NICHOLS' MONTHLY.

MAY, 1856.

CINCINNATI, the center of our business, will also be our post office address, probably, during the present season. There is no probability that we shall be able to gain possession of our place at Yellow Springs. We have a lease, as good as a deed, for five years; the proprietor wishes to have it occupied, and to receive his rent; but he has not been able to get possession himself, and has even been subjected to mob violence and a sham prosecution for making the attempt. Of course he cannot give us what he cannot gain for himself. He is deprived of all use of his property, valued at over $20,000, and we of our rights, and our friends and patients of their hopes.

Is there no law in Ohio? you ask. Personal influence and fanaticism over-ride law here, as elsewhere. A single man, strong enough to control the people around him, has done all this mischief and wrong. The Honorable (?) Horace Mann, backed by the faculty of Antioch College, and a few interested citizens, has defeated the laws of the State, and made mob law, or border ruffianism, triumphant. He threatened that if we were allowed to come to Yellow Springs, he would resign, and leave. He said, in our hearing, that rather than have our principles promulgated there, he would prefer to see the whole place sunk: that he would remove to Sodom: that if we were allowed to come there, and our principles prevailed, before one year, every young man and young woman in Antioch College would rush into licentiousness; and in these and other ways he excited the mob spirit against us.

By doing this he brought upon the College some of the evils he apprehended. This excitement produced, there and over the State, a discussion of principles. The newspapers spread the report of the establishment of a "Free Love Institution" at Antioch College, and more was done for the propagation of the

principles of Freedom in one month, by his violence, than we could have done in a year, had he not interfered with our legal rights.

The fire being kindled, he has been trying to put it out. One student was expelled, or compelled to leave the College, for selling our books. Others have been threatened with expulsion for the same reason. In a letter to the parents of one student, he demanded that they should either prevent him from advocating our principles, or remove him from the College, and he threatened to expel every student who accepted our views. A female student, brave enough to express her convictions of our honesty and purity, was assailed with slanderous accusations, which, on investigation, were found to be utterly groundless.

President Mann is the head and front of all this lawless violence, and mean and malignant persecution. Of the final result we can make no prediction.

But though MEMNONIA may, for a time, live only in idea — a thought and a love in the minds and hearts of those who long for a purer and better life — our work must still go on; and there is the more need of devoted exertion, heroic endeavor, and a consecration of all our faculties to the ever sacred object of human redemption. In this work let us all do our utmost, assured that the right must triumph, even in the violence of its enemies.

Those of our subscribers, whose subscriptions commenced with the new series, in June, 1855, will remember to renew promptly, so as to receive the next and succeeding numbers. We have not counted the number of pages sent to every subscriber, but as each one has received more than a dollar in cost, and more than is given in most monthlies at the same price, we feel no indebtedness. The June number will be sent to those only who renew their subscriptions.

We have now ready, a beautiful, revised edition of the "ILLUSTRATED MANNERS BOOK," which we can cordially recommend to all who wish to pay some attention to the external graces of life, the principles and practice of good behavior, and the accomplishments which fit men and women for a refined society. Mailed, post paid, for One Dollar.

We have also secured a small edition of Mary Lyndon, which we will mail at the same price. This work has been virtually (or virtuously) suppressed by the New York Publishers, in consequence of the onslaughts of Greeley, Raymond & Co., and the conservative press.

CHAPTER XVII.

"FOR ALL YE ARE BRETHREN."

IT was a curious conclave that assembled in Miss Dean's room the evening after Jerry's arrival. Miss Dean had given him the seat of honor, which was a little, stuffed easy chair, made, shall we confess it, from a barrel, sawed into the proper shape, cushioned throughout with hair and canvass, and covered with an ancient brocade, that Mrs. Dean had once been especially vain of. How different the sphere that surrounded the costly fabric now, from the sphere of Mrs. Dean's world of fashion and show!

Now, true hearts beat in unison with each other, and aspired for the highest good that can be achieved in the earth life.

Then there was a vain and envious display, a wish to outshine another, and "to keep on terms" with those who were doing the same thing, whether there were any real friendship or not.

Now, all was peace and freedom in the little home. Ashton and Vinton seemed to have an intuitive understanding of each other, and a reverent and heart-gushing friendship, the moment each grasped the other's hand in Miss Dean's room. And when each had unfolded his thought and his purpose, they found that they were in the truest sense brothers—that they had a common hope, and a united work before them.

Minnie and Ettie had not more of loving friendliness than the two men, who had stood aloof from each other for days and weeks, that now seemed to them as having lost much of interest and profit, from their want of understanding and appreciation of each other.

Jerry sat in the low chair, his long limbs disposed the required distance, his hands laid upon his knees, for he was so entirely at

home that he even knew what to do with his great hands, or rather he forgot all about them, and himself, and looked about the room as pleased as a child, and examined the pianoforte as wonderingly as if he had never seen one, for it was of a new form.

"Would ye play for a body a little?" said Jerry; and Miss Dean sat down to the instrument, as readily as if he had been a king.

"What thall I play?"

Jerry suggested "Old Hundred," and "Hi, Betty Martin," and seemed to like them equally.

"Now I want you to tell me all about home," said Miss Meadows. "We are all friends here—all interested, and you may tell just as long a story as you can remember."

Jerry rubbed his hands, and seemed greatly to enjoy the liberty of speech.

"First," said he, "I count it a great wonder that I'm to home here, with you all, just as much as one, and that one that's been the blessin' o' my life—I think Mr. Ashton you never knowed my affliction—how I had the spells."——

Minnie here explained to Jerry, that his history was known to her friends.

"Well then, they know how I was killed and cured—how the spells was put on me, and what I suffered, and how prayin' took 'em off, and how I come to be a Believer. How I took to the water like a duck, inside and out, and giv up hot stuff, and got some strength in my back, and lost my fears o' the spells, and Rawson, and sich like—I sometimes thinks my life ort to be writ, its so full o' changes, and of late all for the better.

"I have wondered a deal about God in my day, but I'm a Believer now, though I could not tell 'zactly what I believe, over and above prayin', and bein' prayed for. But then its a comfort to believe, and not try to understand, when the wisest can't make out what all this world o' sin and misery was made for. Mr. Willson and Mrs. Meadows says we made it, and we are to be punished for it. I know that I did not make myself; if a good God

made me the bad way I am, I can't understand why He should punish me.

"But I allus gits lost when I tries by sairchin' to find out God, and I only wish I could be content to be a Believer, and not try to understand.

"And now about Home, over there to Meadowville. Every one has their troubles, and goodness knows I've had mine; what with the spells, and Rawson, and my shaky limbs, and my achin' back, and a head that's knowed so little, that I might as well a not knowed nothin', and then Bess goin' blind, when she was so well treated—the deacon said it was a case o' killin' with kindness.—But poor Bess is well cared for, and I never was sorry that the widow Ladd's boy, Nathan, went to school, instead of stayin' to take care of Bess, and do chores, for he's gettin' larnin' by the means, and I got quit of the spells, and I've gained a good deal besides in the length of my arms and my legs," said Jerry, smiling at the shortness of his coat sleeves and pantaloons.

"Now about Home—the Deacon is as good as he can be, when he believes in sich a bad God, that he thinks is good, and that he ort to be like him But I thinks he got a lesson about etarnal burnins when Miss Minnie got her arm burned.

"I believe he allus thinks ont when he reads, 'these shall go away into everlastin' fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' I believe he thinks if he could not bear one of his children to be burned for a minute, that its queer how a good God can bear to burn the biggest half of his poor, helpless children, for ever and etarnally. O I can't understand how anybody, whether he was an Almighty Good Bein', or an Almighty Bad Bein', could stan' sich things as this everlastin' burnin'," and Jerry writhed in his chair, as if in dreadful pain.

"How the Deacon manages to be good, and kind, and forgivin', when he feels sure he ort to follow the example his God sets him, I can't tell. I know there's more than one kind of Believers, for I'm a Believer—but I believes in a good God, that does the best he can. If he don't do the best he can, then he's not a good God —and I expects I'll know more about it all when I gets to be a

sperrit, and goes up there to see about things. I'm very thankful that I'm willin' to trust, and not to be in sich a hurry to find out things as I used to was.

"I use to pity Jerry more than any body I ever see, and now I pity Deacon Meadows more—for with sich a God, and a wife that approves on him, and would if he had more fiery hells, and more children to put in 'em, I take it he ort to have Jerry's pity, and our pity, and the pity of a good God, for there is a good God, sure and sartin—I'm a Believer.

"As for Mrs. Meadow she don't grow any softer, and so I won't talk about her much—she does the same things every day, and has her basket of sewin' and mendin' every night, and it has made me cry many a time to see her thread her needle—to think that her girls that she loved, and took care on, when they were little, had to go and leave her when she had just begun to need care; and to have no eyesight to thread her needles, come hard to me."

Minnie's lip quivered, the tears overflowed her eyes, and she buried her face in her handkerchief—Jerry went on, "But then I can't say I was sorry to have Miss Carline gone; but when I see the needle threaded, and how long it took Mrs. Meadows, it allus made me think of Miss Minnie, and often and often the tears would come, and I said to myself, what can Jerry do? How can he go to New York with his long legs, and arms, and awkward ways, and what can he do there that will give him a chance to see the beautiful one, once in a week, if no oftner, and pay his way in the bargain? And now to think I've got a place, and sich a place as I can fill, and sich friends all about me, I'm e'enmost afraid my little wits won't serve me, I'm so overjoyed, sure and sartin."

"Jerry," said Minnie, who began to feel his frequent reference to himself a little tedious, how is my sister and her husband, and Mrs. Sherwood?"

"You know," said Jerry, "that I never likes to tell what I thinks you would not like to hear—and I allus try to say nothin' when I can say no good of a body."

"But it seems necessary that you should tell me how my friends are," said Minnie.

"Well, I'll try and do the needful, and I'd begin' at the wust, if I knowed which was the wust. But Miss Carline and the old one is six o' one and half a dozen o' tother. I don't like to say this o' your sister," said Jerry, "but there's a heap of relations in this world that aint none related to one another—and I take it some o' yourn aint much to you.

"Miss Carline is cravin', and the old one is cravin', but then it sorter seems to me that the one that's worked and airned has the best right.

"Now there was the belleflower graft, that had just two bushels on it, and every apple was as big as a baby's head. Well, the old one had 'em put in the cellar, and locked up. It was mean of her, to be sure, but she had grafted the tree, and watched 'em grow, and they were hern, I suppose, though she did not make the sun that shined on 'em, nor the dew that fell on 'em o' nights, or the rain that rained on 'em o' days, nor the earth that bore up the tree, but I suppose they were hern. Well, Miss Carline thought of the deed and the will, and also that she owned Mr. Frederick, and so she picked the lock, and took the most part of the apples, and locked 'em up in her arch.

"The old one found it out, and she filled a big basket two-thirds full o' potatoes, and picked Miss Carline's lock, and filled the balance of the basket with the big apples, and took the rest on 'em home. Then she put the basketful of great red potatoes, and great apples at the head of the garret stairs, and then she tied a string to the door, and to one of the basket-handles. The door opened towards a body, and she knowed Miss Carline had something up there that she'd go arter—and so she set this sort of a trap. Miss Carline allus opens a door spiteful, and she pulled open the garret door her own way, and the apples and potatoes came down on her like a thousand o' brick, and they give her a black eye, and hurt her beside, and made her feel any thing but natral affection for her new parent-in-law. That's the way the old one revenged her apples. Miss Carline is a prisoner in her chamber a

great deal of her time, for she seems to be as much in dread o' meetin' the old one, as I used to be, before I was a Believer. She plots with Dr. Brown, and he cries peace, peace, when there aint no peace; and then the old woman plots with him, and cries, and wishes herself in Paradise, and he does his best to quiet her, and between 'em both he figures up a long bill, and if he don't airn his money, then I aint no judge of the worth of work. Let alone the wearin' away of his conscience, he's bothered half to death, I should think—he has to go, night or day, if Fred. has took too much hot stuff, and got in a mess himself; or if he has plagued his wife, or made her angry, or frightened her into high strikes, the Doctor has to go, sure and sartin.

"I don't believe Mr. Frederick ever gits a brick in his hat but what Miss Carline sends for Dr. Brown. One would think she'd be too proud, but she seems to make it a kind of a silent fault findin' with Dr. Brown, because he recommended her to marry Fred, and sort o' brought it about.

"I had it from Tim that Miss Carline had cured the old one o' gittin' dead drunk any more, for the first time she found her with no sense at all was a little arter the fall of the apples. It was not strange that Miss Carline felt like tendin' to so severe a case at once, and so she put a blisterin' plaster all over the back of her neck, and then sent for Doctor Brown. The long and the short o' sich things is, that they are always on the look out for one another, and Miss Carline has enough to do to hold her own without buildin' or improvin'. I believe she could hoe her row better with the old one, if she had not Mr. Frederick to deal with; I can see he gets wuss every month, and every week, and day.

"I'm afraid he'll spend his money, and break his neck, and that the old one will git the farm, for the will and the deed was made when he was crazy a good deal of the time, sure and sartin, and the old one knows it, and can prove it."

"What a delightful picture of civilization, the comforts of wealth, and the bliss of wedded life," said Ashton, at a pause in Jerry's narrative.

"Have you nothing pleasant to tell us?" said Minnie, weary of the life her sister led.

"Yes," said Jerry, "the gold robins has hung their nests in the great elm, and the row of robin redbreasts' nests in the shed are full o' young folks. There was five sorts of roses all out when I cum away—the great white rose bushes was full like a snow drift, and the red ones seemed blushin' for our sins, and the cinnamon roses seemed to be coaxin' us, with their sweetness, to be good and kind to one another. Mornin', noon, and night, I went among the roses, before I come away, and when the dew drops was bright on 'em in the mornin', I longed to bring my hat full to Miss Minnie, 'specially of her dear white ones. If I could have brought the roses, and Deacon Meadows, and poor blind Bess along, I would not want no more of Meadowsville, for I've never wanted to see my mother's grave since I've been a Believer, and knowed she was a sperrit, and could hear my prayers, and do me a good turn when I done my best.

"And now I've told you the onpleasant and the pleasant, and I'd like you to rest me and yourselves playin' Yankee Doodle for me, and any thing you like for yourselves. Minnie ran away to call Nancy, that she too might be refreshed with the music, and "the lofty and the lowly" then and there tacitly, yet most kindly, felt, and in some measure understood, their relation to each other—their part in the common brotherhood of the race.

"For all ye are brethren."

CHAPTER XVIII.

JERRY AND THE OMNIBUS.

JERRY had hardly got used to the plainest way of driving in the city, before the time came to go into the country. It was a relief to him to drive over the hills and through the valleys of the country about Saratoga, whither the family went for the summer, rather than to tread his way through the streets of New York, especially before he made the acquaintance of the carriage, a new thing under the sun to Jerry. The omnibus, too, moved Jerry's especial wonder, though he would never enter one. It was not an inconvenience that he refused to ride in the omnibus, for his long limbs carried him with sufficient rapidity wherever he was sent. Minnie asked why he would not ride, except when he drove, and he answered, "Things is mixed enough in this 'ere New York world now. One has to stay enough with them that is not any good to 'em, and be sort o' owned by them that pays 'em wages. Now, when I am drivin' Mrs. Meadows, I'm in my place, and a doin' my duty, and she's a nice person, and one to be proud of, and the little Minnie is an angel, and the baby and Norah ain't bad. My place is a good place, and my duty is pleasant to do—but as to bein' to home, I'm to home in the street, and at Miss Dean's, when *our family* is together, and nowhere else. I go along the street, and I feel as much alone as if I was in the woods, and the stream of people kinder affects me, as if I had took a leetle hot stuff, only just a *leetle*. But 'taint so when I git in an omnibus; I'm like as not to set by some fine lady, who tucks up her silks, that they may not hit Jerry; and many a one looks at me, as though I belonged to that are man that lives down to the museum, that they call Humbug Barnum. And so I likes to be on my own feet, or on Mrs. Meadows'

carriage, and then I sorter belongs to myself. And if I am a poor fellow, Miss Minnie, I'd rather belong to myself than to have any body else own sich a poor piece of property.

"I knows folks is poorer for what they owns some times. I have thought the like of that of the good God in my day. It has seemed to me He must be bad off, if He had many sich worlds as this, and a burnin' lake full of fire and brimstone, and folks in it besides. But I had these 'ere hard thoughts of Him before I was a Believer. Sence that, I've believed that God is as good and kind as anybody's father ort to be, and does the best he can.

"Miss Minnie, you must forgive me for allus goin' wanderin' off about God. I meant to tell you why I don't go in the omnibuses, but I don't know as I have. The long and the short on't is, I don't feel to home there. I don't like to set close to folks that's not my particular friends, and I don't want to make them set by me. I'd do it in a hurry, if I could not walk faster than the horses, but as I allus can, there's no need."

In the country Jerry had the trial of not seeing all *his family*, which consisted, in his reckoning, of Miss Minnie and Miss Dean, Ashton, Vinton, Nancy, the old master, whom he often took to ride, and the little Minnie. Miss Dean remained in the city. She could not be spared, for St. Thomas' Church was not fashionable enough to be closed at all during the hot weeks, and many of her pupils remained in town, whose blinds were closed, and whose door plates and bell handles were covered with the bronze like rust of neglect, if not of absence.

The old master was feeble, but he some times lighted up with a beauty like the last remnant of the candle, when it has melted in the socket. Nancy was as faithful to him, and Miss Dean, and as devout in her trust in Providence, as ever. She was benevolently interested in Jerry also, and they often compared their ideas of theology. Nancy was less analytic than Jerry. She had not as much trouble in trying to understand. She probably had, as a woman, more faith and less understanding, and therefore had less trouble with her articles of belief.

Mrs. Meadows loved the country, but she loved it in a crowd, and

with a crowd. She could enjoy a sunset, and go into raptures over "*effects*," and "views," with artistic friends. She could see "a flush of light in a landscape, worthy of Turner," and she could imagine gothic towers, and pointed windows upon the square built ugliness around her; and she could talk of the Roman arch, and the Grecian pillar, with it cold purity and beauty, till her husband and friends really saw a reason for her intolerable headaches, in her having "so much mind." But she must always have witnesses of her extacies, and an audience for her exhibition of information. She "read up" for the occasion in a hand book, or a lecture, that some body had "read up" to manufacture, and it was a fact that less superficial, or less partial friends might see and acknowledge, that late hours, and strong coffee, and very insufficient and unworthy occupation, had as much influence in causing Mrs. Meadows' suffering, as her super-abundant mentality.

Dr. Grey once told her that if her head was splitting from too much sense, he did not think the disease would become epidemic amongst women. She smiled graciously for what she considered a high compliment.

We have said in this veritable history that Mr. Meadows was a "liberal Christian." His liberality and kindness, which he had made a donation of to Bible Christianity early in life, and his wife's taste, her being possessed of "so much mind," had taken him to "the Church of the Divine Unity," where he had learned to think from the gifted and cultivated, and somewhat philosophical pastor, and where his wife had learned some discrimination in her choice of objects for appreciation and admiration.

Mrs. Meadows found Unitarian pietism was not ornamental. In New York it was more "strait laced," more "Sundayish," more formal, and more intolerant of those who neglect forms and ceremonies, than Boston Unitarianism. Still it erected no Fifth Avenue dwelling houses, with chapels included among their accommodations, and whose owners kept a chaplain, as they kept an ostler, or a chambermaid and cook. No *prie dieu* was hidden in an elegant oratory, no chairs were wrought with crosses, no prayer books were emblazoned with a class of devices, that left you

at a loss whether you were in England, or in Rome, by the Unitarianism of New York. Mrs. Meadows felt this want, as an affliction, when she was among her Episcopal friends.

Especially was she grieved when with the most fashionable of her friends at Saratoga. The Misses Denby and their mamma were so elegant, and had so many rosaries, such massive crosses and crucifixes, such "delicious prayer books," and hassocks, I believe they call those lovely cushions stuffed with eider down, or air, or something beside the hard stones at Jerusalem, or the steps and side walk before St. Peters. Who has not found his heart melted, and overflowing at his eyes, as he has passed St. Peters at High Mass, and has seen young and old, men, women and children, kneeling on the steps, even down to the pavement of Barclay st., with no embroidered cushion to rest the knees, or the heart, or the fancy upon, but only the idea of a better and higher being, a Saviour of whom all must feel the need at times, in the heart, and the hard stones beneath the kneeling form! This kind of self-abasement, and humble reliance, transferred from the side walk to the parlor, or oratory, or private or public chapel, the last having the bare rafters and the barn-like form of medieval architecture, pleased the pious fancy of Mrs. Meadows. It was beautiful to imitate poverty or antiquity in the rude and unfinished fashion of the interior of the Church; it was beautiful to humbly kneel upon a cushion of cloth of gold; it was charming to have a prayer book, decorated superbly with a cross, and much gilding; these were the charms of the Church; the beautiful cord that bound Mrs. Meadows to her pious friend. She contrasted the cold reason, the logical acumen, the calm and prudent worldliness, which he had the manliness to justify, and even the brilliant poetry of her pastor, Mr. Bellows, with the pious pretty things, that form the chatelain of the Episcopal Church.

What lady could forego the bunch of "charms" called a chatelain, which used to be a pendant to every "love of a watch," from Geneva, or elsewhere. It would be difficult to give a bill of particulars, unless one had the *omnium gatherum* to copy from, but I remember a leg, a shoe, an anchor, a cross, a heart, a dog, a gun,

a key, a tiny locket, a seal, a bit of mosaic, a golden book, a knife that would not open, and a fan that would not shut, as a portion of the chatelain of a Geneva watch.

The Episcopal Church had its charms. Mrs. Meadows was enraptured with them. The logic and rationalism of the Unitarian Church, and the aristocratic style of its members, were meagre and unsatisfactory to the woman of fashion, worn and pallid, and in search of a sensation. A new fashion, the fashion of piety, was so attractive, so *recherche*, that Rational Religion ("Infidelity in gown and band") was in danger.

Mrs. Meadows never pronounced herself. She was never a partizan. Never argued for or against an opinion or a person. If either were unfashionable, she suffered them to retire into the back ground. She only ignored their existence. A week after Dr. FitzNoodle, or any other Noodle, had held her head, or her hand, against his heart, or his lips, and magnetized, or phrenologized, or psychologized her, she would have heard him spoken of as a scoundrel, without disturbing the languid quiet of her apparently calm existence, and if she thought it needful, she would remark gently, "Ah, I saw the man;" or, "my husband begged me to see if his method would relieve my head—you know the dreadful distress I suffer from my studious habit of life." This remark would not be followed by any other, respecting the skill of the individual in question, unless there was a direct inquiry. If there were, some semi-confession would be elicited, such as, "I believe I imagined I was helped at first. I was so anxious to relieve my husband's anxiety. But nothing does me any permanent good. Dr. Grey says I must have my head amputated, or give up my studies, if I want to get well, and I believe him. But I really can't tell which I shall choose. Dr. Grey says he knows perfectly well which I would choose, but I never asked him to tell me his opinion."

The Denby family at Saratoga was constructed on the most approved principles—a pious and exemplary mother, two daughters, and a son. The father was too busy at home to attend them, but they had a son and brother—what farther guarantee of respec-

tability was needed, except money to pay their bills—this the father furnished, we can't say cheerfully, but it was forthcoming. He had enough of it, one would think, not to grudge it, for the rent of tumbled down tenements that he owned, and which were let in separate rooms, rent paid one week in advance, amounted to one hundred thousand dollars per annum. Then he had a distillery somewhere between Sixtieth and One Hundredth streets, and kept cows, and manufactured milk and whisky; the milk to kill little babies, a great kindness in Providence, though the kindness would have been greater, the Providence more special and remarkable, if it had kept the babies out of this world altogether. The whisky was to besot, and demoralize, and destroy the fathers and mothers of the aforesaid babies. Mr. Denby bought grain on speculation, and kept it from the honest poor, who choose corn rather than whisky, and distilled it for the degraded and diseased, who choose whisky, at any price, rather than corn. He staid at home to watch his gains—to see that his distillery did not burn down, for he could not afford to insure it, and to collect his rents weekly, in advance, of the poor wretches who bought his milk and his whisky. One would have thought it would have 'been a profitable investment to have added an undertaker's business to his other callings; but I believe he had a prejudice against coffins and funerals—some disagreeable association perhaps; some hint that he would have to die, and be buried, one of these days; perhaps also a suggestion that he could not carry on his varied callings in the other world, and that the gain he most prized might not exist there. At any rate, he had no authentic statistics of business profits there, or the per cent on money or stocks, and he did not like uncertainty.

In this world he was a certain man—certain to buy cheap, and sell dear, certain to ask and get the highest rents, to drive the most rapid and economical business; to be always at church on Sunday, in all kinds of weather, and to make the responses audibly; and certain to read the service at home regularly, whether the house was full of the family and their friends, or had only himself and the old deaf housekeeper. Such was Mr. Denby—and from such a source come pew rent, and parson's salary,

hassocks, crosses, and prayer books, and all the goods and graces of the Denby family.

Mrs. Meadows began to be quietly transformed. She wore her pearl rosary often—very soon she had a ring with pearls set in a cross. She also pinned her bonnet strings with a tiny pearl cross; and she wore another and larger pearl cross as a brooch in her bosom.

Pearls were becoming to her complexion. She wore diamonds on occasions, where magnificence was required, but the fashion of pearls and humility will be likely to last until velvet and moire antique shall make a demand for diamonds.

Piety and pearls! that is the fashion of the one and the ornament of the other. Pearls and rosaries are exceedingly attractive, so mingled and blended are they in the fancy of the fashionable devotee.

But are these ornaments of the church fitting mementos of the cross and the crown of thorns, of the agony, and bloody sweat of the atonement, made possible, not by *a* sacrifice, but by *the* sacrifice, which must be wrought in all hearts and lives? What is it to us that the Divine has made atonement in One, even though that One be Jesus of Nazareth, and above all men, the God-man, if the same Divine work not in us, and for us, the atonement, the unity of love and its wisdom with our actual earth life?

We begin well by reverencing the Divine Idea in a True Life, or in the truest Life of which we can conceive, but this reverence for that which is without us, be it ever so true and perfect, is no redemption for us.

We may adorn ourselves with religious symbols, we may kneel before a cross, and laud and reverence a crucified Saviour, but all this is not salvation. The risen Saviour,—the Divine Humanity, "the Emanuel God *with us*," must possess us, and subdue and harmonize our whole being and existence; in will and in deed we must be one with the Divine, and then we have part in the atonement.

CHAPTER XIX.

"GOING OVER TO ROME."

LETTERS from Ettie, and Ashton, and George Vinton came to gladden Miss Meadows, who, like Jerry, constantly regretted her absence from *her family*. Ashton wrote a "dear letter," "brim full, and crossed, and written at both ends," but there was something in it which may influence the progress of our history. He said:

"There is a lady in a cottage for the summer, not two miles from where you are staying, who will be a providence to you. She is *one of us*, but she is so surrounded by conservative friends and influences, that for the sake of peace, she conceals herself from those who cannot know her. I have written her of you, and I enclose a note of introduction for you, if you can go to her beautiful place.

"If you wear your brooch, that is the sign of your membership in our Order of Harmony, she will know you as one of us in any company where you may chance to meet. You will look also for the same sign, and you will not hesitate to introduce yourself to any one wearing the symbol."

There was a new and springing hope. Only those who have been alone in a desert, or alone in a land of fruits and flowers, and an Eden climate; or those, who have been equally alone in the society around them, whether their companions were of life's common clay, or whether they were tasteful or cultivated, and lovely, and fragrant with many charms; only those who have been alone, either in riches or poverty, with a heart loneliness, that demands its own with earnest, unceasing prayer, can know the depth of want in the heart of our dear one. Minnie loved the beauty about her, and appreciated the taste and loveliness of her

sister and her friends, though it was not deeper than the sheen of the dew glistening leaf. But there was a deeper want in her life than the taste, or culture, or religion of those she daily met could satisfy. The waving blonde hair, the lily-like complexion, the languid grace, the ever tasteful dress, the laces, the pearls, and the crosses of the beautiful sister, did not answer her heart's prayers—those yearnings after true unities, those unceasing desires for an honest, loving and true life, for all those who are ready to live such a life. Poor Jerry's faith and prayers, and loving devotion to *his family*, were more to Minnie than all the polished prettiness around her—more even than the half concealed, yet well expressed, admiration and kindness, if not love, which Mr. Henry Denby entertained for Miss Meadows.

I approach Henry Denby's character with something of reverence. He was not selfish, or a worldling. He was young and enthusiastic, but his enthusiasm was chastened into what he conceived to be the service of religion—another might have said he tried to serve the church, and thought himself religious therefore. Henry Denby had not many thoughts, but he had aspirations and prayers. He had a sweet, poetical spirit, a perception of quiet beauty. He loved the gentle, not the forceful. He loved a quiet landscape with trees and flowers, and a happy cow in it. And he dreamed of a cottage with roses, and a dear girl who should marry him with the church service, and the untruths on his lips, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," when he had no thought of such a thing, but intended to take good care of his property, of all sorts—the farm, the money, the dear wife, the happy cow, etc., etc.

Mrs. Denby was one who had found the insufficiency of money to make people happy. She had brought her husband what had been the foundation of his large wealth. He had managed it well, and had all the time accumulated. Her principal was secured to her. She had asked no interest for herself, but only for her family. Her husband respected her for her property and herself, and seldom contradicted her wishes. People thought Mr. Denby had no love for any thing but money. He was a hard man, and made whisky and distillery milk, but he had the germ of immortality in him, for

in his way he loved his wife and children. He had no respect for the people from whom his wealth came. He knew that they would give their money for what he sold them to some one, and he said I may as well take it as another. If he increased their demand, and made them more miserable, he consoled himself with the thought, that he got more gain, and they would grow worse, and drink more whisky, and have more children to drink still slop milk, whether he was the vender or another.

Mrs. Denby never thought how their money came, whether it were the wages of infamous women, who rented rooms in her husband's buildings, or the profit on the whisky that besotted them and their paramours to a level with their degraded life. She knew that money did not make her happy; that it did not elevate her husband to be her companion; that it had not saved the lives of three dear children, who had gone into early graves. She saw that the rich and the poor were alike unhappy, and she came to the conclusion that the Church was the Ark of Safety—that the pulpit, the cross and the Bible, and all the machinery of a church, that has been trying to finish the work begun on the cross for 1800 years, in vain, was to save the world from its ignorance, its sin and its sorrow.

Mrs. Denby was an honest woman. She wanted to do good and to get good, and she saw no way but in great conformity to the requirements of her Church. Her Pastor was a hair's breadth from being a Catholic, and of course very zealous to keep himself, and his people *the right side* of the line. She gave money—what else could she do? to the Church, the Bible Society, the Soup Society; and she went to see the poor eat soup, and took her friends in her carriage, that they might pity the poor, little thinking that this very pity was debasing the last little independent scrap of humanity left in many an one. To give work, and the honestly earned wages of work, had not come to these Christians as a necessity. They had no reverence for humanity—the Divinity agonizing on the cross still, in the discord and poverty, the crime and misery of the poor.

Mrs. Denby disapproved of worldly marriages. She wanted her

children to marry for love, and not for money. She wanted them to have good Christian partners. She could give them the means to start in life, and she looked for something better than she had found. She was grieved in her heart for her eldest daughter. She had many fears. Why, it were difficult for an observer to divine; but the horror was, that Matilda was inclined toward Rome. Sad and terrible secret. She had her pockets full of saints, and though she was not hung with any more crosses or rosaries than her sister, there was some hidden and ominous meaning in them, that made mother, brother, and sister tremble.

"What a sad thing," said Henry Denby to Miss Meadows, in one of those *tete a tetes* that Mrs. Meadows was continnally conniving at, for reasons that will appear. "What a sad thing if my sister Matilda should go over to Rome." Minnie was mischievous, and she said, "I am told that Rome is even more delightful than Florence to many Americans, and all Italy would be charming to me."

Henry sighed. "You don't understand our church," said he.

"Do you?" said Minnie with a roguish smile.

"I am fearful my sister will turn Roman Catholic," said Henry, with real concern in his tones.

Minnie wanted to ask if the cost of "the traps" would be any greater, as Fred. Sherwood would have denominated the articles that were the outward and visible sign, of the inward grace, that was supposed to exist. She was not in that patience which is always comfortable, and sometimes a great virtue, for she was asking the bread of a true and loving sympathy, and she was offered types and shadows. Henry was to her only a shadow, an aspiration, but a mean and meager one. The life that would be his highest ideal, would be selfish and monotonous to her. She would as soon have been the happy cow, as the happy wife of his landscape, and she could not see the difference in the family of rosaries "and things," adopted by his little sister Alice, and his taller sister Mattie.

"Is not your sister Matilda a good girl?" said Minnie gravely.

"A most devoted and excellent girl," said Henry, "and that is one reason why I am so sad for her. I would not have Rome pluck

the fairest jewel from our crown. I cannot think of my sweet sister worshiping images."

"Do you worship that Canova on the cameo in your bosom, or the pretty faces in your sleeve buttons, because you wear them and like them?" said Minnie.

"Oh, that is quite another thing, Miss Meadows."

"But they are images as much as the Saint Cecilia, or the Saint John, or the Saint anybody, that poor Mattie loves, because she can't love a poodle, like Miss Macintosh, or a parrot like Miss Green. Why should she not have a little hero worship, or saint worship, poor loving heart?"

"Miss Meadows! do you too seek to justify Rome, and the worship of images?" said Henry Denby turning very pale.

"How much love, or reverence, or respect and longing to love does it take to make worship, Mr. Denby?" said Minnie. "Let us come to the common sense of the matter, and not be frightened at words. Must I keep my heart cold to heroes and saints for fear I shall be accused of worshiping them. Just when, and where, does love, reverence and admiration end in a guilty worship? For myself, I would love all that is lovely to me; and, if I needed any authority for doing what is at once so human and angelic, I would find it in the words of him who has said, 'God is Love. Whoso dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.' 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' 'Little children, love one another,' and 'Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.'

"Mr. Denby, your dear sister is a loving girl. She finds little satisfaction in the society in which she moves. Her own family are partizans, and distrust her, while they love her. If I could not love saints, or angels, or mortals freely, I would emigrate to Rome, too, if I were sure of more liberty. Not that I think she will be likely to be much more at peace, or enjoy any more real freedom; but this eternal criticism of names, not things, this fright at meaningless words, seems very pitiful, when humanity's deep wants are within us, and around us. A quarrel about beads and

pictures, or a love and worship of which we have all too little, is not for me."

Henry Denby was rebuked, not enlightened. To his sorrow for his sister, he added grief for Miss Meadows, to whom he was really very partial. He had allowed himself to dream of that happy valley with the cottage, the wife and the cow—though it would probably have been merged in the Fifth Avenue, a chapel and amateur service, if no more. His visions and day dreams of his future were not as yet very distinct or practical—and he did not seem destined to leave his dreams, his drawings, or "pencillings by the way," for any business his practical father could devise for him.

There was a sad sinking at the young man's heart, after this conversation with Minnie. He had not before understood how much he had hoped from her acquaintance—how much she had embellished the picture of the pretty valley, the rosy cottage, and the happy cow. It was hard to lose the principal figure in this landscape, not that Henry feared that Miss Meadows would go over to Rome. Some how he had no fears of the kind for her, and his sorrow for his sister was somewhat lessened, by the fact that he was getting little trouble of his own.

There was a sadness in his voice as he asked Minnie a final question—"Are you not religious, Miss Meadows ?"

"Will you tell me what you mean by religious ?" said Minnie.

"I mean, have you an interest in the great salvation ?"

"If there is any great salvation possible in the present, or probable for the future, I surely wish an interest in it, Mr. Denby."

"Do you feel the power and the mission of the Church for saving the world ?" said Henry earnestly.

Miss Meadows was about to answer honestly, that she did not realize any great power in the Church, or see her mission of salvation accomplished; but as she was reluctlantly preparing to be misunderstood by her friend and admirer, who had no comprehension of her devotion, she was happily interrupted. Loving Mattie Denby and Mrs. Meadows came with a cheerful prospect.

"We have to propose a pleasant excursion," said Mrs. Meadows, with her low, flute-like voice.

Henry Denby turned toward the speaker. She was in a morning dress of rose colored *crape de Paris*, lined with white—white silken cord, with tassels, in which were mingled real pearls, the pearl rosary, and all the crosses glistened upon the lady with the melodious voice. An electric sweetness thrilled every vein of the young and artistic pietist. What a charming mother in Israel would be Mrs. Meadows. Henry Denby was twenty years of age. Mrs. Meadows was forty, though she never remembered her age, unless alone with her brother. Yesterday Mr. Denby would have admired Mrs. Meadows as a sister. To-day she appeared in a mixed character—a new convert (vide crosses), a charming friend, an appreciating spirit, for he had read her his poem on the pretty valley, the rosy cottage, and the happy cow, in which he had hinted at a higher love than that for the landscape and rural pursuits. Mrs. Meadows had admired this production, and had mentally destined Minnie to white satin and orange flowers in a year or two. What a delight to look forward, to prophecy for the gifted and poetical young man. The quiet graceful languor of Mrs. Meadows covered a great hope, a grand idealism. There was the rosy hue of hope, the blue and gold of love and family joy, and the purple of ambition, all glowing in her imagination as she passed near young Denby, and put back the light hair from his pale forehead, just to note his phrenological development. Henry blushed as he said, "What do you think of my cranium?"

"It would take time to tell you what I think," said Mrs. Meadows; "meanwhile we must ride."

"Yes, ride we must," cried Mattie, forgetting saints, etc. in the happy prospect of seeing a dear aunt in a cottage a little way in the country. Minnie sighed, for she thought of the friend that Charles Ashton had mentioned.

"I wish I owned Jerry, and a carriage and horses," was her mental observation as she gave her consent to ride any where in the beautiful and fragrant country.

"I am so glad we are going," said Mattie apart to Minnie. "I will show you my new Saint Teresa, and tell you the legend."

Henry looked jealously toward his sister, and wondered with a sigh, "whether Mrs. Meadows would go over to Rome."

We opine that the young man has no great reason for alarm for any of the present company, "The fashion of this world passes away," and no one is more willing it should, more willing to have a new season come in, with new scenery, machinery, and decorations," than Mrs. Meadows.

Mr. Bellows will admire her pearls, and find some beautiful and mystic meaning in the form of the cross, and perhaps remark that it is pleasant to have ideality and reverence satisfied at the same time, and he will be very glad that chains and crosses have become ornaments in the church instead of dread realities.

(Query. Have they ceased to be realities to the spirit? Is not the true life crucified in the varied relations of pastor, husband, wife and slave, through life, even as in the days gone by, when the cross was erected on an eminence, and the victim nailed upon it, for a comparatively light suffering, on account of the speedy release?)

But one "logical sermon," and one poetical, or slightly sarcastic conversation from her pastor, will set Mrs. Meadows quite free from her present pious fancy, unless—unless Dr. Grey should affect Catholicism. Then it might go hard with the lady.

As for Mattie, she is going to marry, though she does not dream of it now. "The happy man" is to preach in an air-tight, gothic barn, that holds just two hundred persons. It is yclept a church, and is away over toward the East River—"quite a missionary field."

The young husband and his loving wife will be very Puseyitish for a while, but real duties will take the place of fancied ones, and Mattie will have her arms full of babies to love, instead of her pockets full of saints. A very actual life is before poor Mattie, but we shall not write it, though every body's life seems likely to be written in these days, from Becky Sharp to Josiah Bounderby, and from Col. Newcome to poor Joe, who "moved on," till he moved off, and left a most inhospitable world to go—WHERE? Can any of my friends, with the love of crosses and rosaries, and the dread of Rome in their hearts, tell me *where?* If not, I shall ask Jerry sometime when he is at leisure, or in the bosom of *his family.*

CHAPTER XX.

THE BLESSED COUNTRY.

MATTIE forgot the legend of her new saint in the breath of the beautiful country. Mrs. Meadows reclined languidly and gracefully on the back seat of the barouche, and spoke of "peace and perfumes," and "Araby the blest."

Little Minnie was joyful enough to jump over the wheels after clover blossoms, butterflies and bees, and yet she remembered to tell her aunt that uncle George had sent her, in mamma's last parcel, "something very extraordinary." Minnie was remarkable for learning and using long words, though she did not always master them perfectly.

"O auntie," said she, in the interval from her admiration for trees, flowers and butterflies, "uncle George has sent me a book of *Extromony*, and it tells all about the stars, and Venus is morning and evening star, and Mars is about war, and the Earth is a star, only it is not a star, but a planet. That is what I learn in *Extromony*."

"*Astronomy*, darling, said Miss Meadows, with as grave a face as she could command, and then she taught her to spell the word, and the little student gave herself earnestly to the lesson, and always carefully spoke of Astronomy afterward.

When they came to Mrs. Denby's cottage, which might have realized Henry's ideal, every one was delighted. Mrs. Denby was a widow, and the sister of Mrs. Henry Denby. The two sisters had married brothers, but the husband of Mrs. Margaret Denby had died some years before.

During her husband's life time, she was never designated by his given name, as was her sister. She had too much character to be Mrs. John Denby, and so she was Mrs. Margaret Denby, and her

sister was Mrs. Henry Denby; not that her husband was much, but that she was less. She had been left with a large and unencumbered property, and she had resided in New York in winter, and in this pretty cottage in summer, for several years. She surrounded herself with beauty and sweetness, spiritually and materially, wherever she went. There was in her a rare eclecticism, and yet a comprehensiveness, that seemed to the *dilletante* "vulgarly democratic."

Mrs. Margaret Denby loved music, but she loved a simple melody, and could enjoy "Jeannette and Janot," as truly as Casta Diva—and when an amateur lady musician complained of negro minstrels, and other vitiation of the people's taste, Mrs. Margaret Denby very gently replied, "Because I have a conservatory I cannot despise field flowers, or bachelor buttons."

"But," said the lover of "high art" in music, "just think how the public taste is vitiated by the Christys with their coarse jokes, their jargon, and their blackened faces, and low music; and the Hutchinsons, with their doggrel about the "Tribe of Jesse," and their abolition nonsense, mixed with what they call music."

"And what the popular heart recognizes as music, too," said Mrs. Margaret. "Ah my friend, we may refine away our hearts, and give our efforts, and our admiration to skill in the overcoming of difficulties, but the great heart of humanity does not beat responsive. I grant that the magnificent creations of our masters in music, have all the worth you can claim for them. But the highest work of musical art ever produced has in it melodies for the simplest comprehension—gems that the Christys or the Hutchinsons may exhibit to children, and those persons in the great pnblic who have a tender feeling for music, but little or no culture, and they may produce thereby the keenest delight such are capable of feeling—and the musical education of the many is thus begun."

"But, Mrs. Denby, to think of you as supporting the opera, and of your crossing the Atlantic to hear Grisi and Mario, and yet you invite the Hutchinsons to your house."

"I always hear them with my heart," said Mrs. Denby reverently. "I love the inner life of these children of my own Granite State.

I love their feeling for freedom, though it may not be expressed in the Marsellaise, and I would not have it thus expressed. I do not love Abby Hutchinson less because I love Grisi more. Indeed, one of the richest joys I have known was to see my sweet thrush-like friend, in her adoration of the nightingales and mocking birds of nature and art. The love of melody, my dear madam, is never inconsistent with the worship of harmony. When any portion of a true art-life is denied, whether the greater, or the less, then is art wounded. I would not have my own spirit withered by such denial. I would not have the beautiful art-life wounded in the house of its friends."

When the party reached the cottage in the glen, there was a sweet spell thrown over them all. The house was a queer, rambling, one-story building, with more than "seven gables," and was remarkable for presenting points for enlargement, almost any where. Indeed it seemed to have grown, and borne all manner of odd conveniences and embellishments. There was a lattice work all around it, covered with various climbing plants. There was jessamine, and columbine, genuine ivy, and even "scarlet runners," that covered the back porch and hid the kitchen door. The house nestled in amongst trees. There were two great elms at the gate, there were evergreens, and ever rustling poplars, a walnut, and a butternut, and also various fruit trees. The garden was filled with flowers in front, and at the end of the house, and a kitchen garden ran back for some distance, giving food to those who took care of the place in winter.

Minnie, the younger, forgot all the large words she ever knew, and engaged Jerry to show her every thing. Mattie would not have read a saint-legend, or said a prayer in a week, if she had not been afraid of the wickedness of having her heart full of genuine thanksgiving, without words. Henry looked around with a sigh—a luxurious sort of a sigh. Every thing was here that he wished, except some lovely girl, and he was so hopeful and happy, with the fragrance of flowers and the friendship of those about him, that he hoped, and almost believed, that Miss Meadows might become a church woman, and be ultimately one of the beautiful

belongings in his domestic landscape of the quiet valley, the rosy cottage and the happy cow. He took out his sketch book, and began a picture and a poem the first half hour.

Mrs. Meadows was in a delicious languor. Mrs. Henry Denby and Alice said, beautiful! sublime! how charming! Jerry and Minnnie got leave to go any where. Mrs. Margaret, as she was called in her family, received her guests elegantly and joyfully.

Mrs. Henry Denby, Alice and Mattie, after a warm and kindly welcome, were consigned to a maiden sister, who was "domestic," useful, pious and excellent, but who could never have been pretty, and who had proved very attractive to her own family, but never had been appreciated out of it. She was an unequalled absorbent of dull, common-place, and "good folks;" was full and particular on family affairs, such as receipts for cooking cakes and confectionary, and confidential regrets that her sister, Mrs. Margaret, was "a vegetarian," and that a compendium of cookery like herself was not popular, and could not be very useful in such a house.

When Mrs. Margaret saw Mrs. Meadows and Henry enter the rose colored cloud of sentimental art and poetry, and all the rest, except Miss Meadows, happily employed, she said to her, "I have a picture in my room to show you," and she led her to her study. The apartment was furnished simply, but with a higher beauty, that Minnie had never seen equalled. The charm was first in the ease of the chairs, cushions and couches, and then in the art-life expressed on every thing. When they were alone, Mrs. Denby took both Minnie's hands, and said "I know you—you are one of us; I should have known you by your brooch, but I have a letter from Charles Ashton, with a beautiful revelation in it respecting you and yours."

Minnie's heart was very full but she did not care to speak. The two friends sat with locked hands, and almost in silence for the half hour that they felt was their own. Oh how beautiful was the wise, true hearted woman of fifty years to Minnie. No girl ever looked more charming to a lover, no dimpled babe to a mother. Mrs. Denby was really very beautiful. She had abundant auburn hair, with scarcely a silver thread. She was fair, and rounded, and

dimpled like a fat baby. Her hand was white and full, soft and diminutive, and her little feet would be the envy of Mrs. Meadows through the period of her natural life. But it was not her beauty that made her dear to Minnie. It was the wisdom of her thought, the great love and consecration of her life, for all who belonged to the same Order of Harmony were devoted, even as Charles and Minnie were devoted, to the good of *their own.*

The God-man hath said, "I pray not for the world, but for them that thou hast given me, for they are thine."

When Mrs. Margaret and Minnie rejoined the company, all were in the best humor for luncheon, and aunt Anna, the maiden sister, had done her best, with butter, cream and eggs, to redeem the honor of the house, and nullify the idea of "vegetarianism." After they were some time seated at dinner, little Minnie came, very hungry.

"Too late, my truant," said Mrs. Meadows. '"Who would think that you would forget dinner, even for a quarter of an hour?" and then she explained her system of training the child, which Mrs. Margaret accepted as very praiseworthy, and all the rest thought very cruel. "Minnie has eaten but three times a day since she was nine months old, and she has only eaten bread, fruit and milk, with sometimes a potato. This insures health and a good appetite. I wish I could live in the same manner," said the mother, sighing gently.

"And why can you not?" said the child.

"I am different from you."

"What is different," said Minnie, meaning what is the difference.

"I am older than you, and my habits are formed," said Mrs. Meadows.

"What are habits?" said Minnie, with her usual perseverance in pursuit of knowledge.

"Please be silent, and eat your dinner," said Mrs. Meadows.

"Mamma," said the child beseechingly, "I will be very still and good if you will answer one more question."

Mrs. Margaret smiled, and Mrs. Meadows assented.

"I am eating dinner with the folks to day, which I don't do at home," said she, "and I want to know why hungry Jerry don't eat with the rest too."

Mrs. Meadows smiled again, and said, "The same reason that I don't eat such food as you do, and at the same hours, because he is very different from us."

"You need not tell me so, for I am perfectly aware of that fact," said the little one, importantly, and every body laughed outright. "He is very different, and so is auntie Minnie, for she and Jerry never eat" ——— the child stopped with an innate delicacy.—She would not speak at Mrs. Margaret's beautiful table of the dead things that Miss Meadows and Jerry never ate.

"We will excuse you from speaking any more, little Miss Chatterbox," said Mrs. Meadows; and Mrs. Margaret said to Minnie, "Is that strange looking person as particular in his choice of food as you and I?"

Miss Meadows answered affirmatively; and "Mattie!" exclaimed aunt Margaret, "how did you know that Miss Meadows never eats like other folks? Is there freemasonry about it, and have you some sign to reveal the secret?"

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Margaret, casting a bright glance at Minnie and her brooch. Oh! what a blessing was in their hearts in these moments. When Jerry came to take his dinner, Miss Meadows staid by him, and he was happy, and unembarressed. Afterward she explained to little Minnie that it would have been no happiness, but a pain to Jerry, to be treated as an equal when he was not, and never could be, and that it was a kindness for him to eat alone.

"But was he not hungry?"

"Perhaps so, darling, but not for a long time, and you know one loves dinner all the better for having an appetite."

Again Minnie made use of her former saying, which she had but recently acquired, and was very proud of.

"I am perfectly aware of that fact."

CHAPTER XXVI.

TEACHINGS OF THE SPIRITS CONTINUED.

ALTHOUGH my mission, up to this time, has been chiefly that of a Test Medium, and the work done through me has been to give to many thousands of persons the first tangible proof they ever had of immortality, yet in these many thousands of communications, my own spirit guardians, or the friends of those who have sought communications, have taken occasion to give many instructive messages. They are scattered through the records of my Mediumship. I find it difficult to arrange these messages or teachings into any regular and harmonious system; and I have no desire to impose a creed upon a world which has already too many. It is right, however, that I should give the reader some further idea of the teachings of the intelligences to whom I have been a medium of communication.

The spirits testify to their happiness. One, in answer to the question "Are you happy in the Spirit Land?" said :—

"All spirits are happy in their condition, my dear Brother; my spirit is in the enjoyment of all the happiness which it is capable of receiving.

"Avoid all that will tend to bind your mind. Let your soul be free to receive truth in its simplicity. Strive to live a life of *charity;* and let the inward monitor guide you in all your daily walks,—and live in no dread of the future."

Another spirit says of the happiness of the future life :—

"Listen not to the doctrines of any that tell you that the future is not a happy place. There is no place so miserable as your earth,—yet there are conditions, or states, here, where the sinning soul atones for earthly crimes."

Some one inquired: Do we carry our evil passions with us to the next life?

To which it was answered:—

"We may carry them with us; but we lose all desire to indulge them."

It is difficult to see how it is possible to commit many crimes in the spirit life. There can be no murder there, as there seems no way of destroying spirit existence. War, for a similar reason is impossible. There can be no slavery, no theft, no treachery or deceit, where all is clear to every spirit. It is difficult to conceive of crimes of any kind being committed in the spirit world.

To a question regarding other worlds, the answer was:—

"They are countless!—On some of the planets they are far beyond you. *Their* departed friends can assume forms, and converse face to face."

Of the condition of the spirit life, another says:—

"Earth's language is inadequate to convey the beauty of the spirit-home. Our state is delightful. Our happiness *is increased in proportion as we are capable of receiving.* Oh, that the veil could for one moment be removed, that your spirit might take one glimpse of the home that awaits you. Your spirit, like an uncaged bird, would delight to fly away into the regions of eternal happiness."

Spirits testify to the absence and uselessness of regrets for the past. One who had committed suicide, said:—

"I became tired of my earthly life, and in a phrenzy of despair,—the result of a mental growing,—lost myself from the rudimental sphere. I have never regretted the change; though I now see the benefit which might have been derived from the rapid unfolding of my spiritual perceptions."

The spirit of a man who had been an "orthodox" clergyman, answering the inquiries of his brothers, said:—

"What we term sin, is a violation of Natural Law. There is no such word as punishment—but there is suffering, as the consequences of an ill-spent earthly life. Heaven is where Harmony is—it is not a locality."

Of the spirit-life, another testifies:—

"The spirit-life is very far beyond your anticipation in every

point of view. We have our amusements and employments, which are elevating and instructive. Prepare yourself for an elevated position in the spirit-land *by living up to your best light and privileges*. This will keep you on a parallel line of progression with those you love in Heaven, and you will be enabled to unite with them and spend a happy eternity together."

The following is part of a communication at one of my sittings:—

Ques.—Are solid substances any obstacle to your passing to any place you think proper?

Ans.—No.

Ques.—Do you recognize time where you are, the same as we do here?

Ans.—No.

Ques.—Is the Emperor of Russia in the Spirit world?

Ans.—I was not acquainted with him in the body, consequently I do not know. Millions enter the Spirit world that I have no knowledge of.

Ques.—Is your religious belief the same as on earth?

Ans.—No. I now preach universal progression.

[The Spirit was that of a Presbyterian clergyman.]

At a private Circle, the question was asked, "What is the usual duration of time between the *apparent* and real separation of the spirit from the body?"

Ans.—"Generally, about thirty-six hours. The expression of the face of the dead—calm and beautiful—is attributable to the presence of the Spirit, during the period named."

Ques.—Regarding the insensibility of the body; is it perfect, when respiration ceases?"

Ans.—"Yes."

Another Spirit, questioned as to the truth of certain dogmas of ancient theologies, says:

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

A husband in the Spirit world, gives the following advice to his wife:—

"You will settle in life, I see, again; and it is my wish that you should do so; because a union with another, *on Earth*, will not

interfere with our future happiness,—neither will it make me less happy."

A Spirit, purporting to be that of WILLIAM NORTH, who was himself the medium of one of the most remarkable communications ever penned—I refer to the "Infinite Republic"—spoke the following by me, when in the state of trance. There can, perhaps, be no better test of mediumship, than the character of many of these trance manifestations. The Spirit calling himself North spoke as follows:—

"Be bold, and fearlessly pursue every thought pertaining to man's immortality to its ultimate; whether it come to you with an electric leap, or gently as the distilling dew. Fear not to speak the truth, and speak it boldly. No matter if for it you are considered an unprincipled outcast, and the religious world points at you with the finger of scorn. No matter if you are denounced by orthodox ministers from daintily cushioned pulpits. Push steadily and unflinchingly onward. As by labor and perseverence the mariner pursues his way across the trackless waste, through storm and tempest, and at last reaches the place of destination on some island known only to science; so you, by patient toil and unwavering determination, must approach the haven of your desires.

"The one who addresses you, while he inhabited earth, was a despised 'INFIDEL.' He was scorned by the religious as an unprincipled outcast. But the sneers of the world had no terrors for him. He was known by the name of NORTH."

Farther testimony of the condition of Spirits is given in the following account of that change which has been made to us so full of terror:—

"My joy was so great; and my happiness so far exceeded my expectations;—in fact the change was so incomprehensible to all my previous ideas,—that when I first sounded back intelligence to you of my continued state, I felt as if I should like to give you all the information,—and describe, minutely, all the grandeurs that opened to my view.

"How happy I am,—and oh! how thankful,—that I find in you a willing receiver of such messages as I am able to give back to you. I am blessed amongst those that have left the form; and why? Because I see around me innumerable multitudes that assemble together, at divers circles, and would gladly manifest their presence back to earth;—but being unknown, are not able to do so

with that efficacy that would benefit them, as much as this, which I now give you, benefits me.

"But a few short days a resident here,—and I found myself competent to convey to a dear friend, still in the body, a welcome tidings of my future existence. I have lost all cares of Earth, *though I have a slight impression that they will be presented again to me,*—and that I shall be enabled to realise, more particularly, reminisences of my Earthly career. I shall come, if the conditions offer, and shall gladly continue to converse, and tell you that my state *has never for a moment been less happy than the happiest period while upon Earth.*"

To a question at a private Circle, regarding the ceaseless unfolding of the interior Life, it was said:

"The outer layer is continually falling, and giving place to its successor."

The advice given in regard to temporal affairs and relations seems to be influenced by the individual characters of the advising spirits, and to be also adapted to the mental and moral conditions of those who seek advice. Thus a spirit advising a man respecting his domestic relations, said:

"It is the wish of all thy friends that little ****" [giving a name in full] "should remain with her father; and if thou canst not harmonize and live in peace with her with whom thou hast, in the sight of men and Heaven, promised to live, we say, *act thy own mind.* It is wrong to let the affections be placed upon another. Thou art joined by a ceremonial law to one thou shouldst endeavor to love. Therefore, if thou shouldst separate from thy present companion, thy Father and Grandfather would advise thee to *remain without another.*"

A spirit describing the consequences of suicide, and asserting that a sudden and voluntary death is not favorable to the growth of the spirit, makes this distinction between the sudden and violent suicide, and the more gradual destruction of the bodily life by evil habits:

"The gradual self-decayal of the body differs somewhat from the case of him who instantly deprives the Spirit of the power of enlarging in its earthly tenement; because, while a more gradual process of severing the Spirit from the body is in operation, the mind, at intervals, finds room to grow; and thus, though the body

fall before its time, the Spirit is a little better prepared to inhabit its etherial home. Yet it is most important that the body should be so nursed and kept in harmony, that when the dissolution takes place, it may be with as much ease as the ripened fruit falls from the tree, having no longer use for its support."

Another gives the following testimony, as to the influence of the present life upon the future:

"It is true, that physical death changes the man but slightly; and whatever may have been the evils of his earthly life,—in proportion as it has been pure and holy, so is his happiness measured. We are come to rob the human mind of the horrible idea of an eternal state of punishment; and in doing so, we would not have men build up *a vain idea or hope, that there is no suffering for an ill-spent life on earth.* It is true, there is no yawning gulf prepared, ready to receive the immortal spirit; but it is also true that a condition" (consequence) "awaits every man and woman for the violated laws of nature resting upon them."

Among the answers, given by spirits to sealed letters, sent often from a distance, and laid upon the table unopened, were the following, showing the power and care of guardian spirits:—

"Our dear friend! we sympathize with you; and your friend has, by great exertions, at length ascertained that the *bill of sale has been destroyed.*"

"Our friend William hath interested himself in that which his friend and brother desired; and desires me to state, that the paper containing the memorandum which he wishes to have is between the leaves of the Ledger, page 250."

Much excitement having been caused by discussions on "Free Love," a communication was given, containing the following sentences:—

"We countenance not this *Free-love-ism,* in the light in which most mortals view it. Men are not prepared to enter into that sphere of universal love, in our light, yet.

"It is true that Spirits do preach Free Love; but not in the light that many receivers, to gratify self, receive it. We proclaim the universal love,—the love that draws from the East to the West. and from the North to he South, and blends together the human family in one common brotherhood."

I shall elsewhere give my impressions, and the result of my

most interior convictions on this subject. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Freedom of Affinities, taught by elevated spirits, is not the licentiousness of unrestrained and morbid sensuality; nor is this taught, that I am aware, by any spirits, either out of or in the form.

The spirit of a man who had occupied an exalted military and civil position, gives his experience of the change:

"I stood alone! All around me was incomprehensible. In vain did I call: In vain did I command! I remained in this condition, to the best of my rememberance, some two hours; when, suddenly, there stood by me, with extended hands and a loving heart, one that said unto me these words—"*You have been born again.* You must now live the life belonging to the child, *and bring to its equilibrium each faculty that laid dormant while encased in flesh and blood.*"

The spirits often teach the most interior truths of science. Thus a spirit speaking through the entranced medium, on one occasion, said:—

"Life is everywhere:—in the humble crystal as well as in the highest angel;—in the granite rock, as well as in man. Otherwise, you will perceive, that what is called *crystalization* could not take place. Life is in all processes of formation; and, obedient to the law of progress, it passes on, from the lowest to the highest forms; the mineral kingdom constantly becoming absorbed into the vegetable kingdom, *in association with vegetable life,* and as a component part of it; the vegetable, in like manner, passing by assimilation into the animal; which is also, in turn, absorbed and made a component part of the highest type of the Divine Idea, namely, MAN. The form of Man is the only imperishable form,—because it is the ultimate form or 'Image of God:'—all other forms—mineral, vegetable, animal,—having relation in their processes of successive development, to this ultimate image or type; in which they are continually merging. Man, thus, is indeed a microcosm,—a continent of all varieties of living existence,—their ultimate goal; the lake into which their tributary streams all flow."

The following will interest inquirers respecting the modes of spirit communication:—

To a visitor at my table, it was recently said:—

"My brother in the flesh,—it is a fact demonstrable to the in-

vestigating mind, that an intelligence other than the mortal, *does* communicate;—and it is a fact clearly demonstrable, that such intelligence cannot at all times be relied on,—and why? In your present stage of advancement, the explanation is necessary.

"There are many causes of complications and contradictions. The most prominent one is this:—Every mortal creates around himself a *light* through which he is distinguished by Spirits (so called) out of the form. A well analyzed idea produces its effect, and becomes to the Spirit like the distant beacon-light to the mariner—a guide by which he knows he is near the land. Every idea comprehended, is the vehicle on which the thoughts of mortals traverse;—and as the man thus self-illuminates the surrounding atmosphere, he becomes more easily—or his wants are more readily understood by his invisible instructors.

"When Circles are formed of intelligent minds, and harmony of thought pervades the whole,—then it is that the infallible truth is conveyed." [Or rather, the truth as the communicating intelligences conceive it, is then *infallibly transmitted.*] "Then how can it be expected, when minds have *no* rays of light emanating as a guide to the Spirit, that *all* inquiries should be responded to correctly?

"All Mediums are, more or less, illuminated:—and here may be explained the reason why an audible question becomes necessary, when the questioner has no light sufficient to enable his attending Spirit to perceive the thought. The question not only takes form in the individual's mind who puts it, but also in the Medium's;—who, having a more accessible condition, conveys to the attending Spirit-Friend the desires of the questioner."

Next to GEORGE FOX, the Spirit most frequently communicating through me, is that of THOMAS PAINE, a man who made great sacrifices in this life, from an earnest love of the truth: a man often stigmatized as infidel and atheist, but whose writings prove him to have been, all his life, a devout believer in God and immortality, and a friend of freedom and humanity. He was a man of intuitions, and wrote often by impression. I give one of his communications:

"I have come to reply to a Brother; one whom I call 'Brother,' because he is the son of our Father, and feels anxious to emerge from the darkness in which the creeds of a church have placed him. I have an attribute which I inherit from the Father of all the human family; and which I have endeavored to cultivate with more

earnestness since I left things material;—that attribute is *Love*. Men thought me severe:—and so I was. The clergy said I was in error:—and so I was. The Free-Thinkers said I was in truth;—and so I was. I was right, and I was wrong. My ideas were from above; the language was my own. I endeavored to do my duty, so far as I was competent to understand that duty. I wrote as I thought; and spoke as I felt.

"Our brother is anxious to ascertain much; and I am anxious to give him all that I can. Now, when a man's interior becomes agitated; when the ruffled water will not be calmed by the rays of Theology; and when he feels that he is endeavoring to explain the words of Omnipotence without himself *realising* its truth, he is on the point of Progression. It may not do, suddenly, to step aside, and take another path, leaving the flock who have looked to him as their shepherd:—but it *will do* to preach Love and Progression! Thus, brother, at thy Father's bidding have I come to answer. There are ministering angels hovering near, who manifest to Earth:—*they all bear with them the one testimony*—PROGRESSION! They intervene, as far as they can, to add to the knowledge of their fellow-men; and they are ever trying to add to the enjoyment of all. PAINE."

The following, purporting to be from the same source, will interest all who have become acquainted with the writings of the distinguished author of the Age of Reason, and the Rights of Man, who, persecuted in life, and vilified after death, is now beginning to receive the justice of a more enlightened era.

In answer to the question, "Is there more light proceeding from some Spirits in the form than from others?" the spirit of Paine said:

"I have spoken upon that point to others, and will again reiterate for your personal benefit. The external eye cannot behold the spiritual; the etherial substance to the material touch is as air. The spiritual beholds the material *through the spiritual*. Earth is peopled with thousands that move in darkness, to the direct gaze of the Spirit, appearing only as a mass, with now and then a faint ray of light proceeding, to enable their attending guides to designate their individuality. It is through the spiritual that we behold the material; and when the mind hath created a sufficient light around itself, it is then that we are enabled, by looking through that, to behold objects or things material. Sympathy, the guide which tells the whereabout of a dear friend, unenlightened, enables the

guardian to accompany him, and thus gradually to diffuse light."

Of the different circles of Spirits, he said:

"Could your Spiritual eyes be opened, and view the difference between the circle of inferior minds, and that of minds advanced, it would cause you to gaze in wonder. It is true that the skeptical mind receives truth; and in many cases truth is conveyed direct from personal relatives to those who seek it. Yet, in the *majority* of cases, the Circle formed of undeveloped minds, attracts groups of minds out of the form, some of whom are very little further advanced — and others, on the same plane — *while many beneath them*, assemble. From these Spirits, the worldly-wise man expects to derive wisdom of a God! and with their silly, unprofitable questions, such will assert that if a name can be revealed, their faith will be established, and they will at once step into the ranks of those laborers who have toiled night and day to surmount error, — and who, *even now*, are children in truth! Another would openly avow his belief, if, peradventure, the table could be suspended in mid-air!

"'Tis true, that we devise all means to make proselytes: — *yet Man cannot leap that which is designed for him to tread.* It is of rare occurrence that an intelligent Spirit overflows a youth in knowledge with more than can by his condition or organization be digested. Train the mind in the way it should go, and when it arrives at that position which enables it to realize the truth, it will not depart from it.

"Now, there are many who profess to believe — yea, to enjoy the reality of Spirit communion, whose minds are so diseased by eating Spiritual food — *that were that which is truth digested, they would need the support of many to keep them from falling!*"

The following communication purports to have been given through an impressible Medium, by Thomas Paine:

"Man feels the necessity of a supreme intelligence, with which his soul can commune. It is not sufficient for him to be told that God is in all Nature; that Nature is God. He still craves the sympathy and inspiration of a spiritual intelligence, superior to his own. He strives, therefore, after the idea of an Infinite Spirit; and in that to embody his thoughts of God. In striving to make this idea personal, he loses his conception of Infinity, and makes Deity a *man*, fashioned as a man, and with attributes limited like man. Here is an idea of God, embodying all that is true in Pantheism, and, at the same time, satisfying the craving of the soul

after an Infinite, Supreme, Spiritual Intelligence—a Being to commune with, to converse with, to pray to—an Infinite perfection to strive after.

"As the spirit animates the material body—as the animal body through the spirit only has its being—so does God, the Great, Infinite Spirit of all Spirits, animate the material universe. Without the spiritual essence, which pervades every limb, every organ, of the material body, it must die. So with the material world. Without the Spirit of God, which pervades all space and vivifies all nature, there would be no life. In *spirit alone* there is life. All the life in nature is from the Spirit of God, which pervades all. The intelligence of the spirit of man is distinct from the material body. The hand is not *man*, neither is the tree *God;* yet neither could live without the Spirit which animates it. The intelligence is *distinct*, yet *pervades* the whole. The material universe is not *God* any more than the fleshy body is the *man*. It is, as it were, the body of God pervaded by the Infinite, Spiritual Intelligence, which reigns Supreme."

On another occasion came the following:

"The spirit of a man is a portion of the spirit of God. He is our in-dwelling life. Progression may be infinite and eternal, without reaching Infinite Perfection, *as you may add decimals to infinity, and never reach the unit.*"

In answer to questions respecting the comparative advantage of an early or late removal from the earth sphere, a spirit replied:

"Given, first, an organization, removed from the Earth-sphere before the evils of the external have been stereotyped upon it.

"That child is then surrounded, first of all, by influences that balance and produce symmetry. Deficient organs are brought up to an average. There takes place, so to speak, a gradual *re-organization*, the result of which is symmetry. The infantile body is then surrounded with a pure sphere, instead of absorbing, as all children do here, poison from a diseased atmosphere. Its lungs are continually receiving the elements free from impurity. On the earth, every infantile organization is thrown into contact with physically diseased organization. Consider the difference produced, when the child is through Spiritual agencies *positive* to diseased structures. Consider, further, the resultant differences in education. It is affirmed that the presiding instructors of each child are gifted with insight to perceive the exact capacity and peculiar genius of the child, and that education is harmoniously adapted to the constitution of an harmonic character for the infantile germ.

The insanities of the earth-sphere have no influence upon it. The infant is gymnastically exercised in all that may develop the composite powers of being. It becomes logically accurate in each process of reasoning—morally harmonic in each emotion; and emerges from harmonic childhood to harmonic manhood, without passing through any period of subversive development. Standing *en rapport* with harmonic spheres of thought and action, the subjective and the objective, the internal and the external, maintain their poise: *there is completeness.* It is otherwise in this life with infants of corresponding organization, whose education takes place amidst the discordances of the external world. So, at least, it is presented to my mind.

"Each is necessary to all! In the long run, a principle of compensation is introduced. When a man has manfully battled against the evils of the external, while in it, drawing down powers from above, and projecting a divine sphere of order into physical ultimates, he prepares himself for heavenly progression *at a ratio that is immensely accelerated.* Yet he needs, on entering into the Spiritual sphere, an equilibrium or balance,—or rather a completeness of deficient faculties that have remained dormant.

"The blissful influences from the Heaven of Infants flow into the *old man,* while he remains on earth; and that period, which externally is called second childhood, is a period of the subjective re-arrangement of the internals of the mind—*a useful period of life.* Old people are surrounded by infants and infant spheres; watched over, also, by youths and maidens of the external world, who left the earth in the morning of life. On the other hand, there is that serene quietude; that autumnal of peace; that blessedness undisturbed by passion, which ——" [the remainder of the sentence was lost.]

Of intercourse with other planets, one spirit said:—

"We do not always linger near your Earth,—but visit others *to the extent of our attraction.* We learn from superior minds that which we could not acquire in so close a proximity to your earth."

Of progress in life, in the higher spheres, a spirit said:—

"The infant is recognised as an infant, and so on to maturity—as with you; after which age ends."

VI.

THE ARRIVAL.

DEAR CLARA.—Each day of absence falls with an added weight upon my heart, and almost every day has increased our distance. You are so far away! I cannot forget the convexity of the earth that rolls up between us, nor that, when I look at the sunset, its last light had faded from you more than an hour. Nor can I forget the long days that, even with the most rapid modes of transit, must elapse before this letter can reach you. But I will be patient, and trust you with the Providence that hath guided me to this home of our Future, as I now believe it to be.

I have much to tell you—so much, and so important, that I can only hope to tell you all I wish, by beginning where my last letter ended,—and continuing my narrative, as if I were writing a history.

The little Steamer "Fairy," you will remember, was fired up and ready, and gave us a musical welcome. I deposited my letter in the post office, which occupied a small corner of the bar-room of the tavern and grocery, and went on board. Miss Elmore had gone directly from the Effie, and was at home in the beautiful saloon, where I found her seated, with a boy, five years old, in her lap, and two young girls kneeling, one on each side of her.

She held out her hand to me, her face radiant with some great joy, and introduced me first to the boy Vincent, and then to the two girls, one a petite brunette Laura, the other a fair girl, of the medium height, with blue eyes and chestnut hair, named Eugenia.

"You will soon know these dear ones, who have come to welcome us," said she, "and now I must introduce myself. In the world of civilization, I am Miss Elmore, or whatever name is con-

venient. Here and in our home, I am called Melodia. The name will sound strange at first; but you will soon grow accustomed to it."

"And this young gentleman, Master Vincent—is he the son of the friend you told me of?" I asked.

A strange, bright smile came over her face, and was reflected by the two younger ladies. Melodia simply nodded assent, but made no further observation; while the handsome boy, who had been so careful not to interrupt our conversation, now began a series of ingenious questions respecting our travels and adventures, and before they were half answered began to tell his own.

I went on deck to look at the gem of a boat. With no misplaced finery, she is the perfection of every thing at once strong, light, and graceful in steamboat architecture. There was exact order, neatness, and polish every where; and every thing about her showed how use can be joined to beauty. The pilot house is a domed octagon lanthorn; her high chimney is as graceful as a column; the arrangement of her little saloon and state rooms the perfection of convenience and elegance; and her few ornaments of carved shell and coral work, with paintings of water lilies and other aquatic plants and animals. Below, a compact boiler furnished steam to an engine worthy to propel such a boat. The freight was carefully stored; every thing was in its place, and when the Fairy, with her starry flag flying, rounded out upon the turbid Mississippi, fired her parting gun, and waked the echoes miles away with her triumphant melodies, I felt proud to step on such a craft.

But I must not forget her officers and crew. There were but five, besides the young ladies in the cabin, and the boy Vincent, who was every where, and equally interested in all departments. As soon as we were well under way, steaming down the river, Miss Elmore, or Melodia, as I must now learn to call her, came and walked around the boat. I looked in vain for servant, chamber-maid, or any common boatman. The five men on board were dressed nearly alike, in light caps, blue jackets, and duck trowsers. There was no captain or command. They seemed equally capable of taking turns in the pilot house or engine room, so that only two were on duty at a time, leaving the other three at liberty to rest,

or sleep, or amuse themselves. They changed at intervals of two hours; and the one who had been busy with the furnace and engine, was next walking on deck with one of the ladies, or playing the violin with a guitar accompaniment, in the saloon. We were ten in all, little Vincent included; and I had never seen any family where I felt so soon and so happily at home. Laura, with her sparkling black eyes, glossy hair, and piquant *nez retrousse*, told me all about their trip to New Orleans and their visit to the French Theatre; and then sung, I am sure, half the airs of the opera, while detailing the plot. The more sedate Eugenia, whose hair was all ringlets and wild flowers, which she had gathered where we came on board, and who might have stood for a Flora, if the goddess of flowers had ever taken passage on a steamer, asked me of New York, where she had once lived, and knew how to pity all who were condemned to live there, she said. Her frank, confiding, sisterly ways made me acquainted with her at once and always.

The leading spirit of the group of young men who united in the duties of navigating this boat, is Mr. Alfred. What surname he may have borne formerly, I know not, but it is not mentioned here; and he may have chosen Alfred or accepted it, as more appropriate than the one given at his christening. I must introduce him, for I hope you may become better acquainted. When Melodia brought me to him, he looked from her eyes to mine, seemed to take me in at a glance, and held out his hand as if I had been his best friend, returned after a long absence. With them all I felt as if I had returned, not come. When I asked Melodia of this she said that to know her—to become acquainted with the spirit of her thought and life, made me also acquainted with all who lived the same life.

Alfred, a man of perhaps thirty years, strong, manly, vigorous, with a clear grey eye, and brown beard, is the impersonation of energy. He impressed me as a man who would infallibly accomplish whatever he undertook, and be able to command all men and means necessary for that purpose. I felt a great reliance on him; a trust that could not be shaken, for integrity was the expression of his life.

I saw that Melodia, as I soon learned to call her, leaned upon

him as if he were an Atlas, and trusted him, as one trusts an unfailing spring.

The youngest of our sailors, except little Vincent, was Edgar, a blue eyed son of mirth, always sparkling with good humor and merry conceits. But I must not prolong these introductions. We have a little voyage before us, and I will do my best to give you a good account of it.

An hour after we came on board there was a musical signal for supper, which we found served up in the little saloon. All came but the pilot and engineer for the time being. Melodia took the head of the table as by natural right, and gave me a seat on one side, while Alfred took the other. The pretty Laura sat next me, the fair Eugenia opposite; next Eugenia sat Edgar, and next Laura a young man who seemed more thoughtful and poetical than talkative or mirthful. Little Vincent sat at the foot of the table; and I could not avoid seeing the striking resemblance he bore to Melodia. Such was our group.

The table was set with a delicate repast of rice and southern hominy, bananas and oranges, with guava jelly, and lemonade reddened with claret; add some light warm biscuits and fresh butter, and the supper was complete.

I cannot describe the geniality of this group. It was evident at a glance,—it was palpable to my feeling that it was a loving group, full of tenderness and devotion. There was not one there who would not have died for Melodia, no one who was not devoted to Alfred. Stranger as I was, just escaping from the discords of civilization, I could not but feel the beauty of this harmony of a purer life.

I could not but see how quietly and beautifully it had arranged itself. I would not have been any where but where I was; the two persons most attractive to me on either side; and it was the same, I think, with every person there.

The supper was eaten with a delicate deliberation, but also with great enjoyment. Little Vincent sent his plate for a second portion of guava, remarking that the sea air always gave him a famous appetite. He also made a brave attack on the bananas.

The conversation at table was marked by as much propriety, as geniality of feeling. A rough jest; a rude remark; any boisterousness would have been discordant. The tones were low and sweet, and even the humor of Mr. Edgar was toned to the precise key of the circle. In the general conversation there were occasional duets; and I could not but remark the delicate tact, which yet seemed unconscious and habitual, with which Laura addressed some sprightly remark to me, when Melodia was listening to some matter of home interest from Alfred; or with which Eugenia asked a question of him, when she turned to me. It was the same with the others; a fitness and adaptation, which seemed perfect; yet I felt assured that no one had planned it; but that the group had formed itself in the most spontaneous manner.

Long before we rose from the table, Edgar went and relieved the engineer, while Laura's friend took his place at the wheel: and yet this change did not mar the harmony. They seemed just as well adapted to their places as the others: two genial, cultured, well mannered young men, proud of their duties, and happy in their society. Master Vincent pitied them for having waited so long, and urged upon them all the dainties of the table as a compensation.

After our little supper, to which the pilot added the music of his steam organ, which, controlled by the valve, was capable of soft as well as loud tones, and wondrous modulations, we all went upon the promenade deck, when I saw that we were no longer plowing down the broad Mississippi, but were stemming the current of a much narrower stream — one of its western tributaries. The country was low, the scenery melancholy, with the cypress forests, and pendant mosses; but away in the northwest I saw the outline of hills in the distance; and the steam organ pealed out the familiar music of "Home, Sweet Home," and all turned their eyes in one direction with looks of love and joy; and as we stood in a group, forward, near the pilot house, the voices joined in a perfect harmony, accompanied by the softened organ notes, in singing the dear old song, the full, clear tenor of the pilot joining with the rich, mellow bass of Edgar, who was playing engineer below, while the fine baritone of Alfred harmonized lovingly with the noble soprano of

Melodia. The scene, the circumstances, not less than the perfect harmony and feeling of the music affected me to tears. I tried to join in the song, but my throat swelled, and I sank upon a stool and gave free vent to my emotions.

When the song was ended, the pilot turned on a full head of steam, and roused us from these soft memories, with the grand song of *Liberta*, from *I Puritani*. You may judge how grand its effect must be, so given. It was as if the Heavens were singing to the Earth a song of Freedom.

Then we had more music: beautiful songs, and duets, and choruses, while the shades of evening were descending. Old songs linking us to the past, with many sad or pleasing memories: and new songs, carrying me into the spirit of the future, with which I had now begun to make acquaintanceship, and which, until now, has always seemed so distant.

As the sun sunk in the west, the full moon rose and silvered the waters in our wake, playing upon the broad lily leaves of the river margin, and the backs of the sleeping alligators. Our little Fairy glided along noiselessly, all but the murmur of parting waters, and the cascade-like sound of the swift revolving wheels. And now a mist rose from the waters and obscured the banks; and the moon was veiled in the fogs below. The channel was too narrow and difficult to go on in darkness; so the pilot sought an eddy in the stream; a small anchor was dropped, the furnace damped, steam blown off, and we lay by for the night.

I sat by Melodia. She held my hand silently in both of hers, as if she would feel out my emotions; then said: "We near our journey's end, my brother; to-morrow will take us to our home. You see here a little group of our family. How do they seem to you?"

"As if I had always known them."

"That is well. It is the home feeling. Where a true affinity exists, and we recognize our own, nothing is strange to us. We seem to have found those for whom we were seeking, and from whom we have been only for a little while separated."

"It was my feeling," I said, "when I found you." She smiled

a quiet smile, which said as plainly as words could, "And I also?"

"But this is not all," I continued. "I must confess that I have no claim upon you, and no possible right to feel as I do: and yet I am disturbed, and almost jealous. I perceive all the merit of this brave, manly, energetic, handsome Alfred: it seems quite natural that you should love him. It is evident that he has gone on this expedition, and taken charge of this boat, and the business of the voyage, expressly to be with you a few hours sooner. Still I am troubled. I find my heart growing heavy and bitter, when I seem to have less of your society and sympathy than when we were alone.

"You do well to be frank, my friend;" she replied, "though I do not need the revelation. I knew it, and had foreseen it. The habits of a very selfish civilization cling to you. Its thoughts and feelings are in your life, like the taint of disease, or the poison of malaria. You must become clear and free from all this. We seek only true relations; we earnestly wish to avoid all false ones. This is our freedom and our happiness."

"But to know the true."

"The test of a true relation, is the unmixed happiness it gives to all who are truly related. The sentiment I have for Alfred is painful to you, either because it is false in itself, or because it meets some element of falsehood in you. Which do you think it?"

"I know it is my own selfishness," I replied. "Forgive me. It is absurd and ungrateful, and I will overcome it."

Just now, Alfred himself came aft and joined us. Holding me by one hand, Melodia extended to him the other, and drew him to her side: "Here, Alfred," said she, with sweetness, "is a young gentleman, who pays you the compliment to be jealous of you."

Alfred laughed heartily, and grasped my hand as heartily, exclaiming: "Well, Mr. Wilson, which do you think has most cause to be jealous, you or I? You have been journeying together all the way from New York; spending one day amid the romance of Niagara; another in a pilgrimage to Buffalo; sailing on Lake Erie; spending Sunday at Cincinnati; and then steaming, with

abundance of solitude to sweeten as best you could, down the Ohio and Mississippi. Now, I ask you, as a sensible young gentleman, am not I the one to be jealous, and call you out, and insist upon walking on shore with you with a case of pistols, at daylight?"

I could not but laugh at the absurdity of my position.

"But instead of that," said he, with the most perfect frankness in his tone and manner, "I have to thank you for every kind word, and every affectionate thought you have had for her. My love is only equalled by my trust."

"This is the perfect love, that casteth out fear," said Melodia, softly; and when she gently pressed my hand, I knew that she also pressed the other, and far more fondly, and yet I felt in my heart such a confidence in the entire nobleness of both, that all bitterness went from me. Had we been two brothers, with our loved sister between us, we could not have been more at peace.

The pleasing reverie in which we sat was broken by the light roll of a drum; and the next moment we were greeted by the music of a band, playing exquisitely on four saxe horns, with the drum most delicately beaten by my little friend Laura, who seemed to throw into it all the charm of her lively manners,—and a silver triangle, skilfully handled by Eugenia. It was a new surprise. They play as well as the Dodworths, in the perfect chiming harmony of family music, but with a more pure and tender feeling—with a more loving unity than I had ever heard. I sat entranced.

But the mists creeping out from the shore, and enveloping us, warned us to retire to the little saloon, where Melodia sang to us, accompanying herself on the pianoforte. Alfred leaned over her to turn the music, and sometimes joined his voice to hers.

"You love music," she said, when she rose from the instrument, and came where I was sitting. "There is much pleasure in store for you. It is the perpetual aspiration for harmony in the world you have left, and the perpetual expression of it in that to which you are going."

"To which I have come," I said.

"Our group here, is but a little fragment; but a very happy one. To-morrow night we shall all be happier. Now, good night!"

she said, stooping to press a pure kiss upon my forehead; "good night, all my dear ones;" and she gave a hand to each, and each one kissed the fair hand reverently.

The little Vincent had become so tired, helping to work the boat, that he had been asleep in his berth hours before. Melodia went and kissed his little rose bud lips; and charging Laura to show me my state-room, passed to her own.

They all retired but one, who took his lamp and a book, to keep watch in the pilot house. Laura sat on a cushion at my feet. Though fatigued with the emotions of the evening, I was far from being sleepy. I sat, thinking of you, who are never out of my thoughts, whose image ever lives in my deep heart; and still, darling one, I so felt the sphere of affection around me, and was so softened in its influence, that my great love for you seemed only to open my heart to other sentiments, tender and beautiful; but whether of the same kind, I confess myself at a loss to determine.

And as I mused on this, thinking of my distant home with you, and of this near home, to which I feel myself so lovingly welcomed, Laura was looking up into my face, with her dark eyes, as if she would read my soul. There was tenderness, sympathy and curiosity in her looks. I stooped toward her, and she put up her hand, and pushed back my hair from my forehead, as if she could better read my thoughts. Her round, plump arms were bare to the shoulder; her dress of perfect neatness, so appropriate to the voyage that I had not noticed it, made modest revelation of a beautiful bust. She seemed very charming. Her manner was so sisterly and confiding, that I offered her a kiss. It was no passionate impulse, but the expression of a brotherly regard. She drew back gently, gravely shook her head, and said:

"No, my friend, you must not be in haste, and you must make no mistakes. We do not kiss idly or profanely. A week hence you will know better whom you have a right to kiss. It may be me; but I think not. At least, I must be sure, first, that you will not repent it."

"Do you think that possible?"

"With you? yes. Not often with us."

"But imagine me your brother."

"Were you a thousand times my brother, I should not kiss you if I did not love you; and if I loved you, I should kiss you all the same."

"Are you sure you do not?"

"No: I have been feeling you. You are too mixed. You do not recognise your own emotions. You are liable to make mistakes. You are selfish. You must wait. Come, sleep and dream of me."

She took my hand and led me to such a cosy little state-room, with a nice bed in it—not a berth—with a lace musquito bar, and everything in the neatest order; and bidding me a cheerful "good night," went to her rest.

In the early dawn, a southerly breeze dissipated the fog, and the Fairy was under way long before sunrise. Our group assembled on the promenade deck, to greet each other, and the world's illumination. All nature was rejoicing in the opening day. If a tender and pensive thought of you, so distant and so dear, made me less cheerful, the rest were happy in the hope of seeing those they loved in a few hours. As we stood aft, in an interlocked group, watching the changing sky of the dawn, and the first ray of sunlight shot across the scene, our grand organ pealed out a song of welcome to the sun, as sublime as his uprising; and after the prelude, our voices joined in singing a glorious morning hymn—religious in the deepest sense, and yet in harmony with all around us, so that it seemed to combine the songs of birds, the lowing of herds, and all the music of nature.

Then all went joyfully to their duties, all but Melodia, Alfred and me, who remained on deck, to watch the growing splendors of the scene. We were passing through a broad, lake-like opening of the river; water fowl were flying over it; birds were caroling on the shore, and beyond the fringe of trees, we saw the smoke of distant plantations.

Alfred and Melodia wore the aspect of serene happiness; but there was a perceptible difference. He seemed to be in possession of what he most valued and desired, and to be supremely blessed: while she looked forward with a joyful hope to a still greater

happiness. I watched well the countenances of both. It was evident that she was to him the "bright particular star" that centered his fondest aspirations; but, while it was apparent that she also loved him, with a fond trust and tender reliance, I knew well that she loved another with a still deeper devotion — that while she was a sun to him, her soul revolved around another center of loving life.

And yet, dear Clara, I could see, and I could feel, no jar — no discordance. We have seen such things, in our world, causes of strife and misery. Here all these attractions seem accepted, harmonized, and a means of increased happiness. I have been absurdly selfish; I have felt even the pangs of jealousy toward Mr. Vincent and Alfred, but I feel them no longer. They are unworthy of that great true soul, whom I both reverence and love. I have said it, O my Clara! May you so enter into the harmony of this love-life, as to be able to accept with me this reverential love, which I feel ennobles me, and makes me more worthy to be yours.

After a little Melodia went below, to kiss the slumber from the eyelids of the little Vincent, and prepare him for breakfast. Alfred took my arm, and we walked the deck together.

"You feel your welcome, I trust, Mr. Wilson," said he, when we had taken a turn in silence. "Your love for Melodia makes you a brother to me, if you can accept such a relation. This is the spirit of Harmony—that of the discordant society we have left would make us vengeful foes."

"It is new to me," I replied, "but very real. I am at peace. I feel the love-life of this little group circulating around me. I see how it is all combined, knit together, and harmonized by these interlacing attractions."

"You see well," said Alfred, smiling; "you will soon see more. The same harmony of a sweet passional life pervades all the groups of our society. The same loves are every where a bond of unity instead of a source of discord, because every one is free, and we hold no property, either in the bodies or souls of men or women."

I have thought much of this expression, Clara. No property in

body or soul. I fear that I have very selfishly held you as my property, body and soul—but I can do so no more. You must be your own; and what of you, or the expression of your life, is truly mine, must flow freely to me, without clutch or claim, or bond or chain. The immortal loves must be free as the immortals; not the helots and slaves of civilization. I see so clearly, now, in the light of my recent experience, and in contrasting the sphere of this life of harmony, on which I am entering, with the selfishness of our rapacious social dissonance, that Freedom is the condition of Order, and Harmony, and Happiness.

When I said this to Alfred, he took my hand, and pressing it warmly, said :—"My brother, I claim the right to welcome you to our family and home. You are most nearly related to me, because you love the one I most love on the earth. This is a bond of true fellowship, and I shall claim the right to serve you every way in my power, while you remain, and to see to the preparation for your joining us in the future."

As I accepted this frank proffer of friendship, the signal for breakfast was given, and we descended to the saloon, where we found an excellent repast, prepared by the skillful hands of the sprightly Laura, and the calm and beautiful Eugenia, who welcomed us to their hospitable and elegant board, for such it truly was, containing a meal of various edibles, all harmonizing to the taste, and presenting the best materials for nutrition. The orange and banana, of which there was a large store on board, were fresh from the New Orleans market; the ripe figs from the same place were delicious; the cream was preserved in the ice house, in the hold.

We sat as at the evening meal, only that Laura and Eugenia had changed places. Vincent still felt the influence of the sea air on his appetite, but was also very happy in the prospect of joining his playmates, and giving them a circumstantial narrative of the adventures of his voyage.

But I shall make this letter too long, even for one of mine, if I write every circumstance and conversation of this quiet, but not uneventful day. I wandered over our little craft, admiring every

portion of it. It seemed every where a labor of love. The carvings are exquisite. The paintings were done with a wonderful perfection of detail, which never could have come from mercenery labor. It was evident that the artists had loved the boat, and had done their best to beautify and adorn it. And it was the same with the finish of every part. It had a cheerful and harmonizing sphere, and might well "walk the waters like a thing of life," for it seemed permeated with vitality.

"Isn't she a beauty?" said Melodia, as I stood admiring her, and the ease with which she glided over the water.

"She seems fit to bear you and yours," said I.

"She was built for and by us and ours. I doubt if there is one of all our family, old enough to do any thing, who has not done some work on our Fairy. So she is a pet, and we all love her like a living thing,

"And what did you do?" I asked.

She led me to one of the most beautiful paintings; a cluster of marine plants, with two fishes lying in the clear water under them in their shadow, looking so alive and real, that you stood still for fear they would be frightened, and dash away.

"This is mine; and I helped to arrange the upholstery of the saloon, and contributed the pianoforte, because I had two, and this was just large enough. Alfred modeled and helped build the hull, and wood work. Mr. Vincent planned the engine, and every one was emulous to do some thing for our little Fairy. It is so of all our work, as you will see."

Laura showed me the little model kitchen on the boiler deck, with steam pipes from the boiler, for heating water and cooking. It communicated with a little store-room and ice-house, in the hold. The water was carefully filtered into the most translucent purity; and so, on the whole craft, everything was in the most orderly perfection.

As we ascended the river the navigation became more difficult, but our boat was of light draught, and abundant power, so that she went over the bars handsomely; or if she ever stuck fast, her reversed wheels took her off in a moment, and she tried

again. With conversation, music, and a restful life, the day glided on.

Advancing westward, the country became rolling, and in parts broken, with romantic glens, and bold bluffs on the river. We were approaching the hills we had seen in the blue distance. The eyes of the loving friends around me were bent upon them with looks of joyful hope. I had never seen Melodia so lovely as this day. Soft fires were burning in her eyes, which sometimes brimmed with tears; her cheeks were flushed, and her voice deepened to a tenderer melody. The Fairy boat glided on, up the windings of the stream, which every hour displayed new beauties.

Our dinner was more pensive than joyous. But it was easy to see how happy were all, in the hope of soon reaching the home, which was so linked to the deepest life of all. All but me; to whom it was a new world, to which I was then a stranger — stranger to its localities, almost to its life; but not quite; for had I not lived in the sphere of one of its most potent influences, and was I not then the friend and brother, and welcome guest of a group of its noble spirits?

Therefore I did not falter, but hoped like the rest. I studied Alfred. It seemed to me, at first, that he would not be in haste to convey Melodia into the presence of an attraction deeper than his own. But I saw no evidence of any selfish desire to keep her with himself. He seemed to sympathise cordially with every hope and wish of hers.

At last, as we were walking together under the awning, after he had been at the wheel two hours, through some difficult navigation, I said to him:

"My friend, will you allow me to tell you my thoughts?"

"Why not?"

"We are approaching Esperanza."

The joy-light spread over his handsome, energetic face, and he grasped my arm more tightly.

"You carry thither her you adore, where there are those whom she loves as much as she loves you."

"Well!" he said, with a still deepening joyfulness.

"Have you no desire to keep her a little longer?"

He looked at me a surprised moment; then with a quiet smile, answered:

"Wherever Melodia is, all she has for me is mine; and were she with me alone, banished from all humanity, she could give me no more than what belongs to me. My place in her heart is sacred to me. It is a true love, that no true thing can destroy. I wish, more than every thing her happiness; and if I secure it, by carrying her as soon as possible to the arms of him she loves as I love her, have I not my reward? There are other loves for me, as for her. Our lives are too rich for the jealousies and meannesses of passional starvation. Be patient, and you will see how, in the harmony of a true life, the good of each one is the good of all, and the general welfare consists in the happiness of each individual. The world of sacrifices is the old world we are leaving behind us."

I could not doubt his sincerity; but how nobly unselfish is this love! O my Clara, does it come to your heart as to mine? Can you accept, for this earth, a life that has seemed to us fit only for the angels of heaven?

The sun was decending toward the west, and we pursuing his flight, and nearing the range of highlands. There was with all our group the excitement of expectation added to the calm joy of a return to a home, where friendship and love, and all endearing ties were centered. It was an hour before sunset, when the Fairy turned suddenly and shot into a narrow branch of the river we were ascending. The banks were close wooded, and there was scarcely room for our smoke pipe between the over arching trees. One might pass the place easily without suspecting a navigable passage. But a few rods further up, the creek widened, and as we glided along, our triumphal chords echoed among the hills, followed by the booming of our little cannon, whose reverberations came back to us with wonderful distinctiness in these quiets solitudes. All listened a moment, and there came, not an echo now, but the booming of another gun, and our friends knew that their signal was heard, and that their friends knew we were coming.

Our boat sped on, through a narrow channel, improved by art, until after a turn around a rich grove of cotton wood trees, we came in sight of a large saw mill and factory, driven by the stream we were ascending. On a flag staff, over one of its gables, floated the starry emblem of Esperanza. The labors of the day were ended; but we found a joyful group to welcome us, and open the single lock that carried us up the falls. When the gates were closed and secured, and our friends had come on board, we steamed up the creek a few rods, rounded a point, and with a triumphal steam song, and the sound of our small artillery, shot into a broad clear lake, upon whose shores was displayed a scene of such enchanting beauty as I had never imagined, and can never in all my life forget.

There, in the golden light of a most gorgeous sunset, rose the lovely edifices of ESPERANZA. The Fairy took a circle in the lake, to give us a fairer view. Our steam organ filled the scene with the melody of home; Edgar and little Vincent were busy with the cannon forward, firing a rapid salute, which was answered from a mimic fortress on the shore; sail boats were hastening toward us across the lake; the broad white flag, embroidered with golden stars, was floating from the tallest spire, and through my tears I saw a goodly company gathered on the sloping lawn to welcome us.

Our music ceased, our prow turned toward the landing. I surveyed the beauty of the scene before me—the noble towers, the graceful arches, the embowered porticos, the varied and beautiful architecture of a Unitary Home. It was simple, yet grand; chaste, yet most beautiful. Trees, and vines, and flowering shrubs, and dark ever greens were scattered around, with a consummate art that made a new creation; beyond were the stone houses, and granaries, and the great fields and orchards, and vine yards, and the green pasture lands stretching up the hill sides.

When we approached the shore, as we did slowly, there suddenly rose into the sun shine, the play of many fountains, throwing up their silvery jets; then came a burst of grand music from a noble band, on the great terrace in front of the central tower.

Melodia stood at my side; calm in her manner; her voice with-

out a tremor, but I knew her heart was beating. I saw the flushing of her cheek; her bosom swell with emotion; and once she stretched out her arms as if she would have flown. But in a moment she was calm again, and smiled on us—Alfred and me, through the happy tears.

The Fairy rounded to her little dock, and blew her steam into the water, with a dull roar. We went on shore, and were met by a torrent of little girls and boys, who first surrounded us and then took little Vincent prisoner and marched him off in triumph; and as we walked up the graveled ascent of the lawn, the more youthful and impetuous hastened to join us; but the music quieted and harmonized all demonstrations of joy, and in a moment more I saw Melodia clasped in the arms of him who had waited calmly to receive her. It was Vincent. Tall, erect, pale, calm and almost cold in his seeming, he yet folded the beautiful one to his heart, and pressed a kiss upon her brow; and then gave her to the warmer embrace of a delicate woman at his side, who kissed her many times with a passionate fondness.

It was a moment in which the breath stops, and the heart almost forgets to beat. In the embraces of these two, Vincent and Harmonia, all loves and all welcomes seemed to center in a perfect sympathy.

Next they welcomed me, kindly and affectionately, not as a stranger, but as if I too had come back to them, and then all of our little company; and now as we stood so grouped and clustered together, in the glow of the sun set, the band struck a prelude, and a hundred voices of men and women and the rosy children, joined in a song of welcome. And as the last notes went up to heaven, the evening gun was fired, the great white and golden flag descended, the bugle signal for the evening meal was given, and we all went to the great banqueting hall, where tables were set for every group, and adorned with flowers, whose delicate perfumes filled the air, while an invisible instrument, playing at intervals, stirred it with the vibrations of exquisite melodies.

The supper lasted an hour. The food was of the most simple and delicate kind. The flavors were like the odors of the flowers:

not coarse and obtrusive, but fine and penetrating. Gastronomy, I saw, was a science; and none of the senses were neglected. The chairs we sat in were the perfection of comfort; the table service of a pure quality and elegant forms. The room was painted with cool tints and exquisite designs, while a tinkling fountain cooled the air, which was also changed continually by a scientific ventilation, which filled the room with refreshing zephyrs. There was every where the hum of happy voices talking in quiet, subdued tones. Even the groups of children, old enough to leave the nursery, and eating by themselves, with only one or two of their most especial friends at each table, were gentle and quiet, and harmonized to the spirit of the scene.

It seemed to me that there was a pervading unity; yet each group was distinct. Only at one moment were all united. Vincent rose at the head of the table of his group, where he sat between Harmonia and Melodia, and said, "Friends; a toast! Welcome to those who have returned to us, and welcome to our guest."

The toast was drunk in the crystal water, as the head or center of each group, even the children repeated it. I rose, with the others so welcomed, who were scattered in the groups to which they belonged, and we bowed our thanks. Then the band, whose members had quietly left their seats a moment before, played exquisitely for a few moments, and the supper was ended.

Scattered groups now gathered on the lawn, in the soft summer twilight. They clustered in little companies, sitting on the soft grass, in twos and threes, or dozens, each group far enough from the others not to interfere with their conversation or amusements. Some sang low, sweet songs, with guitar accompaniments; some were relating stories, as in a new and purer Decameron; some were planning work in industry or art, or amusement for the morrow, and all seemed happy.

Melodia sat awhile between Vincent and Harmonia. Alfred and I completed the group for a time. Others came of whom I must speak hereafter. Melodia recounted her journey: then she took my arm and guided me among the groups, pointing out, and sometimes introducing me to those I might wish to know. But

formal introductions were little needed, as all—even the young ladies and the children, came to me as frankly as if I had been an old acquaintance.

The shades deepened, the holy stars came out. I saw boats stealing out from their little harbors, to a small island before us in the lake, which is laid out as a garden, with an elegant pavilion. Soon we heard a slight explosion, and saw a gleam of light. Many colored stars seemed shooting into the sky. Then followed a flight of rockets, and such a pretty exhibition of scientific pyrotechny, as delighted us all, and sent the children to their beds extremely happy.

Then the windows of a large saloon over the dining-room, were in a blaze of light. We heard music again sounding its cheerful strains; and all ran gleefully to prepare.

"They welcome you with a festival," I said to Melodia, "like a princess returned to her dominions."

"Oh! no: We have fireworks often; music and happiness always. They are happy to see us, but are making no extraordinary manifestation."

We went to the music hall; listened to some admirable instrumentation; heard a new chorus, just composed by one of the cultivators of this divine art, who came forward and directed the performance; and then there was a dance in which all mingled beautifully and happily for an hour, during which I saw that the musicians were more than once relieved that they might take part in the dancing.

You may well suppose, that in all I have narrated, there were many things entirely different from our accustomed life. There was much more than I can tell you now, and yet the whole did not differ so much from the most refined societies as you might suppose. It was more natural, beautiful, loveful. There was an inexpressible charm of repose in the midst of gayety, of which our fashionable languor is a coarse imitation.

At the end of the last dance, which finished at ten o'clock, there was a Good Night Carol, merry and cordial, and all retired to their apartments. Melodia led me to a charming little bed-room,

in her own suite, furnished with a bathing room and every convenience, and adorned with the productions of her graceful pencil. The window opened on the scented lawn; fragrant odors were round me. The moon was rising over the silvery lake, the stars were gleaming with their angel glances, and with a tender good night in my ear, and a dewy kiss upon my cheek, I sunk to rest.

I had slumbered an hour—I was dreaming happily of you, sweet one, so far away, when soft music mingled magically in my dream, and slowly awakened me. How delicious it was. I knew it was meant for Melodia, but it was no less, ah! it was even more beautiful to me. And with all I could have of it, and all that was mine, I sank into a profound and dreamless sleep, surrounded by a sphere of happiness that wanted only you to be complete.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Mrs. Gove Nichols.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

Though I am not one to determine whether Fate or Free Will predominates in our earth-life, I still want to say a few words upon both, and perhaps we shall find that they are resolvable into one.

There is a Fate that belongs to the seasons of the year. It is the Fate of winter to be ice bound, and I suppose it is the Free Will of vegetation to rest and gather force for the spring, when the Fate is germination, and the Free Will of all trees, seeds and plants is a living effort in accordance with the Fate.

That our lives are governed by law, even as the earth and the planets, does not seem to occur to the partially developed, whose fate is weakness and bondage, and whose free will is to secure these under the names of "Individual Sovereignty," "Freedom," etc. Now these terms signify to us all that we signify, and no more.

The freedom of any dominant passion, or faculty, may be the most entire bondage of the individual spirit. It is of all things needful now, that we know the true meaning of words. We are accused, by the conservative world, of being licentious subverters of order; and by some of those who assert the freedom of the individual, of being ascetics, fanatics and transcendental Shakers.

Now the freedom of the individual at his own cost, that is, the doctrine that we are to be free to follow our own impulses, so far as we do not unjustly injure any one, is the true definition of freedom. No one is, or can be free, at his own cost, to do a wrong act; for we are all members one of another; a spiritual body corporate, and the good of one is the good of all, and the ill of one is the ill of all.

Very many know now, that deserts, and miasmatic regions, and foul plague spots of every kind on the earth, exhale their deathful

particles into the atmosphere, and that these are carried by the circulation of the air all over the earth; that they keep together by the law of likeness, and that these veins of death go about, proving the brotherhood of the race, by giving cholera and other diseases to all peoples, after a sufficient time is had for the completion of the work.

It is proved by every fact of existence, that though there is a gradation in improvement, and happiness, and health of soul and body, yet that no *one* being can be holy and happy till *all* are.

The human race is a unit. There is an order in human development, as in physical growth. Some trees are earlier in leaf, blossom and fruitage than others. And on the same tree individual buds and blossoms are earlier than their fellows. So of men and women in their development and reception of truth. There has always been a certain per centage of those who have listened to us, who have been able to understand us, because we spoke their thought, and were exponents of their lives, from the same stand point. It is the fate and the free will of these to be one with us, and it is our fate and free will to be one with them.

Others are bound by an inexorable fate and freedom to reject us and our truth; but as many of these are progressive, they are just as inevitably bound to a larger freedom, and a fuller acceptance of truth in the future. Our business is to speak and live the truths given us. Those who are one with us, who have reached the same point of sight, and reception, are so by law, by fate and free will.

When we have declared that all men's faculties, or passions, must be free, so that they can come into their order, we have been deemed the advocates of licence; but from the first moment of our advocacy of freedom, we have said that all faculties in their action must be subject to the law of health. This is the stern law of order, to which all freedom that we have ever advocated is limited, and by which it is determined to be freedom.

Many are angry with us because we have received the law of Progression in Harmony, which declares that there shall be no material union of the sexes, unless the best wisdom of those who love demands a child. These call us names, such as Shakers, transcendental Shakers, fanatics, fools, etc. etc. They say this is a very different freedom from that advocated in the Anthropology. Suppose it is. What then? Are we bound never to grow wiser, because we have stated our best wisdom at a given time or times? But we must recall to the minds of such, that we have never advocated a freedom in the sexual relation that is inconsistent with health. The Anthropology is clear and definite on this matter.

The highest health of soul and body is, and has been, the aim of all our teachings. Besides, we consider that this law of Progression in Harmony is not for the church, or the world, in their present low estate. A truth is not ours, unless we can live it. We know that there is a van-guard of humanity, the foremost in the path of human progress, whose large and varied development makes it possible to accept this law. It is our highest freedom to do it—to do it in our strength and not in our weakness. Emasculated men, and exhausted women, are our bitterest opponents. They have no idea of consecrating all the life of love to the development of the whole man; but they are in subjection to a morbid, dominant passion, that has well nigh destroyed them. The freedom such ask is to be slaves.

We declare that we stand on an elevated plane of life; that we have a hope and a prophecy of a Harmonic Home;—that for this we consecrate ourselves, soul, body and estate. We live in continence and purity, that we may have power to overcome all difficulties; that we may have health, love, development, freedom in its integral sense, and that in the future we may see diviner children born than this slave age can conceive of, with its foul moralism on the one hand, and its weak and morbid simulation of freedom on the other.

Friends, or those who have been such in the past, we do not blame you. You do what you can. But with more experience, and more knowledge, you will do better. When you see, as we have seen, that woman, the mother of the race, is almost universally diseased and exhausted, by the legal license of marriage, or by birth in such marriage; when you know that such men and women cannot be free, by pronouncing the word Freedom—that they cannot bear good children, till a loving rest has come to them, you may perhaps see with us, that continence, consecration, and purity are the highest life that we can live in the present, and if you can not attain to it, you may at least be reverent to those who can. The conditions of civilization, with the repression of love on every hand, make such a life impossible to the many. There is no bloom of the faculties for man in the mass, and hence he is forced into a sensual expenditure of his vital power. Sensualism, sorrow, and sickness are inevitable for civilization. Those who are bound to civilization, who cannot live a true life, though they may see what is true, must live the highest they can.

We wish to be understood, so far as is possible. We are not ascetics;—that is, we do not live a life of sacrifice, but of freedom;—of most loving freedom. It is no sacrifice to us to refuse to eat

flesh. On the contrary, it would be a loathsome sacrifice for us to eat it. So of tobacco and ardent spirits. We should revolt from these, as fully and earnestly as others seek for them. So of a life of sensualism. It is our freedom to shun such a life, and to live in continence and consecration, but still in a most beautiful lovingness. The sensual man, or woman, has no more conception of the beautiful love-life in which Harmonists live, than they have of the sweet charm of bread, fruits, and pure water for diet and sustenance.

There is a large class of honest men and women, an aspiring, prayerful humanity, standing between us and those who cannot understand us. They have not attained, but they are progressing; they are daily coming to a more clear sight of us, and our principles. To these we must trust for ultimate justice. Meanwhile we must live to our highest sense of right, and the joy of such a life is compensation for all persecution, and all suffering.

Let the world continue to make a noise. Let us make music.

Tenderly and truly your friend,

MARY S. G. NICHOLS.

THE PROGRESSIVE UNION.

SEVENTH REPORT OF THE CENTRAL BUREAU.

THE WORLD WANTS HEROES. Humanity demands a holy consecration of all faculties to the cause of Right. It is of this consecration of body and soul, from inmost to outmost, that we would speak.

The growth of Humanity from discord to harmony is a growth of impulse and effort to do the right. The growth of every individual, as of every society, is by the effort and action of all its parts. The perfection of a human society, is from the perfection, in being, and then in relation, of the individual men and women who compose that society. No sooner are men and women purified, in their desires and habits, than they seek pure conditions and relations. The filthy alone will be contented with filth; and the discordant with discords. The pure and harmonic will seek and find conditions of purity and harmony.

But all do not move together, in parallel lines, and by one impulse. In all things there are beginnings, centers, leaders. In human affairs it is not always men of great genius who lead important enterprises. It is men of great love, will, and consecration to their work.

Our work is one which demands more of individual consecration than any other. As it is the purification of man, it demands the utmost purity in thought and life in those who are the centers or leaders of the movement. As it is the harmonization of man, it requires the most complete individual harmonization. He who gives the pitch must have the key, and an ear to detect the slightest discord.

We, who rise up now, and demand Freedom for Humanity—freedom of soul and body, thought and feeling—of all that is man; it is for us to show that this demand is not for the gratification of any selfish lust, whether of wealth, or power, or sensuality. For these are lusts that war against the life of humanity. And the consecration that is demanded of us, is, that we, in the purity of

our lives, and the harmony of our faculties, and our freedom from all selfish and partial ends, and aims, and gratifications, prove to the world of selfists and sensualists, that we are worthy of a better life than man has found in the discordance of civilization.

We ask, and we seek, a social state, which shall be in harmony with all our faculties—in which none shall be excited to morbid activity, and none repressed into pain and starvation. The first step toward securing such a society, is the harmonization of the individuals who are to compose it; and especially of those who are called to be foremost in this work. We must be ready to do whatever is necessary to this end. What would be sacrifices to others are the highest attractions of those who enter heroically upon a course of duty, in a great cause. He who climbs to the mountain top, encounters fatigue with joy. He who explores a new continent, welcomes labor, hardship, and danger in his chosen path. The men who have spread their religious ideas over the world, have done it in the spirit of heroic consecration. Every religion—even infidelity—has its martyrs. Men have died for all faiths, and for the right of denying all. Servetus was burned by Calvin for asserting the unity of God. Doubtless Calvin also would have died to uphold the doctrine of the Trinity; for it was a heroic age.

Our age is one of selfish individualism. Commerce and finance, and politics also, to a great extent, have had upon it a corrupting and debasing influence. The feeling of the brotherhood of man, though it may be preached in ten thousand churches, is well nigh lost. The body politic is a body sundered into fragments, and each fragment feels the pain of separation. Let the fragments of this broken, dislocated, dissevered, agonized humanity unite; but they can unite only in a true order, each part to its appointed part, so as to form a harmonious being, the social man; and all efforts to unite in any other way can lead only to new severance and a greater discord.

The Order of this Unity has been revealed. It is the growth of a True Society, from germs of being, consecrated—set apart all sacredly for this end. This life, wherever it may be, will seek and find its cognate life, and form around itself a group of consecration, prepared or preparing for the harmony. The second Report contains the analogy of the formation or growth of a Harmonic Society. It gives also the laws of Progression in Harmony, necessary to the formative stages of a new social order. Let us see now what are the individual conditions necessary to a social reorganization.

HEALTH, or physical purity, and consequent energy of vitality. This depends chiefly on external and internal purity; pure air, food, habits, and conditions. A harmonist will not eat flesh, or use tobacco, or other poisons.

CHASTITY, or the conservation of the love-life, now wasted in sensual and inharmonic gratifications. Chastity is the natural condition of infancy and immature youth. It is also required in the infancy of a social organization, in which its energies are to be expended in growth.

The life of civilization consists in monotonous toiling for the necessaries of life; the gratification of unhealthy cravings for food and stimulants; and a morbid sensuality, resulting in disease and death, both of parents and their progeny. All this must be changed.

There can be no true social organization, that does not begin with the recognition and loving acceptance of the law of sexual relations, which requires that "*material union is to be had only when the wisdom of the harmony demands a child;*" and our work asks of those who are in its inmost germ, the consecration of an entire chastity, and a devotion of all energy, all power, all life, to the germinal movement.

This thought may be new to many of our readers. The world of moralism now demands this of all men and women who are not joined in a legal marriage, which, according to the vulgar idea, and the common practice, sanctions an unbridled and most debasing and destructive licentiousness. Our most interior consecration, therefore, is only to live cheerfully, and for a noble purpose, as the civilized morality requires all to do who are not licensed to do otherwise.

But we place our principle of virtue on a much higher ground than this partial requirement of civilization. It is a sacred vestalate; a chivalric knighthood; a conservation of life for a more imperative demand than that of procreation, and for a far higher use than individual sensual gratification. It is the first condition and absolute necessity of that freedom of the affections, without which there can be no true social organization.

Fourier saw that the freedom of love was the necessity of a true social order; but he could not see how it was to be accomplished, and he therefore postpones it fifty or a hundred years. We see that this freedom is the first condition of harmony; and that the consecration of a voluntary chastity is the condition of freedom. All principles, all laws, all analogies, point to this result. It is the wisdom of the earth and of the heavens. The tree must grow before it can blossom and bear fruit. Our society must be formed

before we can reap the fruits of harmony. When the harmony is established, it will determine its own laws. Our present work is with the transition, and formation; and these require a holy consecration of all we have and are to the work we have to do; a consecration, from the inmost of our love-life, to the most external habit and action; from the internal riches of health and love, to the external goods which we have gathered around us.

This cause is for us, and our good and happiness, only as we are for the cause. We shall die to it, and it dies to us, if we keep back part of the price. Its life is not for us, unless our life is in it. He that seeketh to save his life shall lose it. The man or woman, who loves friends, relations, society, reputation, property, or any selfish gratification, more than this work, is unworthy to have lot or part in it. It is the new gospel — the imminent dispensation, and it requires that we give up all and follow the Truth of Life. It demands entire consecration.

We have unfurled the white flag of Harmony. On its folds are inscribed — "Freedom, Fraternity, Chastity." Round it gather those, who in purity of thought and life, and in a heroic devotion, can join in a mutual consecration of all energies, all means, all power, all life, to the cause of Social Harmony. "*In hoc signo, vinces.*" A new age dawns upon the world; a new society is to be inaugurated; a new chivalry will spring from the corruptions and slaveries around us; new worlds of riches and happiness are to be conquered. And all is ours, if we can let the old world go, and enter upon the conquest of the new, with the consecration of all faculties to the work of Freedom and Harmony.

THE WORK.

The past winter, cold and drear, has not been lost. Much seed has been sown, to germinate in the future. Discussion has never been so full, so free, so deep. And this discussion has awakened earnest thought in the minds of thousands — thought which will lead to effort.

It is true that some of the ideas promulgated seem harsh and repugnant. Lecturers have taken the field in the spirit of contest, determined to battle down the strongholds of error and enslavement. One denounces orthodoxy as the central evil; another assails the pulpit as the citadel of oppression; a third attacks the popular idea of God as the focus of all error and evil; another finds in marriage the most vital despotism.

All do their work. Whatever is true in church, or the belief in a God, or in marriage, will survive their assaults; what is false must be purged away. All are moving forward, and those who hold to the old, must fall in pieces. The pulpit will die, if it fall behind in this march of progress; the idea of God, for this age, is not the idea of three thousand years ago. Marriage must be a genuine and vital thing, supplying some great want of humanity, or it is doomed.

But our friends, and all, must remember that the work of the destructive is not the highest. We must not take away what people have, and think needful, until we can give them something better. People must eat the flesh of hogs, even, until they can wish for, and get other food. They must keep the religion and society they have, until better are shown them.

Yet in the division of labor, each performs his function, and it may be necessary to make a man see the absurdity and inconvenience of old ideas and methods, before he will even look at the new.

In all our writings, we have desired to not only show the imperfections of the old, but the beauties of the new dispensation. Old things must pass away,—but all things must become new; and the new must be ready to replace the old.

Let us work on with an earnest zeal, spreading the truth wherever it can be received, in the assured trust that the time of rest and rejoicing is not far distant.

A SPRING CAROL.

Once more ere the spring-time blossoms
Are crimsoning wood and plain,
Or dropping from off the long branches,
In glistening pearls, like rain;—
While the wind, in the young leaves straying,
Goes dancing among the trees,
Like a frolicksome sprite, betraying
The murmurous haunt of bees.

Once more ere the withered old Winter
Hath shaken hands with young May,
And shouldered his bundle of tempests,
And northward taken his way;
Come out to the gray old forest,
And look for each budding thing,
Where the print of his step is nearest
The beautiful maiden Spring.

In the long, long ringing arches,
So gray, and massy, and old,
I know where the earliest pansies
Their pure white leaves unfold;
Where the bars of the creeping sunlight,
Come stealthily sliding in,
And the tinkle of falling water
Seems soft, and vague, and dim.

The green moss drips with moisture;
And down in the waters cold,
There are hosts of budding cowslips,
Like beads of yellow gold;
The delicate spring hath wandered
Adown this stream, I know,
Tho' the winter-green's bright red berry
Gleams up from a bed of snow.

But hark, on the south wind floating
A musical laugh and shout,—
Victorious May is coming,
Ring out, silver bells, ring out;
Winter is gone and over,
The song of the blue bird is here—
O bells, ring your merriest welcome,
O chime your gladdest cheer!

April, 1856. KATE SEYMOUR.