

# NICHOLS' MONTHLY.

---

JUNE, 1856.

---

MONTH OF ROSES! Hail to the beautiful Summer time! If we were but working in the fields and groves of Esperanza—but that is to come, and will come as soon as we are ready. The earthly heaven, the Eden of the future, is near at hand; and very near to all who are earnestly engaged in the work of individual development and harmonization.

*What of Memnonia?* It might now have been in being, but for the lawless wickedness of one individual, the Calvin of that modern Geneva, Yellow Springs. If any sick fail of cure, for want of our care and treatment, it is Horace Mann who has hindered them. If any die, who might have come to us and lived, he is their murderer. He has robbed the owner of Yellow Springs Water Cure of his rent; he robs us of our means of usefulness and legal rights; he has made our recorded lease so much waste paper; he stands in the way of all the physical and intellectual good we might accomplish at Memnonia.

Were Horace Mann a Southerner, defending slavery; a "border ruffian," determined on its extension, his course in this matter would have been in keeping; but it is so contrary to all a liberal public had a right to expect from his professions, that people who know the facts are filled with amazement; while many who do not, can scarcely believe their verity. Conscious of the inconsistency and essential lawlessness and ruffianism of his proceedings with respect to us, he is now attempting to throw the blame on others, and pretending that while others have been excited, and threatened and committed outrages, he has been the mild and tolerant friend of law and order. Unfortunately there is abundant proof to the contrary. The most exciting harangues, the most violent denunciations, have come from his own lips. It was his threat of resignation which alarmed the people of Yellow Springs, who think that he made

Antioch, and Antioch has made, or will make them, and that both will be destroyed if he resign.

In the mean time we have been compelled to refuse or postpone all applications. Some who have come to us, one from as far as Philadelphia, have been obliged to return. Others, who wished to come, and whose cases urgently demand treatment, and may terminate fatally without it, have been disappointed in their hopes. Patients, pupils, friends who had made their arrangements to reside with us this summer, have been disappointed and outraged by this lawless fanatic, who by the abuse of his position and influence has done all this mischief and wrong. But the end is not yet; and justice, even human justice, though slow, is sure at last. Our friends may rely upon our pursuing this matter of public, as well as private justice to the uttermost.

We have sought nothing but such rights as the laws of the state guarantee—the peaceable possession of our property—which Horace Mann is determined we shall not have, and has taken illegal, violent and ruffianly measures to prevent. We shall see how long one man even if it be Horace Mann, can triumph in such iniquity.

---

Presuming that no reader of our Monthly, whose term of subscription ends with the first year of the present series, will neglect to renew for another year, or for the remainder of this volume, we send the present number to all such subscribers. We do this, contrary to our first intentions, on account of a delay in the May number, which our printer, Mr. Watkin, promises shall not occur again. Mr. Watkin has assumed the publication of all our works, and is prepared to furnish them, wholesale and retail; and also to fill orders for book and job printing. Every order for books or work, to him or us, will help on the cause.

We wish all who renew for the Monthly, to do so at the earliest opportunity. We can send back numbers from the beginning of the present series.

Friends of the Health Reform, who wish to circulate a family guide in Water Cure, will find one in our Medical Miscellanies, a handsome octavo, price 25 cents.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## "THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY."

AFTER what was dinner to the country friends, and lunch to their city relatives, Mrs. Margaret and Miss Meadows walked in the garden, and sat in a little rustic summer-house.

"Can you not remain the night with me?" said Mrs. Margaret, tenderly. "I will send you to town in our carryall to-morrow, or the day after, or you may stay till your friends cannot spare you any longer, and come for you yourselves."

"Certainly I can stay," said Miss Meadows, delighted at the prospect.

"And keep your little rosebud namesake?" asked aunt Margaret, with real interest in the child.

"I think so," said Minnie, and she could hardly restrain herself from going at once to solicit the child's company of her mother for a day or two.

Presently Mrs. Meadows and Henry sauntered toward them, and Minnie hastened to say, "Sister, I have agreed to remain a day or two with Mrs. Margaret. Will you allow Minnie to stay with me? She will be better and happier with me, you know."

Mrs. Meadows smiled her usual languid smile, and said, "I am perfectly aware of that fact;" and so it was settled, and so far the course of true love did run smooth.

When Miss Meadows and Mrs. Margaret were again alone, she remarked, "I have other friends coming to me this evening, that I wish you to see, but I would spare a meeting between the rest of your party, and the dear ones whom I expect. I love to bring people together where there are points of union. But my sister and her family, and your sister too, I presume, form few friendships except according to the rules of fashion and custom.

“The friends I expect this evening are the Hutchinson Family, and the Denbys are just now devoted to Max Maretzek, full dress, diamonds, an opera box, and Truffi and Benedetti. You may be sure the music is the last consideration, but my native warblers will find no place with them, under these circumstances. My friends are not the fashion in their world. Therefore I do not wish them to see or hear them. But I must be content with what chance or Providence shall decide for us. I hope, however, *my* friends will come a little late, or that *our* friends will leave early.”

Fortunately Mrs. Meadows had evening engagements, and so she prepared to leave early. Henry sighed audibly, close to Minnie, when her conclusion to remain was made known. Mattie was sorry that she had forgotten to tell her legend of her saint, and she secretly crossed herself and said an ave, as atonement, resolving to be good in future. Jerry drew out his orange silk handkerchief, and busied himself about the horses, after he had hastily wiped his eyes. Minnie, the younger, gave her mother, and Henry, and Mattie Denby, each a kiss and a fervent good-bye. When asked to kiss the others, she said, after the manner of Jerry, “They don’t belong to my family,” and then ran to the carriage, and said: “Jerry, you are to bid me good-bye, and kiss my hand, and I will kiss yours, and in two or three days mamma will send you for us.”

She took Jerry’s great hand and kissed it, and then gave him hers, which he took very reverently, and bending over it, pressed the diminutive bit of rosy softness to his lips.

“There’s one that belongs to our family,” mused Jerry, “sure and sartin.”

Three brothers and a sister constituted the band in those days known as the Hutchinsons. The sweet songful sister, the simple, loving, thrush-like Abby, has since chosen her mate, and in the downy cup of a moss and leaf-bound nest, she rests, and gives to a chosen few the charming music, once bestowed a blessing on the many. We may pray that our loss may be her gain, but we cannot hope that she will ever again give of her gifts to the great heart of the public.

Like children escaped from irksome confinement, these children

of song gave themselves up to the beauty without, and the lovingness within Mrs. Denby's home. After making the tour of the garden, the orchard, and the glen, and eating aunt Anna's cream cakes, and drinking her golden oolong with a liberal patronage, they rested in the peace of the scene, on the grass, and on rustic seats, and John cried out, "Now, Mrs. Denby, let us have a talk on human prospects."

"Yours, or mine?" said Mrs. Denby, smiling.

"Is not thine mine, and mine thine?" said the enthusiast, reverently taking her hand.

"It may be here and now," said Judson, laughing, "But I am afraid you will hardly be willing to give up the receipts of the next concert, for there are plenty of people at Saratoga."

"Are you of the same opinion still about association, and brotherhood, and all that class, of what you call unitary ideas?" said Asa, evidently with no interest for himself, but with a friendly regard for Mrs. Denby.

"I hold the same heretical opinions," said Mrs. Denby. "I look forward to an associative—a unitary life. Not where people are united by an outward bond of interest, and gain getting, as they unite to build railroads and steamboats, but a unitary home, made up of loving and self-sustaining groups, all mutually dependent, and yet independent of each other.

"I expect to be happy with my own before I die," said Mrs. Margaret, with enthusiasm.

"I am happy with my own now," said Asa.

"Yes," said the lady, "we may as well forget you—you are happy—you do not pray to us for any thing, and we will therefore prefer no petitions to you."

"But my wife and I will pray always as one for your happiness," said the gentle, peaceful Asa.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Margaret with a bright smile, "I am very happy to have an 'interest in your prayers,' but here is Judson who wants us to pray for him."

Judson was lying on the grass at Miss Meadows' feet, with his arms around the little Minnie, who was putting her white fingers

through his dark curls, and watching the flashes of his brilliant eyes. He looked most admiringly at Miss Meadows.

She returned his gaze with a sweet pity, that she could not account for. Was he not a loving son of a song, gifted beyond many, more gifted than any of his family? and yet the solemn sense of pity filled Minnie's heart, and she said very gently, "Did you ever amuse yourself building an air castle, that should be inhabited only by those you love? Did you never in fancy surround yourself by those who were your spiritual relatives, to the exclusion of those who *claimed* your love, your devotion, your company, your time, your secrets, the sacred all of your life, as a right, because certain material relations of law or blood had given you to their possession, just as a master claims the person of his slave?"

"Ah, have I not?" said he, while great tears leaped from his eyes; and then he took her hand and said, "I know you for a sister;" and then he added, "but Oh! pity the slave."

John's quick ear caught the word slave, and he fired up with his own great enthusiasm, and said: "Out, damned spot! do not I see it, and feel the brand every where? An evil that has no amelioration is southern slavery."

"I think I must speak now," said Mrs. Margaret; "and such is the universal fashion of condemnation, that I must first call your attention to the fact that I am no apologist for any form of slavery, white or black."

"We know it," said all.

"And do you not know, also, that the slave who goes from attraction to her legal master, who bears his children, and serves him lovingly, is not a slave? She is above the institution, is interior to it, and is not in bondage to it. So of the wife, and so of all who have a real relation, where there is an arbitrary bond. The bond does not exist, because of the love. It is abrogated by the love that fulfills the higher law. But when the lower law contradicts the higher, when the slave, the wife, the daughter, the husband, or the son are in bondage — when they are owned by law, custom, the sanction of public opinion in the church, or the world,

then comes the bitterness of death — death to the true life, to the law of attraction ; and this death goes into all things, for there is a death of hope.”

There was a solemn stillness over the little company. There were tears and a heart recognition of the truths spoken by Mrs. Denby.

“What slavery is more galling, and what more fatal blight and death is there, than to be always in an unloved presence, always under the bond to be faithful to a false life, to be crucified forever, and yet live—a living death? We have a horror of the Jews who crucified the Lord—and yet we cling to the cross ; we perpetuate it. We create crosses all the time, and we agonize upon them, and we cause others to do the same ; often those who are dear to us.”

“Surely, Mrs. Denby, you do not mean to say that a husband is in bondage, like a slave?” said the incredulous Abby.

“A husband, my dear, who is a man of honor, who has taken a weak woman to be his wife, in the world as it is, even though he come to be possessed with a deep dislike and antipathy, must still say, ‘I am bound forever to this cross: I have promised till death do part us.’ The iron enters into his soul, as he holds one not loved to his heart. ‘I cannot pain this trusting one,’ he says ; ‘I must live always the benevolent lie. I must seem to love, though God knows I cannot. My heart is filled with the loveliness of another.’ A sadder heart than his own beats beside him. The sham is folded closer to the aching bosom, and covers more of bitterness and sorrow in the wife than in the husband. Side by side lie these two deceivers through long years. More carefully than life is guarded do they guard their terrible secret from each other, from the world around. It is a sacred duty to deceive and to sacrifice. It is the business of these christians to lie and to suffer. Children are born into this life, and from the interior of such falseness come other liars, deceivers and sufferers, and worse than this class of christians, who crucify the Lord afresh, by living a life of unloving, or hateful shams, by pretending that all freedom of love is sensual and devilish, by pointing the finger of scorn at those who would live a true and loving life, and by loading them

with lies. Worse than this class, if possible, but not more to be commiserated, are those born to crimes and prisons, and the gallows. And those women who are born to infamy, and whose greatest good is that they die soon—often, even sooner than the legal bond-woman, who is called a wife, and who perpetuates the miseries of her own want of love and truth in many children.

“There is one joy for these children—many of them go into little graves. But why are these little graves a joy? They are not living tombs, and in them hearts do not bleed and agonize, and men and women do not live to lie to each other, and to be crucified and stultified in themselves. Those who die young do not help to build this great christian Juggernaut, and then to throw themselves and their children beneath its wheels.”

Mrs. Denby ceased, and for a moment all was still, and then Judson said, with deep feeling, “I know all this is true, but what can we do? How can we be christians, or decent pagans?”

“We look at the ages of physical force, when murder avenged a slight or a mistake, with little respect. We look upon the battle field with horror; we look upon Suttees and Juggernauts with a holy horror and pride, and yet spiritually we live in the midst of such things and do not know it. The Suttée is represented through the lives of many victims, instead of in their deaths. We have spiritual death and disease every where, because the true life—the life of love, is not lived. I know it, O how bitterly I know it;” and he bowed his head upon his hands, and was only aroused by the gentle voice of Asa, saying “Let us sing the Good Time Coming.”

Abby glided to the sorrowful, best beloved brother, and they sang. The music and the loved presence of the angel sister was a healing balm.

In ten minutes more the brothers and sister were a happy group of careless children. Judson was running a race with a great Newfoundland dog. John was making crowns of flowers for his sister and Miss Meadows, and Asa was watching a glorious sunset, and wondering whether his sweet wife was gazing on another such.



## CHAPTER XXII.

## REFLECTION.

Mrs. MARGARET and Minnie found themselves constantly together. Each would reflect that the other had duties, and meditations, and the need of solitude. Each resolved to be more careful, and not intrude on the other, and at the next moment their hands were clasped, a sweet kiss was laid lightly on Minnie's forehead, or Mrs. Denby's cheek, and they rested together on couch or mossy bank, or walked and talked, and planned the future.

"It is folly to be alone in the midst of friends, to be poor with all my wealth," said Mrs. Margaret. "Once I put far away the realization of a heart-home, because I saw that even the foremost were not ready for it. You may unite men in their pecuniary interest, if you promise them superior conditions for making money, but you only serve the dominant passion of acquisitiveness, instead of developing and harmonizing all the faculties that make man a man. Men have more wealth now than they know what to do with. My sister Denby and her family will have to get up a private chapel, as others get up private theatricals, to be occupied, to dispel ennui, and expend heaps of useless money; and the poor—what would they do with their time if they had it to spend, and with more money? In the city, the men would have more tobacco and ardent spirits, more raffles, bar room meetings, and sprees; and in their houses, women would make more tea, and have more roast pork, roast geese, and sausages, and more tawdry finery. In the country, the knowledge of the true uses of wealth is not much greater. It is true that I now speak of the low, ignorant poor, but the wealthiest, and those who consider themselves most refined, have little better uses of wealth, than to insure sickness for themselves and their children, and make the church and the

doctor alike morbid necessities. The true progress is mostly with the middle ranks of the people ;—the mechanic, who is facilitating labor, the farmer, who is becoming every day a more successful and scientific agriculturalist and horticulturalist. Fruits are growing in a new beauty and excellence all over the land, and people are insensibly coming to love the red apple, the golden pear, the purple grape, and delicious plums and peaches, and to reject the flesh of dead animals as food for man. There is a great onward movement in the middle ranks of our humanity—those who are not palsied by poverty, or riches, but who are asking earnestly for a better and higher life. The poor look only to heaven for their satisfaction. The rich in the church call the palsy of their will resignation and faith.”

“My dear Mrs. Margaret,” said Miss Meadows, “I beg you not to think that I have been satisfied with life at my brother’s. It is probably as good as there is. My sister is gentle, tasteful, well educated, and kind. But I feel that life, even with my dear brother’s family, is barren and selfish. Still Ashton and I have been occupied, and now Miss Dean and Vinton are as ready for the new life, and the new home, as Charles and I are. I have a letter from Ettie; allow me to read you something of what she writes.

“In a little time we shall be called to close the eyes of our venerable master in death, and then I shall be ready to go to the sunny home, with the true hearted, or to heaven with my dear father. I have suffered so much, that but for George, and ‘our family,’ as Jerry says, I should prefer to go to my Father, and our Father. But love lives daily more and more in my heart, and George becomes daily more gentle and tolerant, and aspiring to be true and beautiful. To us who have a hope in this life, a home in a near future, the heaven for which the christian prays, is less vague and more certain. Once I thought the golden seeds could only come to fruition in eternity. Now I know with a sure faith, that we shall reach the home for which we labor.

“Esperanza exists not in vain for us. You will enter its hallowed gates through suffering, dearest Minnie, for you have friends to leave behind you. I have no ties but to the new world. A little

longer I will labor in hope, and meet and help those who are not my own, in peace, for I am at rest. I have found beautiful loves, and I shall find more, for I am free to love all that is lovely.”

“That breathes the true spirit,” said Mrs. Margaret. “I thought a few years ago, as she has said, that there was only realization in heaven. Then I came to see that we might have heaven here, if we could have a loving and true unity. Then I beheld men and women in their ignorance, their selfish jealousy, their bondage to each other, and to a false church, and a false God, their evil habits, such as making the fair earth a slaughter pen, that they might feed on dead flesh; and a tobacco field, that they might poison, stupify and degrade life with this evil plant. I looked over the church, and I saw no hope. I looked among protestants against churches, and I saw fierce severance. Again I despaired of any near realization; but I no longer remove this world’s work, or its reward, to another sphere. Though the unity must come there, it must as surely come here, when we are ready for the ‘descent of the heavens.’ Now I see among the foremost of our race a band of devoted lovers. Those who will stand by human rights, and achieve them, though they resign and sacrifice, in order for a future of goodness and happiness. And yet sacrifice is annihilated to us. It is our highest love, our strongest attraction, to be chaste lovers, till we can be free and worthy mothers. It is our most glorious freedom to love the lovely in all, and claim no property in our love. To leave the beloved free to obey the most integral attraction, knowing that only thus can we live in the life of love.”

“I often think,” said Minnie, “that our faith and love is a mystery to the world. They profane us, because they cannot understand us; and they cannot understand because they are profane.”

“That is most true,” said Mrs. Margaret; “because we would protect ourselves by forming a society, the inmost working of which is secret, and that by reason of its sacredness, the profane cry out ‘the evil only seek concealment.’” Nine-tenths of these very persons belong to secret societies, and would feel themselves aggrieved if their conduct, or motives, were distrusted by any. But after all, the deep fervent prayer of the human heart is for

happiness, and for goodness, for there is a faith as universal as the race, that man must be good in order to be happy."

"I am curious," said Minnie, "to know more particulars of your life. I see and feel your faith. The general is apparent to me. Now we were instructed in the interior of our society, that we were to go to the home in self-sustaining groups. Our group is organized, and I was told by Charles that he had money to make us independent by means of our industry, from the first, that we may be living members in the Home. We were instructed that all must be self-sustaining order in the groups; no disorderly or indiscriminate communism, and no bargaining for work, where there was not love to group the workers."

Mrs. Margaret smiled sweetly, and patting Minnie's cheek with her soft hand, she said, "Did Ashton ever tell you who was the chief of his group,—who had been the means of bringing the order of love into the hard protest of his spirit, against a false Faith, a false God, and a false Society?"

"He has never told me," said Minnie, "but he tells me all he ought, all that is best for me to know."

"If he were here now he would tell you that Mrs. Margaret is his spiritual mother, and the love center of his group. He would tell you that your brother Nelson was with us in the beginning, but that he could never be more than half converted, because of his overmastering benevolence, and his love and reverence for his beautiful wife. Nelson is a dear friend, one we shall grieve to leave behind, but he cannot reach the promised land. He can never enter the heaven of a true and universal love but through the gate of death. His wife must die, or he must, to be fully ours. Still he is greatly useful. The world hath need of him. His wife has her uses also. She is an educator in a tasteful beauty, that is too little cultivated, and she believes selfishly in freedom. Still her God is the world of fashion. I have little grief for her, but for your brother, and the children, I have wept many tears. Our little Minnie! how can we leave her? Your brother says she shall go, and be educated with us. He little sees how unfit for her mother's world she would be in a few years, and what a crucifixion

it would be to take her from us, to any thing he would have to give.

“He says, ‘O, I trust Providence. Imogene will let her go, and may be we shall tire of the world, and come by and by.’ That Mrs. Meadows will tire of the world, as she has a thousand times, indeed all her life, I can well believe. But that she will risk her property in her husband amongst those who have abjured all swindling arts, who seek only to be true to the highest life, and to give, and to receive in love, as in all things, with the freedom of right, I cannot believe. She wants all her husband’s love and worship, and all beside that she can reputably secure; but if her husband should look lovingly on me, or on any other, her self-love would be wounded, she would weep till her heart and brain were well nigh bursting, and then say that her illness was caused by her studious habits, the fact that she had *so much mind*.”

“I know sister pretty well,” said Minnie, smiling, “but I did not dream that she could ever be jealous of brother. She who takes so much liberty! She must be conscious that she is very unjust.”

“We will not analyze any farther,” said Mrs. Denby, smiling. “We have enough to do to harmonize our own lives; to cast out distrust; to have faith in the Divinity within us; to believe always in our most interior sense of right, and to be faithful, though it may seem sure to lead to fatal results. It is only a seeming. To the faithful there is a way opened where there seems to be no way. Light springs in darkness, wealth comes in poverty, summer in winter, and the life of heaven flows constantly into the heart.”

A holy silence embosomed the two friends, from which they looked around them with charity and pity, and forward with humility, faith and hope. Whoso believes in a beneficent destiny for our race, has great wealth. Whoso believes not in such destiny, is in abject poverty, though he may have all things else.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## LETTERS.

It was a morning of rosy clouds and golden sunshine. Myriads of gems glistened on the grass, the scent of honeysuckle and clover was in the air, and a charm pervaded the country, that made city life and even its remembrance seem insupportable. Jerry was in his place. He was driving Mrs. Meadows' magnificent white horses, and her barouche, which was as beautiful as it was comfortable, and more could hardly be said in its praise; so easy were its springs, so luxurious its cushions, so commodious its capacity. Mattie Denby had begged the carriage for an early drive to see Minnie, and carry her letters, and also to make atonement for her neglected St. Teresa, though the amende honorable was not to be made to that honorable lady, but to another, a very red faced gentleman, who bore the name of St. ———, but I have forgotten the sobriquet, and only remember the countenance.

Henry Denby had heard Mattie ask for the carriage the evening before, and he rose early, resolved to bear her company. Mrs. Meadows never emerged from her chamber, as a rule, till eleven o'clock. As he would return before that hour, he could greet her with a good morning, and yet breathe the sweet freshness of the country, and also endeavor to forward his suit with Miss Meadows. His admiration for Mrs. Meadows made him determine to be in love with her sister. There was something piquant and exciting in the prospect of converting a young lady so intelligent and charming. "The Ivory Christ" was then "all the rage," and crucifixes of ivory and terra cotta were multiplied. Henry had found a beautiful one, which he determined to take as a present to Miss Meadows. It were a subject worthy of examination, how much, or how little esthetic art has done for christianity? Is the

soul that continually contemplates a sacrifice made without it, and by another life, and that surrounds itself with the semblances of that sacrifice, thereby made to look more earnestly to the requirements of the holiest within us? All christians agree that the spirit of Christ must live within us, that we must be in subjugation to the requirement of this spirit, which forever attests the Divinity of love, the God that lived in Jesus of Nazareth, and which seeks to be just as fully the true life in all men. The fashion of crosses and crucifixes may have its use. I would not despise it. No honest expression of human thought, or love, whether made in words, or in art, can be in vain. I would be the last to quarrel with the true love of christian symbols; but when they become the ornaments of vanity, or the toys of children, they seem liable to fail of winning reverence or respect.

Henry and Mattie sat side by side, each with their secret, which both considered sacred. The brother had no fear for himself, though he had an *image* in his pocket, which he concealed, because it was a love token, but he would have been sadly troubled, had Mattie exposed her rubicund saint. He was still haunted by the terrible fear that she was "going over to Rome."

Jerry sat on the front seat, a most edifying spectacle. His long nose, his long arms, and his lank figure, clad in brown linen frock coat and pantaloons, and buff colored vest, his broad-brimmed leghorn hat, and his patent leather gaiters, and his long whip, made a very imposing *tout ensemble*. Could the scarecrow that used to follow Rawson about, and cower before Mrs. Sherwood, and lie stupified with hot stuff for many hours of day or night, have risen before Jerry, he would have been frightened as badly as if he had never been that wretched being.

He had in his left vest pocket, *over his heart*, three letters for Minnie, one from Ashton, one from Ettie, and one from Miss Meadows' father. In the right pocket were two or three whose paternity he could not make out, and so he had separated them from the love letters of "the family." Jerry's *family* always included Deacon Meadows.

He had in a side pocket of his coat, also over his heart, a white

linen handkerchief, with a blue border, a gift from Minnie. It had his name, Jeremiah Gerald Fitzgerald, written in full with indelible ink. It was often taken out and lovingly caressed, but never used, for he had now in his hat the red bandanna, or the orange silk, I have forgotten which.

There were three pins on the cuff of Jerry's left coat sleeve. The first was to remind him to ask Miss Meadows when she would come home to Mrs. Meadows, who begun sadly to miss her, but who was too indolent to write a note. The second was to ask Minnie for some flowers for Mrs Meadows.

The third pin was placed apart from the other two, and was to remind him to ask Minnie to hold his white linen handkerchief in her hand a little while ; and, if he has courage, he will ask her to breathe on it. Who that looked on the driver, and the persons in that carriage, would have thought of envying Jerry. The elegant young man, the beautiful young girl, and the tokens of opulence about them, might have excited admiration, even envy. But the rich heart and the improving mind and health of the serving man were greatly more to be admired, wondered at, and envied, than all the life and fortunes of these children of a millionaire. Jerry's life had begun, and was increasing under the care of a wise love of saving. Henry Denby and his sister had little wisdom to guide them, little need as a stimulus for exertion and development. The end would be a few years of youth, of superficial happiness, and of unsatisfied longings, and then a blight. They would tread the beaten path of custom, eat, drink, dress and go to church. They would marry, and have children to do the same, and die without enlarging the area of human happiness or achievement in the smallest degree.

Minnie received her friends with a kind politeness, and the breakfast at Mrs. Denby's was very cheerful, but we must confess that she had much more joy in staying by Jerry whilst he breakfasted, than with the elegant Henry, or the beautiful Mattie. Henry had to plan very anxiously for an interview, whilst Jerry was led out to see the bees work, without asking for any moment of Minnie's time.



“Now tell me what the pins are for,” said Minnie, when she was alone with Jerry and the bees, after she had looked lovingly at the three letters, and curiously at the others, and had deposited all in her basket.

“This one is to ask you when you’ll come in town. I reckon Mrs. Meadows begins to want you a good deal. It is well enough to have a chap to read poetry to you, and bring you bouquets, and crucifixes, and prayer books for a while. But I guess she’s kind o’ tired out—and she wants to turn him over to you—specially as there’s a senator somebody there, that’s got a good deal more substance to him than this ’ere whipper snapper.”

“You may come for me to-morrow,” said Minnie, “I shall have time to read my letters in peace, and to answer them, if you come late, Jerry.”

“I’ll come when you say, Miss Minnie, sure and sartin.”

“The grey of the evening will be charming,” said Minnie.

Jerry nodded his head as if to say “sure and sartin,” and she went on.

“The next pin, Jerry?”

“Mrs. Meadows wants flowers, and she sent a basket. She wants as many white ones as she can get. I see that ’are senator give her a white blow last night, and he said ‘Sweets to the sweet, and white flowers to the white rose of Saratoga.’ I knowed she’d have some more o’ the same sort, if they was to be had. She knows what’s pretty without a hint, though she allus takes one kindly.”

“The other pin, Jerry?”

Jerry blushed, and drew out his linen handkerchief, which was white as snow, “Has it not been washed since I gave it to you?” said Minnie.

“No, Miss, it haint, sure and sartin,” but I would like you to take it in your hands again. Ever sence my experience o’ the watch, I have wanted your hands laid on things that I has about me, and—and—well you knows how to say yer prayers, and how to magnetize things, without my tellin’ you.”

Minnie folded the handkerchief, and held it a moment between

her hands, and then breathed upon it, and returned it to Jerry. He took it reverently, and joyfully, and never did Mattie, or any one who had veritably "gone over to Rome," prize any blessed relic from Pope, Cardinal, or Bishop, more than Jerry did his handkerchief, when he felt that the beloved life was again infused into it.

"Now jist hold my watch a minit, and I'll be all right," said Jerry.

Minnie held the watch as requested, and then left Jerry to his happiness, and went culling flowers with Mattie and Henry. Mrs. Denby was busied, and did not see the guests, and so Minnie did the honors for her. Henry was anxious, and his heart beat very quickly, but he saw no chance for a *tete a tete*. Mattie was in just the same unenviable predicament. But as their politeness, their truth to each other, and their time were alike limited, neither got an opportunity for any confidence with Minnie. The sister would not have said for any bribe to her brother, "I have a few words to say to Miss Meadows, please go away." And the brother could not have said the same for a fortune. Mattie looked upon Henry as the persecutor of her faith, and Henry had more than one motive for not trusting his sister with the knowledge of his love. And so the terra cotta Christ, and the rubicund saint kept their places in the pockets, where they were deposited last evening with many hopes—

"The best laid schemes of mice and men  
Aft gang agee."

Henry tried to part with Minnie very tenderly, and begged her to come in early next day. Mattie did the same, and then they went away disappointed. But Jerry was "happy as a king:" how much happier we need not attempt to determine.

Minnie sat alone and looked over her treasures. She selected the letters to read first. These were one from Sarah Moreton, also one from her sister Caroline. Her father's, Ettie's and Ashton's, she hid where Jerry always put kindly or loving letters."

She began with Sarah Moreton's communication. It was as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

"You may have forgotten old friends in your fashionable home. I dare say you do not feel toward former friends as we feel for you. It is just one year to-day since I became the wife of my poor, suffering husband. For four months my rebellious heart would not be resigned to let you know of my marriage. At last I wrote to Caroline, and not to you—you whom I had loved and led astray, I fear, by my guilty hopes and imaginings. Now I am resigned. My last rebellious thought is crucified, and I cling to my cross. You cannot know the path I have to tread. I never rest. I am never a moment free from pain, and yet I watch always to sooth my suffering husband, and he has never once said 'I thank you,' though I have watched the long, cold hours of the winter nights and day; and I am doing the same in the heat of summer. I cough till I am dizzy, and my whole chest is one pain. But daily he thanks God for all His blessings, and I feel thankful that I am allowed to be one of them.

"I hope the vanities of this world are not acting like moth and rust upon your spirit, dear Minnie. I felt bound to write and warn you. I would say much more, but it is with the greatest difficulty that I have found time and strength to say so much. 'Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.'

"My dear friend, may you be warned in time to give up the vanities of this world, and flee from the wrath to come.

"Your true friend, SARAH MORETON."

The next was from Caroline Sherwood. She said—

"DEAR MIN:

"I am not much in the way of writing letters, but I feel it my duty to write to you. Your parents are very lonely, deserted as they are by their children, and mother slaves herself half to death, without any help. I am not able to see how they get along at home, very often, for Frederick has never been himself since his injury, just before our marriage. My own health is very poor, and I might hint that you might be a help to me, if you were at home, if I did not see that father and mother needed you a great

deal more than I do. As it is with us all, it is my decided opinion that it is your duty to come home, and help your friends bear their burdens, instead of your amusing yourself, and doing nothing.

"Frederick sends his love, and says he considers himself your guardian, and also that he has no better opinion of Ashton than he had formerly.

"Father is a great comfort to me. Mrs. Sherwood is the same as she used to be, only more so. I hope you will come home soon, and I am sure you will, if you have any sense of duty left.

"Your affectionate sister, CAROLINE."

Mr. Meadows' letter was a fac simile of his former ones, with one exception. He had the same complaint of loneliness, the same anxiety for Frederick Sherwood's conversion, the same complaint of every kind except that he was not reading Josephus. He had read to Mrs. Meadows the most of the Sunday School Library, consisting of "No Fiction," "Profession not Principle," "Happiness," "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," "Little Henry and his Bearer," etc. etc. This class of books was interesting to Mrs. Meadows, and saved him the horrors of Josephus and the Wars of the Jews, for which amelioration in his pious lot he was very grateful.

Ettie's letter gave an account of the master's increasing weakness, of Nancy's fidelity, and George Vinton's devoted kindness and goodness. He did not go out of town, when he could, because Ettie could not go, but declared that in his cool room, with the music of the bath, and the scent of the honey suckles from the yard, he envied no one the crowd and heat of Saratoga, with a seven-by-nine room, and the universal fumigation of cigars, added to the villainous scents from a cannibal cookery. George was more aggressive upon the popular mode of feeding than most of his family or society. Ashton, Ettie and Minnie were inexorable Pythagoreans, or "Vegetarians," but they considered conversation upon evil food as almost in as bad taste as the food itself. Even little Minnie partook so far of this feeling of delicacy, that she would never speak of eating flesh at table. George was too lazy, or too contemptuous to rebuke evils in life generally, but he went

out of his way to be aggressive toward flesh eating. It was with him the crowning injustice to our relatives the beasts to eat them; and his "vim" in detesting such a dietary, was in curious contrast to his usual quiet and languid gentility. His manner was greatly like his sister's, but his life could hardly be more diverse.

Minnie turned with a sigh from Ettie's account of the master's weakness, fearing she should not see him again, and opened the last and dearest letter. It was Ashton's, and was dated in his father's home, in his own little room. It was as follows:

"MY DARLING, MY OWN,

"You will be surprised to get a letter dated in my green mountain home. I was suddenly called here by the illness of my father. He is gone to another, and, I trust, a better world. From the time he was seized he had no sense of his condition, though he lived ten days. His illness was a vertigo, consequent, I believe, on his immoderate use of tobacco. He had often had slighter attacks before, but resisted my mother's advice to give up the use of the poison.

"It is an inexpressible joy to me that my father is dead. I am sure he will find much more favorable conditions for progressive improvement than were his in this world. Films, that obscured his vision here, I have faith to believe, will there be removed. His heart will come to love, his mind to think;—he will become a happy man. I am sure of it. My mother now is all my own. The iron oppression that has so long bowed her spirit to the dust is gone, gone for ever. I thank God, and take courage. There is a future in this world for my blessed mother. I have talked with her long, and earnestly; and she understands me with her pure heart, her loveful faith, better, much better, than I expected. Still there is one great sacrifice that I shall be obliged to ask of you, dearest, I opine, for my mother's sake, before she will be willing to go with us to our far off home. But I will not write of this. We have many hours for talk before the happy day comes, when we shall be emancipated from our present false and formal life. As soon as my father's property can be disposed of, and all things made ready, my blessed mother will go with us if—— I may

as well say it, if we are married. I know you will not object to using this world, its bad roads, or its bad institutions, where a good is to be gained, and no evil done. I have come to the conclusion that all is ours, and that we belong to the infinite truth and love.

“Nelson would laugh at my letter, but you will not, and dear Mrs. Margaret will not. If you were a Circassian, and I a Turk, would I not buy you? I think so, darling, and hold you free to be your own, and if this freedom made you mine, or another’s I would say amen with a great joy that you were able to live a true life.

“I feel sure that you are with dear Mrs. Margaret. I feel her love come to me with yours, and I bless you both, and I give you both many blessed embraces. She is the queen mother of my life, and I know you will love her as I do. How little does the world know of this pure harmonic love that is making our home in the hearts of many a love group, while without are those who profane us, and accuse us of all manner of evil, for the Divine love’s sake. ‘Without are dogs and sorcerers, and whatsoever loveth and maketh a lie.’ How many synonyms we find between our lives and the great ideal or real life of the Divine One who said, ‘Love is the fulfilling of the Law.’ Eighteen hundred years have past since this utterance, and the Law has only just begun to be fulfilled.

“Bless you, my own one. In a week or two you will see me at Saratoga. I must consult Mrs. Margaret on business of much importance, and therefore I shall see you, and her, and honest Jerry, and be very happy.

“Yours, for an eternity of love,            CHARLES ASHTON.”

Minnie was penetrated with a great joy. She sat as in a cloud of sweet incense, and time was not with her. At last she remembered that Mrs. Denby had a right in her happiness, and she went and put Ashton’s letter in her hand, and gave her a sweet kiss, and then ran away, and tried to think of her father, and Sarah Moreton, and Caroline. “I see plainly,” said she mentally, “that I must be locked in jail to keep from being torn in pieces by a mob. Better ones than I have submitted to the same necessity;” and she made up her mind to avail herself of the fiction of marriage, so soon as Ashton should decide that it was needful to assume the protection

of her liberty. I have said the fiction of marriage. To her, or to Ashton, it could never have been any thing more, for each recognized the other's right to be true to the highest law within. They knew that if they really loved each other, that no love in compatible with this, no love that could ever be a pain to the one, could by any possibility come to the other. Apples do not grow or group with thistles. Toes do not grow in our groups of fingers. Just as impossible for incompatible loves to find place in true and free human hearts. We show our friends to our friends that they may love each other. So loves will group in a celestial harmony whenever men and women are redeemed from the degrading and destroying dominion of the senses. Amen and amen.

Minnie felt a real sympathy with her father, and much pity for her mother. For Caroline she could not bring herself to care, or be troubled. Poor Sarah Moreton's case seemed too hopeless for any sympathy of Minnie's, and so she strove to dismiss her from her mind; and so foreign was the false and wicked crucifixion Sarah was enduring from the thoughtful, loving life of Miss Meadows, that it was not possible for sympathy to exist, though pity might. Ancient flagellations, hair shirts, and other self-inflicted torments would have seemed very sinful to Sarah Moreton, and Mr. and Mrs. Meadows, but it would have been easy for Miss Meadows to choose the most miserable of monkish austerities and tortures, rather than to live the horrible life licenced by the church to poor Sarah Moreton.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## BACK AT MEADOWSVILLE.

WE may be sure that no small amount of selfish want dictated Caroline Sherwood's letter to her sister. The six months of her married life had been filled to the brim with a succession of miseries, from the simply disagreeable, to the painful and horrible. She found her pride and coldness of no avail with Frederick. He was always under the influence of ardent spirits, either in its action or reaction. He was impatient and irascible to the last enduring degree, and often unendurably so, to himself and others. Caroline feared him as if he had been a lunatic, just escaped from Bedlam. They had not been two weeks married, before in a fit of congestion of the brain, he had seized his wife by the throat, and he was only hindered from choking her to death by the united exertions of Mrs. Sherwood and Tim. When he came to himself, and was told what he had done, he went up to Caroline, and with real sorrow, and yet with a lurking devil in his eyes, he said, "Well, I never hurt Vix or Smash when I have my senses, unless they deserve it, and I don't want to hurt you, Carrie. I had a dozen times rather have had my own weasand squeezed, but—here's the *but*, ma'am," and he looked one of those determined, insane looks into her eyes, which are especially terrible, and then he said slowly, "You are not to provoke me, Carrie; you can't afford it. You were a proud girl and had your own way before we were married, but I am master now. When a woman has a husband, she must knock under, take in the bit and know her driver. 'Them's my sentiments.' Now if you will take notice, and govern yourself accordingly, you and I may get along the old beaten track of matrimony first rate."



Caroline sulked. She could not help it. All her tact and calculation, which some call art, seemed to have left her.

"A little more advice to you, Mrs. Sherwood," said Fred., biting off a piece of tobacco very spitefully.

Caroline burst forth, "Don't chew that filthy tobacco. I never saw you do such a thing before."

"One of the accomplishments of my married life," said Fred. "I need all the aid and comfort I can get now-a-days. I used to dislike tobacco, though I did smoke occasionally. Now I like the raw material," said he, making as offensive a display of the weed and the juice he was extracting as possible.

"If I had married Min. I would never have chewed," said he. "Min. is a clean feeder, and I would have got so far into her fashion as to give her decent kisses. But you know you don't care a red cent for being kissed. You had rather sulk, and why should not I have something in my mouth that has some taste to it?"

Caroline did not reply, and he went away to the village, to meet a parcel of "good fellows," and to increase his unfortunate tendencies toward insanity and apoplexy. If he would only die! The thought would come to Caroline. She could not help looking to relief in the death of her husband, and all this was in the thoughts of a woman not two weeks married.

Time wore on. Sometimes Frederick seemed very proud of her, and she rode with him, and fancied that some people envied her, and this was pleasant to Caroline. But such slight happiness was bought at a fearful cost. She was ill all the time. Mrs. Sherwood, the elder, seldom spoke to her, or noticed her, and yet they sat daily at the same table. All Caroline's ideas of building, and having a separate home, were overruled by Fred.

"I like the old one's cookery," he said. "I am used to it. She makes better sausages and head cheese than any body I know. I like to get my mouth hissing hot on her victuals, and cool it off with brandy and water. It is an agreeable operation. But what's come to the old one, I wonder? Can you tell, Mrs. Caroline? You ought to know a good deal, for you don't waste any thing by talking or telling what you know. First, the old one has left off drinking.

She's clean changed, and no mistake. Next she has bought a new black silk gown, and other toggery to match. Thirdly, she has hired a seat in Rawson's pew.

"There's some devilry goin' on. I'll bet a pound of rifle balls, and I wish they were home in Rawson's bread basket, and the bet paid, that there's some infernal plot between them two. Now Mrs. Caroline, 'tis my private opinion that you had better keep friends with your husband. You may need my services in a hurry some night to go for Doctor Brown to introduce the heir to a certain property that I was once weak enough to will and deed to your ladyship."

There was a hard, unkind feeling that animated all Frederick Sherwood's words. There was illness, mental misery, and terror in Caroline's lot, which was only a little alleviated by the visits of Dr. Brown and her father. Words seldom passed between Mrs. Sherwood, senior, and Mrs. Sherwood, junior. Caroline and Doctor Brown felt sure that the old lady's alliance with Rawson boded no good. But what it pointed to they could not exactly make out.

Dr. Brown remarked to Caroline, "The old lady is very shy of me. Indeed, I consider her positively unkind. She asked me for the papers executed just before your marriage, as I had told her they were in my possession. Of course I could not trust them in her hands, and she has been very odd ever since. Never mind; she will be sick soon and then I will get back into her good graces, and find out what the coalition means.

"Meanwhile, allow me to advise you to send for your sister. You will need her in the autumn. You know a sister is the proper person to depend on in your confinement, and then she always had a good deal of influence over your husband, I judge."

Caroline frowned, and the Doctor went on. "I believe she is engaged to be married; is she not?"

"I suppose so," said Caroline, not choosing to accuse her sister out of her own family. "I will write to her to-day."

"Right," said the Doctor, "and when I call again, I trust you will have her answer, and a promise to be soon making herself useful to her friends. She always seemed to me to be a very

dutiful girl,—and when she knows how much she is needed, she will come most cheerfully, I doubt not.”

Dr. Brown felt that he had lost much of his influence with Caroline, and Fred treated him very cavalierly. Still he saw his own prospective importance, and he was comforted. How to recover his place with Mrs. Sherwood, the elder, was now his chief study. He called several times before Minnie's answer to her sister came. One morning Caroline put a letter in his hand. She was greatly disturbed. Her eyes were red with weeping, and she seemed hopeless, and very angry. The letter was short, and the Doctor read it, thinking it a very proper letter, and wondering that he had not before known that Caroline was so fond of her sister. Minnie said :

“My dear sister, I received your letter in a green and fragrant home in the country, where I am staying till my affianced husband shall come to me. (*Par parenthese*, we may say that Minnie smiled when she wrote this, and laughed heartily when she read it to Mrs. Margaret.) I do not know whether I shall be married at my brother's, or return home for the ceremony. I would like to make my parents happy by a visit, but as I should have to leave for a home of my own, sooner or later, it will perhaps give us more pain than pleasure to meet. It grieves me that my parents should be left alone in their age, but you know that is the common lot ; perhaps they will consent yet to live with their children. I am happy to say it will be in my power to offer them a home, and I shall rejoice to do all I can to make them happy. Our brother would send kind regards to you, but he is in New York, and I am two miles from Saratoga.

“The time for my marriage is not fixed, but I must remain near my beloved until it occurs, for he is engaged in arduous labors, and my presence strengthens him, and it is at once my duty and my happiness to be all the use to him that is possible.

“I hope, dear Caroline, that your married life is happier than you hoped or expected, and that under your kind care Frederick may entirely recover from that frightful injury. I am glad that our dear father is such a comfort to you.

“I find my brother’s family very agreeable. His wife is beautiful and amiable, and the children are angels. Our brother is very happy, considering what the world is, and how scanty the portion of happiness that most persons possess.

“I hope you will remember me very kindly to Frederick, also to good Dr. Brown.

“Though I do not promise to see you all before I ‘marry and move home,’ still I hope to do so. I have written father a long letter upon the subject, and would be glad to be governed by his opinions, but you know a husband’s authority is paramount to all other, so whatever I may do in the premises, you will know whom to scold if you are not well pleased.

“You cannot think how often I shut my eyes and see home. But I shall weary you if I get upon that subject, so I will say good-bye this moment. Your sister, MINNIE.

“P. S. Jerry is greatly improved in health, intelligence, and decent appearance. He is my brother’s coachman, and fills the place exceedingly well. He is to go with us to our new home. I thought Frederick would be pleased to hear good news of Jerry, who remembers him with a true friendliness and gratitude. M.”

Caroline saw that it was useless to complain of her sister; the universal answer would be, “girls will marry,” and even Dr. Brown would say, “Surely Minnie has as good a right to settle in life as you had.” So she had to chew the cud of bitter fancy. She had not even the poor comfort of railing at her sister’s immoral opinions. What Minnie had written to her father, strangely enough, Caroline never knew. Incredible as it may seem in “united families,” who claim each other’s letters, and other secrets, though they come harder than double teeth, Mr. Meadows declined to show Minnie’s letter. He read a portion of it to his wife, and then he deposited the precious missive in his great leather pocket-book, with title deeds, receipts, and notes. There was also a long tress of bright hair, and three little silken curls of different hues in this same pocket-book. Once he had laid the bright tress beside the silvery locks on his wife’s head, whence it was severed many years ago, and received the sober advice not to make a fool of himself.

And he had laid the little curling locks on his hand more than once during Minnie's absence, and had selected the one that was a part of her sunny crown when she was two years old;—but he did not let his wife see a tear fall on this curl;—and no one knew that it was folded in a piece of paper and laid in a wallet that he carried in a left hand side pocket. In his last letter he had asked Minnie for a lock of her hair, and it came in the answering letter that he so carefully concealed, and now it reposes with the sunny curl. None knew the depth of love in Mr. Meadows' manly heart. Probably no one has ever really been acquainted with him, except his daughter Minnie. He conceals his love as a weakness. He conceals any amelioration in his faith as a sin. Life is very hard to him, but he does not know it. Compared with many around him he is happy. The Sherwood family, including his own child, Rawson, and his pinched and persecuted household; even Dr. Brown with all his kindness, and his many cares and anxieties, are infinitely more miserable than Mr. Meadows. Still life with him was a failure. But to whom is it not? Who has a clear thought, a rich love, and an unmanacled spirit? There are such souls, but they do not throng the thoroughfares of life.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## A BROTHER IN THE CHURCH, AND OTHER EXPERIENCES.

THE disposition of men to persecute one another for differences of opinion seems very strange and unaccountable to me. I cannot see why my former brethren in the Methodist Church should wish to injure me because my faith in immortality is supported by different evidences from theirs. They knew me for an honest man before my belief in modern Spiritualism. If they would take the trouble to follow me into my present life, they would find me just as honest. Why then am I to be treated as badly as if I were an impostor, and a designing and dishonest person. I have said little about this matter of church persecution, for it is a very disagreeable subject; but I feel bound to relate a course of conduct pursued by a Methodist class leader toward me. Before I became a medium I had earned a little place in the vicinity of New York, worth about one thousand dollars. I owed in 1855 about \$36 to different workmen on the house. This class leader went around and bought up these claims, and I have reason to believe that he represented me as so unreliable a person, that he got the demands for less than half their value. I was in New York absorbed in my work, and knew nothing of this matter till I was sued and a legal paper was served on me. I did not understand it and tore it up, and thought no more about it, till a friend wrote me that my place in the country was advertised to be sold by the sheriff for a debt of over one hundred dollars. On inquiry I found that the demands bought up by the class leader had been swelled by legal charges to this amount, and my little home was to be sold for it. I immediately went to a wealthy and kind-hearted spiritualist in the city, and asked him for a loan of one hundred dollars, offering a mortgage

on my place as security for the loan. This he did not wish to take, but as he was a man of positive will, I was not free in my mediumship to come under obligation to him, though he was entirely willing to assist me.

At this time Judge S. of Newberg was investigating the phenomena of spiritualism with me, and I asked him to make a mortgage for me. He inquired why I wished to execute the paper, and I told him the circumstances. He asked me how much I lacked of paying the debt. I answered, seventy-five dollars. He handed me the amount in bills, and told me to pay him when I could.

With great joy and thankfulness I accepted this loan from Judge S., which I was providentially enabled to pay in the spring of 1856 from the money received on my western tour.

In the foregoing I only give specimens of the kindness and unkindness I have received.

I have wished to say a few words more on the conditions of Mediumship. People are constantly saying, "If the spirits can come to one, why can't they come to another? I would like some of these things to be done to me. If the spirits can rap for one man, why not for another?" I might as well say, if a message can be sent by a telegraph wire, why not without one? My little boy, when not five years old, had the table moved for him, with only his own hands upon it, and as intelligent communications spelled as for me. On one occasion he asked, "Spirit, what is your name?"

The answer was, "King."

"Where are you going, when you go away now?"

The answer was rapped out, "To Heaven, my little man;" seeming as specially adapted to the child, as if the speaker had been in the form.

One day a lady called and requested the spirit of her brother to tell her what she was then thinking of. After a few minutes my hand was taken, and the annexed communication was given, it being signed by the name in full of the spirit. The reply was a full one to the thoughts in her mind at the time the inquiry was made:

"MY DEAR SISTER:—I will now converse with you. You desire

to know whether you will ever be a medium, and if so, what kind? Your condition will admit of various kinds. At present we can better impress than sound. You are rapidly becoming approachable, and we hope soon to echo vibrations for you when you are alone. Your brother, B.

“You, my dear Sister, are under no obligations to me. Now learn a lesson; whenever you do a voluntary kindness, consider it a duty, not a task. B.”

Another case was as follows. It occurred while I was at Washington. A spirit first communicated to her brother, giving proof of her identity in the usual way:

“MY DEAR, DEAR BROTHER:—I am indeed very happy to meet you and to witness your honest, earnest desire to know the truth. Is it not a great blessing that the holy Omnipotent has permitted the spirits of those who have passed from the view of mortals, to hold communion with those they so fondly love? You cannot be too grateful. You cannot love and praise Him too much. God is ever near to answer humble, earnest prayer. Fly to Him in all times of trial for strength, and it will be given you; and praise Him in all seasons of joy. There is great rejoicing in Heaven among angels, that God has permitted the veil to be partly withdrawn, and the inhabitants of the celestial to hold converse with those of the terrestrial world. The time is near at hand, my dear brother, when you shall believe this great and wonderful truth. You, with many others, have much to do in this glorious cause. I will be ever near to counsel and advise you.

“Your Spirit Sister, S.”

Previously to this communication the person desired the spirit of his sister to use some familiar phrase that he might recognize her by it. Immediately was spelled by the alphabet—

“Do let me have my own way.”

He acknowledges that she was always in the habit of using this expression.

Governor Tallmadge's experience at my rooms has been very satisfactory to him. His questions have been mentally directed to the spirits. One day he entered, and took a seat, remaining in silence, when in answer to his desire, the communication was as follows. He had desired to have a communication from the spirit of Barnabas Bates:



"My Dear Friend, I am here. I think I can influence the medium, Pardee, to speak. At least, I will try. B. BATES."

The medium alluded to is Mr. Pardee, formerly and then of Washington. Governor Tallmadge's questions were never audible, be it remembered, yet he always has received replies in writing to his questions, whether made mentally or in writing. My interviews with this distinguished believer in the phenomena of spiritualism were at Washington.

One day I received a sealed envelope from the country, accompanied by a letter, requesting me to have it examined by the spirits. I made inquiries accordingly. The reply was, that the letter contained thirteen questions, only two of which could be answered by them, stating these, and adding that the writer, Thomas Ripton, would become a medium. I subsequently received a letter from Mr. Ripton, stating that all the questions were touched upon in the reply.

The following correspondence tells its own story. It is one of many of a similar character, accompanied by more or less convincing proofs of spirit identity:—

"NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 11, 1853.

"MR. J. B. CONKLIN, Medium:

"Dear Sir—I desire to hear from my spirit friends, and will thank you to sit for me. Yours, truly, F——."

"NEW YORK, 31 Howard street, Dec. 24, 1853.

"DEAR F——: Yours of the 11th inst. was duly received, and I hasten to reply. I have often received manifestations from your spirit wife. The spirits write through me with more facility than heretofore. Believers in Spiritualism are still multiplying daily. I have given your spirit friends the sitting you requested, and enclose the communications received.

"Yours, very truly,

J. B. CONKLIN."

The following is one of the communications referred to. Its publication will serve the object in view, and it is brief.

"NEW YORK, Friday, Dec. 23, 1853.

ALONE.

Q—Is the spirit-wife of F—— present?

A—Yes.

Q—Do you know that I have received a letter from your husband at New Orleans?

A—Yes. I impressed him to write to you.

Q—Have you manifested to him since I last saw him?

A—Yes, daily. I make miniature sounds to him, and breathe heaven's blessings on his brow.

Q—Can you send him something that will be to him a test that this is really you?

A—My dear friend, he needs none. His soul feasts with his angel wife, daily, and in his reposing hours I watch his slumbers, while his dear little INNOCENCE rests on his bosom.

Q—Have you any communications to send him?

A—Yes, I have met you for that purpose, and am happy to find that conditions are favorable. Say to my dear F——, let not your heart feel sad, or your soul despond—your spirit wife is with you, and has tried at all times to manifest. There is a language of the soul, my dear, that speaks louder than words, which can be felt by the internal, while the external knows it not. I whisper in your soul sweet words of hope—I walk by you unseen, and administer to your wants. The time will soon come, when I will be able to give you a faint idea of this, my spirit-home. O, that I could now impress you with anything of its grandeur—but cannot. Until then I will guide you, and when the hour for separating from the mortal man arrives, I will be the first to meet you.”

These communications are among the private gratifications which F—— habitually enjoys. They are of the blessed truths open to all. What soft persuasions from the ignorant followers of King Creed, what denunciatory eloquence from the gilded pulpit, could lead F—— to close the door in the face of this loving spirit?

To an Inquirer, it was recently said, concerning death:—

“You can, by the unfolding of your Spiritual faculties, so advance, that when the body becomes no longer capable of supporting the wants of the Spirit, *the hour of its dissolution may be the pleasantest hour of your Earthly life.* A perfect consciousness of the change can be retained, with but a few moments of sleep during the passage. There is no pain.” [necessarily] “attending the separation; for I have witnessed many—very many—which to the outward senses manifested extreme agony; when, could the inward workings of the Spirit have been seen, the contrast would have been presented of an enjoyment far exceeding the apparent pain or suffering.

“My sympathy often attracts me to the death-bed of many who are suffering internally the horrors of an uncertainty of existence after death;—and I then—having more facility in casting forth impressions than those who have never communed with earth—do all that I can to allay their fears, and impress upon their minds the beauties of the change.

“‘*Do good,*’ can be found written upon all intelligent minds; and the more you are instrumental in enhancing the happiness of others, the more you increase your own enjoyments. There were many with you yesterday, listening to your conversation, and conveying to each one impressions,” [alluding to a conversation on the personality of Deity,] “and I have attained into a more perfect realization of God than I once had, and yet I cannot define. We all live, as we feel, in His presence; and all still entertain a belief that we are approximating to a more perfect idea of His individuality.”

To another Inquirer it was said:—

“Now you have to labor not only for your Spiritual good, but also for that which invigorates and keeps the body in health. When you enter this sphere, you will not be compelled to toil for physical requirements; and all your aspirations which have been cultivated while living upon earth, can be realized by you *there*.”

“To enjoy Heaven,” says another Spirit-Friend, addressing a lady at a private circle, through Mr. Conklin—“it is not necessary to be freed from the body. Heaven can be realized, and *is*,—when true feelings prevail internally—where all is harmony, there is Heaven!

“I could not let the opportunity pass, finding the Medium moving in my sphere, without conversing with you—my Earthly sister. *There are many Thomas Paines here*; many others who bore different names while upon Earth. It does not require the individual presence of Thomas Paine to communicate Thomas Paine’s ideas. It is true that out of the great number of minds that move in *his degree* and knowledge, he, as an individual, has a peculiar, a personal guardian care over you; all Spirits that communicate from his sphere of intelligence, can as well be called by his name as his individual self. *Names, we have none*—because we live and exist in the sphere of ideas;—yet it is pleasing to our Earthly friends for us to conclude our messages with the names we bore on earth—and this is why we do so.”

A spirit gave the following account of the phenomena of spirit life:

“Sounds, with us, when in sympathy sufficient to partake of the

senses of our friends, correspond precisely as with you. Noise of the carts and stages," [pointing with the Medium's hand towards the street,] "we are equally as sensible of as you are, when we are in harmony. The streets and buildings, the sky, or sun, the heat and the cold, can alike be seen, and felt, by the Spirits as by you. This may appear strange, because you fancy—or some do—that the Spirit is mind, and matter is a different element. But it is not so; for when we are not in communicating rapport with our friends, we then see all the spiritual within the material. For as the body encases the Spirit, so do *all things* encase the Spirit.

"We have horses and birds, and flowers and gardens, and fruit and water—and everything to correspond with what you have. We do not subsist upon air; we take our regular meals. We do not have to prepare them, because we live upon the essence. We repose even as you do; and while sleeping—or in that which corresponds to sleep—at times, reflections of things occurring are presented to us, the same as the reflection of your mind sometimes causes you to review things that are past; and just at other times, the future will be [is] presented; and though but confusedly, yet it has been found, that all things dreamed of really occur. Now, we also are impressed by those who exist in a higher state, and those whose condition can not be seen, or realized, any more by us than your external eye can see the Spirit. Therefore, we often receive impressions while in this state (corresponding to your sleep,) of events, which do actually afterwards occur."

Two days afterwards came the following:

"It is indeed interesting to me to have this privilege. I am, at times, at a loss for words to suit the idea which I wish to convey. It is true that *I* speak to you, and in a great measure control, unconsciously to the Medium; at the same time ideas and sentences conveyed through his organism must be fitted according to his development. *Pour wine into an oil bottle, and it will taste of oil.*

"Now, as regards the clothing of the Spirit, and the food. I know of no better way to explain than this: You can see how a dress would look—cut, and made, according to your idea of the pattern you have formed in your mind; yet that is material—and in order to become applicable to the material, *labor* is necessary. Now, when *we* desire to be clothed, being Spiritual, with a peculiar dress or clothing, *we have it—because we live in the real.* Our food, we receive as we desire it. Our recreation can be anything we wish, according to our advancement. Our devotions, also, can consist in the assembling of musicians, sounding forth harmonious music, if necessary; or if sufficiently advanced, which is the case with those

who have reached that plane of enjoyment, live *in the harmonious music of thought—the union of thought*. I have recently been examining the conditions of inferior minds—those that exist in the lower circles of the second sphere; and their state, though superior to the corresponding state of those on Earth, is at the same time miserable. For an example:—a man leaves the form, with all his appetites, be they what they may, *and they remain until he becomes self-repentive*. The poor drunkard, who leaves the Earth-sphere with the desire of indulging in that which had already hastened the dissevering of the Spirit, enters the sphere of those in the same plane of mental advancement, retaining the same mental desire for that stimulant; and *may often be found in sympathy with those on Earth, that like himself are carousing*—cultivating a taste, which it takes time to remove. *He meets with them, and receives his supply, by inhaling the influence, peculiar or in proportion to his sympathies*. Yet it is not satisfying. Unlike the experience of the mind in the body, which drinks until nature no longer be a sharer, and falls to sleep; the Spirit out of the form, not satisfied in this state of mind, attempts to get in sympathy with others of the same grade; and if it fails, continues to seek and operate upon other minds in the body, until it influences them to indulge in the intoxicating beverage. The whole mind of such Spirits is concentrated in this desire—to satisfy the appetite—and they never obtain the satisfaction. Consequently, you can at once perceive how difficult it is for those who move in a higher circle to attract them, even for an instant, to seek elsewhere for the remedy. I have been informed that some, who now move in this lower sphere, *have been for ages seeking for that which they crave to satisfy them, and have not found it*. How much longer they may remain depends entirely upon themselves.

“When you are asked, if your new faith teaches you that *all are happy*, you can answer: *Yes, in as much happiness as their Spirits are capable of enjoying*; and yet millions are miserable.”

The same Spirit, speaking through the entranced Medium, said:

“To that end do we labor to enlighten the mind, to advance it to that plane, where laws upon parchment will become unnecessary; where all will know and have the law developed *within*; where they will have no mourning—*no mourning*, when a dear friend takes his departure from his body for the higher state of existence; when we shall see our friends enjoying the change with us; and instead of the dark mantle covering their bodies, see them wearing, as usual, clothing *not to suit the fashion, but their own convenience*.

The mental looking-glass can very readily be understood. It is the mirror which each individual manufactures for himself. There is no avoiding looking into it, after physical separation, though all may at times shade it from their minds while they live on Earth. Consider:—When you sit calmly, and trace back your past life, and gradually have presented each act and thought, you can well understand how necessary it is to have that mirror one which will reflect back nothing which you might not desire to have seen by others. Now, Truth will overcome Error; and if in the course of their earthly pilgrimage men and women step in the by-path, there is no necessity for that portion of their earthly existence to remain visible, although it is a part of the construction; for by evercoming evil with Truth, though the error did occur, Truth being the most permanent, prevails, *and so covers the spot over*. Every good thought, practically carried out, is a spoke to the ladder which leads you upward. Men who have never been the instruments of benefiting their fellow-men; whose whole life, during the growth of the Spirit, consisted in gratifying their appetites at the expense or misery of others; who, instead of expanding their Spirit, nearly annihilated it in the development of the animal; they are those of whom I spoke last. *Yet there is a hope for them*, because they are subjected to the same law as all are—UNIVERSAL PROGRESSION. That beautiful law, which, when once realized, is the great medium (?) between the soul and grief. Hence a dear friend on Earth may err, and yet give no *grief* to the friend in Heaven, because *this* one will perceive that *he* did all that he could to prevent the error; yet the dear one did commit it, and for the time being must be content to receive the consequence.”

The communication was resumed, when the Spirit spoke as follows:—

“We all assemble to commune with you, with joyful feelings. We live in light; and while I know from your minds, that darkness pervades this portion of your earth, with me it is always light. The spirit does not recognize the light of the material sun, any more than it does the absence of that light. We tread the atmosphere, the same as you tread the earth, with the exception of velocity. We enjoy social conversation, and consultations, upon various topics, as you do.

“We visit different nations, and often find among the most ignorant—as thought by the ‘Christian World’—bright illuminated interiors.

“When you ask a question, if I am not able to convey back an

impression, sufficiently sensible to cause you to feel my answer,—others come with me, and *by the concentration of each force, we cause you to understand.* The mission of those who move in the sphere with myself, is to promulgate general truth as we understand it. While all have their *especial earthly charges*, who have many wants to be supplied; at the same time we employ ourselves in administering general ideas to all minds capable of receiving them. I have been careful that you should have a clear understanding of all impressions conveyed, and I am pleased that my labors have not been fruitless. I have also endeavored to counsel you by impressions, in many undertakings, with as much interest as if I still inhabited the body with you. I have also tried to individualize in all that I have said, as much as possible," [through other Mediums.] "You should not faint in your hopes of physical development. There has been no cessation on our part. Others have, and do often assist me in refining the principle, surrounding the physical organization, in order that we may equalize it with ours, to produce sounds.

"A knowledge of music can be acquired here with less difficulty than while in the form; for this reason—*we vibrate upon each note by will-power.* It was a combination of forces which produced the music, as in all cases, where physical manifestations are produced." [Questions had been asked, as to the identity of the Spirit, which had produced music from the piano, in the presence of a Medium, without the intervention of human hands.] "Not that an individual Spirit cannot make an individual sound, after the battery has become operative, but they cannot form an individual battery sufficiently powerful to operate intelligently to their earthly friends."

One of my guardian, or more frequently communicating spirits, in accounting for difficulties of clear communication, has said:

"It is a deplorable reality, that Mediums, through whom we are sounding forth the glad tidings of man's immortality, do so permit the ignorant influences out of the form to prevail, that we are oftentimes compelled to retire, and behold our friends—those whom we have designated among Earth's excellent—regret with exceeding sadness their disappointments. To remedy this gross error, is not the work of a moment; and in many cases I have, as an individual intelligence, been compelled to cease in my efforts to develop or convey through the Medium the least intelligence."

This purported to come from THOMAS PAINE; but, as has been explained, may have been given by any one, or by all who are united

on his plane of thought and life. In my experience as a Medium I have had most to do with individual identities, for such proof of spirit influence is always required by the new investigator. In most cases, where individual communications are made, I find no reason to distrust their origin. Names are of little moment—individualities of no great importance; but when a spirit calls himself George Fox, or Thomas Paine, and persists in claiming such designation, and his communications are characteristic, I see no cause for doubting that he is the one he pretends to be, until there is some proof to the contrary. We may well take a spirit's evidence of his identity, unless we can impeach his testimony by other and more reliable witnesses.

In some cases, where I have been led to distrust, I have found that it was without sufficient reason. For example, one evening, at a private circle, at Cincinnati, where there were several persons, strangers to me, a communication was written by my hand, of a very genial and friendly character, and signed "Henry Clay." I remarked, on reading it, that I did not think much of these signatures of distinguished men, but learned afterward that the gentleman to whom it was addressed had been from boyhood in intimacy with Mr. Clay and his family, and that there was no person in the spirit world more likely to address him thus kindly and familiarly.



## VII.

## MY FIRST DAY AT ESPERANZA.

I WOKE very early, yet entirely refreshed. The life around me seems full of invigoration, and time is lost in sleep. Ah, my Clara! we shall never wish to kill time here. O that you were with me now, to see and feel with me the life I can but faintly portray to you!

The light had just begun its struggle with darkness, and the eastern stars grew pale in the conflict. I heard those little warblings of the birds, which are the prelude of their morning songs. Then came the crowing of many chanticleers from the poultry-house. But as the dawn grew rosy, and the light diffused, there came other music. There was the roll of a drum, first low, and then louder; and then the call of a single trumpet; next a trombone, and then came music like the light, full, rich, inspiring, that roused me from my couch, and I listened to one of those glorious bursts of melody, for which a full band of enthusiastic artists only can find expression. I looked out upon the lawn, and saw Mr. Vincent leading the band with the cornet-a-piston; playing as you would wish such a man to play—without pretense, without effort at execution, but with a grand power of expression.

As this noble *reveille* ended, I heard the rush of many waters; and, taking a refreshing bath, I was ready to join the groups gathering at the parade for sunrise. It was on the eastern slope; and nearly all were gathered. The youngest children, and their nurses, and the few aged or weak, alone were absent. The groups gathered silently, or exchanging greetings with low voices. Harmonia stood at the side of Vincent, and welcomed me with a pleasant smile; Melodia held out her hand to me, and as I gave one

to her, I extended the other to Alfred. Eugenia and Laura were in near groups. The children formed in separate groups of their own, and all knew their places, or took those they liked best. There was order, but no constraint, and a harmony that seemed the result of something higher than discipline. Vincent stood in the center, facing the east, with the band behind, and our group around him; the other groups spread off, right and left, forming a crescent, opening to the east, where the firmanent was now glowing. All was silent—then a ray of sunshine shot across the scene; a cannon fired; the white flag with its symbol stars rose gracefully to its staff; the band played a grand prelude, and men, women, and children joined in a noble chorus, to salute the day.

When it was ended, the crescent closed into a circle around Vincent, who read the Orders of the Day. The first was the Order of Industry, consisting of an enumeration of the work most needful to be done, naming the leader of the day in each department, and calling for a certain number of volunteers for each work. First came the household, or domestic duties; such a lady and so many assistants for the kitchen; so for the laundry; a leader and a company for the harvest field; others for the orchards and gardens, poultry yard and dairy; others for building; and the mill and factory. All the work was laid out, and as each leader was called, he or she stepped forward, and was promptly joined by the first relay of workers—so promptly, that it was easy to see that it had all been canvassed and arranged the night before, so that each one had chosen his work and companions, and wore the badge of his group.

The leaders of the harder or more repugnant labors were men; those of the lighter and more agreeable, women. Laura, for the day, was mistress of the group of confectioners, or preservers of fruit. Eugenia had charge of the flower garden. Boys of ten or fifteen, and young misses, were chiefs of groups of industry, and took their positions, and gathered their adherents around them with a flush of pride. I saw that the groups were composed of both sexes; those for the harder toils and out door duties being two-

thirds or more of men ; those of indoor employments, mostly, but not entirely, of woman.

All this was arranged in less time than you take to read it ; when the Order of Recreation was called. This was for the afternoon ; a regatta on the lake ; music practice ; artist work ; rehearsals of drama and opera, etc. These were under more permanent direction, and the leaders known. The time only was given.

Finally, an opera was announced for the evening ; when the band played a lively air which set all in motion. Those whose duties were immediate, as the groups for preparing breakfast, feeding animals, etc., repaired to their functions ; the rest to the lecture-room and lessons of the morning. As all this had been arranged in twenty minutes, there was left more than an hour, either for quiet reading or study, for conversation, or for the morning lecture on some branch of science, or practical lesson connected with industry or art.

I went with Melodia to the Lecture-room. Most of the younger, and more intellectual had gathered there. It was itself a panorama of science ; a circular room with a dome of blue, admitting a soft light through itself, and the constellations of the northern heavens. The walls, or rather a continuous circle of wall, was painted to represent the various climates and scenery of the earth. At the north and south are icebergs, white bears, seals. East and west, the equatorial regions of the eastern and western hemispheres, with their vegetation, animals, and peoples, and the temperate regions in their places. It is charming as a work of art, and perfect as a scientific representation. The fore-ground is boldly painted, so as to represent geological structures, minerals, and rare animals and plants. There is land and sea ; calm and storm ; here a water spout, and there a tornado. Ships sail the summer seas ; steamers cloud the sky. My eye wandered over every part with surprise and pleasure.

Mr. Vincent gave the morning discourse on the Unity of Nature ; treating all sciences as portions of the one science, and giving the analogies which pervade the universe many illustrations. "A principle, which can be demonstrated as such," he said, "is universal in its application. The laws of harmony in music we find to

be those of social accords. Chemical affinities are no more ruled by inexorable laws, than the relations of friendship and love. Every atom in the universe is distinct from every other, as is every individual spirit—and the social order we have achieved is by leaving every soul-atom free to follow its own attractions and repulsions, and to place itself, and not be placed. Our freedom is the freedom not to disobey any law of our beings; our freedom not to be placed where we do not belong.

“Science is not a thing apart from life. We do well to know the universe, and our place in it, and relation to every other part. If the soul of our planet is conscious of us, it must feel new vigor and hope with this germ of social harmony, and as it extends, we may hope for serener skies, more equable climes, and a more abounding fertility.

“We do well to know the earth, and all its countries and peoples: we see how much work there is before us, for all must be won to our harmony.

“We do well to make ourselves acquainted with all vegetables and animals, that we may find uses for all the good, and extirpate those which belong to the sphere of discord.

“Above all we are to study the Life that informs and unfolds all things: that glitters in the crystal, and palpitates in the heart; that works out beauty in man and woman, and unity in all who can unite in a true life.

“We will work on patiently, hopefully, joyfully; for the time is near, when our experiment will be ended, and the true life of man in society will be seen to be, not the idle dream of a benevolent enthusiast, but the practical realization of purified, enlightened, and spiritualized humanity.

“Let us live this life, then, in all purity, not for ourselves alone, but for the Earth, our Great Mother; for the Humanity to which we belong; for those who have gone before, and who now look down upon us; and for those who shall come after, and bless us.”

I give a few sentences of this discourse, omitting the scientific facts and illustrations. The audience rose, filled with the earnest feeling of the speaker, and broke into groups of persons who

conversed together, and walked through the library and reading room, and we soon heard the signal for breakfast.

A vegetarian breakfast, on a large scale, is a beautiful thing. This was not wholly so. Animalized substances, as eggs, and the products of the dairy, were on many of the tables. But the staples of consumption were the various preparations of corn and wheat, in bread, mush, and cakes, and fruits, fresh and preserved, or in marmalades and syrups. There was no more haste than at a festival. It was a cheerful meal. From the younger groups came bursts of laughter. In twenty minutes, the tables were cleared: and a few minutes after, I stood in a balcony and saw the parade of the groups of Industry. Their costumes were adapted to the work of each. The young and robust women and girls, who had volunteered for the harvest field and other out door labors, wore blouses and trowsers, and could be distinguished from the men only by their smaller limbs, and more delicate figures. They were rosy and happy, every one.

I have not spoken of the dress here. It is so remarkable, that I wish to give you a full account of it. The working dress, however, is nearly uniform, of a strong light colored material, easily washed; and as it is used in the common labors, it comes from a common stock. The dresses of the afternoon and evening are suited to the taste and fancy of each, and are as varied as the characters of the wearers, each trying to make in dress, as in every thing, the truest and best expression of individual character. The effect is indescribably beautiful, and can scarcely be conceived by those who have only seen all men and women dressed nearly alike, and in accordance with the prevailing fashions.

Even in the working dresses, the bands, badges, and ornaments are varied and characteristic. The children carry this to a picturesque excess, indulging in quite a fantastic display of personal adornment. But the taste of those who are most respected, the artists and most cultivated persons, gives tone to all, and keeps all in harmony.

The bands marched out, one by one, each singing its own song; and the day's work had begun. Melodia led the way up a stair

case in the tower, and knocked at a door, which, in opening, admitted us to the study of Mr. Vincent. It is an octagon room with seven windows; and as it is above the roofs of the buildings, it affords a view of the whole domain. I saw it spread out before me, on every side; front is the lake with its forest on the opposite shore, supplying timber of which I soon saw a raft, which some happy boys were sailing toward the saw-mill. In the rear are the orchards, and vineyard, and the great garden, filled with a profusion of berries, fruits, and vegetables. The vines, trees, and cultivated berries climb high up the hill sides, where a stream, fed by mountain springs, and which supplies the domain, is led along the slope and affords water for irrigation. To the right and left stretch the great fields of corn and wheat, and pasture land for horses, cattle and sheep. Around the central buildings, all is a garden of flowers and shrubbery; walks, fountains and groves; the work of loving workers, in the groups of recreation. I tell you what I saw first; but I must now introduce you to him whom you have recognised as, in some sort, the presiding genius of this scene. The room is plainly furnished—its only luxuries consisting of some pictures and other keepsakes. A few books were on a shelf—mostly standard scientific works. There were some volumes of Fourier, with his autograph in one of them; and a portrait of the noble Harmonist, in crayon. There are also portraits of a few other masters in Science, Literature, and Art, and of some lovely women. There was also a violin, a flute, a cornet-a-piston, and a melodeon.

He was sitting at his table, with writing and drawing materials, and music paper. He did not rise, to receive us, but held out a hand to each. He drew me to a chair, near him; and Melodia sat on a cushion, and leaned upon his knee. He is a little taller than I am; his hair and beard brown, his eyes hazel; his face thin and pale, mostly grave in expression, but with smiles often playing among lines of study and care. His forehead is severe, but the mouth genial, with a pleasant, but not melodious voice, a pure articulation, and a frank address. He is slender, and erect, and as to his age, any where from thirty to forty-five—simply a man at maturity, without any mark of decay.

"We are glad to have a visitor, Mr. Wilson. You are welcome to Esperanza. I hope you had a pleasant journey," he said, with a grave courtesy.

"You know my company," I answered; and his eye fell with a proud tenderness on the beautiful woman at his side.

"I think you could scarcely have found better," he said; "and now we must be hospitable. If it is agreeable, I will be glad to show you our home, and to give you the chance of a general survey, and then you can pursue any details you may wish at your leisure. We will have horses, and find one to accompany us." Speaking through a tube, he asked for some saddle horses, and then went with us to the apartments of Harmonia. He knocked lightly at the door, and a fair rose-bud girl of ten years bid us enter, and putting her arm around her papa, demanded a kiss.

We were in the presence of a woman of scarcely the medium height, her face thin and pale, with delicate little hands and feet, but with arms and form well rounded. Her eyes are of a heavenly blue, her hair dark, glossy, and curling in ringlets; her forehead intellectual; and though there are lines of care upon her face, and silver in her hair, suffering and disease, rather than years, have made them.

She kissed Vincent and Melodia, and gave me her hand, over which I bent reverently; for I stood now in the presence of the center of the heart-life of this home; the chosen medium of the spirit-love, that has formed upon earth one sphere of rest and happiness, the one whom all here revere and love. I felt the influence of her pure loving life around me. The whole room seemed filled with it. It was furnished with a singular, but fitting elegance, and with a harmony of forms, colors, and arrangement, such as I have never seen. It seemed to me, that if one article had been removed or displaced, it would have marred the harmony. The colors were buff, blue and rose; the picture frames and furniture carvings of oak, and light mouldings of gold. Vases of blue and gold were filled with odorous flowers; the offerings of affectionate devotion. A canary and a mocking bird were singing emulously among the roses in a bow window. A large music box lay on the

carved octagon table in the center of the room, which played airs of Massanaella and William Tell, her favorite operas.

“We are going to show Mr. Wilson our home,” said Vincent, with a tender deference of manner, which one does not expect from a husband, “will you give us your company?”

“With pleasure—but you must let Angela have her pony, and ride with us; for I have promised her the morning.”

The little face that had saddened a moment before, at the idea of losing this precious morning with her mother, now brightened, and she ran away to prepare, and summon her little steed.

The ladies were soon equipped for the saddle with riding skirts, and plumed caps; four glossy saddle horses were brought to the door by as many happy boys, and we saw in a moment after a round and roguish little Canadian pony come bounding up, with a boy of a dozen years on his back, who assisted the blue eyed, rosy, and most beautiful Angela into her saddle, as if she had been a princess, and he her own true knight. Vincent helped Harmonia to mount, and I gave my hand to Melodia; but when we were ready, Harmonia signed me to ride next her; while Melodia led off with Vincent, and Angela was on all sides of us by turns.

First we rode along the hard beach of the lake, across which a cool breeze was blowing; then in a road through the wheat harvest, where over hundreds of broad acres, heavily laden with the bright grain, two machine reapers, each drawn by four horses were doing their rapid work. The near horse of each span was ridden by a boy or girl; the machine was followed by a group of binders, and the sheaves were loaded in a waggon at once, and conveyed to the threshing barn, to be further ripened in the sun, where they could also be sheltered in a few moments from a passing shower.

In the center of the field was a grove, affording a pleasant shade for men and horses in the intervals of labor; with food and drink. Here they took their intervals of rest, and here reposed the relays of those who did the hardest labor, or those who were exchanging from this to some other group. There was a spring, a cheer, and enthusiasm in the work of this group, such as never comes



from mercenary task labor. The will and the love were in the work; and it was a real festival of industry.

To the right of the wheat spread out a vast field of bright Indian corn, through which a little squadron of horses were drawing the cultivators; each horse ridden by a boy or girl, with their plumed sun-hats, who went on in a merry company, singing as they went, while the men, who guided the cultivators, often joined their deeper voices to the merry songs. Beyond, a field of oats was ripening, and we saw up on the hill side, and beneath the picturesque groves, the horses not in use, and the cows, and goats, and sheep.

"Here," said Vincent, as we halted under a grove to look upon this lovely scene, "you see the staple of our industry; that which gives us the staff of life. Bread, or some form of farinacious food, and fruit, form five-sevenths of our nourishment, and these are the first to be provided. There,"—pointing to the gardens and orchards which rose back of the house—"is the source of the most beautiful and best part of our food; and that which gives us least labor and most pleasure in the cultivation."

We rode on to the end of the domain. A spur from the hill here shot down nearly to the lake, and the interval was crossed by a high strong paling, with a gate, strongly locked against the outside world. A rough road leads off some ten miles to the nearest settlement in that direction. Putting our horses to an easy gallop, we swept around by the hill side, skirting along the pastures to the orchards and vineyards. The apples, pears, and grapes were swelling with their riches; and the peaches and plums were in their full harvest. Here we dismounted and joined the groups, composed chiefly of women and girls, gathering the ripened fruit. Here the children were at work with great enthusiasm, performing their full share of labor. They stormed the trees with their scaling ladders, and shook the fruit from the branches into the large funnels of cloths spread underneath, and opening into the baskets. Others managed the little waggons drawn by goats, rams, and ponies, which drew the fruits to the store houses, where other groups were engaged in sealing them

up in air-tight cans, preparing them for drying, or making marmalades and jellies. Others were at work in the gardens. It was a busy time—but evidently a happy one. I did not see one sickly looking, or sorrowful, or discontented, or idle person.

As we rode along, group after group saluted us with a joyful welcome. The children offered fruit or flowers to us all, but particularly to Harmonia. Angela was at home every where. Not less so our beautiful Melodia, in whose presence every eye beamed with a brighter luster. I noted the different influence of these two women on myself and others. Melodia excited to energy and enthusiasm, and inspired admiration and devotion; Harmonia was the center of a most reverential love. I saw how each was related to Vincent, and to each other, and, even with my crude ideas and unharmonized feelings, I could see no ground for jealousy, nor can I detect, with the most suspicious watchfulness, the least sign of such a feeling in any of those around me.

As we came to the buildings, we found Alfred at the head of a group of builders, hard at work with hammer and trowel, laying the walls of a new wing of the home, which was enlarging for new groups of members. I saw here how the whole pile had grown, like the growth of a tree, every addition increasing its beauty. The larger portions for general uses; the Banqueting Hall; the Festive Hall; the Hall of Science; the Library; these had been built of a sufficient size at first to accommodate seven hundred persons, or were adapted to an easy extension. So the nurseries for infants, the unitary kitchen, laundry, cellars, store houses, and work shops, were all on the large scale—not the full scale of Fourier, but the modified scale of a model home; for, though eighteen hundred person of all grades may be necessary to a full harmony, a much smaller number of carefully selected and adapted ones, may produce equal results.

We passed through the fruit-preparing room, and saw the groups of skilled men and women preserving their stores, which were packed away for future use. Then we went through a laundry, where two men and three women, with steam-power and machinery, were doing the entire washing of the home, where clothing is

abundant, and cleanliness the first of virtues. This is no idle department. A thousand towels a day; bed-linen and clothing for day and night; all the common work is done here; but there is another place for the fine and ornamental work, which is arranged differently.

Then we visited the kitchen and bakery; and having lunched, rode down the lake to its out-let, where water power drives saw mill, flouring mill, and the heavier work of various manufactures. On the way we passed fields of peas, beans, asparagus, tomatoes, and the sweet and Irish potato. The yam, plantain, and banana, and orange are cultivated in places sheltered from the north, and where they can be protected in winter; while the great glazed hot house, or winter garden of the central court, affords tropical fruits and flowers at all seasons; and in the winter, and in rainy weather takes the place of the lawn for parades and festivals.

I had now had a general survey of the industry of Esperanza and had learned, in the conversations held alternately with each of our party, and by my observation, something of its economies. Every where was order—every where the best adaptation of means to ends in labor-saving machinery and processes; every where a loving harmony and enthusiasm.

As we returned slowly to the home, riding up the slope through a garden of shrubs and flowers, we opened upon a group under a grove of spreading chesnut trees, the most charming I ever saw or imagined. An old man of nearly eighty years, with hair and beard white as frosted silver, resting in an arm chair, was the center of the group; around him were gathered the youngest children and babies, with their nurses and care takers. The older children, not yet old enough to join the groups in the fields, but very useful with the babies, who were their dolls, were gathered around him, and had crowned him with flowers. Two chubby cherubs were on his knees, playing with his beard. The children of three to six years had formed a ring, and were singing and dancing around him; while the babies were rolling and crawing on the sward, or in the arms of their nurses, or riding around in little carriages. We paused a moment to contemplate this truly Arcadian scene; then

alighted, and as some boys flew to hold our horses, we approached the Patriarch, who laughed heartily as the ring opened to let us enter. The ladies kissed the old man on his cheek, and inquired of his health, and introduced the stranger to their good father.

“Well, my darlings,” said he “never better, never so well. Here are the companions of my second childhood. I grow younger and younger, you see. More and more a baby. So they are my proper play fellows. I shall go soon, you know, where they have so lately come from; so it is quite right we should know each other.”

“O, but father,” said Melodia, “you will stay with us a good while yet. This is a pretty good heaven, you know, and we will make you as happy as we can.”

“You are angels that would make heaven in a less beautiful place than this—but I am old, and not very useful here; I think I shall not be long with you; is it not so?” he said, turning to Harmonia.

“Yes, father,” she replied, with a calm joy. “Our friends expect you soon. We shall attend you to the portal of the beautiful world, and they will welcome you.”

Angela, who was standing by her mother, burst into tears. “I don’t want our good father to go from us!” she exclaimed.

“I shall never be separated from those I love,” said the old man, with a tremor in his voice; but I can be happier and more useful where I am going. You know that, little darling,” he said, laying his hand on Angela’s head, who had nestled to his side.

“Yes, good father, I know it will be better for you, and that your spirit will never leave your children.”

“God bless you, no; my little one. I will be with you always. You have made my last days happy; I shall not forget you in the other home.”

“You will do well,” said Vincent, “to watch over your own. All goes well, father; and we are preparing to welcome more to our harmony.”

“Good!—I don’t know whether I want to stay most with you, or to go and see our friends who labored so long for this result.

I shall be very willing to go. Young man, you are welcome, now," said he, courteously to me, "and welcome back again; for, I see that you will not be long away from us."

"No, father," said Melodia; "your eyes serve you well."

"Oh! the old man has not lost his senses," he said, with a happy laugh. We departed, and the little ones again took possession of him, and replaced the wreath he had removed when we came, by a new and more magnificent diadem, and the old man tried, with his trembling voice, to join in the chorus they were singing, as they danced around him.

At ten o'clock, three hours after the day's work begun, there was a pause for rest and refreshment; and at this time there was a general interchange of employments. Many of those who had been at work indoors went to the fields; others came from the fields to the store houses and work shops. The builders and quarry men went to the harvest, and all the groups re-arranged themselves for the next session of work, when all went on with the same harmonious enthusiasm, with the added charm of new companions. I wrote my letter of yesterday, describing our voyage on the Fairy, and our reception here.

At half past one o'clock a signal gun suspended all labor, and the bands returned merrily from field and orchard, garden and work-shops, and all put off their working clothes, bathed, and dressed for dinner. This was a more elaborate meal than supper or breakfast. We had an abundance of sweet corn, sweet and common potatoes, green peas, eggs in various preparations, puddings, jellies and fruits. The tables were arranged and dressed with exquisite taste, each group vying with the other for the best display. Music summoned us to this repast—and when it was over, we had a delightful concert for the repose of digestion, while little parties sauntered in the shade of the trees or buildings, or reclined upon the grass.

Then the drum beat; and the lesser labors or recreations of the afternoon began. The boats were filled for an excursion across the lake, and a swimming party. There was a rehearsal for the evening's opera. The artists repaired to the ever attractive labors of

the studio; each one joined the group that pleased him best, and did what was his highest attraction. The labors of the first class, those of necessity, were ended; and each one worked or played as he chose, until the signal for the evening meal.

This was served partly in the great saloon, partly in the parlors of the groups who wished to be more secluded. There were a dozen little festivals, and I had the happiness of taking a delicate repast, and enjoying a beautiful society in the group which clustered around Harmonia. It consisted of ten persons. Vincent and Harmonia sat opposite each other; at Vincent's right hand sat Melodia; at his left, Serafa, a woman or girl, a few years younger than Melodia, and less beautiful, but one who impressed you as a person of rare endowments, and a highly poetical temperament. She seemed plain till I found the depth of her gray eyes; and her low voice was full of enthusiasm. She is the poet of this home. The opera performed last night was her libretto, all but two or three songs by Melodia. I sat next her, and at my left was Evaline, the eldest daughter of our hostess; smaller than her mother, pale, with light hair, a lovely figure, but a face capable of the whole range of expression from ugliness to beauty, and becoming quite dazzling with the excitement of enthusiasm or pleasure. She is an artist, and somewhat of a musician, but art is her supreme attraction, and she works with great enthusiasm, and also with great patience, instructing all who will learn, and having around her a large group of loving and devoted pupils.

Opposite me sat Alfred, and at his right hand Eugenia, who develops more character, and a higher beauty each time I see her. She is so calm and wise, that the most turbulent might find her presence a repose, and the weakest find strength in her firm will. Next her, and at the left of Harmonia, sat a sculptor and architect, who has designed most of the buildings and ornaments, of which I shall give you a description hereafter; and on her left a man who impressed me with his integrity and reliability, and who, I understood, fills the important place of balance holder, accountant, or an embodied justice in the domain—the referee, the reconciler; a man of equity, who has the faculty of making the right of every

case so evident, that there is never any wish to appeal from his decision.

I felt the beautiful sphere of this company like a rich harmony around me. I knew that a most loving life circled among them; and I could feel no discord — but I had evidently the place of some one who would have completed the circle, and sat in my place, between Evaline and Serafa.

“Who do I keep away?” I asked of the latter, when we had become a little acquainted.

“Oh, no one that would be here. Our Paul has found a tree, or a rock, or a bit of moss, that holds him by too strong an attraction. He is doing very well somewhere, and our gallery will be all the richer for his absence.”

So Paul was also an artist and an enthusiast, somewhere at his work.

Our repast was slight, and very simple. Boiled rice with banana syrup, a quince jelly, some little crisp cakes, and a single glass of the purest white wine, delicate, aromatic, and almost sweet, something like the finest champaign, without the sparkle, was all that was taken. There was conversation, in low, quiet tones; a repose of being that was very beautiful to me. There was not the least constraint or excitement, or effort at display. The news of the outside world, particularly the literary and artistic news, was discussed. The opinions expressed of authors and artists, and the leaders of movements, were singularly just and appreciative. Nearly the whole conversation was general. Scarcely for a moment did any two subside into a *tete a tete*. You can imagine such a circle of refined, cultivated, intelligent persons, adapted to each other, without a single one discordant or tiresome; but can you imagine such a company, all loving each other, in perfect harmony, and with the happiness of this love increased by this harmonization? I could not see that my presence was any bar to their enjoyment. My acceptance by one seemed to have made me at home with all; and though I am but a neophyte, on my probation, they feel assured, as they well may, that I shall never be satisfied with any other life than this, of which I am allowed a

foretaste. If I doubted you I should not enjoy it—but how can I doubt that you are even more ready than I for a life of truth and harmony, and that you will joyfully escape from the world of falsity, selfishness, and discordance, which you see and feel around you?

After our half hour at supper, we heard a little trampling of feet and then a gentle knock at the door, when our circle was enlarged by the entrance of the two lovely children, Angela and the little Vincent. Vincent carried a bouquet of fragrant flowers to Harmonia, while Angela gave hers to Melodia.

“Didn’t you mean this for papa?” asked Melodia.

“Yes, I meant it for both of you, and for all; but only one can hold it, and you are the one who should hold flowers.” Then she sat in the lap of Vincent, and reaching over to Serafa, said, “but I have a kiss for you.”

“And what for me, my sister?” asked Evaline.

“Love for you, always, for teaching me so patiently to-day. And Melodia has taught me music. Oh! mamma!” turning to Harmonia, “one tune on your music box, please. Mr. Frank, are you musical?”

“A little, my dear.”

“When you come and stay with us, you shall be my lover in an opera, and sing you are jealous, and stab me, or I’ll stab you, just as the foolish people do—”

“In operas,” said Harmonia, interrupting her.

“Oh, no, mamma; not in operas only, but in the world. I have been reading history, the past week, in the library, and there is plenty of such savagism.”

And now, as the sun was descending, we heard the music of the band, and joined the groups, who were assembling to give him their adieus.

“It is so hard,” said Serafa, who had taken my arm, “to think that all round the earth he will not shine on such a Home as this!”

“We must be patient of growth,” said Vincent, who was near us: “all the future is ours, and the work is now begun. Think of the time when the sun will shine only on homes as happy as ours.”



"But a whole planet to be transformed!"

"Yes, and a whole planet once had to be formed. Our ancestors, some centuries back, were painted savages, ferocious as the beasts they extirpated. Now they are civilizees."

"Are civilizees so much better than savages?" I ventured to ask.

"Yes; it is worse to knock a man on the head than only to pick his pocket. It is progress; and the way from savagism to harmony is through the discordance of civilization; and a high harmony cannot come without it; for civilization has given us all we have of industry, art, and their capabilities. They are worth all they have cost."

It was the evening parade. The sun sank in glory. The music repeated the golden clouds, and the deepening shadows, and all the mild and softening splendors of the scene; and the magnificent choral, as the last rays fell athwart our assembly, was in keeping with its tranquil grandeur. The evening gun was fired, and the flag descended.

The groups lingered a little in the twilight, and watched the coming of the early stars; but all were soon busy in preparing for the evening's amusement, the opera, which I must now attempt to describe to you. This, you know, is the crowning triumph of civilization. It is, indeed, a partial harmonization; a composite pleasure, adapted to refined and cultivated tastes, and combining a great variety, and a high order of enjoyments. The opera gives us poetry, music, painting, dramatic situation and action, dancing, often military evolutions, and such forms of life, energy, beauty and passion, as the poet and composer may combine.

As the night closed around us, all but the youngest children, their care-takers, and the first relay of the night watch, repaired to the opera. The large assembly-room had been changed into a beautiful theatre, with an ample stage, orchestra, and all needed appointments. A band of twenty one musicians, led by Vincent, played the overture, and the curtain rose on a performance, less powerful and effective, perhaps, than some that we have seen and heard at the Academy of Music, but more interesting and beautiful to me. Melodia was Prima Donna assoluta; next her was Evaline,

who proved a charming contralto, and Laura ; the male characters were supported by the truant Paul, a delicate tenor ; Alfred, baritone ; Edgar, buffo ; and Manlins, a noble basso. It was in two acts of an hour each with a most vivacious and sociable intermission ; with dancing in each act, executed by a small, but very nicely trained *corps de ballet*. The chorus was full and effective—perfect, indeed, in time and harmony.

Thus there were eighty persons engaged on the stage, and in the orchestra, including twenty boys, who figured with great eclat, first as a corps of soldiers, and afterwards as fairies ; and who marched, and performed their evolutions and exercises with wonderful precision.

The audience was as interesting to me as the performers. They were dressed with elegance, and taste, but with great freedom and variety. Close around the stage, in the front seats, gathered the juvenile portion ; and their enjoyment was the keenest, and their plaudits and encores the most vociferous ; and when the encore was not sufficient, their exclamations of “O, once more,” “please once more !” were exquisite. I sat with Harmonia, who, not musical herself, enjoys music with all the capability of her sensitive organization—exquisitely sensitive both to harmony and discord—to pleasure and to pain. Serafa and Angelo, the sculptor, were near me, and I was pleased to see that the poet enjoyed as well as any one, her own creation, so far as it was hers, for she assured me that it owed almost every thing to Melodia, who had written the best songs ; to Vincent, who, with her, had composed the music, and to the suggestions of others. I will not describe the plot. It opens with a scene in civilization. There are three lovers, each loving by turns, or all together, three mistresses, which leads to jealousy, quarrels, attempts at assassination, poisonings, prison, and misery enough. The first act ends very unhappily. But an enchanter takes the affair in hand, and in the second, they find themselves on an enchanted Island, a scene in fairy land, where the queen of the fairies, by a potent spell, allays all jealousy, and after a few efforts and some relapses, they all concluded to love each other, after the fashion of Fairy Land, and all ends happily.

This was worked out with a delicacy and truthfulness of which you can have little conception. The scenery and appointments of the stage had been prepared with care, and the whole performance was full of the enthusiasm of real artists. The performers were called out in due form at the close of each act and pelted with flowers. Then the composer and author were called for, and crowned. It was a genuine ovation ; after which all went happily to rest.

I accompanied Harmonia to her apartments, with Serafa and Raphael. Soon came Vincent and Melodia ; she still in the costume and jewels of the stage, and wearing her crown of flowers. Never had she seemed more radiant than now. Vincent was sparkling with a refined wit ; and both put their arms around the modest Serafa, and congratulated her on the success ; but while she accepted their praises, she gave them all the credit they deserved. In our world, artists and singers are too often selfish and jealous, for these subverted passions are every where, poisoning all relations—but I saw none here. Alfred and Eveline, Laura and Paul, now joined us, and all brought stools and cushions, and gathered around Harmonia, and talked over the evening's pleasant work. Vincent made chocolate, Laura brought some cakes, and we supped together ; and as quiet succeeded to the excitement of the evening, all joined with clasped hands and blissful tears, in a simple, gentle good night song, and all went, I could not doubt, to a blissful repose.

And I to mine, my Clara ! Alone, but very happy ;—alone, but ensphered in the harmony of the loving life around me, —alone, but resting in the hope, that not many months will elapse, before you will be here, to rest in my bosom, and share with me this paradise.

## THE LAW OF PROGRESSION IN HARMONY.

### A LETTER AND ITS ANSWER

IN the second report of the Central Bureau of the Progressive Union, it was announced that the law of Progression, respecting the sexual relation, given to such as could accept it, and by its acceptance rise from the plane of natural life to that of spiritual life, is, that "material union is only to be had when the wisdom of the Harmony demands a child." Some have joyfully accepted this law as from the wisdom of the Heavens; others have rejected it for reasons which we have seen no more clearly stated than in the following letter, from an intelligent reformer in Iowa.

We publish this letter cheerfully as a clear, calm protest against the judgment of the spirits, who have announced the law to us, and intended to have made a suitable reply. In the meantime Mrs. Nichols wrote what was intended as a private note to Mr. Towner, but which we have requested to be allowed to publish with his, as the best answer, probably, that could be made, to some of his objections. Having given both letters we shall append a few remarks.

### LETTER OF MR. TOWNER.

TO MRS. MARY S. G. NICHOLS,

DEAR FRIEND:—

Your letter in the April No. of the "Journal" was read with interest and pleasure. It is such an expression as I have been for some time anxious to see from you, as I felt that there was evidently a divergence about to take place between you and some of us who have been with you. Its kindly and hopeful tone pleases me very much, and in the same tone I desire to respond to it. I am free to say that I am one of those whom you describe as "parting company with you." But I do not say to you; "You are

despots — you would rob us of our freedom." You recollect you yourselves said, of your proposed preparatory school at Yellow Springs; "Memnonia will be provisionally, and necessarily, a *despotism*," etc. I have only said, I deemed this to be inconsistent with the principles of the "Progressive Union." You addressed such as I am in kindness, and I hope you will allow me in the same spirit to speak through the "Journal" to you and yours.

To what you say in defining Love, I cordially respond. So, too, to what you say of the need of our being provident of our heart and soul wealth. Yes, we all, I hope, "ask for the balance or harmony of the faculties; that all have their rights; that no one or more of the passions, or faculties, be allowed to tyrannize over, and rob the remainder."

I think we do not differ respecting "Freedom." No one of us asks for liberty to do a wrong to himself. What we want is "liberty of the person from all ownership, bondage, restraint, or burthen; from all fraud or force; all despotisms of custom, law, or institutions. A holy freedom to follow the dictates of nature in her most sacred instincts." "True Freedom is the Right to do Right." "The right in each case to be settled by the individual conscience of the person interested, and not by any general or arbitrary law."

What we want, further, is to *find* the "law within us;" we call no one despotic who announces it to us with the clearness of demonstration, but hail the announcement with satisfaction and joy. But when you announce "the law of progression in harmony," as you call it, I doubt its being that law, or any part of it. Show me that it is, and I too will receive it and obey it. I could not receive it upon the "authority" of spirits out of, or in the form. And there is no need of "authority" to settle a question of this kind. If there be such a law respecting "material union," nature can reveal it to us; physiology can confirm it; it pertains to the province of science, and thither will we resort. But from all that I have yet learned from this source, I judge there is no such law. You do not assert it as a "finality," but as a law of growth and progress in harmony." But it seems curious that the "law within us" should not be a "finality;" or that that which is not a law within us, can be a "law of growth and progress."

You speak of "material union" contrary to the "law of progression" as wasteful; and of garnering life, and maturing it by obeying said law. This is to me unmeaning. The ultimatum of love in "material union" within the limits of the laws and functions of the sexual organs, I cannot see to be wasteful or destructive; nor refraining therefrom, saving or strengthening. Love's having

an important influence in the development, and the tendency of love in healthy men and women being to thus ultimate itself, coupled with the fact that such ultimatum tends to enhance the bliss and power of that sentiment, indicate that it does not waste or impoverish life, but, on the contrary, beautifies and ennobles. And, where there is a proper adaptation of constitution between lovers may not the sexual embrace result in an impartation from each to the other of their respective masculine and feminine attributes? So I believe and have experienced. Then it is a law of every organ and faculty that activity is necessary to its growth and maturity; necessary to preserve that tone and power which will enable it to perform its function in the best manner. Repression and inaction tend to debility and waste. Are the sexual organs and powers any exception? It seems to me that wisdom suggests that in any social state births should be few, with an interval of years between their occurrence. With this conviction, I can but think that the amative inaction prescribed by "the law of progression" would result in impairing the power of the sexual or procreative function, and so disqualify us for producing so "glorious children" as we otherwise might. I repeat, then, that your idea of *garnering* life through obedience to that law is to me unmeaning.

I doubt the assertion that "amativeness holds all the spiritual energy that feeds all the faculties." If it be so, I do not see how we can "give from all faculties to all faculties." I do not see how an individual can be developed, spiritually, before the age of puberty; nor how one who has lost the passion through age, disease, or otherwise, finds further food for the faculties. It is plain to me that there are many energizing passions beside amativeness; and we know that an extreme action of some others results in waste and destruction. Such is the case with destructiveness, cautiousness, adhesiveness and others.

It may seem curious that different persons or classes should call you "ascetics," "shakers" and "licentious and abominable Free Lovers." Nevertheless, in the course of our progress do we not often occupy positions relatively to others which are at once radical or conservative, "licentious" or rigid in opinion and action? Orthodox Protestants are "infidels" to Catholics, and "bigots" to Unitarians and Universalists. These are "infidels" to orthodoxy, and "bigots" and "sectarians" to Spiritualists, Rationalists, and Transcendentalists. The Republican Party is made up of "lawless abolitionists," in the estimation of the Slave Power, but of "conservatives" and timid, half-hearted, anti-slavery men in the estimation of Garrisonians. All sects, parties, and classes contain

those who are about midway between the foremost and hindmost, occupying an opposite position to the two extremes. I would not say, you occupy such a position; I only say such a one may be as real, as "curious." I would not, self-glorifyingly, say, that my position is in advance of yours; I should hardly be willing to admit that it is in the rear. I apprehend that our longitude may be about the same, though our latitude may differ.

But thinking that you are in the van, I am glad you can lovingly and patiently, like the All Good, *wait for us*. I trust we shall be able to reciprocate the kindly feelings and hopes which you express. Let us with fraternal and sisterly love admonish, exhort and help each other in being and doing, so that we may soon be able to inaugurate the reign of Freedom's Love and Love's Freedom.

JAMES W. TOWNER.

#### REPLY.

*Cincinnati, O. 2nd May, 1856.*

#### MY DEAR FRIEND:

You are very good, and I wish I might always differ from those as pure, honest, and philosophical, as I think you are.

We shall publish your statement. It is a good one from where you are, and if people can reach this standpoint, from them will come loving and seeing workers for the newness. The New Society is to me like a young tree, or an infant now. It needs its nonage, its growth, its vestalate. My dear Sir, you do not know woman as I know her. Every where women are diseased, or immature. We have no women for the new world, comparatively. We have to wait in a great rest, for health and maturity both to come.

What you say is true enough of man and woman as healthy beings;— but even then, a great purpose, like a battle, needs its own continence as a preparation. I know that persons must see from their own stand-point. I do not see much, but I love much. I take no "authority" in the sense which you understand the word, from the heavens or the earth. You doubt my postulates. I cannot argue or convince. Those who are in the same love and wisdom that we are, will fight this battle with us. You will do a good work wherever you are. There are plenty of people to be freed yet, so that they can garner, or use their amative life according to their best judgment. You will do the work that we have done, in freeing people from prejudice respecting the Love Life. This is to be done. It is as important to recruit soldiers for the battle of life,

as to discipline them to stand shoulder to shoulder, and achieve in combination, what they can never do in an isolate warfare.

I trust such as you. If you go not my way to freedom and harmony, you still go. You cannot but find it in your heart of hearts to love and revere us, even *us*, as noble and true ones, who are coming, through fasting and prayer and a most sacred veslatate, to the harmony of all our faculties, and to the harmonic home. We claim not the merit that we are making a self-sacrifice, or an atonement in suffering, but we act in our highest freedom in living a most beautiful love life that has not the ultimate amative expression. It is our freedom to wait—to garner a life that civilization has crushed and worn away, and to help mature the same life in our younger brothers and sisters in temperance and purity.

Would the bird be wise, when weak from the frosts of winter, and amid the barren coldness of spring, to lay its eggs upon the bare ground? Destruction must be the result of such incontinence. We seek a home in the earth for freedom and right. Liberty to do right consists in some thing more than the conception of rights—as the warmth and foliage of May and June, and the downy nest, are needful to the bird-love and life, so the groups and series of the combined order are indispensable to the harmonic life.

We may see that it is our right to love, and to bear children more worthy of earth and heaven than any now living, but a very composite work is needful to secure this right to humanity. We must have freedom to secure these rights, and to make disastrous experiences in that direction, that we may be educated by our failures. If it is your freedom to work with us, and fail or succeed with us, you will do it. If you go a longer or shorter way to the glad result, you will still go—for you “are bound for the kingdom,” and will reach it some time and some way.

I find no fault with your life, or your freedom. Do the best you can, I say to all—and all may be very sure that we shall do the best we can. Our past is the best guarantee for our future that we can give. I did not think to write so much to you when I began. It did not seem to me that you have need of me. I have a word to say, however, of the Law of Progression in Harmony. You say we do not announce it as a finality. Some who are with us believe it a finality. Some do not. For myself, I am as sure that it is *the* Law of Progression to the Harmony we seek, as I am that sunshine is a condition of vegetation. Farther than this I do not say, because I do not know. Of one thing I am sure, that when the balance of the faculties is reached, and the wealth of a harmonic life comes to us, such life will make its own laws. Law now is made



by tyrant passions, and legislators who are dominated by tyrant passions. Laws and customs are made now mostly by two dominants—the lust of gain and the lust for women. Woman must come to be her own—and then her love will be a heavenly law giver. Now, the passion flower of her love is stained with blood. Everywhere our women are exhausted by oppression and repression, or they are immature. Dear friend, I claim to know more about this than you do. You may be a better logician than I am, but not a better physician, or a more ardent lover.

Women will come with me through the sacred vestalate to the new society. They feel their want of a holy freedom, if they do not know it. They feel the sensual clutch and claim of even the truest love they can find now—and they will give this tyrant sense the cura of hunger. “This kind goeth not out but by fasting.”

I feel the Divine Prophecy within me, that woman will trust to love, and emancipate herself and man from the heavy bonds of the sensual life, that now forbid our progress in development and harmony, as absolutely as death. To-day a love is poured into many hearts, that if ultimated sensually would destroy men and women as surely as lightning kills.

If you cannot understand how this concentrated flame can be diffused, and become a genial and sustaining warmth, then I cannot teach you. I know my own freedom. I trust you will be just as wise for yourself. There is one eternal and immutable law for us. It is that each must live to the highest love and freedom of the spirit,—the law of life revealed within us. If we thus live true to ourselves, we can be false to no one. If in this living, you and I join hands in work, it will be very blessed. If we are severed and joined to others, still it is our gain and good to be severed, and so joined. I would sooner stand alone in the Universe and be TRUE, than to have Kingdoms joined to me in falsehood. With loving prayers for you and all who part company with us in our effort to begin a true home in the earth,

I am, tenderly and truly, your friend,

MARY S. GOVE NICHOLS.

We wish to add a few words. There seems to us no necessity that those that do not with us accept the “Law of Progression,” or who cannot join us in the entire consecration of our lives to the work of development and harmonization, by the means we believe best adapted to that end, should therefore part company with us, or withdraw from the Progressive Union, so long as they

accept its principles, and wish to make progress, they are with us.

Despotism is one of the necessities of discordant surroundings. At Memnonia, for example, there would be enough of despotism to protect the harmony, and prevent, exclude or expel discord. So much would be surely needful.

Though there may be no need of authority to settle or enforce a principle or law, there may be great need of high intelligences to inform us of what we might otherwise remain in ignorance of. If our advanced spirit friends can tell us nothing that we do not know already, or which we could not have discovered just as well for ourselves, there would seem to be very little use in their communications. Mr. Towner says, if there be such a law, nature can reveal it. Our spirit friends are a part of nature. Physiology, I believe, does confirm it. A law of progress, is not a finality, of course; and the law of one stage of progress is not necessarily the law of another stage.

It is a physiological mistake to suppose that the sexual organs are among those which require constant exercise. This is not the fact with animals or men. Before puberty, all know that any use is injurious. The disuse, for many years after, is consistent with the utmost vigor, not only of these, but of all the other faculties. With other organs, continual, or daily use, is a means of strength—with these of exhaustion and death. Intervals of months and years are favorable, not only to general health, but to the perfection and vigor of this special faculty. This is proven by a multitude of observations. Men or women who abstain for months or years are in a better condition in consequence; and in a vast number of cases, this abstinence is needed for the health of the organism and a healthy procreation. The prevalent diseases of women, and their alarming mortality, would find a remedy in the general observance of this law. The question of "garnering life" by a wise chastity, may be left to the experience of those who have made the trial, rather than to those who have no such experience. The love life seems to us the central creative power, in man and the universe. Other passions are energising, or they use and diffuse

energy. But in the love life is a fountain of power; and we are wise if we direct this power to all faculties, rather than waste it in the sensual action of a single faculty.

The law of progression finds a cheerful and loving acceptance from those who are ready to receive it. Probably there are not many now ready. Such as are will join with us, and the rest will come, when they see and feel as we do.

[From the American Sentinel.]

### A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

[THE following energetic stanzas, by one of our subscribers, though not perfect in form, are full of the true spirit.]

A wild dream of the future, a vision of the soul  
Is passing now before me—my spirit spurns control,  
And launches forth in freedom upon this boundless sea,  
Which speaks in loud-voiced thunders the words of prophecy.

"The mystic spell, my daughter, which moves thine inmost soul,  
Is the instinctive love of freedom ye have too long controlled;  
A pure and loving freedom—a freedom to do right,  
Hath ever been thine earnest wish in thy weary, darkened night.

"A pure and holy freedom would restore your dull cold earth,  
To all the pristine beauty that illumed its glorious birth;  
Broke loose from custom's iron bands, which bind ye, right or wrong  
Your sphere would move in harmony its starry path along!

"Cold Selfishness, and Hatred, and Crime would be dethroned,  
For even-handed justice would rule the earth alone;  
And man, then left in freedom, would 'grave upon his soul,  
Truth, Equity and Harmony, in characters of gold!

"And the time *will* come, my daughter, when darkened, sin-cursed man  
Shall rejoice in all the purity he had when time began—  
His noble, god-like nature will assert his heaven-born right,  
And this orb shall roll in splendor—a paradise of light!

"Sickness and Pain, and Want and Woe, and stony-eyed Despair,  
Shall reign no more, for Love and Truth shall triumph everywhere,  
'Equality,' 'Fraternity,' shall be the watch-words then,  
And Faith, and Light, and Joy, shall rule the darkened hearts of men

"O then, my child, rouse thy sad heart, and gird thine armor on,  
For a fierce battle must be fought before the victory's won;  
Break loose the bands that bind thee down, and fling aside thy chains,  
And see thou'rt in the foremost ranks upon the battle-plains."

KATE CHRYSALIS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

---

FROM A FRIEND IN NEW YORK.

DR. NICHOLS,

DEAR SIR:

I write to renew my subscription to your Monthly, and to tell you that each number is to me a blessed promise of a purer life and greater happiness to many, if not all my suffering brothers and sisters; and much do I hope that the time is near when I may be permitted to share the blessings of a free, pure, and loving life, with those great human souls who can see that there is happiness enough for all, if each is willing to receive all he or she can enjoy, and give to others what is for them. I believe that the only bitter ingredient in the cup of human happiness is some good stolen from the life of a fellow-being. To its rightful owner it might be a portion of the purest felicity of the soul, but to the thief it becomes a most revolting and destructive poison.

I would be glad to have you know just what I think of the story of Esperanza, but as I have no words which can tell you, I will only say that I wish all could read it with the same feelings and emotions as I do.

I hope most earnestly that your Memnonia may meet with the success to which its uses justly entitle it, and that I may mingle my life-sphere with its pure invigorating atmosphere of freedom and love, and learn its lessons of truth, harmony, and progress.

Though living almost an isolated life amid the discordance of society, I feel that I am not all unworthy to be owned as a brother and fellow-worker in the good cause.

Fearing that I may be intruding unwelcomed upon your time, let me invoke the blessing of all good spirits on the lives of my dear (though stranger) friends, Dr. and Mrs. Nichols.

Yours, truly,

H. M.

---

FROM A GERMAN PHYSICIAN.

DR. T. L. NICHOLS,

DEAR SIR:

There was some delay in sending the due, as I do now, to receive farther your valuable monthly. I would not miss it so long as I am able to get it, though I lack still the full confidence of spiritual manifestation, because I had not yet the opportunity to prove this matter. Your earnest endeavoring to lighten the path

of progress in every direction, to crush all the evils, self-made, of mankind, and to make the guide to the fields of happiness as they are possibly to enjoy already on this earth, should be fully enough for every one who knows your working, to participate in your doing; but the disease of our age is too much materialism and lack of knowledge. It is the question which of both is the cause, which the effect, but it is certain that it occasions the resistance against progress and against you. I follow with the highest interest your noble operating as physician of the diseased age, and I long for occasion to co-operate with you, and if it were in the smallest degree, but in my present situation is very little hope to have any success. It is very grievous to me to confess, that my individual circumstances do not allow me to enlarge the reach of my activity. A total paralysis of the lower extremities, and, perhaps worse than that in the eyes of the world, very limited means, fetter the body too much. Likewise do only these circumstances hinder me in offering my joining the Progressive Union, though I would be very happy to be in narrow connection with equal thinking beings. But they shall not hinder me in uttering my sincere and most intimate wishes for a rapid growth of your Union in quality and quantity, that soon may come the time, when in space and reality may be founded an asylum for those who agree with you in principles, and are the outcasts of the present prevailing opinion of human society, and that you may never lose power and strength to resist all those adversities which do not cease to try to afflict you.

Accept these lines, written in a language of which imperfect knowledge may depend some undue expression, which you will excuse, as a small sign of my true respect and thanks to you and Mrs. Nichols.

#### THE PAINE FESTIVAL.

How the account of, and oration at the "Festival of Thomas Paine's Birthday Anniversary" gladdened my soul, you must better imagine than I write.

And your noble vindication of the "Author-Hero's" name and life against the vile aspersions of sectarianism. 'Tis like the sun of humanity throwing light into the camp of outer darkness.

His was a mission of greatness and duty, and faithfully did he execute it, in that perilous "time that tried men's souls," and heavenly must be his reward.

And for exertions in behalf of weak humanity may you deserve and receive as grand a 'niche' in the temple of time.

Yours, in progress,

S. H. H.

WHEN you are patient in darkness, you shall have light. We fully intend to teach you, but now the first law of our work is not understood by you—the law of the inevitable; inevitable light or darkness. *Intend* is a falsehood to our life, but true to yours. You will learn as you can and must. Order Life—then will come growth in Order.

---

All must be tried. The light weight; the scant measure; the robbed and the bound, must be tried, saved or lost. The conditions of acceptance are inexorable.

---

No arch is cemented into firmness until the key-stones are first placed and cemented. Why must there be uncertainty and tottering in the psychical relations? Because no wisdom is learned from analogies. Each will place himself. All must become subjected to the living placing of true growth.

---

All experiments that are not harmonic tendencies, are to be buried deep, like the dead, and not unreasonably mourned over.

Let Death die to you, and come no more an intrusive remorse into your life. You are given to immortality. Be it to the final atom, O Friends.

We wish to talk as a man talks with his friend. We wish you to know that you have indeed received the key of immortality. Nevertheless generations must elapse before the Earth-Life is crystalized into that oneness with the Spiritual, that men will live unconsciously in both worlds, and pass from one to the other as from spring to summer; and from summer to autumn, and men shall see no more winter.

The foreshine of this state is living germs, glowing for you and all who earn the heavenly distinction of Harmonists, by accepting in their whole life the law.

Our word now and always is, *give the Law*. Give, give, give, give, give. If you essay to give, and your gift returns to you for want of receptivity, know that the unreceiving life is not for you. It is dead to you.

Be patient of growth: your own and others. No good thing is the growth of the moment, but dates far back, and looks far forward. Trust.

There is a time to wait and a time to act—a time to be filled, and a time to give from what is given. To find the true law of receiving and giving is for you; to act from your whole will is also for you. A being should be a unity—how many are not you can clearly see. Act from the living central unity of your spirits: trouble not yourselves that others act differently. Give of your will and wisdom to them as they can receive. You will not hinder them—they cannot hinder you.

What is harmonic will live and have uses. What is inharmonic will die into life and uses. Be not anxious in your doing or your not doing. It is not needful, because of the eternities.

Be what is for you. Be a warrior with the legions of angels who shall over-shadow and over-shine the band of little ones now growing in the Earth to do most mighty service for GOD-MAN.

*“Why do they say we?”*

Is the body singular or plural? Society, unity—are necessary to harmony, and individuality as much. I am not vain enough to say I, except for a special purpose. Isolation makes the egotist. The true unity says *we*. Beware of falsely saying we, as you would shun the isolate I.

Notes grouped say we—a note is still an individual, and a discord answers to the isolate or selfish I.

It is a sad and terrible thought to you that into your life we cannot come, but to be made measurably as you are.

There are malignities—not malignant entities. Incompleteness makes their misery, and when they join to your incompleteness, the product is a still greater disharmony. The malignity is not an entity, but a condition. Work on the plane above individualities. Do not curse, but ADD

[For Nichols' Monthly.]

PATIENCE.

THE April moon, low shining in the west,  
Her orb'd forehead lifted to the stars,  
And all her cloudy banners round her furl'd,  
Now layeth her white hand upon the bars  
That close the gateways of the under world—  
Dim realms which gird unfathomable rest.

With what a slow and melancholy pace,  
And eyes of sadness, looking ever back,  
She wanders down the stairway of the spheres,  
Till her clear forehead marks the horizon's track  
With a faint line of light, that swims in tears,  
Then melts into the dark, and all 'is hungry space.

I stand beneath the everlasting stars,  
And feel my spirit broaden as I gaze ;  
An infinite calm comes down into my soul,  
A benediction from those glorious days  
Whose coming cycles in the distance roll,  
A solemn undertone to all earth's bickering jars.

And if sometimes mine eyes are full of tears,  
And my steps faint, and faltering, and slow,  
Looking upon the darkness of the road,  
And the long night of crime, and want, and wo  
Which lies between — be pitiful, O God!  
I trust not Thee the less for these weak human fears.

For in the calm of thine infinitude,  
The patience of the vast eternities,  
Through the wide doorway of the ancient night  
I enter, and behold the strength which is  
A part of all things infinite ; the might  
Which is endurance in the wise and bravely good.

And thus is lifted the primeval curse,  
And thus the patience of the soul is born  
Out of the grandeur of eternity,  
As from the Night the regal-vested Morn,—  
So life and hope, from death and misery,  
Till happiness and love becomes the universe.

KATE SEYMOUR.

May, 1856.