

NICHOLS' MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1856.

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

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

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

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

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

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

and manifestations. We must become practical reformers, speculations are of no avail. The time of preparation is and must be improved to every hour. It is no sluggard that demands all the earnestness of our spirits. We shall reserve a large portion of our pages, for the next year, to practical and the work of Individual Reform—this great and important work which is to fit us for the Life of the Future, and which are we to do for whatever may await us.

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

Very desirable, as friend Nicholson has explained, that renewed new subscriptions be forwarded—promptly.

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

It would also be more convenient if subscriptions are sent to our place, 227 Fifth street, Cincinnati, as it will save us some trouble, and place the money more directly where it is to be expended. Those who find it more convenient, can send it either to friend Nicholson, Harveysburg, O., or to us, at Yellow Springs. No individual pecuniary interest is connected with this monthly. Though no one can be pecuniarily benefitted by its success, its circulation to meet its expenses involves individual loss. We give our labor freely, as we have from the beginning. Let others see if they can do a corresponding duty in regard to it. Let each do a part, and the work is done.

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

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR PUBLISHERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XV.

IMMORTALITY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Are you then nearer to the system of Owen?”

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

“Have you examined the system of Monsieur Cabet?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Had it wings?” asked a little one.

“Perhaps it was in a balloon,” suggested another.

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

“A soul with luggage!”

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

“Oh! but tell us what it had to eat.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XVI.

THE LAST FESTIVAL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“And still on?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TRUE LIFE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

If alimentiveness has run into the excesses of gluttony and the

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

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

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

A NEW WORK ON SOCIAL SCIENCE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FRATERNITY.

ALL FOR EACH.

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

§§

LOVE,

JUSTICE,

MUTUAL ASSISTANCE,

UNIVERSAL ASSURANCE,

ORGANIZATION OF INDUSTRY,

DIVISION OF THE PROFITS OF MACHINERY,

AUGMENTATION OF GENERAL PRODUCTION,

EQUITABLE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRODUCTS OF LABOR,

SUPPRESSION OF MISERY,

PROGRESSIVE AMELIORATIONS,

FIRST RIGHT

MARRIAGE AND FAMILY,

FIRST DUTY

TO LIVE.

CONTINUAL PROGRESS,

TO LABOR.

ABUNDANCE,

TO EACH ONE

ARTS.

FROM EACH ONE

ACCORDING TO HIS WANTS.

§§

ACCORDING TO HIS ABILITY.

GENERAL WELFARE.

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

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

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

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

SPIRITUALISM.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO OUR YOUNGER READERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DR. TIMOTHY TRYAGAIN, IN ACCOUNT WITH HIMSELF. CR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

monization which is the absolute condition of a harmonic society.

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

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

December 1856

MONTHLY.

ER, 1856.

ok over our work of the past, and we look forward to the future, able to do much more than in

able to complete Esperanza with ssible without either marring the we felt justified in so using. We necessity of continuing it through s issue. We hope our old readers ance ; and as each chapter has its be lost to new subscribers. have little to say, but that it will ich we are engaged. deal of a true life ; we shall en- e to all our readers the most plain ethods by which we all may be

n us, and who are with us, must paration. Those who cannot come ith more or less fidelity, wherever he earnest will to do so ; and they e, of great enjoyment in the pres- the future. ands courage, firmness, energy, in- to principles. It requires a power —the ability to resolve, and to do. n orderly condition, so that each from false, but be prepared to

November

November