requires concentration."

TWENTY-THIRD SITTING.

"You can, by fixing your mind on any particular Spirit, who has an affinity for your Earth, draw that Spirit to you, but it may not be able to converse. It is best to get information from those that tell you they are your guardians. How often have I impressed high thoughts—and watched with a degree of interest to see if you would trace them to their origin. *We can not convey words through all Mediums. We give the ideas and let them word them.* That accounts for the many contradictory communications in regard to names. *Names are not ideas*, and it is difficult to convey them. We leave with the body our names, and are only known here as the children of one Universal Father."

TWENTY-FOURTH SITTING.

"There is not a mind on Earth that has not its superior; neither is there here. Thus you will readily perceive that we are constantly moving toward higher and more perfect knowledge. I feel at every interview that I have with you, that I should like to give you that intelligence that will tend to enlarge your mind; yet I can not at all times write as I desire; conditions of the Medium prevent. After having unsuccessfully tried to write through your hand, without the aid of your mind, I commenced, as I have before stated, to vibrate sounds; feeling confident that when I could control the surrounding fluid through which we operate, I should be able to give you positive proof of the origin of the sounds."

TWENTY-FIFTH SITTING.

"It may appear strange to you, my dear friend, that a Spirit should at one moment write and tell you he had not the power to converse, and the next moment control the hand of the same Medium and write. We are governed here by laws, and those laws are immutable and good. When circles are formed for the reception of Spiritual truths, they are often attended by many who are also anxious to converse, and who are strangers to us, as well as you on the other side, and whose spheres prevent us. Often when my influence is just about operating, a different sphere approaches, and causes an instantaneous cessation of my communication."

The following was spoken by me, in trance, in May, 1855:

"I remember, at one time while the elements were in confusion, that the ocean, mad with the rude reception of the storm, tossed like a feather the barque in which I sailed: but retiring to the cabin, and finding this Medium perusing the Book that the world worshiped, to have said: 'Lay it aside, and pick up that and read it which will teach you to do your duty!' And how many times, in after days, did I reflect upon that command! Since I have passed from the body, I have met with one that gave me the impression which caused me to look at the spiritual in coming days, and see that it was done for my own good.

"It may appear strange, that to command a fellow-being not to read that which had the germ of truth, should ultimately result in my own progress—but so it is.

"My Spirit-Guides saw that I was living and moving constantly upon the surface of Materialism; that the Spiritual, instead of being developed, was daily being smothered; and took this method of reaching the better feeling. Reflection came, and with it condemnation; and with condemnation—penitence; and with penitence—religion; and with religion—a preparation for the home of the Spirit, which I was in a few years to enter.

"A loved one—dear and bound to me by the laws of the land as well as the law of Heaven—mourns me dead, and will not be comforted, because she is deprived of my sight. She has, in the out-pouring of her heart, asked me to fulfill a promise that I made, on the eve of my departure from the body. Yes, yes, my dear, dear Amy! I promised that if this Spiritualism was true, I would endeavor to communicate with you. But I little thought, then, the difficulties that attend, and the many obstacles that I should have to overcome in order to do so. The communion of Spirits is truth. The dying of the body lessens not the affections of the Soul—lessens not the manhood of the Spirit—buries not that desire to protect,

counsel, and love. I am still your husband, still, with an anxious angel's care, watching over you—realizing your loneliness and sorrow of heart at my supposed loss. I *do* impress you, and I *do* make heavenly sounds for you; and I do know, that to pursue your investigations will make you happy, both on Earth and in Heaven.

“Be governed—and follow your impressions, as circumstances may cause you to receive them.

“Respecting the disposal of all the valuables that I left you, I would advise you to turn all into money that you can; *not* to go to your friends in the far distant south-west, but to try to be comforted and consoled in your aching heart, by the knowledge that I am always with and near you.

“The cause of my death was complicated: excessive anxiety for yourself, with fever, and various other inharmonious disorders of the body, caused the Spirit to be freed. *Do not desire to know when you will join me here.* Try to be happy, and live out every hour that nature requires; and rest assured, that when you lay off the body, your Spirit will be united again—no more to part—with me. I have much, very much to tell you. Oh the contrast, the vast contrast, there is between the real and the unreal—between the Heaven of Man's ideas and the Heaven of Spirit's realities! Religion consists in love—not to one, but to all. I am happy in the company of your father, mother, Almena, and an innumerable host of happy Spirits; some that I knew in the body, and many that I never knew.

“Do investigate, and as you read this, *read it again*—and I will stand over you, and give you the inward feeling of its truth.

NELSON.”

After these words were uttered, my hand selected a sealed envelope, among several others, lying on my table, as the one to which the foregoing communication was a response. A copy of the communication, and the unopened envelope, were soon afterward sent to an address which had been given—and the following extracts, from a letter in reply, complete the narrative:

“It was with feelings which I find no words adequately to express, that I perused the contents of the purported communication of my departed husband. I will only send you the questions which were sealed, to convince you of the truthfulness of the answers given. I do not wish you to publish my name nor the captain's.” These were the sealed questions:

“My dear N.—Do you remember, while in the body, you were an unbeliever in spiritualism? You then promised to me, if you were to die first, and find it true, you would communicate with me,

so as to convince me of its truthfulness. And long have I waited for this communication. Do now, if possible, through our old friend Conklin, send me something that will relieve my almost bursting heart. Are you constantly with me? Do you approve of the course I have pursued since you left me? How much longer shall I remain in this vale of tears? Are Pa, and Ma, also Almena, with you? Can you inform me what was the immediate cause of your death? Is your loving, watchful care, still the same for me? Am I a medium? Will it be for my good to investigate the subject? Also inform me in what way I may know I am one. Inform me, my dear N., what your last words were; also, whether you can guide me in my affairs in this life. Perhaps you see how lonely I am—I know not what is for the best. Things remain as they were when you left; only they have gone to wreck. Shall I sell them or leave them still as you directed? Shall I go to my friends in California, or not? Oh, how I need your counsel—your advice—your prayers! Do, my dear N., answer these questions if possible.

A."

Mrs. I——returned the copy of the communication sent to her, making a note against the words—"Yes, yes, my dear, dear Amy," &c., to this purport: "*This is word for word as he answered me.* when I asked him to communicate with me, in case he found Spiritualism true.

Early in the same month, a lady sitting in a Circle at Mr. Conklin's, asked some questions of the Spirits mentally. Two had been answered affirmatively, when the usual signal for the alphabet was given, and the following spelled out:

"You will get the picture again in a few days. FANNY."

To another mental question, the answer given was "Four days."

The inquirer acknowledged the relevancy of the answers to her questions, and promised to repeat those questions to the Medium, in case it should turn out that the Spirits had predicted correctly. She accordingly returned, four days afterward, and showed the Medium a locket containing two pictures which she said had been left at her house *that day* (the fourth after her previous interview,) by a person who said he had found it in West Broadway. Her mental questions and the replies had been:

Ques.—"Do you know that I have lost your picture?"

Ans.—"Yes."

Ques.—"Shall I ever get it again?"

Ans.—"Yes;" and then—"You will get the picture again in a few days."

Ques.—"How soon?"

Ans. "In four days."

The following copies of records made at my rooms have been placed at my disposal for this narrative :

On the 18th of May, an envelope was opened in the presence of the subscribers at Mr. Conklin's rooms. After the following description of its contents had been given, partly in writing by the Medium's hand, and partly by the table-tipping, "A variety of J. H. H. (meaning initials) with paper bound with strips—always paper :—Report of Protestant Board. I see one thing, aside from questions : a question from ROM., 5 ch., 5 v., worthy a reading." Then, after some conversation, "J. H. Harley" was written ; and shortly afterward—"Friends, the interior of the letter need not be opened ; there is sufficient to satisfy this company, and the other is for the individual."

The letter, so far as opened, was in conformity with the description.

F. O. DEGENER.
DANFORD NEWTON.
GEO. P. GORDON.
JAMES JOYCE.
A. A. TYNG.
N. S. KIMBALL.
JOHN F. GRAY.

From one who once professed to be an Atheist, now in the Spirit-world, to a friend on earth, of like opinions, who suspected that he had been murdered. Spoken through J. B. Conklin :

"Your suspicions are groundless. My dear cousin, have you cause to rejoice? My death was accidental ; I was suddenly called to realize that change to you and myself so doubtful. I still exist, not in a vain dream, but in reality ; and wish you, my cousin, to wipe from the book of your imaginings, that *horrible idea of annihilation*. The time will come when you and your friend will commune together. I will say more in private. I will not be done with you till I have convinced you of my individuality.

"R. B. S."

About a fortnight ago, the Medium being entranced, took up a sealed letter, which was subsequently shown to contain a newspaper abstract of a sermon against Spiritualism, and spoke as follows :

“Men claiming to be the servants of the living God, stand in their gilded pulpits, and attempt to be the expounders of that which is of the Deity ; not because they have the internal response that to which their mouths give utterance,—not because they feel that they speak from the interior of the soul, but because it is applicable to, and needs must be in conformity with, the respectability—the influence of their respective hearers; who, did they preach God in all his purity, would be disarmed of their high station, would lose the resources which enabled them to clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, and ride at ease in all the luxuries of life; while those whose circumstances have placed them in the hovel, have scarcely a sufficiency to keep the body healthy, and a fit encasement for the Spirit to grow in. I say, did these men, representing themselves to have been sent by God as leaders and teachers, preach as their intuition tells them, they could not retain their position.

“We pity them ;—we do not condemn,—and yet we do condemn them,—we condemn all error ; yet we do not—because we have passed from all that is condemnable.

“Oh ! ye men and women, how long will ye halt between two opinions ? A well-ordered discourse, forcibly delivered,—accepted, because conceived and given to meet the views of a prejudiced congregation of hearers”——[Here an interruption cut short the sentence.]

“Here stands a man, purporting to be a man of God, bearing testimony to that which his eyes have beheld, and his ears have heard, to be the production of an intelligent power out of the body ; that power being compelled as it is by so much imperfection in Media through which they [the Spirits] converse, often conveys or gives impressions different from what *they* would, were they able to speak as I do now. Is it reasonable to suppose,—taking for granted, or, in other words, for argument’s sake, to admit with our brother, the Rev. Samuel, that we are evil. I say, is it reasonable to suppose that an All-wise, All-powerful, and All-loving Heavenly Father, would suffer demons to return and revisit your earth ; snatching His children from their holy sanctuaries ; torturing them by severing their preconceived opinions of Death, the Grave, and the future ? I say *torturing*, because all bound-up minds, before they can cast asunder, and cleanse themselves from early teachings, necessarily pass through a degree of mental torture. Again, I say, is it reason-

able to suppose that such a being as every child's Soul tells it its Heavenly Father is, would suffer these 'dæmons' as our reverend brother says, to return to lead His children astray by teaching; and then, after they had *done* all the good they *could*, eternally punish them, because they had consented to listen and receive as truth the evidence which all there is of man tells them is true, and not permit a good spirit to come to the rescue? Oh, error! ignorance! darkness! 'By their fruits ye shall know them. A good tree *can not* bring forth evil fruit.' The evil 'dæmons' that the learned Doctor who delivered the discourse contained therein [*pointing to the sealed envelope*] would have as a provision made, 'provided,' he says, 'these are Spirits, they must be evil, for good ones must be better employed!' Now, what could be a more beautiful employment? Take it upon your individual self. Now, fancy that physical death separated your spirit, and deprived a dear child of the presence of a mother, what could be a more delightful mission to a mother, passed from a world of care, perplexity, and sorrow, leaving a child still heir to all a body has to encounter; what more heavenly? what better employment for that mother than to hover around that child; tell it to live in hope, love all mankind, and be thereby fitted to become an inmate of the house of its Heavenly Father; to tell that child that the home of the mother is beautiful? What could be a more delightful mission than that? And yet this wise, or would-be wise man, concludes that if, peradventure, these *are* Spirits, they must be evil! Oh, wipe out from the mind all such erroneous ideas, and live—as God intended every man should live—upright, just, loving to all, having no fear of the future.

"I am,

THOMAS PAINE."

Several days subsequent to the receipt of the foregoing communication, and when the contents of the envelope forming its subject had been examined, the inquirer remarked:

"Friend Paine, in this notice of Dr. L——'s discourse, there is no mention of the Spirits producing these phenomena being "evil." Is it the whole discourse, as delivered, that you have animadverted upon?

"Ans.—(By table-tipping.) Yes.

"Inq.—There seems more of simple ignorance than of wilful error in the discourse, as far as the outline of it goes: do you not think you have been *rather severe* upon the writer of it?

"Ans.—No.

"Inq.—Will you indulge me with a further communication upon this subject.

"Ans.—Yes."

An hour having elapsed, the Medium was entranced, and spoke as follows :

"Friend, you know that Thomas Paine disliked to retract words. Do not think me abrupt or uncouth in my speech, as I am the same man now, with the exception of the body, and—a larger perception of truth. I gave the discourse a hasty glance. I saw that *in the soul of the speaker* there was a conviction as to the agency of that which he vainly attempted to explain away. That conviction was, that the spirits were evil; because love of approbation had erected a wall so high that the true conviction could not reach the soul. But we will waive the subject now, and come on to one that will be of more interest to you, and equally of as much benefit to mankind."

Mrs. P. Jackson, of Mamaroneck, Westchester, recently addressed a letter to J. B. Conklin, relative to a young lady in the village of "a thoughtful turn of mind, highly accomplished, and constitutionally religious," who, having been partially developed as a Medium, had been warned by a Spirit-friend to withdraw from circles and desist from practicing her Mediumship, since it would render her insane. The letter proceeds to state, that there is no hereditary disposition to insanity in the young lady's family, and concludes by asking advice on the subject. The following reply, purporting to have been written under impression by Thomas Paine, was sent :

"*Dear Madam* : My friend, Mr. Conklin, has received your letter, but his time being too fully occupied to allow him to reply to it, he has requested me to do so for him; and as he will see the letter before it is sent, you may read it as coming directly from him. I will endeavor to comply with the request you have made to him, by giving you the best advice which it is in my power to give, and which I should wish myself, under similar circumstances, to receive.

"My impression is, that the communication of which you speak was not entirely from a disembodied spirit. The lady through whose Mediumship that communication was given, being filled with preconceived opinions when she was under control, it was a reflex of her own thoughts which predominated. * * * Such a communication might also be partially dictated by an undeveloped Spirit; one who, while living, was under sectarian influences, and who has not yet progressed sufficiently out of his earthly errors to throw off the chains of bigotry and superstition with which the dogmas of the Church had bound him.

"As to the question of Spiritualism inducing insanity : At all

times, and in all ages of the world, minds of a certain order have been in danger of losing their balance under the influence of strong religious excitement. It is possible that some minds, under certain conditions, may be affected by what is called 'Spiritualism,' as they would be by any other strong excitement of their religious nature; but upon a mind such as you describe—well balanced and progressive—I should say that Spiritualism must have a *directly contrary effect*. Its influence by such will be felt to be, not antagonistic, but quieting and exalting to the whole nature.

"To be a Medium is a holy privilege; and I would say to your friend—seek the highest influence. Look to God, the Infinite Parent of all, for inspiration, and you will then become a recipient for the highest Spirit-influences. Pray that highly developed Spirits may control you. Be passive and receptive; and live so that such Spirits may find themselves in affinity with you. LIKE SEEKS LIKE. As you progress, you will draw around you higher and higher influences. Above all, and first of all, strive with all your might, and prayerfully, to cast off the shackles which the Church has thrown around you. Go not to the *Church* for inspiration. Go to God in the silence of your own heart; and God, through the Mediumship of highly progressed Spirits, will give you inspiration. Be strong, self-reliant, and unwearied. Become passive and receptive, and high and powerful Spirit-influences will flow in upon you.

"And fear not! God has called you to a high mission. *Turn not back*. Strive only, diligently, after a more perfect development—strive to live in conformity with Spiritual law that you may grow."

A gentleman who recently commenced his investigations, gives the following account of his experience at Mr. Conklin's table:

Accident having called my attention to the manifestations purporting to be made through mediums by departed spirits, a fit of curiosity induced me to while away a tedious hour in looking at an exhibition. The result, though it increased my curiosity, was unsatisfactory; and I concluded to have a private interview, with no person present but the Medium and myself. I have had several; and have found the monosyllabic answers, "Yes" and "No," to be entirely unreliable and frequently contradictory. Occasionally, I have found the more extended answers inapplicable to the question, and sometimes I have found them to be a continuation of an answer previously given, in part, to some preceding question. At other times I have found the answer to be an obvious reflection of my own mind; my own thoughts being thrown back upon me in the shape of an answer to my question.

My questions were written with a pencil, carefully placing my left hand so as to conceal even the character of its motion. I gave no intimation of the sex or relationship of the Spirit I indicated ; and I carefully avoided uttering a word which could betray the tone or character of my queries. As I have remarked, in order to prevent collusion and guard against the action of confederates, I held the interview alone with the Medium. It was under these circumstances that I wrote the following queries and received the indicated answers.

So stand the facts: I leave others to speculate upon them. I wrote various names, male and female, on slips of paper. The paper with "Mary" on it, was indicated as bearing the name of the Spirit. I asked its relationship, and by means of the alphabet the word "Mother" was spelled out. My mother's name was Mary.

I then wrote : Do you love me now ?

Ans.—"My son, a mother's love for her child can never be obliterated : yes, my son, I love you with a pure and holy love. I have watched your seeking soul, and am doing all that I can to assist in giving evidence. MARY."

Other questions were then put ; and then I wrote to another Spirit : Will you give me your name in any way ? *Ans.*—I will *try* to give you more soon. *Inq.*—Give me your name *now*. *Ans.*—We are only permitted at times to give names ; I can not just yet ; but will try during the intervals. *Inq.*—Can I do any thing to please your spirit ? *Ans.*—No, you can not do any thing at present. *Inq.*—You have repeatedly promised to satisfy me that you were the one who made these manifestations. Now *do so*. Why will you not satisfy me ? *Ans.*—Oh ! if you knew of the many difficulties that I have to contend with, you would not ask me to give a reason. I would gladly satisfy at once. There is an immutable law that compels you to *tread gradually* ; you *can not leap*. *Inq.*—Would you be better pleased if I never sought any further manifestations from you ? *Ans.*—*Your own heart tells you no !* *Inq.*—Do you know all my acts ? *Ans.*—Not minutely. I see your prominent ones, mixed in the spheres of others. When you are passive, and your mind dwells on me, *then* I understand each thought. *Inq.*—Do you approve my thoughts of you ? *Ans.*—I do not condemn. *Inq.*—Do you wish to torment me ? *Ans.*—No ; I do not. *Inq.*—Do write something to satisfy me of your identity. *Ans.*—I can not satisfy you *now*. When you retire to-night think of me. *Inq.*—Do you love me ? *Ans.*—I live in a sphere of love.

On a second occasion the following conversation took place :

Inq.—Give me your name *now* to satisfy me that I am not im-

posed upon. *Ans.*—I want to have my presence accepted from the convictions of *your heart*, and *then* I will give my name, my dear, w. d. *Inq.*—The last two letters seem to be without sense. Give me some manifestation of the fact. *Ans.*—What kind? *Inq.*—Any kind will do that will satisfy me of the fact: tell me so by the alphabet. *Ans.*—Do you remember my last request. *Inq.*—I can not understand you—speak plainly, and tell me something by which I shall know you. *Ans.*—That is the case with me: *I* can not at times understand *you*. I will do my best. *Inq.*—Have you ever held any communication from the Spirit-world with any one but me? *Ans.*—Yes. *Inq.*—Will you tell me with whom? *Ans.*—I would tell you if I had the power to do so. *Inq.*—You have lost all interest in me. *Ans.*—Yes. *Inq.*—Tell me why? *Ans.*—I can not give the reasons. *Inq.*—You bewilder me, and I am in suspense: say something to satisfy me! *Ans.*—The mind of a grown man, my brother, can not be *satisfied*; it must and will constantly seek for more: a sifting of the chaff from the wheat will develop the truth—*go on!* WILLIAM. *Inq.*—Is this last reply from my father? *Ans.*—I endorse the sentiment—YOUR FATHER. [Remark—I had a brother William, now deceased.] *Inq.*—Is Mrs. D.'s Spirit present? *Ans.*—Yes. *Inq.*—Why will she not say something to me? *Ans.*—There is a law which prevents her from complying *yet*. *Inq.*—Can she not talk to me to-day? *Ans.*—No. She will, with us, meet you this evening alone in your room; and if possible give you evidence of our presence.

At a third sitting, the inquiries were presented as follows:

Inq.—Well now, give me some manifestations which will convince me that it is ****. *Ans.*—I will do all I can. *Inq.*—Will you give me some written communication sufficient to satisfy me of the fact? *Ans.*—I would, if in my power, give it willingly. *Inq.*—Is my father's Spirit here? or my brother's? Will any Spirit communicate with me to-day? Will my mother? *Ans.*—Yes, my son, you have us all here with you to-day; and as I am compelled to converse indirectly we all prefer a better electrical condition; the Medium's guardian Spirit assists me to write. I am your father. *Inq.*—Why will not ***** talk to me? *Ans.* I have stated the reason, my son, why she will not. *Inq.*—Is she happy now? *Ans.*—Happy! yes; the word can not convey her present feelings.

Such were some of the questions, all of which were rapidly and guardedly written, as I have stated—and such were the answers. There were other answers still more remarkable. The replies were sometimes given by the alphabet, and taken down by myself, letter by letter; and at other times the Medium wrote the answers and

read them. In one case, as he finished writing the answer, the Medium remarked: "This is singular—part of this has quotation marks." I inquired the words: *they were part of my question!* He did not see my question, nor has he seen it yet. I make no speculation upon these facts, but there they stand.

A new "test" of Spiritualism. Not, indeed, a new wonder, to feed a love of the marvelous; but an every-day, homely fact—an ever-recurring phenomena seen in a new aspect.

A few days ago, I stood by a dying friend! a man who had exchanged with me the name of brother—not as acknowledging consanguinity, but as signifying the truer brotherhood of affection and esteem.

He appeared to suffer much, and wandered in mind—still he knew his friend to be near, and a light passed over his features, and the look of suffering was changed for an instant, by a gleam of joy; but the external was quickly receding, and the blank look of unconsciousness returned again, and incoherent words, and exclamations of pain, becoming more and more feeble in utterance, marked the ebb of life, and told of the coming change.

I had been two nights on the road from a distant city, having traveled unintermittingly to reach the sick chamber as soon as possible. This was the third night of wakefulness; and to weariness of body was added an exhaustion produced by much anxious business, and depressing thoughts concerning my friend's affairs. Here was a condition eminently favorable to gloomy impressions from the scene of suffering. And yet, I looked for the coming event with unruffled calmness. Was this callousness to suffering? Not so—for most willingly would I have lightened my friend's load of pain, by bearing it for him. *But there was no doubt regarding the future.* As a materialist I should have said to myself: "here is the closing scene of our friendship, I am gazing on my friend for the last time; the body before me will soon be dust, and the breath, which animates it, diffused through all space; and with the form will perish the man. As an orthodox churchman with orthodox notions of Christian theology, I might have been perplexed with doubts of my friend's future, hinging on the possibility of his not apprehending rightly certain formula setting forth the mysteries of the Divine existence. And then, the association of death, the "King of terrors," with the fall of man, and the wrath of God; and the vague shadowy fears which gather round the grave—in *this* view, the symbol of desolation and woe! As a Spiritualist I saw not the agony of *death*—this childish terror was no more—but the throes of nature once again in travail, and about to bring forth the being which had been molded and fitted in its tenement of clay,

for a higher state of existence. A grand and soul stirring event was before me; the contemplation of which, while it left unchecked the flow of affectionate sympathy, watchful of the need of each moment, banished all the trivialities of thought which minister to selfish sorrow, and placed the mind in an attitude of calm worship before Him whose wise and loving purpose was being fulfilled.

And so the end came,—the free spirit passed away and all was still. And also passed away all traces of suffering, leaving on the now calm face, the lines which told of the clear thought, the generous impulses, and the manly frankness and energy which had traced them there.

My friend was not a Spiritualist,—no matter now,—opinion, happily, does not endow us with immortality, nor consign us to annihilation.

On the following day I was at Conklin's room. I did not mention my friend's death; indeed, some other serious matters, for the moment, had diverted my thoughts. Our Spirit friends were indisposed to communicate then, but made an appointment for the next evening. On this second occasion my mind was still pre-occupied with the foreign subject which engaged it at the former sitting, and when the table moved, comment in regard to it was looked for. But the words spelled out were: "I am Gideon,—happy with the change." This was my friend's name, wholly unknown to the Medium. I put a question, which called forth the following: "Do not ask questions,—spontaneous communications will be the best.

GEORGE FOX."

Some time elapsed, when the following was written by the Medium's hand: "A description of the passing from the body, I will try to give soon. I will say nothing more at this time. G. T. S."

"My friend's initials! An apparent attempt was made to write the entire name, which was abandoned after five or six trials.

"Two days afterward I was again at Conklin's; some visitors were present. 'Thy friend has *come with thee*,' wrote Mr. Fox, with the Medium's hand, 'and will try, during the evening, to converse; thy time can not be better employed than to remain.'

"I sat apart, while a visitor occupied the Medium's attention; he had received several communications, when one was written out, which, after the Medium had read it aloud as addressed to the visitor, he discovered was intended for me. It speaks the language of a Spirit awakening to the realities of its sphere, and viewing the light of knowledge with a grateful, overflowing joy:—

"God is all in all! He is the First Cause—the Great Ruling Power. God is Love, and has developed all things well. God is

all meekness, God is all forbearance, God is all love. My soul is happy! My last moments on Earth were not painful, my friend.

"GIDEON."

Among the common objections urged against Spiritual Manifestations is the objection that the communications given are frequently unworthy of the supposed communicators; that the Spirit of a man, for instance, who was known in the society he moved in as a man of culture, will often be made to express himself in the style of an uneducated mind.

What follows throws some light on the subject:

One day Mr. Conklin brought with him, to our private sitting, a communication said to have been addressed to him by the Spirits forming the circle at Mr. Koon's "Spirit room," in Ohio; and to have been written by a Spirit-hand, temporarily organized. [Phenomena of this kind were once very rare, but they are now becoming more frequent.] The communication was written with a pencil on one side of a half sheet of paper, and a letter, with a pen, on the other by Mr. Koon. On looking from one to the other, it was impossible not to recognize the close resemblance of the hand-writing in pencil to that in ink; some of the words, common to each, were fac-similes of each other. The Medium and I were speculating on this fact, when he was suddenly intranced, and a Spirit spoke through him as follows:—

"Friend, I am come to cast light, as far as I am competent.

"In sifting out all that emanates from Spirits, it will be observed that it bears a resemblance, in a ratio, to the Medium's intellect. Not that it is the production of the Medium; but *as wine put into an oil bottle will taste of it.*"

"Now the philosophy of it is this:—*Ideas* originate in Heaven—forms on Earth. We convey ideas, and are compelled to form them in proportion as the instrument through whom we convey them is developed; and at the same time, with proper Mediums and proper conditions, we do, to all external appearances, give an independent communication, form letters, and make sentences. *Yet, while doing it, the first formation and composition is made in the brain of the Medium.* Hence, come at times, bad grammar, mis-spelled words, and communications tinted with the language and ideas of the Medium."

CHAPTER XXII.

"WHAT IS THE GOOD OF IT?"

WHILE at Howard street, I was attending to a large circle one day, when two young women entered, and took their seats at some distance from the table, awaiting an opportunity to investigate the mysterious subject of which they had casually heard so many strange reports. They seemed to be unwilling to make their examination and inquiries while so many were present, and it was deferred till most of the company had departed. One of them, then, made her inquiries, and received satisfactory communications from her mother's Spirit. As she was about to leave she inquired:—

"Have you any thing more to say, mother?"

"Yes, my dear child, I have much more to say hereafter," was the answer.

After she and her companion had left the room, I felt an influence of more than ordinary power upon me, my hand was violently moved, and I was forced to write. Then came the following, with respect to this total stranger to me:—

"My dear friend,—That is my daughter. Write to Miss B—— 35, A—— Street, immediately, and say that her mother wishes to communicate with her. Take her from that house—pay her board—and Heaven will reward you."

Accordingly, I wrote a note, and sent it by my office boy. Miss B—— came to the door, and took the note, endorsed upon it that she would come with pleasure, and sent it back. In a short time, she sat at my table in communication with her Spirit-mother, who directed her to avoid the dangers by which she was surrounded, and to rely upon the assistance of her Spirit-guardians, who would sustain her against the heartlessness of the world.

It now became a question with me what to do. With the full assurance that "charity" is more a word than "a practice," and that those who can sigh and cry over the kindness of a benevolent heart exerted in behalf of a down-trodden human soul, when depicted upon the pages of a novel, can also calumniate and be censorious when the reality is exhibited in the actual life around them; knowing how many are always ready to assert the "I am holier than thou" principle; still, my duty in this case came before me with a plainness I could not misinterpret, and I felt that my professions of charity, benevolence, and love for my neighbor, were to be tried by the fiery ordeal of a censorious world. I procured a respectable home for the young lady, and did all in my power to restore her to society and to happiness, having the assurance that by her excellent education and habits of industry she would be able to surmount all difficulties, and throw off that weight of grief—that burthen of despondency, which hung upon her.

There were those, however, who forgot the story of the good Samaritan—there were those who no longer bore in mind the beautiful story of Mary Magdalen—there were those who could, in their foul and sensual imaginings, transform this good to evil; and such, not contented to pass by in silence, not to say with a kind and charitable word, a rare instance of Christian charity, and faith in the human heart; unwilling to look with sympathy upon a slight exemplification of Christian love, and a sincere devotion to the welfare of a human soul; plucked calumnies from the buried past, and falsehoods from the promising present, to poison the existence of that soul, and to push it back into the realm of infamy and perdition.

O Christian age, and Christian people! Ye who are so zealous in good works, when will you lay aside your own human pride—your own proud sense of fancied security from danger—your own assumed superiority in virtue over those whom circumstances may have hurried headlong to despair, and stand forth Christianized in action as well as in spirit; slow to judge others, lest ye, in your turn, shall be judged, also?

I am happy to say that through good report and through evil

report, I have been able, thus far, under pressing difficulties, to be true to that trust imposed upon me by the Spirit of a mother watching over the immortal destinies of a beloved child; and I shall endeavor so to complete the work which I have been impressed and urged to do, as to show the world that it is possible for each earnest heart to turn some one less fortunate brother or sister from the pit of misery to the heaven of comfort and of hope. Surely it is reward enough for me to know that I have saved *one*—even amid the reproaches and obloquy of those who may have had too much pride—selfish pride—to save any, for fear of a world's contumely and scorn. “Go, thou, and do likewise!”

This lady, of whose salvation I was thus made the medium and instrument, owing to difficulties which may be readily conjectured by one who knows our social hypocrisies, has had hard trials of many kind in her path. Yet she has surmounted them, and is now engaged in a pursuit by which she will be enabled to sustain herself in a genial and pleasant employment, that promises to yield her a handsome income. She is restored to her family and friends, who see in the future a bright prospect for her, as it shines in brilliant contrast with a few dark fleeting moments of the past. By the spirit of her mother, tipping truth from a table and influencing the hand and heart of a Medium, has this soul been restored to its pristine state of innocent self-reliance, while a mocking world will still inquire, “What good comes from these spiritual manifestations?”

And well may the world inquire *cui bono*? Well may the manifold Christian societies, so named, inquire what good comes from a mere assent to the principles of the New Testament, when they are not vitalized by action. Our poets may sing of the down-trodden till whole nations weep over the word-pictures of suffering children of humanity—but what good are all such tears, when not only no effort is made to restore the struggling sufferers in the world to society, and to happiness, but thousands upon thousands shut the door upon every returning prodigal, and even rush into the street by loud words and uncharitable thoughts, to afflict the repentant heart, and to crush out of it every remaining hope inspired by its inherent virtues. Spiritualism teaches that the active charities alone

are essential to our own good, or the good of others. Vain prayers and vain hopes are nothing. Energetic efforts, and truthful action, are the things required to increase the sum of human happiness, and unless men and women can do more than to talk, there is little reason to suppose that any practical results can accrue to society from the best volumes ever inspired by the Almighty mind. Words must give place to deeds, and he who extends the hand of fellowship to a fallen brother, alone can be considered as embodying the Christian principle of him who sustained the fallen Mary, and raised her, by his divine example, in the eyes of the world, so that she might pursue the path of virtue, and "sin no more."

It is a source of deep gratification to me that the simple table communications in my room have satisfied many persons of the immortality of the soul. At this moment, I call to mind three gentlemen of intelligence and education, who have declared to me that they could not be satisfied that the soul exists after the decay of the body. All arguments had failed to make the necessary impression—but the facts made known to them at my rooms, had accomplished that which the theological literature of ages could not consummate. Surely, those who scoff at Spiritualism, and who would seek in its various phenomena, to find something upon which to hang the folding and concealing garments of sarcasm and ridicule, may cite these cases as evidence that some good can come out of Nazareth! The probability is, that thousands in the United States who believed, five years ago, that the soul was not immortal, are rejoicing now, not in a vague assent or passive belief in this doctrine, but are convinced that it is a solemn and earnest truth. It is no longer a vague impression, or a blind unreasoning faith, but an actual knowledge, based upon the evidence of their own senses. What evidence can be stronger than that given by the tests in my rooms, and in those of other mediums, where the most sagacious minds of the present century can erect no theory, save that of communication with departed spirits, to explain a phenomena of hourly occurrence. These, then, are some of the fruits of the Spiritual phenomena, which the uninitiated would fain deny, or blot from the "fixed facts" of life.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1855, by T. L. 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.

FROM NEW YORK TO NIAGARA.

MY FRIEND—It is late, and my mind and heart are full. The roar of the great cataract is in my ear; the vibrations of the solid rock-ribbed earth jar the windows of my little bed-room, and even shake, with a slight tremor, the table on which I write.

I feel the soft pressure of your hand, I see the fond glances of your tearful eye, I feel your breath warm upon my cheek, and taste the sweetness of your parting kiss. All is vividly present to me at this moment; and then the roar of Niagara murmurs so deeply that we are hundreds of miles apart! Your dear picture, which has rested on my heart all day, now lies before me, and smiles upon me as I look at it with dim eyes. The light falls life-like, through those brown silken curls, on that white forehead and delicate cheek; the arched brows are full of truth and hope, and the full, loving lips seem ready to open and call me by some dear name. I smile and sigh at once. I press the dear image to my lips and heart; and I write you the adventures of my first day's journey toward the Land of Promise in the Far West.

After the happy heart throbs, and the sweetly sad adieus of our moonlit parting hour, I slept sound, awoke with the dawn, and prepared to leave the great city, so many years my home, and ever dear to me as yours, to seek out the home of our future. The sun rose over Brooklyn, and glittered on the bay. I said good bye to old Ocean through the narrows, and looked round proudly on that

magnificent scene, connected with so many happy associations; for there was Castle Garden, where we had listened to music together; and Staten Island, and Weewhawken, the scene of merry Pic Nics.

But the ferry-boats don't wait for sentiment, and I was soon at the New York and Erie Railroad Depot, and saw the iron bars, which, placed end to end, were to bring me over mountain and valley; and which they have very satisfactorily accomplished.

The train was filling rapidly—nearly all the seats were taken, when I discovered one vacant half of a seat—a lady occupying the other half. The presumption was, that her husband, or other male protector would soon come and claim it; but as this was not certain, I went wishfully toward the vacant seat. I think it was a real attraction that drew me. She did not wait for me to ask if the seat was engaged, and then make a cold ungracious answer, as I have seen done so often; but looking up with a calm bright look, that seemed to scan me thoroughly, she smiled a welcome, and with an indescribable air of self-possessed dignity, motioned me to the seat beside her, which I took. It was the only one, but had there been many, I should have wished to take it. Darling, it is a confession I am beginning, but do not be alarmed. Summon your love and your trust in me, and be sure that I can not be unworthy of either.

I must describe her. She may be thirty years old; a little above the medium height, with a well rounded figure and graceful attitudes and movements. Her eyes are hazel, with long, shining, black lashes, her brows well formed, her nose purely cut and slightly aquiline, her mouth moderately large, and beautiful; teeth white and even, complexion a pearly brunette, with an abundance of wavy, curling, glossy, pretty hair. Her hands and feet are not so small as yours, but delicately shapen. She wears a simple straw hat, and a traveling dress of a severe, but still elegant simplicity. Her gloves, and boots, and the few ornaments she wears are in the best style. But above all, her manner, so gentle, so kind, yet so full of dignity and repose, gives you a feeling of confidence and rest, when you come into her presence. I feel sure that you would see her as I do, and with the same feeling.

As I took the kindly proffered seat at her side, I expressed my thanks, and the hope that we should have a pleasant journey.

"The thanks belong to you, perhaps;" she answered, with a quiet smile. "A woman traveling alone, should be thankful for protection; and, besides, said she, looking drolly at some rough looking men, who were searching for vacant seats, "I might have had much less agreeable company."

This might have been a compliment, but it was not, in its manner, or its meaning, but the expression of a sincere thankfulness that some of the coarse, brutified men who passed us could not claim a seat in such disagreeable proximity.

"Do you travel far on this route?" I asked, as the train started.

"I go to Niagara," she said, "on my way beyond the Mississippi. I visited the Falls ten years ago, and go a little out of my route, and stop a day to renew my acquaintance."

Was it Providence, or Fate, my Clara? I will believe in good angels, and benevolent destinies. Have I not started in this trust, hoping to be beneficently guided to the home of our happy future?

"And you?" she asked, with a smile at the abstraction into which I had fallen.

"I—it is my own journey. I am also going far west, in search of a home. I also go by Niagara, to see it for the first time."

"Ah, well—then we may get acquainted," she replied graciously. It is the word, Clara; for whatever she may be, her manner is queenly. She has in every word, and at all times, the repose of either an unconscious innocence, like that of a little child, or of a conscious goodness, at peace with herself and with every one about her. I have not in the fifteen hours past, detected one movement of affectation or coquetry. I would as soon think of flattering a sunbeam. If I admired her, it was because she compelled my admiration; and if I expressed it, it troubled her no more than Niagara is troubled with the enthusiasm of its wonderers.

I fear that I pain you with these details. I do not wish to be unjust to you, my love, but you can not, at once, understand this woman, nor the kind of feeling I had for her, from the first moment I sat beside her. And you must be patient with me and let me

describe her as fully as possible, for I will conceal nothing from you. Whatever can come into my heart and life you have the right to know. I love you supremely—I love you only. The feeling I have for this pure and beautiful being is admiration, and if I can define it—a kind of devotion, such as one might feel for a superior being, but not the fond and personal love which lives in my inmost heart for you. It is written—though it might have been better, had I continued my narrative without these declarations. But I will now give you, as clearly as I can, the progress of our acquaintance.

“Do you reside in New York?” I asked, as the cars paused a moment at Paterson !”

“No !”

Never was one little monosyllable so expressively spoken, not even by Rachel. There was a radiant happiness in the “no ;” not a scorn or unappreciation of our great commercial city, but her whole face lighted, and her tone seemed filled with the love of some other, and happier home. You will think this a strange interpretation ; but do we not know how much may sometimes be told by a single word, or glance, or sigh ?

“No,” she answered ; “it is my first visit to New York for several years. I wished to look at its familiar streets once more, to visit a few friends, who are still bound in it, and see what progress the world is making.”

I went on to speak with enthusiasm of our improvements—Taylor’s, the Academy of Music, the Crystal Palace, etc., but I stopped, when I saw the smile half pitying, half ironical, with which she listened to my rhapsody.

“Your Taylor’s Saloon,” said she, “is a barbaric gewgaw, as unpleasant to a refined taste, as a Chinese band is to a musical ear. Your Academy of Music seems ready to crush you with its heaviness and profusion of ornament. Your Crystal Palace is a pretty show building of itself, but out of all harmony with its uses ; and with its plows and statuary, steam pumps and pictures, is as grotesque and discordant an exhibition as can well be conceived ; yet it is a very fair epitome of civilization, and a failure, like that.”

"But did you find nothing in New York to admire?" I asked, with a shade of bitterness at this wholesale desecration of our idols.

"Yes;" she calmly replied, "there are things which discordant institutions can not utterly spoil, and others, which are signs of progress. I found human hearts, not yet crushed or withered. I saw a few beautiful women and children; some pictures, with promise in them—and ships, and steamers. I have heard good music well rendered. In making my purchases, I found some sensible, honorable merchants, and manufacturers evincing much skill. For the rest, I found, as always, a vast aggregation of miserable humanity, fretting, struggling, and wearing itself out in wretched conditions, with no eye to pity and no arm to save. I do not wish to see it again, or to think of it."

"Well, I, too, hope soon to leave it all," I said; "I am going to find some growing little village in the far west, where I can build a little cottage in a little garden, marry a little wife, keep a little store, and be happy. We shall have no opera, but my Clara will play and sing to me; and we shall take the papers, and magazines, and be very happy."

I wondered at myself, for this frankness, but it seemed as natural to me to open my heart to her, as to breathe. She turned toward me, and seemed to look through me, into my inmost self, with a calm sad look. I felt the spell of her presence, as if her being took hold of mine. At length she said, in low tones, but clear and penetrating—"My friend, this is not your destiny."

"Why not?"

"Because I perceive that you are worthy of a higher and better one; that you are not only capable of a truer life than the one you have—both hopefully and scornfully pictured, but that you have the wish for, if not the idea of, a life which will better satisfy your nature."

"If you can tell so much, will you not predict my future?" I asked.

"Your future is before you," she said, with a certain impressiveness, I can not describe. "It will be fulfilled from day to day. This *now*, is the future of your yesterday. Were you not brought

to me; and will not this meeting influence all your future life? Should I speak to you in this way, if I were not assured of it?"

Every sentence she uttered, plunged me into deeper depths of unknown feeling, and newly awakened, or forgotten thought. It was abruptly, almost rudely, but very earnestly, that I asked—"who are you?"

The light of a beautiful smile swept over her face, and dimpled in her cheeks.

"I am a human sister of yours," she said, "if you please to own me. I am some years older than you, and a good deal wiser. For the rest, I am what you see, and feel me to be."

"I am well satisfied with all I see and feel," I said.

"That is not quite true. With what you see, perhaps; not with what you feel. Your attraction to me conflicts with your idea of duty to another. You distrust yourself, and still more, the little wife, that is to live in the little cottage, in the little garden, and so on, like the house that Jack built."

"Distrust her!"

"Oh, only her estimation of your present occupation and emotions."

It *was* my thought: but, Clara, dear! how could she know it? It is true, that you often have intuitions, which tell you of my feelings, before they are spoken; but that is because our hearts are one:—how should this woman be able to penetrate my most secret life, and read in it things which I have tried to conceal from myself. For it is true, that this life, even that which I go to seek, and hope to enjoy with you, does not satisfy me. Yet it seems the best that is possible to us, here upon the earth.

"But I have not satisfied your curiosity," she continued, after a pause of a few minutes, during which she seemed to be considering as to what she had best tell me. "You see that I am a woman and a sister; my age, and external appearance are open to your observation. You can judge of my mind and culture, by my conversation. There is no reason to complain, I think, of distance or reserve, in my behavior. If the form and features, looks and tones, are the expressions of the Spiritual or inner life, it is for you, according to

your opportunities, to get acquainted with me. Why should you not know me, as well as I know you?"

"I don't know why; but you seem to belong to some world I am not acquainted with. I met you in the cars, as I might any other lady traveler. It is not strange, in this country, for a lady to travel alone, any distance. You have been to New York, visiting and making purchases, and there is nothing unprecedented in that, still I feel that I do not know you. There is a mystery somehow or somewhere, which I can not yet unravel."

"All in due time, my friend, if you prove worthy;" she replied gaily, "but, in the mean time, would'nt you like to know some little particulars; whether I am married or single; whether I am called Susan or Kate; or Brown or Smith?"

"No," said I, heroically. "Those are all external, accidental, or conventional matters, and of slight importance. Your being married or otherwise can be nothing to me, and what is in a name?"

"It is convenient, sometimes—you have one, I hope."

Here I had been as good as asking a lady her name, and had not yet given her my own. I apologized for this stupidity, took a card from my pocket, and gave it to her. She looked at it musingly and said—

"Frank is a good name, and Wilson a common one; was your father a clergyman?" I nodded assent. "Your mother was a Harding; excuse my questionings; curiosity is a woman's weakness, you know."

I answered affirmatively, with an increasing excitement of my own.

"Then we are almost relations," said she; "for I knew your mother, and loved her before you did. She was my teacher, before her marriage. I have often wished to see her, before she went away; and now she is very pleasant to me."

O Clara! was it the Spirit of that sainted mother, who guided me to that woman, who seems to me so good, and pure, and wise? But you shall judge, for I shall write all I can of her. She would love you, and you would feel toward her as I do. I asked her no question further, but left her to tell me what she would; but she said no more for a time, looking out upon the savage scenery of the

mountains through which we were passing. I had the unopened morning papers, but had no desire to read. The presence in which I sat, even with the various spheres around me, and amid the roar of the train, and the flying scenery, seemed to raise me up to a new plan of feeling and thought. I sat in this presence, which seemed to surround me, in a life-sphere, with which my own mingled, like the harmony of musical chords. I find it difficult to express this sense of the pure, rich life of this woman, which seemed to the inner sense like the prevailing aroma of apple blossoms, and gifted with a penetrating power like magnetism.

Seeming to read, or rather to feel, my thoughts, she turned to me and said: "I am very glad that I have met you; and that you are so well developed, and so little injured, as I find you. You have your mother's looks, and her heart. She was a pure, good woman, bound up in her creed, which fettered her reason, but could not destroy her affectionate nature. Are you free from the bondage of her theology?"

"I reverence the memory of my mother," I said, "and I try to believe and do as the world wishes me to."

"But not with entire success, I imagine," she said kindly. "What your mother wished, when she was here, and what she wishes now, may be quite different. She sees now that many of her former ideas were erroneous, and seeks to impress your mind with her present views of truth and goodness. Do you not find your deepest life revolting against the creeds and forms in which you were educated?"

"It is true—but I fear, sometimes, that it is wrong to yield to such feelings?"

"Do you find that they incline you to wrong doing?"

"Rather the reverse."

"Do your beliefs and your loves seem to you to be matters of volition?"

"I can not see that they are."

"Is it not best, then, to leave them in freedom; giving the soul liberty to expand, and grow, and advance in its true life?"

I could not answer, for I was full of thought. This may not

come to you as it did to me, so much was in the tone, the manner, the pure articulation, and musical modulations; so much more in the expression of her face, and the magnetism of her presence. I pondered what she said, and the far reaching meanings of which her few words were but a faint shadowing.

"If belief is spontaneous and involuntary," I said at length, "if love is a free attraction of the Spirit, not to be controlled by others, nor even by ourselves, what becomes of all our sects, creeds, and social laws?"

She only smiled at this question.

"Marriage, for example, is a solemn promise, or contract to love one and one only, until death shall part them."

"No longer?" she said very quietly, "What then?"

"This world is as far as our laws can compel obedience, or punish the violation of a contract," I replied—but my mind darkened with the doubt, whether such contracts can bind, or such penalties ensure the love of any being. And I found employment for all my reflective powers; in which I was not disturbed; for she sat in perfect composure, inviting no conversation, and, as I imagined, silently aiding me in the solution of these problems.

The train stopped for dinner, and I rose and asked my companion if she would dine with me.

"Excuse me," she said, in an entirely different, and playful mood. "I am not fortunate in Railroad dinners; and prefer to cater for myself. Will you not join me? I have enough for both."

I could not resist the temptation. She opened a basket, filled with delicious peaches, plums, and a kind of cake, which seemed made expressly to eat with them. When we had eaten, she poured from a small traveling flask, into a goblet that packed with it, a glass of a bright, pure, delicate wine, and drank it; and then, pouring out another, gave it to me. There was no affectation of offering it to me first. She took it simply as her right, and to set me the example. Was it not beautiful? I had drank good wines, but never such as this—and as I tasted the last drops, enquiringly, she answered, and said:

"I saw the grapes ripen, and helped to pick them. I assisted in

making the wine, and know that it is pure and good. It has the aroma of our home; the love of my loved ones.

I wished to ask of that home, and those loved ones, but I could not—for if you think I have any familiarity with her, I have not yet succeeded in describing her. True, her presence is repose; her sphere is full of kindness; she seems to know my thoughts; her own are often spoken without a word. But a familiarity, or the indulgence of an impertinent curiosity, or paying a trifling compliment to her, I can not imagine. I think she might pass around the world, and never see a man who would not treat her with reverence.

It is very late, my Clara, and the day's ride, even with so much to interest me, was long and wearisome. New thoughts and feelings also helped to exhaust me; though the influence that inspired them seemed to sustain me. I must finish my letter.

We left the New York and Erie Road, as you will see by the map I gave you, at Elmira, and came to Canandaigua, and thence, over a flat, dull country, to Niagara. Over the last portion of the route the road was uneven, the cars noisy, and my companion rested and perhaps slept. As we approached our journey's end, she pointed me to the broad river Niagara, Grand Island, and Navy Island, and the distant lights in the Canadian villages.

"What hotel," I asked, "do you propose to stop at?"

"It is indifferent—we will try the International."

"Shall I see to your baggage?" I asked, hoping now to ascertain what I had not wished to inquire.

"Yes, if you will take the trouble," and she gave me a check for her trunk. "You will want my name to enter on the register. Just now, I do not happen to have any at my disposal. Perhaps you will lend me yours."

Forgive me, dear Clara, for what I am about to confess to you. I have asked her forgiveness, with tears, and she has pardoned me. I said, hastily, and most mistakingly :

"Shall I write Mr. Frank Wilson and———" The word was not spoken, but she knew what it would have been, and quick as lightning, yet very gently and sadly, said—

"Sister!"

"The word recalled me to myself. I silently handed her into the omnibus, at the station, secured our baggage, and when we came to the great hotel, I waited my turn, and wrote on the register "Frank Wilson and Sister." Two adjoining rooms were given us, and we went to supper. She ate sparingly; but conversed cheerfully about the morrow, and challenged me to a trip to Canada, below the Falls, before breakfast. With a pleasant good-night, she left me in the parlor, and went to her room; and I to mine. O Clara! I would have given so much, rather than to have thought that unspoken thought. I was wretched as I deserved to be. Your picture looked at me reproachfully. I had forfeited her esteem. I took out my paper, but could not write.

As I sat in this mood, listening to the solemn roar of the near cataract, there came a knock to my door. My heart bounded to meet it. I opened; it was she; but how radiantly, how divinely beautiful. Fresh from a bath, her traveling dress exchanged for an exquisite white wrapper, she came to me with a bright smile, and in a voice of music said:—

"Brother: have you not something to say to me?"

"Yes, one word;" I said, with the tears gushing from my eyes, and sinking on my knee before her—"Forgive!"

She bent down, silently, and gently kissed my forehead. Peace came into my heart. She gave me her hand, and I rose and pressed it to my lips.

"Good night, my brother!" she said softly, and, like an angel, vanished.

Good night, my Clara!

THE PROGRESSIVE UNION.

FIFTH REPORT OF THE CENTRAL BUREAU.

THE work of the first year of the Progressive Union, has been the gathering or affiliation of those who accept its principles.

We had labored earnestly, for years, in the dissemination of these principles. This work of indoctrination and propagation must still go on. It is no selfish work. He who finds a truth wishes to make the whole world a partaker of its blessings.

The work of affiliation must also be carried forward, until every person, who truly belongs with us, is enrolled in our organization; a free Union in which no one is bound or governed, but whose very intention is to secure to every member a greater individuality and freedom.

Each member has a duty to do, in presenting our principles to those around him, and aiding to gather those who heartily and understandingly accept them, into the fold of our Union.

In the year upon which we have entered, there is another work to perform; besides the great and never ceasing one of individual harmonization. Our organization, or orderly arrangement, is now to be effected. Each individual member, man and woman, is to find his or her true place in the order of progress to the Harmonic Life. This order is now, or soon, to be, defined by the method given us, and of which further information will be communicated by circular, with the new list of members, which will be sent to each full member. Those who wish to receive this List and Circular will no longer delay in sending in their affiliations.

If we had no other evidence of the supernal, and we may say Divine origin and character of our society, the plan and method of organization now unfolded to us, from our friends and co-workers in the Spirit-spheres, would be sufficient evidence. It has a wisdom, and beauty, and power, far beyond our ability to invent. We are but the instruments of this Unfolding; the mediums of this Revelation. Yet it is to be judged, not by any testimony respecting its origin, but by its own character and adaptation to our requirements. The evidence of truth is the truth itself.

In the organization given us, every true member of the Union will find his place and work; and we shall know at once to whom to look and on whom to rely, for the work of the future. Each one will stand in his and her lot and place. Each will do, from an internal attraction, and not from outward force, his own appointed work. It is the organization of a spiritual army, as complete in all its appointments, as the condition of its *personel* will admit. Let us move on, calmly and surely, in this organization. The first step in this movement, is the formation of groups of five or more members, who harmonize with each other. As fast as these groups are formed, those who may be recognized as the heads or pivots of the groups, may receive the plan of their orderly organization and work.

We have a word to say to you, O friends! which must be said, but which we would be spared from saying. Hitherto we have borne, with the aid of a few personal friends, the burthen of this work. We have expended hundreds and thousands in this cause; all that we have received; all our time and labor, and much more. Dreading to be charged with a mercenary motive or spirit, we have erred widely on the other side, and greatly violated the principles of equity, against ourselves.

This, we are warned and instructed, can not longer be permitted. The center of this organization—the heart of this body—must be sustained, either by the contributions of members, or the profits of its published works, or by both. Each member, according to his ability, should aid in the distribution of the works which set forth and elucidate our principles, or contribute such direct aid, as will enable us, by advertisement and otherwise, to supply his shortcoming. Let each individual member, if isolated from others, consider what he, or she can do. Let the members of each group confer together, and see what aid they can give the cause and the Central Bureau, by the most efficient and useful method of circulating our works, or by the less immediately beneficial, but yet desirable method, of direct contribution. Bible and Missionary Societies, Religious and Political organizations, gather and expend for their objects, millions of dollars. We know to what end. Shall we be idle, and shall our far higher and more important efforts be cramped for the lack of means? Must a few earnest, self-sacrificing individuals bear the whole burthen of this great work?

Our duty has been made plain to us. We must save for this work, both the internal riches of life and love, and the external riches of worldly goods. We have no longer the right to expend our means, either in selfish indulgence, or a no less selfish benevolence. Each one must judge of his own duties and obligations to

his family and society; but every harmonist has higher duties to the cause and work in which we are engaged. We wish those who find themselves united with us in this work to do what comes to them as duty; and by the method they can most peacefully and conscientiously pursue. The earth-life is brief. What we can do, must be done, not hastily or rashly, but yet without too much delay. A great and noble work is to be done for humanity, worthy of all exertions and all sacrifices; and yet a work that will abundantly reward all who engage in it. We move on steadily and surely to a new social state. The plan and method, the principles and laws of a true order have been given us. Those who are faithful to this work, spiritually and materially, giving to it their minds and hearts, and their material aid and active exertions, will enter into the happiness of a true life. Those who hold back in coldness and distrust, who neglect to work and who withhold their aid to the workers, will wither and fall away from the life of our society, like the dry and rotten branches of a tree. Let us say with the "Author Hero" of the Revolution, "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, deserve the love and thanks of man and woman."

The triple work of our society must go forward, in the dissemination of principles, individual preparation, and harmonic organization. Each member has his own part of the work to do, in each of these departments. No one can ever, with a clear conscience and inward peace, enjoy the fruition of our work, unless he has labored faithfully in the cause. Our appeal, therefore, is to the individual conscience; the sense of right; the equity which must be the basis of harmony. In our movement, "if any man will not work, neither shall he eat." He who holds back from the achievement of victory can never truly enjoy it. We shall soon know who are the workers, and who will fall off as withered branches, or require to be pruned away as useless incumbrances.

To those who inquire respecting locations, and the probable period for engaging in an associated effort, we say—the tree is planted, and we see the order of its growth. Time is an element—time, culture, and conditions. It will require a certain period for the formation of groups, and their harmonization. Under the most favorable conditions, and with the most earnest efforts of all our members, we must still wait for growth; and we can not hope to gather the central germ of the Home, in less than two years.

The Providence that has thus far guided our work, will point out, by proper means, the most suitable place of the many open to our choice. This is the least and last of our concern. The harmoni-

zation of one individual, and the harmonic organization of one group is of more vital importance, than any selection of a location. A truly constituted society would be happier in the midst of the Arabian Desert, than could any aggregation of civilized discordances, though its domain were the Garden of Eden.

Let us be prepared for the Heavenly Life on the Earth, in its Freedom, Purity, and Harmony, and there will be no want of a Home for its realization.

We are far more anxious that even the most advanced and developed among us shall be prepared for the Home, than that a Home shall be prepared for them. When the Harmony is established in the hearts and lives of our members, all the rest will be easy. Without this, no success is possible.

Give us a Phalansterie as magnificent as was ever planned by Fourier; a domain of abounding fertility; every comfort and luxury of life; and ignorance, disease, sensuality, intolerance, jealousy, and passional slavery would convert it into a Hell of Discord. An Association must have knowledge, health, purity, a freedom from all superstition and bigotry, and a full and entire recognition of individual and passional freedom—of Freedom as the absolute condition of Truth and Harmony. Those who have, in themselves, the consciousness of this elevation above the plane of bigotry, sensuality, and slavery; who are so far in advance of our existing civilization; who have not only left this old world behind them, but are ready, not only in desire but in capacity, to join with others of like development, in the realization of a Harmonic Life, may hope, ere long, to participate in the enjoyments of a Harmonic Home.

NATHANIEL PEABODY ROGERS.

¹ TWENTY years ago, there lived in the pretty village of Plymouth, N. H., one of the shire towns of Grafton county, a great lawyer, N. P. Rogers. He and his brothers, were acquaintances of our family; and when I was starting out into the world, on that mission of enlightenment which I have pursued hitherto, I paid a visit to the home and family of this man, afterward so celebrated in the work of reform. I remember him, kind as an elder brother, giving me good advice, and a "God-speed" on my journey. I remember him, living in a beautiful home, surrounded by a very lovely family—rosy girls from six to fourteen. There may have been boys too, but I do not remember them so well. It was a charming fireside, with books, papers, friendly and elevating conversation, and music; and it seemed a very happy family, and a picture of a refined, loving, New England Home.

From that day, more than twenty years ago, I have never seen N. P. Rogers, nor one of that pleasant family. He became, a few years after, an earnest writer and speaker in the anti-slavery cause, and also in the cause of universal freedom. He proved a rare heretic, when he got once started on the road of progress, partaking largely of the spirit of his ancestor, the Reverend John Rogers, of the "New England Primer," who was burned at the stake at Smithfield. Mr. Rogers was a vegetarian, a hater of tobacco, and of every form of despotism. He expressed his opinion of the Church, and was excommunicated. He had little reverence for governments or laws, though there were few better lawyers. He detested all bigotries and aristocracies, and slaveries over the mind or body of man. If he were now living in the earth-life, he would be with us, fully in our work; in the spirit, we hope and believe, he labors with us, and not less effectually. For though he seemed devoted to the abolition of negro slavery, as his speciality, he was not the less earnestly opposed to wages slavery, and all the usurpations, proscriptions, robberies, and despotisms that murder society, and cripple, deform, and degrade our "down trodden humanity."

When he died of a lingering disease, produced, apparently, by an early internal injury, and after using up his strength to the last

moments, in his earnest life-work, his friends collected a volume of his writings, as the best monument to his memory. The best and most fitting. A warrior's monument may well be made of the cannon he has taken, like the column of Napoleon, in the *Place Vendôme*, but an author's monument is the works he has written.

From this book, to give the best idea we can of the man, and his love of Freedom and Humanity, we copy the following passages which may vindicate the right of N. P. Rogers to a place among the World's Reformers.

Mr. Rogers went, in 1840, as a delegate to a World's Anti-Slavery Convention, called at London; but which, for some reason, was not held. The impression he received of the love of liberty in Great Britain, from actual observation, is given in the following extracts from his "Letter to the Abolitionists of New Hampshire," written after his return :

BRITISH LIBERTY.

"I can breathe freely again in the atmosphere of liberty—for, my brethren and friends, with all our pro-slavery it is an atmosphere of liberty. Here is freedom, compared to the restrictive and suffocating *subjection*, that broods upon the beautiful face of 'merry England,' and haunts even the glens and mountains of gallant Scotland. For Scotland herself is not free. She does not dream of New England Liberty. Remote as she stands from tyrant London, up among the northern mists, and prompted perpetually as she is to freedom by her glorious scenery and her stirring associations, old Caledonia is not free. She is *subject*. Her gallant people stand aloof from the head-quarters of royalty and regal aristocracy, and from that sterner, kindred despotism, the hierarchy of England;—from the Windsor Castles and the Westminster Abbeys—the St. Paul's Cathedrals and the old Towers of London, the common ally and guardian of them all—those palaces, where kings tread by Divine right on the necks of their *subject* brethren, and the priesthood cloaks the despotism with the gorgeous mantle of old superstition—and where the mounted cannon gapes hollow from their high battlements down upon the defenceless people as the grand sanction of them all—for, instead of love to God or man, the gunpowder and the bayonet are the grand sanction of British Church and State. The 'stay and staff' of both are stowed away in that ugly old Tower, in the shape of a hundred thousand glittering muskets and a quarter of a million sabres. Oh, the beautiful array of their instruments of death!—"Let us write PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TO MEN on 'the outer wall!'" cried Garrison, as we gazed on the gloomy old receptacle, as we left it. Oh, the heavenly panoply

there arrayed by the religion and government of England, to maintain their wholesome supremacy over a prostrate people! One can't doubt, as he beholds their countless multitude and horrent display, that Church and State are safe in England.

"Scotland, though remote from all these, is not free. She is in *subject* union. The Scottish lion sleeps on Arthur's seat, and brave old Scotland is part and parcel of Great Britain, and her gallant people are British *subjects*. They will not be *subjects* always. Great and free spirits are there; men and women fit this hour for freedom's peaceful martyrdom."

"London is the fit head-quarters for that committee. It is the capitol of the World's Despotism. There is not such a tyranny on earth as England's. Despotism *shows* darker and grosser perhaps on the continent and in the far East—but in accomplished, regulated and christendom-like tyranny—in settled, premeditated hostility to human liberty, England, no doubt, stands pre-eminent among the nations,—and London is its capitol. Her anti-slavery, in the great mass of it, partakes of this character. It is more despotic as well as more servile than our republican pro-slavery. I had greatly misapprehended its character. Its genuineness may be judged of by the fact, that politic statesmen affect to be interested in it, and his royal highness, the Duke of Sussex, and his serene and mighty highness, Prince Albert, preside at its great meetings—while its managers look upon George Thompson with jealousy and displeasure. What would Prince Albert say to *American* anti-slavery? I would sooner trust our enterprise in the hands of our pro-slavery mob, than with the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. They don't *begin* to be abolitionists. They would not think of joining our new organization even. They would be more likely to join the Colonization Society—although they have no prejudice against color. And their exemption from this is accidental with them. They despise low condition as much as we do color. They have had no occasion to despise color. British slavery has been carried on in the remote West Indies, and no emancipated colored people have strayed up to the British Islands from *the South*. Common British abolitionism can thrust women out of the anti-slavery conference. Even their Quakers did this, in defiance of their own principles and usages. They can deny the competency of women to think and act among men on the great subject of humanity, while they foist an inexperienced girl on to the throne of England, surrounded there by a crowd of old war bruisers by land and sea, and old hackneyed, heartless statesmen; give her command of the ship of State and the steering of the Church, archbishops and all—and to crown her *delicate* and becoming station,

make her commander-in-chief of their standing army, and grand admiral of the British navy—all this British anti-slavery can do gravely and in earnest. They are great sticklers for female *delicacy*. They won't allow an opinion or a vote to come between the wind and woman's nobility. But it will load her shoulder with the bricklayer's hod—make her hammer stone by the road side to mend the highways—hoe potatoes, pitch hay, and spread manure among the *subject* male laborers in the field of the nobility—all this with proper regard to female *delicacy*, and without violation of "*British usage*." I witnessed her in these, and many other positions, equally lady-like. They have no *freedom* in Britain—and how can they have *anti-slavery* there? I speak it with glorious exceptions. The very face of the ground there, with all its beauty and fertility, looks *subject* and shackled. It looks as if serfs had tilled it with involuntary labor. The Briton will talk vehemently for liberty and rights, and he can afford to,—for he means nothing by it, and power knows that he means nothing. He connects no action with his talk. If he is rash enough to talk *significantly*, he goes into the Tower, or York Castle, to repent of his temerity at his leisure. He is very vehement in his invective—but his impetuosity, like his own watch dog's, has a chain to limit it. He will pour out copious and violent epithets, so long as he will take it out in epithets. He may go where he pleases, but a uniformed police man constantly dogs his footsteps, or one of their bear-skin headed,—bare-kneed, hateful military. The whole citizenship—or rather *subjectship*—of the country is besprinkled with red coats, whom hungry labor has to maintain in setting limits to its own freedom. Over all the sweet hedge-rows peep the ugly bayonets, and British liberty walks perpetually under guard, *subject* and subjugated."

LABOR AND THE EARTH.

"If every body worked as much as they ought to, nobody would be obliged to work more than they ought to, which would be a mighty amelioration of human condition and character. A people broken down with labor, whether free labor (so called) or slave, must be morally degraded. It is easy for a Priesthood to ride such a people. They have not the leisure, nor the elasticity of soul, to appreciate or assert their own freedom. Their backs are bowed down, like a kneeling camel's, and the Priest mounts them easily, and rides, all their miserable lives long.

"Every body ought to earn his own living by manual labor, and, if practicable, had better earn thus much, by cultivating the face

of the ground. To say nothing of the healthfulness of such labor and the enjoyment of it,—which every body needs—there is an independence about it, a certainty of remuneration, that human injustice or folly can not defeat. And then it is due the face of our mother earth. The glorious old mother, her children, (for they all repose in her motherly lap) owe it to her, to keep her whole face, her entire surface, where there is *terra firma* for the noble plow, dressed to her taste and their own. They ought to deck her 'universal face in pleasant green.' And labor enough done by all, to earn their living, would do it. There need not a man over toil himself, to turn all earth into a paradise,—a fit abode for gods—and god-like creatures would then inhabit it. Mechanical labor is useful, necessary, honorable. But prosecuted constantly and uninterruptedly, it is not so healthful or pleasant as when mingled with the cultivation and adornment of the earth, nor so sure of requital. He who vests his labor in the faithful ground is dealing directly with God, and human fraud or weakness does not intervene between him and his requital. He is very apt to get his reward. The mechanic is quite apt to fail of his. No mechanic has a set of customers equally trustworthy as God and the elements,—or so unfai'ingly able, as well as willing to pay. No *savings* Bank even is so sure as the old earth, to restore all its deposits and with overflowing and gushing usury. Every mechanic knows his own condition best, perhaps. But am I extravagant in saying it would be well for every one to cultivate the earth enough to raise his own support? There is enough earth for all—provided humanity could be allowed to come on to it and dig.

The earth is as fine a one as God could furnish us. I don't believe the Clergy or the Legislature could better it—or our honest friends who are looking for the *Prince of Peace* to come with the torch of the incendiary and set it afire. I tell our conflagration friends, by the way, if Christ touches match to this glorious earth of ours, (which if He be God, He made to the best of His Almighty skill,) and burns it up—or burns a single human creature that sins and suffers on its surface, he is not the "Son of Man" revealed in the New Testament. There is not a trait of character of him, delineated in the gospel, that such an act would not violate and outrage. No, let no such *inflammatory* scenes be anticipated. Would *we* burn the earth, and our miserable neighbors,—if we felt right toward them? No—nor if *we felt right*, should we ever expect God would do any such thing. It is only when we are wrong and wicked, ourselves, that we clothe our God with such an incendiary and revengeful disposition. Nero set Rome afire and played on the

fiddle at sight of the conflagration—Nero would most naturally attribute to God the disposition he was then manifesting.

“But the earth is as beautiful as God could make it. They complain of its being cursed. The only curse now resting on it, it seems to me, is the curse of an indolent, idle tyranny, and the curse of down-trodden, back-broken labor. No wonder the earth is cursed and blasted. See war let loose upon it, under the sanction of religion, to devastate what poor, desponding Labor has done toward its adornment. See how it drives its harnessed horses through the harvest field, and ruts it with its accursed cannon wheels, and tears the sweet green sward with its murderous shot. And how it mows down the laborers, manuring the earth with their bones. That is all war ever does for agriculture. It manures the ground with the blood and bones of the cultivator. Waterloo, they say, was made fat in this way, by that darling system of Kings and Clergy. They rained blood on that field, and the plaster of *Paris* they spread on for manure, was the bleached and powdered bones of the soldiery.”

PROPERTY.

“I hazard the opinion here, that mankind have got to abandon it, in practice and in idea, or they never can live peaceably or honestly. And what is more, they can not *have a living*. There can not be enough raised on the earth, under any conceivable degree of cultivation, to feed the race, and keep off starvation, on the property system. If the whole earth's surface were a garden, there could'nt be. Vast multitudes would have to starve to death, and nearly all the rest would live in fear of it—and the few who didn't feel apprehensive enough, of coming to want, to lead them to occupy their minds and cares almost constantly, through life, in *getting a living*, would run for relief from their lonely, rare, and strange condition, to suicide, in some of its forms. PROPERTY can't give mankind a living, 'any way you can fix it.' I throw out the idea.

ANOTHER IDEA.

“Every human creature is entitled to the means of living—*ex officio*—from the fact that he is here on the earth. It won't do to starve an infant—or an idiot—or an old man past his labor—or any body else, who from deficiency or incapacity of any kind, can't *get* a living. If he is put here, or found here—if he *is* here, he is, *ipso facto*, (*therefore*,) entitled to comfortable means. He is entitled to it—consequently—whether he earns it or not—for he is so when

he can not *possibly* earn it. It is not charity (unless of that kind they call good will—the kind friend Paul speaks of, where he puts it ahead of “hope and faith.”) It isn’t supplies furnished to a pauper. He is *entitled* to it—no thanks to any body. He is as much entitled to it—free and above-board—as a trout is to a brook, or a lark to the blue sky. He can eat and drink, as independently, as he can inhale the air, or see the light. Why not? If he *can’t* he better not be introduced here. Is it well to put a human ‘young one’ here, to die of hunger, or thirst, or even of nakedness, or else be preserved as a *pauper*? Is this fair earth but a poor-house, by creation and intent? Was it made for that—and were those other round things, we see dancing in the firmament to the ‘music of the spheres’—are they all great, *shiny* Poor-Houses, with chance of escape to the few upon their respective surfaces, who can manage to monopolize the wherewithal, and become the overseers of the poor, for their spheres? I don’t believe pauperism is the natural condition of humanity. It is inevitable, as well as actual condition, wherever the means of living are transmuted into ‘property,’ and held as such. The very fact of *propertyizing* the means of living—will turn mankind—or whatever kind—into paupers, and overseers of the poor. It can not be avoided. One fair glance at human affairs, shows it has done it for the race, now. One retrospect, through the tube of history, discovers it so in all the past. And no expedient—no varied effort, no shifting of scenery can make it result otherwise. Make air the subject of ownership—of exclusive property—and there isn’t enough of it, in our forty-five mile stratum round the earth, for the lungs of ever so scanty a population—much less for the hundreds of millions now panting upon it. Make “property” of the sunshine, and nine-tenths of the human race would have to grope in unintermitted darkness—and the other tenth have their eye-sight dazzled out by excess of light. No body could see by it. And there isn’t water enough on the earth, fresh or salt, to give the population drink, if it were made “property.” And they would have made it so, if they could have guarded it from common use. And so of the air and sunshine. This hateful, wolfish principle of appropriation wouldn’t have left a breath of air, or a ray of light—free to the use of any soul on God’s earth, if it could possibly have prevented it. But air and sunshine “won’t stay” owned. They can’t be appropriated. Ownership has laid hold of humanity itself—and appropriated it, directly and confessedly—body and soul—but it can’t grasp the subtle sunshine and the “nimble air,” and *hold* them to self, “heirs, executors and administrators.” If it could, it would, and we should see air sold out by the breath, and sunshine by the ray—for what they could be made

to bring. And the mass of mankind wouldn't have a comfortable supply of either, and myriads would die for want of both. There would be as abundant a supply of all the other means of living—necessaries, comforts, elegancies—luxuries if you will—as there is now of air and sunshine and water, were they not made “property.” That is, if there were good nature enough and good sense enough in exercise to leave them free. To appropriate them, is to appropriate *human life*. To make them “property,” is to make life property. To make them subject of ownership, of accumulation, of loss, of theft, &c., is to make human life subject of all these. He takes my life, said Shakespeare, who takes the means whereby I live. I mention the authority, for people think something of him. To appropriate the land and its products—spontaneous or produced, is to inevitably debar mankind a living. I say, *inevitably*. Make these things “property,” and there isn't, and can't be, enough of them on earth, to keep the people alive, be they many or few. Henry Clay says “that is property, which the Law makes property.” The brilliant creature was driven to say it, to maintain slavery. Law is the author of “property,” and it can as legitimately make one *common* thing, or creature, so, as another. A creature as legitimately as a thing, and one thing, as legitimately as another. A biped, as a quadruped—a man, as an ox. Accordingly Custom Law has made man “property.” It has chosen the Negro. He is docile, and pliant, and will bear being *appropriated*—*alias* enslaved. It would enslave, *alias appropriate* any other class of mankind, that could be kept and used in that state. The Law is no respecter of person or thing, in this behalf. May be I am impracticably *fine* here. May be not. I am sick as death at heart, at this mortal, miserable, struggle among mankind for a living. “Poor Devils”—they better never have been born, a million fold; than to run this gauntlet of life—*after a living*—or the *bare means of running* it! Look about you, and see your squirming neighbors, writhing and twisting like so many angle worms in a fisher's bait-box—or the wriggling animalculæ, seen through a magnifying glass, in a vinegar drop held up to the burning sun. How they look, and how they feel. How base it makes them all—all but a few, rare, eccentric spirits, who, while others have monopolized all the goods, have monopolized all the soul, that ought to belong to the human race. I know some it *couldn't* spoil. But coming from house to printing office this morning—even in our small *city*—I felt dismayed at the aspect of the struggling and panting people—pushed to *death* for a *living*! No body is safe on the earth amid such a system. Laws as severe as fate, can't protect any body. Let it be abandoned—or let this be the winding up of the generations—I say.”

BEFORE THE AGE.

"You are too fast." Well, friends, *you* are too slow. "You are altogether ahead of the times." Well, *you* are altogether in the rear of the times—astern of the times—at the tail of the times, if I must say it. And, which is the most honorable and useful position? It is ahead of the times, to denounce slavery, and demand its abandonment. But that is no reason anti-slavery is wrong—or unreasonable, or imprudent, injudicious, or any of the epithets a laggard Age casts upon it. Is slave holding right? Are the institutions that support it right? Are they for the happiness, benefit, improvement, usefulness, innocency of the people? These are the questions. "You are before the Age!" Well, if I were not, it's high time I were. *You* ought to be before the Age. The Age is wrong. Whoever improves must go before. He must quit the Age, wherein it is wrong, and the charge that he is before it, is an admission that he is right. When Robert Fulton told them that steam was better than wind on the water, or than horse-flesh on the land, he was before the Age—though not a great ways before. He wasn't many years ahead of it. The Age is up with him now. They will begin to build his monuments by and by, because he is dead and it won't do him any good. They trod him under foot, when he was alive, he was so far "before the Age," and called him crazy! *Mono-maniac*, I suppose they called him. One poor man got the notion, some *ages* ago, that the sun didn't whirl round the earth—but that it was more likely and reasonable that the appearances that looked as if it did, were brought about by the Earth's turning round on its own axletree. They came nigh hanging or burning him for it. They let him off, I believe, on the ground of insanity. They made him give it up, though—publicly—to save his life. The *Solemn*s got hold of him—the Reverend Divines—God's specially called, ordained and set-apart ministers—chosen of God to *guide* the people to Heaven. They said it was contrary to the inspired Book, to say the sun stood still, and the Earth whirled round. It was contrary to "Joshua." So they made the man take it back. They are a *knowing* people, these Divines. They are specially gifted of God. They *can't* mistake. They were *with* the Age. This crazy man was "before the Age"—*now* it is admitted by the very *Solemn*s, themselves, that the earth whirls over, every twenty-four hours, and the sun is still as a mouse. The *Solemn*s always admit things, after "the Age" has adopted them. They are as careful about the Age as the weather-cock is about the wind. They never mistake it. You might as well catch an old, experienced weather-cock, on some ancient orthodox steeple—mis-

taking the way of the wind—standing all day with its tail east, in a strong out wind, as the Divines at odds with “the Age.” They can smell “the Age.” They *taste* it, at any rate.

“Before the Age.” Well it can’t be helped. These “restless devils,” as a very respectable acquaintance called me a short time since, are of necessity before the Age, as the horses are before the cart, or the locomotive ahead of the cars. They have to drag the Age—and therefore must go “before” it. The Age can’t be pushed. It must be pulled. Shame on the louts that ride and curse their horses—or rave at the steam that draws them. And triple shame on the worse than louts, who hang back—trig the wheels—lay things across the track to throw the Engine off, and after all, ride, on behind. If the Age is not up to its duty, every friend of his race ought to be “before the Age.” If the Age is not what it should be—how shall it be advanced? By every man’s keeping back, with it, and stigmatizing and discouraging those who would advance it? Can there be reform, if nobody begins it? Will the Age advance without the people; or will the people advance simultaneously, without some “mono-maniac” to go ahead?

“The divine and the statesman expend their energies in keeping the Age where it is. Their policy is to study the age and to keep it from advancement. They familiarize themselves with its follies, and thrive by playing upon them. To reform the people of those follies, is to endanger the Divine’s and Statesmen’s craft. The follies of the people are the food of the Politician and the Priest. Hence they are the deadly enemies of reform—always. The Priests divinely hostile, the Politicians, only humanly so. One arrays against the Reformer, the terrors of the Law—the other, the terrors of the Lord.”

The life of a worker is in his works, and the extracts we have given from the living writings of Mr. Rogers, constitute his best biography. The world needs many such workers. The dense ignorance, the encrusting bigotries, the blind fanaticisms, and the blank scepticism that prevade the minds of millions, must all be removed. The world must be enlightened, that it may be saved. Ignorance and Selfishness must be banished by the power of TRUTH AND LOVE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHEN a man shoots, he wishes to see the fur fly. If he shoots at a mark, he must know where he has hit. The letters an Editor receives from his subscribers show him the result of his work, and encourage him in his efforts. To publish them, may be considered egotistical; but we do not forget that many, engaged with us in our work, and desiring to do all they can for its advancement, need encouragement as much as we do. For the benefit and edification of all such, we give the following extracts:

FROM AN INFIDEL.

"I subscribed for and took your 'Journal' two years, and liked it well. I bought and read your 'Esoteric,' which is an excellent book. Your book on 'Marriage' contains arguments which would be hard to refute. Some of your writings I have read, and with the exception of your 'Spirit-wrapping' notions, I like them well. I see no evidence of the *existence of spirits*. If man has a conscious identity of spirit after death, why not a dog, cabbage, or currant bush? Simple nature would seem to teach that the gases and volatile parts of decaying bodies escape into the air, and are probably imbibed by living vegetable forms while the earthly parts sink into the dust from whence they sprung. Now this spirit doctrine proves too much. However, I like your writings. They are liberal, and any thing that will undermine the old rotten theology, or I might say *mythology*, I will encourage. But the old 'Boston Investigator' is my favorite. I have got a neighbor to subscribe with me. I will get more if I can."

FROM A FORMER WORSHIPPER OF MR. GREELEY.

"It is now near two years I tried the experiment of sending for 'Esoteric Anthropology' and 'Marriage.' The books were

received and read by myself and family, since which time they have been on the circuit. Those two books and the bundle of "The Good Time Coming" has produced a complete revolution in public opinion in this place. I read the Tribune and some other Journals that take occasion to slander and belie you in your noble efforts to reform some of the present evils of civil life. I used to think old 'Horace' about right, but my wife dislikes him so much for the course he is pursuing towards you, that I find it hard to worship him any longer."

FROM A NEW CONVERT.

"I have been greatly benefitted by reading your works, and in behalf of mankind I wish to thank you for your philanthropic labors. I know full well that, for your efforts to benefit a self-accursed race, you have received in return only the scoffs and jeers of those who should have reciprocated your labors; but I have the assurance that the mind that can become the first to sacrifice in a much needed reform, will not waver from its course because of the criminations a thoughtless and ignorant people may urge against it. There can be nothing better said than the old and oft-quoted adage, "truth is mighty, and will prevail." Time alone can prove the justness of your unselfish course. I have said before that this is a "much-needed reform:" it is the *first* in *importance* of all reforms. For who possessing eyes, can not see the misery resulting from civilized marriage—can not see how fast we are being hurried down the stream by the almost resistless current into the dark sea of pollution and crime? Heaven put a barrier in its way! You, I trow, are the one chosen for this work. The great demand for the Anthropology and "Marriage," shows what is being done. The scoffers are generally those who are fast going down the stream; and no doubt many good people have been influenced to believe them dangerous books, and you and your good lady the worst of people. But they will grow out of this prejudice in time."

FROM AN EASTERN WOMAN.

Beloved Friends: I send you enclosed a small sum which you will please accept for the cause of freedom. I would it were more, but can only add assurance of truest love for you and the cause you are laboring for. I rejoice that I am worthy to share the reproach that is heaped upon the friends of freedom. God grant that we may patiently continue in well doing, that in due time we may reap the reward of our labor."

FROM A WESTERN WOMAN.

As I go round mingling with conservative classes, I endeavor to drop good seed every where, expecting some will fall in good ground, take root, germinate, and bring forth much fruit. To one I talk of commerce, to another of education, to others of amusements, and to children, I find a thousand things to say that may make them, some day "dreadfully heterodox," for an "*Evangelist*" once said to me that I'd make every body believe just as I did, though he never saw any one that believed as I did before.

The enemies of Truth and Freedom have turned in and lent a helping hand, most gloriously, in spreading information in relation to the progress and prospects of the advocates of Freedom and Harmony, but I was glad that you saw fit to reply to their scandal in the way you have. I shall do the best I can to circulate the Extra.

TO MRS. NICHOLS.

My sympathy with you has ever seemed to flow through interior impressions. I have felt the deep wealth of an inspiration claiming spiritual origin, and I rejoice for you, that to your many other sources of happy life, this is also added; I feel that none but pure spirits can hover round you! A happy love must be yours. It flows forth in all your writings, nor could you perform so much but by its help. Minnie, sweet, strong Minnie must have had an existence, sentient, or spiritual. "Love's Vigils," who can read and not see the devoted heart of true manhood, watching by your couch (where you lie suffering from daily and nightly toil in the cause of truth,) pouring forth his prayer in all the agony of a heart fearing to lose its "Mated Dove!" Send forth your wealth of love to the world; long enough has it been anathematized! and coldness, cruelty, and bitterness alone been allowed to flow through the press. What wonder, then, that we have oppression and bloodshed, instead of justice and peace? By love alone, can the world be redeemed! Thanks to you for having dared stem the turbid stream of public sentiment,—for having dared let the crystal fountain of your inner life flow forth, and humanity will become purer and happier for drinking its refreshing draught. Go nobly and fearlessly on, and you shall have your reward!

OF THE MONTHLY AND ITS TEACHINGS.

How sweet to turn from an empty, heartless world of devotees to conventionalism in church and state, and from all that soulless literature of the present day, that so floods our land, to your very welcome Monthly, so alive to all the ailments of humanity, and just *as alive* to that all *sanative balm*, those remedial agents which are continually pouring themselves into the stricken soul—stricken from usages not only unearthly, but wanting in heavenly radiance. Surely “You were born before your time,” but there are a select few, who are able, like Shelly, to storm the strong fort and public opinion of a gainsaying world. How true it is that the love-principle alone is all potent, to call out the *real elements* of the person, to open and expand the germ that is to fructify and beautify the whole being, opening the avenues of the soul to every godlike principle that a being is capable of appreciating or unfolding. And why, in the name of truth, may I not ask, can not this life principle, this union of being, this blending of souls, this atoning, harmonizing principle; in short, this emanation from, and essence of God, be carried out in all our intercourse and self-culture? The answer is found in the present laws that govern society, and they seem like bonds that are indissoluble. Sure the changing of the hue of the African, seems almost as likely to be achieved as the transforming of society in these matters.

I have been a pioneer in some of the reform movements of the day, and where conversion seems a small thing in comparison with the revolutionary movement in question, yet I confess that it needed a head full of arguments, a heart full of love, and strongly imbued with that unalterable fixedness of purpose that so universally characterise the reformer. Yet my heart sickens and pales, and my faith is weak when I take a prophetic glance at the coming campaign. Surely, if faith is the pass-word into those heavenly portals, I shall have to stand without knocking until my head is wet with the morning dew. But if we are endeavoring to obtain the plane on which man was placed by his maker, then our faith should be strong, and our labors unyielding, for if God is for, who can be against us? If heaven is a condition, it is just as attainable at present, as at some future period.

But there is a bourne where the weary travellers shall find a full fruition of enjoyment without alloy. Man was not always made to mourn, to bow down like the bullrush to the blasts of popular sentiment—we are amenable only to God for our acts. May wis-

dom and discreetness unparalleled, mark the future course of those who are trying to break the galling chains of the mind, more galling than the yoke of southern bondage, until *harmony in union*, and union in harmony, shall be our *home* and watchword, a mellenium on earth, and type of an heavenly immortality.

MARY ALLEN DAY.

FROM A LADY OF THE EMPIRE STATE.

Whatever attempts are made *here* to promulgate the beautiful *truths* in your "Monthly," must be done with the sweetest reliance upon the sure promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after *many* days, shall it be found." That *stubborn conservatism* which spreads its *blighting* influence upon *all* progression, holds absolute sway here, and with the complacency of ignorance refuses to investigate. Were I to judge of the success of the different departments of growth throughout the land, by its progress here in this one town, I should sit down in despair. It is hard to resist the influence of such deadly stagnation, and it can only be done by the firmest trust in the sustaining strength of the All-powerful Father of all truth, from whom flows *all life, all love*.

To such a lonely life comes with the deepest gratitude and welcome, the pure and beautiful messages of love and truth, as portrayed in your invaluable "Monthly," infusing a peaceful joy into the heart, that with a responsive echo, earnestly prays for strength and blessings upon all thus laboring for the redemption of our earth-race. While the most unbounded desires for usefulness pulsate my whole being, I bow in calm submission to the Providence that, for the present binds me here, recognizing the duties of life that surround me, mourning most deeply that I cannot pecuniarily assist those who are permitted to engage more directly in the great work of reform.

I am thankful and greatly rejoice that you and your beloved companion are so sweetly sustained amid the trials you must necessarily pass, by the blessed and truthful influences of those, who, having become divested of materialism, in a great degree, can so much the better aid others. May the loving shield of such strength ever support you, in the arduous labors of life, and bear you ever above the depressing influences of opposition, is the earnest prayer of one who can do comparatively little else but pray God speed you in your mission of love to this benighted, suffering earth, and long spare you to be shining ornaments in his cause."

THE PROGRESSIVE UNION.

I have just been reading the pamphlet of the Progressive Union, and found what I have been looking for a good while ; it accords well with my ideas of right. I feel encouraged to find that such noble principles are advocated by one of so much influence as yourself ; although, judging from my own experience, they will not be appreciated by most people. Still, it is very pleasant to hear that there are a few favored ones scattered about the country who are in advance of their fellow mortals, and to hope the time is at hand when all shall feel that their highest happiness depends on their doing right.

I, for one, feel the need of such a society, as want of sympathy makes me feel at times very lonely, especially among the young, who generally manifest a, to me, painful indifference about the improvement of their minds and their best interests.

FROM A FRIEND IN IOWA.

I have long heartily approved of your literature and its principles, and feel more interest in its success than in all other human affairs ; but find in this sparsely settled frontier little encouragement. Approbation of, or confirmation to, existing institutions is required of all. Social reformers are seldom found here, and the few are not disposed to divulge their principles. And though we get but little information of the progress of social reformers, I have implicit confidence in the ultimate redemption of humanity, fully relying upon the guardianship and ministry of angels, and in ultimate social order and purity from the existing chaos, and discords ; and hope to patiently labor and wait for the future good. May your labors hasten the time when equity, harmony and purity shall be the law of social order, harmony and progress.

A QUESTION.

We want, as the Jews did of old, to build the wall around Jerusalem. They had to find their materials amidst piles of rubbish, and were laughed at to scorn for their attempt—shall we not be the same ? They say the world is all corruption. Can we not prove that midst such a pile of human rubbish there are some beautiful materials for building up the new city of humanity ?

ULTIMATE ATOMS are governed by the law of attraction, even as planets, in their complex life and motion.

OBEDIENCE is attraction, when proportioned to destinies.

ORDER is the true parent of authority.

TYRANNY is disorder, as order is authority.

OBEDIENCE is never sacrifice—though sacrifice is often called *Obedience*.

THE LAW OF THE GROUP is the law of normal growth.

Through all the universe, attraction alone demands *Obedience*.

INDIVIDUALITY is predicable only of the harmonized being.

The true PERSONALITY is the sum of all personality. The Unitary Life, flowing through all particulars, in the Order, which contains all the groups of the Infinite Series—the Life, Esse, or, Being—the “very God” of the Christian; and the vital and infinite ME, of the Man, is the Soul or centre of all attraction, and the illimitable limit of all motion—a mystery.

The key to the understanding of a true obedience is the axiom, “attractions proportional and destinies.”

Growth is slow, but in true conditions, sure. See that you make conditions, as you have power and wisdom.

Man is the condition maker—and he constantly needs new conditions.

Identity of Spirit, flowing through multitudinous forms, and overcoming obstacles, and ordering the condition of its manifestations, is the Providence in which we are all held.

Union is power—union with Spirits in the form, or out of it. This union is attained by obedience, in all humility and honesty.

We are not troubled with bigots. We are not limited by “matter” and its conditions. Our attraction is our law. We quote your use and understanding of the word (matter.) All is matter, and matter is all.

THE MORMONS.

One of the most interesting letters we have received of late, is from a Mormon lady, who is introducing our works to her Mormon sisters, in the far West. Mormonism is one of the most striking providences of our age, but we believe the new element of the freedom and equality of woman might be an improvement upon their system.

The marriage customs of the Mormons, in giving woman entire control of herself, and over all conjugal manifestations, within the marriage bond, is a great improvement upon the practice of civilization. The spiritual wife does not become one materially, except at her own desire; and has thus a freedom almost unknown to the marriages of most Christian nations.

ELECTRICITY.

The prevalent impression of the identity of electricity, and the vital principle, receives confirmations by recent successes, in its application in the cure of disease.

Dr. Huff, of Lexington, Kentucky, has reported in the medical journals some very remarkable cures, from the use of this agent. One case of complete paralysis of the lower extremities in a lady, was attended with a perfect cure. We have seen the documents authenticating this case, and what was quite as satisfactory, daguerreotypes of the lady, taken before and after her cure. Dr. Huff was also one of the first electro-medical practitioners, who tested the power of galvanism in freeing the system from mercury, and other mineral poisons, laid up in the system for years, and causing painful chronic diseases. He seems to have proved that the electric fluid, like water, may be so applied as to become a purifier and invigorator; thus answering the two great indications for the cure of disease.

LECTURES.

Our Lectures in Cincinnati, on Spiritualism and Socialism, are attended with an increasing interest. People begin to see that Spirit communications have more important objects than the gratification of curiosity. A hope is springing in the hearts of thousands, that the Divine and Harmonic Life of the Heavens may be lived upon the earth. We hope, during the coming season, to have the opportunity of presenting this subject, personally, wherever there is a demand. Meantime, we hope to reach many with our writings. Let our friends work on in faith and hope; for the "Good Time" draws every moment nearer.

A LAMENT.

Out of the caverns of the abysmal Night ;
 Out of the anthems of the sounding deep,
 Surging its rocky shores, and from the height
 Immeasurable of the starry steep,
 A light had fled ; a subtle charm hath flown ;
 The spell, the still small voice to answer me, is gone.
 The inner spirit of all beautiful things ;
 The far-pervading, nameless shape that dwells
 In cavernous rocks, and old enchanted springs,
 Deep in the heart of forests ; the sweet wells,
 Whence issue inspirations ; I have come
 To them with passionate prayers and tears, and they are dumb.
 I cry to them—I pour my spirit forth:—
 They are the universe which is my own ;
 And they do answer not ; the fragrant earth,
 The singing waves and winds, which are a tone,
 A voice, from the invisible, no more
 Sigh in the Autumn trees, or murmur on the shore.
 O Spirit of the Beautiful ! whose fane
 Is every human heart ; whose ministers
 Are clouds, and winds, and sunbeams, dew and rain,
 And the pure thoughts of many worshippers ;
 In the deep night, when the clear stars do wane,
 I call for thee, and list thy thrilling voice in vain.
 In the soft gloom of woven wildernesses,
 The palaces where nature holds her court ;
 And the deep forest's innermost recesses,
 A loving, reverent child I did disport,
 And learned to worship her with love intense,
 Even in the solitude of her magnificence.
 Far from the walks of men, my lonely haunts,
 My aimless, solitary life became
 Infil'd with light from her electric glance,
 Which thrill'd thro' all my veins like vived flame ;
 And thus she came into my life and made
 A quiet happiness ; a sunshine in the shade.
 Now, far along the southern hills in tears,
 Pale Summer hath gone forth, mourning the dead ;
 And that bright Indian maid whose presence cheers
 The melancholy Autumn, too, hath fled.
 O Angel of sweet song ! thou too no more,
 Openest for me the book of thy divinest lore.
 Over the white waves of the drifting sea,
 With the dead beautiful Summer hast thou flown,
 Beside the deep I sit and watch for thee,
 'Till the long Night is weary with my moan.
 The desolate waves that break along the shore,
 Hear my despairing voice, and answer Nevermore !

KATE SEYMOUR.

FULTON, November 28.