

NICHOLS' MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1854.

This Monthly, intended to be issued permanently in its present form, and in this, or a similar style of typography, takes the place of NICHOLS' JOURNAL, of which there has been a weekly issue during the present year. In quantity of matter relative to price, it is cheap at twelve and a-half cents, and very cheap at one dollar a year. For folding, stitching, and covers, all add heavily to the cost.

For a newspaper, we have no question that a folio form, or a broad paged sheet is best. It is the open popular form of periodical expression. But for science, philosophy, and the thought of Progress, we have considered it desirable to have a more permanent form. This monthly, therefore, a pamphlet which will bear a hundred readings, may be of more extensive use in the progressive movement.

In some way, though we do not see in what way, our cause approaches a crisis. It may be disaster; it may be success. The cloud that shuts us in, may embosom destruction, like the bank of fog around the ill-fated Arctic; but our hearts are filled with hope, in a near future. This may seem vague and mystical enough—it does so to us a little; but there is no getting away from the fact that we do not see far into the future.

Of the happy and hopeful on the Arctic, who saw the *Vesta*, coming booming through the fogs of Newfoundland like the demon of fate? Who foresaw that, in the event of such possible disaster, the poor, ignorant, half-savage fire-feeders, toiling in that tartarus, the hold of a steamship, would rush over the deck, and wrest from the rich, and cultured passengers, the means of safety?

Neither individuals, societies, nor nations have the power of seeing far into their future. Who expected, in England, a year ago, that France would be her ally, and Russia her foe? Who knows what clouds are lowering upon our own national career? In the next congress North and South are marshalled in opposing hosts. The old party lines are broken. Webster can no more say, I know no North, no South, no East, no West. There is a North, fierce for the abolition of at least *one* slavery. There is a South equally tenacious of her own special form of despotism; and thinking it

no worse than the spoliation of labor at the North. How are such fanaticisms to be compromised?

There is a general feeling widening and deepening, that we are on the eve of great events, political and social; in the old world and in the new. In the past, great changes took a long period for their accomplishment. The great movements in history were the work of ages. But now the world moves very fast. Thought works revolutions; and rapidly in proportion to the progress and diffusion of thought. And now, the thought that a hundred years ago, went to a thousand minds in a year, reaches a million in a day. It traverses the Atlantic in ten days; it dives under the channel, it is scattered over Europe. Or coming this way it electrifies Boston and New Orleans, New York and St. Louis, in the same hour. Railroads and steamboats scatter it in hundreds of thousands of daily sheets, and millions of weeklies. The past has nothing like this; and when all the conditions of human action are so changed how can we judge by the past—by those lessons of history that old fogies prate about, of the present and the future?

We cannot shut our eyes to the elements of disruption in existing societies. They are all broken and crumbling. The cements of creeds and opinions that held them together have lost their cohesive power. Ideas control organizations or aggregations. Thought governs the world, and the ideas and thoughts that make the cohesion of the existing order, are fast leaving the world. I know the strong hold of habit; but even habit yields to active forces.

The stronghold of existing law and order is theology. Whatever pretensions we make to the contrary, the State rests on the Church. Catholicism sustains monarchies. Protestantism gives force to constitutions. No Catholic country can be truly republican—no Protestant country is truly monarchical. Our institutions, our laws, our government, come from and are supported by the Bible, and its pulpit interpretations. We pretend to have no State religion, but it is a false pretence. The President takes his oath on the Bible. There is a chaplain to the Senate and another to the

House of Representatives. Congress and State Legislatures open their sessions with prayers. Every national ship, and every regiment of the Army has its chaplain. So of the Militia. So of all State institutions. No Church and State! The Church, in one form or another, is every where. Every where, clergymen are stipendiaries of the General and State Governments, and the people are compelled to pay for their religion, in the same way, though not to the same extent, as in any country in Europe. The pretended divorce of Church and State is a mere sham, and hypocrisy.

We do not complain of the fact so much as of the sham. The clergy are where they belong. While our legislation is based upon religious creeds and dogmas, it is fitting that the clergy should hold official station, and while men are hanged, clergymen should attend the scaffold.

But there are agencies at work which will soon sever Church and State, by entirely destroying all respect for the dogmas on which much of our existing government system is founded.

SPIRITUALISM, or the phenomena of intercommunication between the living generation and those who have passed into another sphere of being, is now the faith of probably more than a million of people in this country. This faith, or the teaching of the spirits has swept away much of the respect for the old Theologies. It has abolished hell, and so taken from the pulpit its great engine of terror, and the means of governing men by their fears; a terrible means, that fails at the hour of need. It has abolished no less the dread of annihilation, giving assurance of a future life of progress and active enjoyment. It has abolished the terrible dread of death, which came from fear of annihilation or hell. Hell gives power to the pulpit or church; the fear of death is the most potent terror of the law. Spiritualism has destroyed both together.

But this dread of death and hell by which the world has been so long governed, is false and dangerous. It makes men cowards, so that wherever it is necessary to have men brave, they must be disciplined out of it, and the natural and common bravery of men shows that this fear has but a partial and artificial hold upon them. It fails also where we most need to govern. Suppose Capt. Luce had been surrounded by a crew of sailors, engineers, and firemen, who were Spiritualists; would they have lost all sense of duty, and manliness, in a panic to save their bodies and souls?

Spiritualism, therefore, by destroying the dogmas, which are the foundation of the power of Church and State, tends directly to the destruction of both Institutions.

Spiritualism meets, neutralizes, and des-

troys Christianity. A Spiritualist is no longer a Christian in any popular use of the term. Advanced spirits do not teach total depravity, nor hell, nor the atonement of Christ; nothing of the kind. They teach a comprehensive or universal materialism. They tell us that "ALL IS MATTER AND MATTER IS ALL." The highest spirits are of refined and sublimated matter. They have nothing to say of nonentities. Whatever thing exists, in all the universe, is SOMETHING and is not nothing. That which makes audible sounds, and has visible forms, and gives intelligent responses, is something—a real entity; and MATTER, not in our gross conception of matter, but really and truly such.

How long can a musty old Theology, with its long past miracles and its horrible dogmas stand before a faith like this, sustained by daily intercourse with spirits, and manifestations of supernatural power; not coming to a few priests, but to great masses of the people? And these spirits are not only demolishing the old, as no ordinary agencies could demolish it; but they are teaching a new philosophy of individual sovereignty; of true freedom, of growth and development, according to the law of individual life; of a true society, in which each one shall find his own sphere, and the highest happiness of each individual.

This is the work of Spiritualism. You may not believe in it; you may think it a folly, a delusion; but you must recognise it, nevertheless, as a living fact of the age. So you may think Mormonism a delusion, but there it is, and there it is like to be; and it is spreading over the whole earth, extending itself into all nations, and from them gathering its own.

So Christianity was thought a delusion, worthy of scorn, and persecution every where, and martyrdom; but it has lived two thousand years. So Mahomedanism is deemed a delusion; yet it is now, after more than a thousand years, the faith of three or four hundred millions of men. You may call such things delusions if you please, but you must recognize them as existing facts; and whatever you may think of the truth, or sanity, or philosophy of Spiritualism, you must take it into account, as a potent energy in human progress.

And it is doing this work, that we have pointed out, negative and positive. It is destroying the old, down to its deep foundations in the creeds of ages. It is destroying, in the minds of millions, faith in Theology (so called); and faith in all laws and institutions that rest upon it.

If this were all, we might look for "Chaos come again." But Spiritualism, while it pulls down the old, recognizes and develops the new thought and the new life of our humanity.

It claims to be a heavenly interposition, in favor of human growth, into new and higher conditions. The Sun, and its system, in their progress through eternal space, seem to have come into a sphere of higher energy. It is as if the heavens were descending; or the earth were rising into a finer realm of thought and feeling. It is announced, in our presence, and to us, that spirits, whose home is in the heavens, are working with a strong will, and with our imperfect modes of communication, to realize upon the earth, the social harmonies of the higher spheres. This much we feel impelled to say to our friends, whether they have evidence, or faith in the reality of Spiritual communications or not. In our next number, we greatly hope to be able to give more definite information. If the movement, now in its first inception, shall progress according to its promise, there is a brighter hope for humanity, in a speedy realization, than we have yet dared believe. T. L. N.

A LETTER FROM MRS. GOVE NICHOLS TO HER FRIENDS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I beg all of you who love, esteem, or respect me, to accept this letter as written personally to each of you. I wish to tell you what cannot interest those who are not mine, and who have no Divine right in me. Friends will not complain of a little personal gossip; and others have no call to read it, and their criticisms will be of small moment to me.

From May of 1853 to May of 1854, my labors in lecturing and attending to our school, till it was broken up, and in writing for the JOURNAL, the book of Marriage, and Mary Lyndon, together with mechanical work, in directing papers and circulars, and correspondence were more arduous than I can describe. I may add to these, care, anxiety, and sorrow, for deep and agonizing sorrow was mine, though I was wonderfully sustained, and though all I could at all times say was "The spirit is willing." Through the last winter I was not conscious of the amount of work I was doing. During March and April, I think that I had the brain fever most of the time. I was almost sleepless, and during the night I arose and wrote, because I could not sleep, and there seemed no other way of relieving my dreadful congestion of the brain. In the early morning I generally slept a little. The first of May we left the city, and took our present home, a small cottage shaded with beautiful trees, and a little garden with many flowers attached to it. During the period of moving, when I had to superintend this matter, I could not write, and found myself to my surprise, sleeping at night in my new home.

It may seem strange that as a physician, I

had not investigated my case, or that Dr. Nichols had not done it—I can only say that we were too busy to give thought to ourselves, till we were obliged to. When I failed almost altogether, as I did during the month of May, we began to think. My own judgement inclined to the decision that I should die, but at the darkest time help came in the form of a donation of money, to be used only to procure rest and renovation for myself. Without doubt this saved my life, with my resolute refusal to see even my best friends, till rest had done its beneficent work upon my brain and nerves.

After resting for the last five months, more than ever before in my life, I find myself in better health than ever before, though still obliged to limit myself to moderate mental effort, and to see but few persons.

During the past month I have had a very interesting experience in Spiritual manifestations; having become rapidly developed as a Medium, for seeing, speaking, and writing—Lest the uninitiated may not understand me, I will explain what I mean by these terms.

About two weeks since, a young friend of mine, who I supposed was living in a distant city, appeared to me, I think about 9 o'clock A. M. and told me he was dead. I conversed with him, though I did not believe him dead. The next day we received a letter saying that he died five hours before I saw him. Since then I have conversed with him by raps, and the alphabet, by seeing and talking with him, writing for him, by impression, and also mechanically, he controlling my hand.

When I see a spirit, it is as if I saw the person in a mirror, and when they speak, there is no audible voice. The words come at times as if shot through my spirit, by a thrilling and delicious electricity.

The last month's manifestations have taken away all skepticism from me. I am no longer a believer and unbeliever, by turns, but the Spiritual world, and my friends there, are as much a reality as this world, and my friends here. I believe in myself as a Medium, as much as I do in my existence, and I am as ready to devote myself to the promulgation of this faith in Spiritualism as I have been to do good in other returns.

I believe I have much to do as a Medium. (Two years ago I would about as willingly have been called a *sheep-thief* as a *Medium*.)

I do not see yet the manner of my future usefulness, but I believe I have a holy and beautiful work to do, which will be shown me from time to time—and in all honesty and humility I shall do what my hands find to do, knowing that my angels fold me in a sphere of wisdom, goodness and consequent power—that living or dying I belong to the heaven of Freedom, Purity, and Love.

MARY S. GOVE NICHOLS.

SPIRITUALISM.

As we have introduced the subject of Spiritualism or the phenomena of communication with intelligent beings, whose existence is not generally recognized by our senses; as one of the editors has admitted the long conscious fact that she is to a certain extent, a medium of such communications; as we have both examined the matter with a conscientious desire to discharge our duty respecting it, as the writer, moreover, far from being credulous or imaginative, is, according to his own self-consciousness, a man of science, and a philosopher of the most positive school, it seems proper that we should give some general statement of the actual phenomena, or existing facts of modern Spiritualism, for the benefit of all candid persons who may wish to know the truth.

It is now five years since the attention of the public was called to physical manifestations purporting to be produced by the agency of departed human spirits, by the aid of mediums, or persons of such peculiar organizations, as to enable spirits to act upon sensible matter. These manifestations are by rappings, or the production of peculiar explosive noises; by the tipping or moving of tables and other articles; by ringing of bells, or playing upon musical instruments; by the audible raising and carrying of light or heavy bodies; by writings, either by the hand of an unconscious medium or without such aid; the contact of invisible hands; and generally by the manifestation of such intelligence as is commonly supposed to belong to disembodied spirits.

The editor of one of our exchanges, the name of which we have lost, in giving his adhesion to Spiritualism, makes the following statement, which we give as a condensed report of a pretty thorough investigation.

He avers that "He has seen tables move about in the area of a circle, without human touch or agency. He has seen them beat time to vocal music by rising up and beating the floor with the legs, when they were untouched by anybody or anything. He has seen a guitar placed on the floor, under a table, around which five persons were sitting, whose hands were all on the table, and whose feet were all booted, not one of whom could play a tune of any kind on this instrument; and he has heard that guitar, under these circumstances, play second parts to more than twenty pieces of vocal music, sung by the circle, in one evening. In all these instances, the leading vocalist would call for the key note, and it would be instantly given by the invisible artist, with an unerring twang of the instrument. He saw, at a sitting not long since, a tumbler of water move from a mantel shelf, where it was standing by the side of a

pitcher, and emptied on two young ladies, who were seated near by, and the empty tumbler rolled down their dresses, upon the floor, without injury; no person at the time being within six feet of it. A minute or two after this, at the request of one of the company, the pitcher came down in the same manner, emptying the whole of its contents over the two young ladies, and then sliding gently down upon the floor without fracture. He has seen a lady who was sitting in a circle, with a child in her arms, taken up, without visible hands, turned around whilst suspended in a sitting posture, and set upon the table, with the child still in her arms. He has seen a piano of the heaviest kind, lifted entirely clear from the floor, with the hands of four persons lying flat upon the top of it, which made it heavier instead of lighter. All these manifestations of Spiritual power and action, he can prove by many witnesses in the highest moral standing."

Similar statements could be given, from ten thousand honest and credible witnesses. The facts in the case are proved by an accumulation of testimony, perfectly overwhelming. We have before us a thick pamphlet published by Bela Marsh, of Boston, entitled "New Testament Miracles and Modern Miracles: The comparative amount of evidence for each: The nature of both: Testimony of a hundred witnesses. An essay read before the middle and senior classes in Cambridge Divinity School, by J. H. Fowler." In this pamphlet we have collected the names and residence of one hundred persons many of them widely known, and of entire respectability, as witnesses to the most remarkable facts of Spiritualism.

Omitting the portion of this essay devoted to the New Testament Miracles; we give a brief review of the phenomena which can be proved by the testimony adduced in such abundance.

Seven witnesses, at 28 Elliot st., Boston, saw a table raised from the floor four times, upset, and turned over, a bell carried away without visible hands. In Pittsburgh, nine witnesses, two of whom are known to us, testify to seeing a case knife thrown several yards from a mantel; a book violently thrown from a stand against the wall; other articles thrown about while a loud muffled knocking jarred the whole house.

Eight persons in Springfield, Mass., saw a table raised two feet from the floor, and held there in mid air with a waving motion; a dinner bell was rung many times and with violence, no person touching it; persons were touched with it, and time beaten to music; clothes pulled, handkerchiefs knotted, and the persons touched with a soft, delicate, elastic, yet powerful grasp. This was in a

full light, and as these eight witnesses believe without the possibility of deception.

In the same place four witnesses testify to the movements of a table with three persons seated upon it; a trembling of the whole room by seeming concussions, and the manifestation of intelligence.

Two witnesses at Athol testify to a lady, Mrs. Cheney, being raised out of her chair, and sustained in the air, without visible support. Her hand was first seen to be raised, and her whole body followed it.

Rev. A. Ballou gives the names of eight persons, as witnesses to having seen and felt the manifest presence of a departed spirit.

Dr. Buchanan testifies to a medium, in 1852 ignorant of French, speaking in that language and predicting the war now existing in Europe.

J. B. Wolf, of Wheeling, Va., also testifies to a child speaking German, and to the moving of articles of furniture. There are many witnesses to such facts as children being taught to read, write, and perform on musical instruments, as they aver, by the spirits of departed friends.

There are numerous testimonies to the healing of diseases, by what are called healing mediums.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, testifies to a variety of convincing manifestations, purporting to have been made by the spirits of Isaac T. Hopper, and Jesse Hutchinson. Communications were rapped out, time beaten, limbs handled, a bell rung, and a cane caused to crawl about the floor like a serpent, and autographs written by unseen hands.

Adin Ballou states that he has seen invisible agencies take a common pencil, no one touching it, and write their names on a sheet of paper.

Senator Simmons of Rhode Island, testifies to the name of his son being written under his eye, by a seemingly self-moving pencil.

Rev. D. F. Goddard, of Boston, says "I have repeatedly seen my own table, in my own room, raised, tipped and moved about the room, as if a strong man was there at work. Also a piano-forte played upon in the same way, without mortal contact, producing most beautiful music—an ocean piece, in which a storm was succeeded by a calm." This was in the presence of several persons who will testify to the facts.

Nine persons in New York, most of whom are well known to us, testify to the following facts.

"Persons at the circle have been unexpectedly turned round in the chairs in which they were sitting, and moved to and from the table. Chairs and sofas have suddenly started from their positions against the wall, and moved forward to the centre of the room, when they were required in the formation of the circle.

The persons in the circle have each successively lifted his own side of the table, and the invisible power has raised the opposite side correspondingly. Occasionally the spirits have raised the table entirely, and sustained it in the air, at a distance of from one to three feet from the floor, so that all could satisfy themselves that no person in the flesh was touching it. Lights of various colors have been produced in dark rooms. A man has been suspended in, and conveyed through the air, a distance of fifty feet more. Then, communications have been given in various ways, but chiefly in writing, and by rappings through the ordinary alphabetic mode." Communications were spelled out in Spanish, and Hebrew. Four of the witnesses to the above facts are Physicians; and all persons of entire credibility. They certify also to the genuineness of written communications in Sanserit, Arabic, Hebrew, Bengalee, Persian, French, Spanish, Malay, and Chinese, through a medium who knows no other language than English.

We have personally examined some of these manuscripts, and have no reason to question the truth of the statement of the manner in which they were written, except its unusual character.

Dr. Dexter, in his account of the manifestations in his own family, his little child being the medium, says:

"There was no kind of evidence but what was presented. The secret thoughts of my heart were read as if they had been written on my face. Secrets, known only to the dead and myself, were revealed to me, when there were none present but the medium. Events, occurring even at the distance of a thousand miles, were told to me while they were taking place, and afterwards were corroborated, to the letter, by individuals who were active agents in the transactions.

"Facts relating to my own actions were predicted months before they took place. I have listened to the most elevated thoughts, couched in language far beyond her comprehension, describing facts in science, and circumstances in the daily life of the spirits after death, which were corroborated, fact by fact, idea by idea, by other mediums, with whom she was entirely unacquainted, uttered by a little girl scarce nine years old!"

He says further:

"I have heard an illiterate mechanic repeat Greek, Latin, Hebrew and Chaldaic. I have been present when a medium answered my questions in the Italian language, of which she was ignorant, and also uttered several sentences in the same language, and gave the name of the Italian gentleman, of whom she had never heard, but who was, when living, the friend of one of the party at the circle.

"It was not till after I had become a writing medium, *against my will and determined efforts to the contrary*, that I yielded an implicit faith in the truth of spiritual intercourse with men. After the concerted and continued attempt to impress me had passed over, I refrained from visiting circles, and thought, by staying away, I might be free from any impression. On the contrary, my own arm would be moved while I was asleep, and awake me by its motion.

"During the time I abstained from sitting in any circle, *I was twice lifted bodily from my bed, moved off its edge, and thus suspended in the air.*"

Judge Edmonds testifies to the following facts which he avows he can prove by numerous witnesses. He says:

"I have known a pine table, with four legs, lifted up bodily from the floor, in the centre of a circle of six or eight persons, turned upside down, and laid upon its top at our feet, then lifted up over our heads, and put leaning against the back of the sofa on which we sat. I have seen a mahogany centre-table, having only a centre leg, and with a lamp burning upon it, lifted from the floor, at least a foot, in spite of the efforts of those present, and shaken backward and forward, as one would shake a goblet in his hand. I have known a dinner-bell, taken from a shelf in a closet, rung over the heads of four or five persons in that closet, then rung around the room over the heads of twelve or fifteen persons in the back parlor, and then borne through the folding doors to the further end of the front parlor, and then dropped on the floor. I have known persons pulled about, with a force that it was impossible to resist; and once, when all my strength was added, in vain, to that of one thus affected. I have known a mahogany chair thrown on its side and moved swiftly back and forth on the floor, no one touching it, through a room where there were, at least, a dozen people sitting. Yet no one was touched, and it repeatedly stopped within a few inches of me, when it was coming with a violence which, if not arrested, must have broken my legs. This is not a tithe, nay, not a hundredth part, of what I have seen of the same character. At the same time, I have heard from others whose testimony would be credited in any human transaction, and which I could not permit myself to disregard, accounts of still more extraordinary transactions; for I have been, by no means, so much favored in this respect, as some.

"Intelligence was a remarkable feature of the phenomena. Thus, I have frequently known mental questions answered,—that is, questions merely framed in the mind of the interrogator, and not revealed by him or known to others. Preparatory to meeting a

circle, I have sat down alone in my room, and carefully prepared a series of questions to be propounded; and I have been surprised to find my questions answered, and in the precise order in which I wrote them, without my even taking my memorandum out of my pocket, and when I knew that no person present knew that I had prepared questions, much less what they were.

"My most secret thoughts—those which I never uttered to mortal man or woman—have been freely spoken, as if I had uttered them.

"I have known Latin, French, and Spanish words spelled out through the rappings: and I have heard mediums, who knew no language but their own, speak in those languages, and in Italian, German and Greek, and in other languages unknown to me, but which were represented to be Arabic, Chinese and Indian, and all done with the ease and rapidity of a native.

"I have seen a person who knew nothing of music, except a little that he had learned at a country singing-school, go to the piano and play in perfect keeping, as to time and concord, the several parts of an overture to an opera.

"When I was absent, last winter, in Central America, my friends, in town, heard of my whereabouts, and of the state of my health, seven times; and, on my return, by comparing their information with the entries in my journal, it was found to be invariably correct.

"I went into the investigation originally, thinking it a deception, and intending to make public my exposure of it. Having, from my researches, come to a different conclusion, I feel that the obligation to make known the result is just as strong. Therefore it is, mainly, that I give the result to the world. J. W. EDMONDS."

Gov. Talmadge testifies to a series of communications from the spirit of John C. Calhoun, and to physical manifestations, of an equally marvellous character to any above related. He, a large heavy man, sitting on a heavy table, it was raised from the floor six inches, and then suspended in the air.

But it seems useless to accumulate testimony, when a few clear, well authenticated, or actually proven facts are as good as a thousand.

Admitting the facts, how are they to be accounted for? Shall we accept their own hypothesis, or find one for ourselves.

Uniformly, the intelligent force, which produces these manifestations, declares itself to be the spirit of some deceased person generally a relative or friend of the witness, and able to give certain evidences of identity.

If we reject this hypothesis, what other have we? Is it the medium? How is it that thousands of persons, men, women,

children, infants sometimes, have become suddenly gifted with the powers ascribed to magicians or demons? This idea is utterly untenable. We know the mediums to be incapable of producing a tithe of the phenomena. Is it electricity? A mere force has no power for such varied, peculiar, and intelligent manifestations. You may as well say it is light, or gravitation, as electricity. Is it all a delusion or hallucination? The number and character of the witnesses, and often the nature of the phenomena, render this impossible. Where tables are dented and broken, or manuscript written, the evidence is preserved, beyond any probable hallucination, or psycholization.

The theories of Dr. Dodds, Prof. Playfair, the Buffalo doctors, etc, do not at all explain the phenomena.

There is no reasonable explanation or hypothesis, but the one given through the manifestations themselves; and we submit that that ought first to be proved false, before a more, or equally improbable one is accepted as true.

We have, of late, spent many hours with mediums; and it seems as clear to us that we have conversed with intelligent, invisible agents, purporting to be the spirits of persons we have known, as if we were to sit down by a telegraphic machine, and get responses from a friend in Boston.

What is the object, or use of these communications? Let us take the testimony of the Spirits themselves. A spirit, or invisible force representing itself to be JOHN C. CALHOUN, says "It is to draw mankind together into harmony, and convince sceptics of the immortality of the soul."

At another time and place, what was believed to be the spirit of the late W. R. CHANNING, in answer to the same question, said: "To unite mankind, and convince sceptical minds of the immortality of the soul."

Harmony here; Immortality hereafter! Shall we ask for more important uses?

T. L. N.

Since the above was written, we have received the following. We could give no better testimony to the facts alledged.

DEAR FRIENDS, EDITORS, AND READERS;

A few days since we had the company of a most worthy friend, who lives at Dublin in Indiana. His name is Jonathan Huddleston, and all those who know him place his veracity, and his good judgment, on a par with the best persons in this country. He was returning from Athens county in this State, where he had been to witness the marvelous things going on continually, at the room built by order of spirits, and by our zealous friend of the spirits, J. Koons.

As friend Huddleston sat by the fireside,

and related the things which he had seen, and heard, I was reminded of what is recorded of the Queen of Sheba, after she had made a visit to her friend Solomon of her day.

He had actually seen the spirits with the natural eye, and conversed with them, face to face, as one friend talks with another. He had with him a very sensible, and well-written communication which was written in his presence—and he himself saw the "spirit hand," as it clothed itself with visible substance; saw it take up the pencil, and write with astonishing rapidity.

I have not a shadow of doubt touching the truth of these things. I have myself witnessed much of the intercourse of the inhabitants of the two worlds, (I mean those who have passed the change called *death*, and those who yet retain the first external body, as you and I yet do.) Many may laugh, or scoff at the idea of these things being possible. To such I say, enjoy your ignorance rapidly now, for the change called *death* will soon overtake you, and then you shall see, what you shall see.

With best wishes, I remain your friend, and the friend of *perpetual change* in opinion, so long as light, and truth, keep brightly shining to beckon us on toward the glorious Millennium of "Peace on earth, and good will to all mankind."

VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

Harveysburgh, Warren County, Ohio.

What is the duty of sensible men, with respect to such a matter as this? Can these statements be ignored much longer? Can spiritualism be treated as a delusion, "humbug," an epidemic; or, as our "orthodox friends" insist, as of satanic agency? We perform *our* duty, in bringing these statements, and the nature of the evidences by which they can be sustained, to the knowledge of all our readers. If any one of them can either disprove the facts, or explain them upon any more reasonable hypothesis, than the one given by the spirits, we shall gladly accept testimony or explanation. But until the evidence is destroyed, or the facts explained in some other way, we shall believe in the simple, straight forward, and to us reasonable averment of our friends in the higher spheres of being, that, interested in us, and our progress, they have found, and are using the means of assuring us of their existence, and sympathy.

We have heard of frivolous manifestations, and false communications. But we have also heard of those that were most solemn and truthful. In our experience they have seemed of great wisdom and use, coming, as it would seem from highly developed, and far advanced intelligences, living in a Heaven of loving freedom, and transcendent light, may give to us us who grope amid the darkness of despotism of our earthly home.

T. L. N.

BABY CONVENTIONS.

A Baby Convention, or exhibition of babies with a committee to award prizes to the finest, has been held in Springfield, Ohio. Another is announced to be held in New York in June next.

Of natural productions, babies are the most important. Therefore the greatest care should be taken in their production. If exhibitions and prizes can stimulate competition and improve the breed, it will be well. But there are natural laws to be observed in the production of fine babies, as well as fine organizations of any kind; and these shows and prizes, to have any good effect in improving the race, must direct attention to those laws. There is a science of propagation, and of culture, which must be understood or practiced upon at all events by people who would have prize babies—who wish to give society prize men and women. In raising vegetables and animals, we do not leave it to chance. The farmer who means to contend for prizes in agriculture, selects the best ground, the finest seed, and uses the best culture. The man who would raise the best horse, looks well to the blood, breeding, and condition of both sire and dam. Are there other laws for babies? Or man's making there may be; and Mr. Greeley, and other ambitious agriculturists and cattle-show people will tell you that you must obey them; but God has made no other laws than those which appertain to all organized beings.

What is the use of baby-shows and prize babies if people cannot use the means necessary to produce the finest possible babies? And how are people to pay the requisite attention to blood and breeding, and the adaptiveness of mental and spiritual organizations, unless in freedom? The Baby Convention, therefore, is a free love manifestation. It asserts, in the strongest and most public manner, the right of every woman to choose the father of her child—the doctrine that Mr. Greeley utterly abhors. How else is she to have any fair chance to produce a prize baby for Barnum's exhibition, or on any future occasion? How else shall she do her duty in the improvement of humanity?

Ten years ago, or twenty, perhaps, a woman, having a fine physical and mental organization, one which fits her to be the mother of healthy, handsome, brave, and every way noble and heroic children, fit to draw the prizes of time and eternity, was married to a man who was, or may have become, weak, or scrofulous, or discordant—in a word, a man not fit to be the father of a prize baby. What is this woman to do? With such a father she can hope for no prize, and humanity can hope for no improvement. With the right to choose a proper father for her children, she might well hope. Our moral philosophers tell

us that marriage must be preserved, at whatever expense of misery to individuals, for the good of society—the good of society being to burthen it with the thousands of puny, miserable, diseased, idiotic, and every way discordant offspring of such marriages. This is the good of society; this the welfare of the State, for which it is necessary to keep thousands of men and women in an earthly hell of discord and wretchedness.

The Baby Conventions are a good move in the right direction. They cannot fail to set all men and women interested in the production of babies to thinking of the Divine laws that should govern such productions. It is time. "Hordes of diseased and depraved children are the natural result of the existing marriage institution. The Baby Conventions point to the true remedy; and that remedy is only to be found in the absolute freedom of the affections.

In connection with the new organization of Nativism and Anti-Popery, an incident has just occurred, of a significant and shameful character. A Catholic priest, a Swiss by birth, and said to be an estimable man, visiting the town of Ellsworth, Maine, where he had formerly lived, and where he had taken part in a controversy respecting the reading of the Bible in the public schools, was mobbed, taken out of a house, robbed of his money and watch, ridden on a rail, stripped naked, and, with fiendish indignities, tarred and feathered. This shameful outrage, which Catholics in all parts of the world will consider a martyrdom, is supposed to have been deliberately perpetrated by an organized band of Know Nothings, acting under the orders of their leaders. Of this, of course, we "Know Nothing:" but we know very well that if the Pope himself were to do his best to gain sympathy for his faith, he could do no better than these miserable, despicable bigots are doing for him.

No cause, good or bad, was ever injured by such persecution. Every sect has gained by it. It was good policy, as well as consistency, for this priest to allow himself to be thus abused. It was Christianity of the primitive stamp; but we have no fancy for such non-resistance. Such a gang of ruffians should have been met by a pair of Colt's revolvers, with a sharp dirk, in a true hand, to back them.

If such an outrage as this had been perpetrated on a Protestant minister, in France or Italy, our government would have demanded reparation. We hope that the authorities of Maine will see that a few of these miscreants are sent to State Prison, as they may be for the robbery, if not for the much greater outrage.

THE ARCTIC, in a fog bank off the coast of New Foundland, run into by a French pro- peller, the *Vesta*, went down, with a loss of near two hundred lives. A terrible calamity, as things now are, for friends and families, dependant for love and support. We need not repeat the painful particulars. There was a hasty, selfish scramble for life on the part of some, and a calm and heroic facing of death and the unseen world by others. The most efficient officer, sent off in a boat, was lost at the beginning; then a mob of undisciplined fire-feeders, table-waiters, &c. These men had all the discipline they required, perhaps, to feed furnaces and wait on tables, but not for shipwreck and other disasters of the sea. When a man-of-war, or even a sailing vessel, is wrecked, we often see entire discipline and efficient action. When the Somers went down in the Gulf, every man stood at his post, and obeyed orders as if exercising in a calm, until the waves swallowed them. On the Arctic little was done, and that little badly, to save the vessel or human lives. Captain Luce showed a passive devotion. What he did was noble, but not to have done it would have been infamy. He did not desert his post; he did not save his own life, or that of his son, in preference to others. Let so much of heroism have its proper praise. He did not order efficient fog signals; he did not show any extraordinary energy, such as the case demanded. The Arctic, a good strong ship, was not well provided with the means of safety, in case of fire or wreck. Her boats were not sufficient. It is evident that every ship should carry the ready means of sustaining every person on board, with provisions and water for several days. Sets of hollow or very light spars, hollow cylinders of iron or copper, easily lashed together and readily covered by or easily attached to planks; or light boats packed in nests, might well be provided. The mattresses, with water-proof coverings, made with strong loops, so as to lash together, would make good rafts, with spars or boats to support them. Small water casks, lashed together with ropes and buoys, prepared as the smugglers prepare their liquor-casks, would be handy to attach to the rafts, and provisions should be in readiness. Then, officers, crew, firemen, and waiters, every day, in calm weather, should be trained for any emergency of fire or wreck, as at our great hotels, the waiters are trained to act efficiently at a signal of danger. But, unless this calamity is too soon forgotten, doubtless all these matters will be attended to.

T. Ainge Devyr writes an indignant letter to the *Tribune*, in which he tells what might well be done in the way of elastic coverings, signals, bulkheads, &c.; but he is fiercely of opinion that this calamity will pass, as all others have done, without efficient action:

Henry James writes also to the *Tribune*, complaining that two thousand years of Christian preaching have not subdued the dread of death, nor given any faith in immortality strong enough to make men give it a joyful welcome.

In such ways the public mind and its organs are filled with this calamity. The *Daily Times* tells us that Mr. Collins was warned of the loss in a dream; that a boy killed here by an accident, told his family that his father, who had been on the Arctic, appeared to him while he seemed insensible, and informed him of his fate; that several days before the news came, a man went to Mr. Collins' office, and told them that the Arctic was lost; and was so excited about it, that, thinking him insane, they sent him away. Giving these facts, the *Times* very coolly says there are many more of a similar character, but of *no importance!*

SCHOOLS FOR IDIOTS appear to have interested the editorial fraternity to an extraordinary degree. In one article advocating them, we see it stated that in the cases of 369 idiots in Massachusetts, all but four were apparently caused by improper marriages; that of near relations, or uncongential or diseased persons. Is there not something to be done in the prevention of idiocy? or must this marriage manufactory of idiots, insane persons, drunkards, and criminals of every grade go on? It is demonstrated that the existing marriage institution is the chief source of all these evils. We have shown it irresistably, as we think, in our work on marriage. Would it not be better to reform marriages, or the social order of which it is the centre, than to go on making subjects for Idiot Schools, Alms Houses, Lunatic Asylums, State Prisons, and the Gallows?

Those who think our agitation of this marriage question is one for mere personal freedom and individual happiness, are greatly in the wrong, though it is true that whatever is best for the individual is best for society. The good of each one is the good of all. What is best for the whole is for the happiness of each individual. The theory that individual good must be sacrificed to the general welfare is a blunder in science. It belongs to the ages of darkness.

THE ELECTIONS held in several of the Northern States during the past month, have resulted in overwhelming majorities opposed to the Administration. In New York a similar result is looked for from the fusion of Whigs, Anti-Nebraska men, Maine Law men, and perhaps some Natives. This fusion is, therefore, confusion; as, after the victory, it will be hard to tell who won it, and to whom therefore, will appertain the glory and the spoils.

THERE is little doubt, we believe, of the election of a Maine Law Legislature in New York this fall, and of a Governor who will not veto the bill. So we shall soon try the experiment of the passage and enforcement of the Law. Amen! Many other laws are just as unprincipled and just as despotic as this. It is our private opinion that this Law will be enforced wherever it is desired by a large majority of the people. We have no faith in its enforcement in New York city, but time will determine. We may see the ten thousand merchants who lurch down town every day go without their brandy and water; but it is more likely that it will be served free, and a little higher price asked for the oysters.

There are fifty thousand Germans in New York who drink every day one or more glasses of lager beer. Perhaps they will go without. There are a few thousand Frenchmen, Italians, &c., who have probably never drank a gallon of water apiece in their lives. They will now begin. Our twenty thousand sailors in port will give up their grog, and our visitors their toddies, because a majority, scattered from Lake Champlain to Erie, commands it. It is well to abandon toddies, but to be compelled to do so at the orders of somebody in Chautauque or St. Lawrence, may not be well. We would as soon obey the orders of the Khan of Tartary.

And on this matter we find the following in a leader in the *Rhode Island Freeman*. It is not written, we believe, with any reference to the Maine Law. Possibly the writer is in favor of the Law; but here is his declaration of principles:

"But this doctrine of popular sovereignty as it is democratically expounded and understood, is as false in theory as it is pernicious in practice. The majority of the people of any given community may frame such a government as they please, and the minority must submit to it. This, we believe, is Democratic popular sovereignty doctrine, and we are not sure that it is not Whig doctrine likewise. This might do if it were established that majorities are always right, and, as a consequence, minorities always wrong. But, for more than half the time during the world's past history, the right has been with the minority in all the nations of the earth. Indeed, the whole philosophy of history may be said to be the struggle of might to keep the mastery over right.

"The true doctrine is, each human individual is sovereign in his individual capacity. His rights inhere in his very nature; and so far as he surrenders them, whether voluntarily or through the irresistible power of the majority, he becomes a slave. Governments are, or ought to be, instituted among men to prevent the possibility of their own enslavement—to preserve inviolable their individual

freedom, which can only be done by protecting their individual rights. When majorities disregard and trample upon minority rights, as they generally do, they become despotisms as hateful as those which surround the thrones of absolute monarchs. In this country, at the present time, the greatest evil to be dreaded is the tyranny of majorities."

Mr. Raymond, the editor of the *Daily Times*, is the Whig and Maine Law candidate for Lieutenant Governor of New York. A leader in the *Times*, supposed to have been written by him about the time of Governor Seymour's veto, but repudiated when he wanted the nomination, contains the following paragraph. If it does not contain Mr. Raymond's present sentiments, we should like to hear him state them:

"Our zealous reformers forget that in this country the consent of the governed is the only just basis of repressive and restrictive law; the consent, not merely of a majority, but of the great mass of the people upon whom the law is to be imposed. And all laws, therefore, to be permanent and beneficent, must be supported by the sentiment of the great mass of the community. They must not only meet the views and suit the purposes of the majority, but they must also consult the feelings, and the rights, and even the prejudices of the minority, if that minority is large enough to be formidable or influential. Majorities have no right to tyrannize over minorities; and if they are wise they will not impose upon them laws which encounter their settled hostility, and still less which menace their personal rights and liberties."

This is well; but this comes to no ground of abstract and absolute right. It admits the right to govern where the minority is small enough to be governed easily, and in matters in respect to which it will make no very violent opposition. But we hold that there are many things in which the right of one man is as good as that of millions, and in which no majority, however large, has the right to control any minority, however small.

"*Sevastopol est prise!*" said Napoleon at Boulogne, when he had read the dispatch by telegraph. The officers around him huzzaed—the news spread, and the whole army shouted *Vive l'Empereur!* Then the news went over to England, and it was announced that "Sevastopol is taken! eighteen thousand Russians killed; twenty-two thousand prisoners; forts blown up; fleets surrendered; Constantinople illuminated," etc. Great were the patriotic rejoicings. Russia was conquered. England and France, united and omnipotent, were to regulate the world to their own liking.

But the grand news proved a grand hoax. Another steamer brought us as the latest intelligence that Sevastopol was invested, and

FACTS RELATING TO MAN.

The human body consists of—

- 240 bones,
- 9 kinds of articulations or joinings,
- 100 cartilages and ligaments,
- 400 muscles and tendons,
- 100 nerves;

besides blood, arteries, veins, glands, stomach, intestines, lungs, heart, liver, kidneys, lymphatics, lacteals, and three skins,—the epidermis, the rete mucosum, and the true skin, beneath which is the tela cellulosa.

The arteries contain more blood than the veins, and the quantity increases with the temperature. The solid part, after coagulation, is the crassamentum, or clot, and consists of the lymph, or fibrin, and the red particles, of which the first is the most important part of the blood, constituting the solid parts of the body and the basis of muscles. On separation, it floats in a fluid called serum or albumen, like the white of an egg.—Hunter ascribed life to the blood, that is, the blood itself is alive! The blood is *a fifth the weight of the body*.

Serum coagulates in water nearly boiling: and consists of gelatine, soda, phosphate of lime, and ammonia. The cruor contains subphosphate of iron, soda and albumen.

The heart, by its muscular contraction, distributes two ounces of blood from seventy to eighty times in a minute.

Of 100,000 male and female children, on a mean of many tables, it appears by Quetelet, that in the *first month* they are reduced to 90,396, or nearly a tenth. In the *second*, to 87,936. In the *third*, to 86,175. In the *fourth*, to 82,750. In the *fifth*, to 84,571.—In the *sixth*, to 82,526, and by the end of the first year 77,528, the deaths being 2 in 9.

The next four years reduces the 77,528 to 62,448, indicating 37,552 deaths before the completion of the fifth year.

At twenty-five years the 100,000 are half, or 49,995; at 52, a third. At 58 1-2 a fourth, or 25,000; at 67, a fifth; at 76, a tenth; at 81, a twentieth, or 5000; and ten attain 100.

Females in towns are not reduced to half till 28, and in the country till 27. Men in towns, at 20-12, and in country at 23 1-2. At five years also, the females who survive, are from 400 to 500 more than the males.

Cornaro, the dietetic, allowed himself to 12 oz. of dry food, and 14 oz. of liquids per day, from the age of 40 to 100.

Vegetable aliment, as neither distending the vessels, nor loading the system, never interrupts the stronger action of the mind; while the heat, fullness, and weight of animal food is adverse to its efforts.—*Cullen*.

You ask me for what reason Pythagoras abstained from eating the flesh of brutes? for my part, I am astonished to think what appetite first induced man to taste food of a dead carcase; or what motive could suggest the notion of nourishing himself with the putrifying flesh of dead animals.—*Plutarch*.

Nothing can be more shocking or horrid than one of our kitchens sprinkled with blood, and abounding with the cries of creatures expiring, or with the limbs of dead animals scattered or hung up here and there. It gives one the image of a giant's den in romance, bestrewed with scattered heads and mangled limbs.—*Pope*.

Anthropophagi, or feeders on human flesh, have existed in all ages, and still exist in Africa, and the South Sea Islands. Diogenes asserted, that we might as well eat the flesh of men as the flesh of other animals. The Greeks inform us, it was a primitive and universal custom. Some of their gods lived on human flesh, and the Cyclops did the same. Aristotle and Herodotus name various nations who preferred human flesh to that of animals. The Giagas, and several African nations, have the same preference; and we remember the practices at Owyhee, New Zealand, &c., &c. Human flesh has the flavor of hog's flesh, and veal.

The original inhabitants of the European nations were the Celts, Goths, and Slavonians. The purest Celts are to be found in Wales, Goths in Denmark and Sweden, and Slavonians in Poland. The former are distinguished by black eyes, black hair, and a sad complexion. The Goths by light eyes, light hair, and fair complexion. The Slavonians by a browner complexion, dark eyes, red hair and beards.

The mean weight of a mature man is 104 lbs. and of an average woman 94 lbs. In old age they loose about 12 or 14 lbs. Men weigh most at 40, women at 50, and begin to lose weight at 60. The mean weight of both sexes in old age is that which they had at 19.

When the male and female have assumed their complete development, they weigh almost exactly 20 times as much as at birth, while the stature is about 3 1-2 times greater.

The children of the blackest Africans are born whitish. In a month they become pale yellow. In a year brown, at four dirty black, and at six or seven glossy black. The change is in the mucous membrane, below the cuticle. Portuguese, Spaniards, &c., living near the equator, in several generations, are almost as black as Negroes.

In the Northern borders of Ava, a people called Kookees build in trees, and live like monkeys, while in person they are the lowest specimens of humanity. They are cannibals, and speak a language of their own. They infest the mountains of Chitagon.

BEHAVIOR.

And this subject—does it not include everything, almost? Life consists in being and action; and behavior is the manner of the action. It is a science, and has its principles and laws. You think behavior, or manner, of little importance. What a mistake! What you are in your being, is doubtless the great affair with yourself; but what you do, and the manner of your doing is the great thing to others, in their relation to you. And being governs doing; and doing is the manifestation of being. The gentle and beautiful in heart, are also the gentle and beautiful in life. As being is the fountain of action; so action controls being. Here is the virtue of education. To act firmly cultivates the feeling of firmness; to act gently begets the habit and the feeling of gentleness; and even hypocrisy may have this benefit, that people by seeming good may grow to be good as they seem.

So manners, even if artificial, and the result of training, are important, for habit becomes a second nature, and so forms character.

Be neat, cleanly, pure, in person, and conversation, and there must be the result of more purity of thought, and feeling, than if you were careless, and filthy, and obscene. Be orderly in your habits, and order will come into your life. Be courteous, and you will be more likely to feel kindly. "Be what you would seem" is a good maxim; but often the way to do so is first to seem what you would, be.

The foundation of good manners is a respect for the rights of others. The "pursuit of happiness" which the Declaration of American Independence says we have an unalienable right to, covers a large ground; but this right has its necessary limitation, in the equal rights of others. I, seeking my happiness, have no right to interfere with your pursuit of yours. There is a point beyond which we cannot pass; a line defined by the rule of right, to do as we would be done by.

There are many rights, which, carried out, would interfere with the rights of others. These rights neutralize each other. There is right of free speech; but ears have rights as well as tongues.

It may be pleasant for us to speak, or sing; but we have no right to do either when it would be disagreeable to another, who has as good a right to demand silence as we have to exercise speech.

I love a particular odor; but it would be very bad manners, because an injustice, for me to perfume myself with that odor, when going into the company of persons to whom it is offensive. For this reason, it is considered good breeding, either to use no perfumery, or some of those slight natural odors, that are universally agreeable.

Good manners requires that we do always what is right—not same abstract and theoretical right, but what is the best in its adaptation to the circumstances. Thus you may say, it is right always to tell the truth, to speak your mind, with frankness and sincerity. Possibly we may be able to do this at some future time; but to do it now, would be unwise, rude, and absurd. Am I to tell this man that he is a disagreeable old humbug; and another that he is a knave? None of us can speak the truth at all times—and few can avoid sometimes saying what comes very near being a falsehood. The rule of justice and benevolence and good breeding is, when you cannot speak well of a person, to say as little as possible. You may not be required ever really to lie;—but do not fancy that it is any merit to speak the truth. Very young children do it sometimes; but they are sent out of the room, or to bed, and sometimes punished more severely.

We are conscious of the difficulty here, as every person is. But there is a clear way out of it. Practical right is what is best, under the circumstances—it is what will, on the whole, promote in the highest degree, the happiness of all concerned. This rule throws us upon our judgment and benevolence, and relieves us of technical definitions and difficulties.

THE TABLE.

We have endeavored to give some good suggestions, and receipts, or recipes, in our former numbers under this important heading. Don't slight the consequence of this department. There was a time when you were of a very pigmy size, and not a tenth your present weight. All your growth,—and all the changes in the matter of which your body is formed, has come from food. Is it a matter of no consequence then, what your body is made of? It is the house you live in, and should be constructed of good materials. Limbs and senses, are the tools or instruments of the soul; and should be well constructed. The brain, and nerves, the immediate organs of thought, and feeling, and volition, are made of what you eat at the table.

If you are wise, therefore, you will be careful what you eat. If you eat too much, the work of building, and repairing your body will be hindered, by excess of materials. Too much food tasks the strength of the system. Conceive of an intelligence in your body, presiding over all its operations. You may call it the soul if you will. You say: "soul, come and play." "No," says the soul, "we must have some more matter to make into blood, or we shall have no strength to play. We must eat."

"Soul, come and study." "No," says this

DARLING LOTTY;

OR,

THE PERILS OF HOUSEKEEPING.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE DIME.

When a young couple in New York, choose to bring their love affairs to the recognition of the minister or magistrate, and become man and wife, according to the statute made and provided, housekeeping does not follow, as a necessary consequence. They live with the "Old Folks;" or find a room in a "genteel boarding-house;" or, if able, take apartments at some fashionable "Family Hotel."

Had the country at large been supplied with these conveniences for young couples, our heroine would have avoided, and we should not have recorded, the perils of housekeeping.

Miss Charlotte Jones was the daughter of a worthy and enterprising carpenter, who, settling in a thriving village, became, in due time, a builder, contractor, and a fore-handed man. His wife was as industrious as himself, and more ambitious; and among their other blessings, they had one fair daughter, Miss Charlotte, who was as pretty, as amiable, as charming, indeed, as was necessary to make the smartest and cleverest young man in the place, fall in love with her—which he did.

Of course he did: He was a medical student, in the doctor's office right opposite. As he sat there studying anatomy or making pills, he could see Miss Charlotte in the parlor or the garden. He could hear her play on the piano-forte, and sing; he could see her doing all sorts of wonderful worsted and crochet work; and he came to think that parlor, one of the most delightful places in the world.

Well—it was a love affair, all mutual and pleasant; calls and moonshine, music, billets, blushes, bouquets, long Sunday evenings, and finally, "Ask Pa!"—and then a wedding—but of course the diploma came first, and the petted child of the successful carpenter, became Mrs. Doctor Simmons.

And Dr. Simmons, who had received the honors of a medical college, rather young; and who thought it needful to raise all the whiskers he could by industrious shaving, and a course of Macassar, and to mount a pair of spectacles beside, to make him look old enough, had decided to commence business in a small but growing village, in a neighboring county; where, as it happened, Mr. Jones owned a neat cottage, of which, with its acre garden lot, he made his daughter a marriage present; and there, on the termination of the wedding tour, they took up their residence. The good Mrs. Jones had put everything "to rights." It was in the

most exquisite "apple pie order;" and no young couple, just beginning housekeeping, was ever any better fixed.

Mrs. Jones, good soul, had always done her own work. Help was a dreadful bother.—Charlotte had been carefully educated. She could do every thing; that is, everything that is ever taught to young ladies. She knew all sciences and nearly all languages; that is, a little. She could do all kinds of fancy work. Her worsted cats, and wax flowers were wonderful; so were her water-color drawings, and her mono-chromatic sketches were "high art." Every body said so.

But, somehow, Mrs. Jones, from the habit of doing everything herself, had not given Miss Charlotte a fair chance in kitchen and laundry, and in other housekeeping accomplishments; while Charlotte had a vague idea that all those common things were perfectly easy, and as they were not taught at school, she concluded that they came by nature. So she commenced her housekeeping in a dream of blissful anticipations.

They took possession of their own nice little house, one fine summer's evening. Mrs. Jones saw them all properly fixed, and had gone home.

They awakened with the early birds. Dr. Simmons dreamed that somebody was thundering on the door, to call him up to see a patient. It was his horse, pawing to be fed.

"Well, Lotty dear," said the grave Doctor, who was in his twenty-third year, to his wife of seventeen; "shall we make a beginning now; rise early, and attend to business?"

"Oh, by all means. I'll jump up, and get breakfast."

"And I'll feed Pomp, and weed the garden."

So the Doctor watered and fed his horse, and hoed his potatoes a little, and then took a peep into the neat little kitchen, to see how the "Darling Lotty" was getting on with breakfast. Her face was very red, and her hands very black; her hair was powdered with ashes. It was plain that she had trouble; but she spoke pleasantly, for all that, when she said—

"Do go away, Charles, that's a dear, till you hear the bell ring. Breakfast will soon be ready."

Well he waited. He read, then he whistled, then he fidgetted, then he wound up his clock, then he looked at his new case of instruments, and wondered how soon he should cut off his first leg; then he got very hungry, and at last the bell did ring, and he went to breakfast.

The Darling Lotty was looking a little better, but still rather anxious.

"Have you had a hard time, darling?" inquired the Doctor, cautiously.

"Oh, not very. The fire did not kindle well at first, and the stove smoked."

"Did you open the damper?"

"Damper? why no. Has it got a damper? Well, I'll remember next time. Now have some coffee."

The Doctor took his cup, stirred it about, looked rather hard at it; and then at Darling Lotty.

"Well, what is it? I'm sure I don't know what makes it full of those specks, I boiled, and boiled it.

"Yet, it don't seem to be settled. Did you put in any fish skin?"

"No, I forgot."

"No matter. It will do very well. Now Darling Lotty, I'll take an egg. Why! Its as hard as a brickbat.

"Hard! Now how can they be hard, when they were boiling all the time I was making the coffee and the toast?"

"Ah! toast; let us try that. A little burnt, but very good; there, don't cry, darling; it'll be all right next time."

After showers come sunshine, and this one cleared off. The Doctor laid aside his dignity, and helped wash the dishes; and then put his horse in the new sulky, took the new saddle-bags, and drove off furiously, to see some imaginary patients, till dinner time, while Darling Lotty blocked out a worsted parrot, that bid fair to be the wonder of her next winter's parties. But this, like all pleasures, came to an end, for there was dinner to get, and that dinner was to make up for the breakfast. The Doctor liked a nice dish of boiled victuals—so she made a fire, and peeled the potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, parsnips, and put them with a nice spare-rib or fresh pork into the kettle, and set them to boiling. There was a rousing fire; the water boiled furiously, and she went up stairs to put a few stitches into the parrot. Pretty soon she became conscious of an unpleasant odor; she snuffed, and wondered, and then put in the eye of the parrot. But the unpleasant odor became stronger, and at last she thought proper to go in the direction it seemed to come from; and that happened to be the kitchen. The stove was red-hot; so was the kettle of boiled victuals; and a nice smother was rising from it. The Darling Lotty dashed a dipper of water into the kettle; Bang!—and such a cloud of steam! The kettle was cracked, but the Doctor had just come home hungry, the table was set and the dinner was soon dished.

The Darling Lotty took her place at the head of the table. She was flushed, and nervous, and ready for a fit of hysterics; but the Doctor was so cheerful, and tender, that she began to feel quite happy. But the poor dinner. It did not smell exactly right; it seemed to have caught on the bottom of the kettle, the Doctor said; then the potatoes were boiled into a pulp; while the beets and turnips

were quite hard. The fresh pork rather wanted salting.

"Charles, dear!" said Lotty very sadly.

"Well, Lotty Darling, what is it?"

"I'm afraid the dinner is not very nice."

"Well, it is a little scorched; and not exactly managed all regular, and all that sort of thing, you know; but what signifies? We'll try the dessert."

"Oh!"

"Well, darling, what's the trouble?"

Lotty ran into the kitchen, and there was her poor, forgotten plumb-pudding, in the stove oven, just burnt to a cinder. It was as black as coal; a fine carbonaceous specimen, as the Doctor learnedly remarked; as he finished, or rather made, his dinner on some bread and butter.

The Darling Lotty mourned over her disasters but took comfort in the brilliant plumage of her parrot, which Dr. Simmons could not sufficiently admire. She was also comforted with the thought that the next meal was tea, which she felt sure she could accomplish. And when the hour drew nigh she made up a fire; and by this time she had learned how to manage that. Then she took some flour and milk, and butter, with plenty of saleratus, to make them light, and mixed up some nice biscuits, and put them in the oven, and then she made tea; and when all was ready, she rang the bell with great emphasis. And, truth to say, the table was very richly arranged, and the tea service of gold band china was beautiful.

Dr. Simmons smacked his lips with great gusto. He took a cake, and tried to break it, but it did not seem to break readily.—Then he tried his knife. It cut like cheese; also, it was very yellow, and smelt, and tasted rather strongly, the doctor said, of free alkali. So it did, in fact, for there had been no acid to neutralise the salaratus, and set free its carbonic acid, and of course nothing to make the cakes rise. The doctor explained it all very learnedly; and then, as he felt dry, took a sip of his tea, of which he was very fond. But he made a wry face.

Lotty was in consternation. "Is not the tea right? It *must* be! I put in a great deal, and boiled it ever so long. I'm sure, if it hasn't got the strength, it soon will have."

"My darling Lotty, tea is a delicate and odoriferous plant; and should be prepared as an infusion, and not as a decoction. Bring me a little tea, darling, and some hot water; and I will soon make a good cup of tea;" and he did.

The poor darling Lotty. It took all the endearments of a tender husband in the honey moon, to keep her from down right despair. But the day's lesson had not been lost, and she had determined to have such a nice breakfast as should make up for all.

Morning came; and our young doctor gal-

lantly offered to assist in getting the morning repast; but no: Lotty was determined to do her own work. She mixed her cakes according to the learned suggestions of the evening previous. She boiled the eggs three minutes by the clock. The coffee was clear—greatest comfort of all. She rang the bell, and sat down in triumph.

The doctor broke a biscuit—it was capital. The egg was just right. Then he tasted the coffee—and it came out of his mouth as soon as it was in. And such a face! Doctors are not squeamish; young doctors particularly. They know what bad tastes and bad smells are: but this—

“Why Charley!” cried the darling Lotty, “what is the matter with the coffee?”

“That is what I would like to know. Lotty, darling, I know you do your best and the biscuit and eggs are beautiful; but what did you put in the coffee?”

“Why, Charley, you said it must have some fish skin, to settle it; and the only fish in the house is some herrings, so I skinned two of them, and put the skin in the coffee!” and poor Lotty burst into a paroxysm of tears.

But there came sunshine soon, that made it all pleasant weather. Lotty had invited an old school friend to visit her. She came soon after breakfast, and as it happened, her house-keeping education had not been neglected. She absolutely knew everything. Mrs. Hale, Miss Leslie, even Mrs. Glass, or Mrs. Rundell could not excel her. She was a walking-cook-book, and a lively little treatise on domestic economy.

Never was a visitor more welcome, and now the darling Lotty learnt every possible thing—to wash and mend, and bake, and cook everything; and became the nicest little house-keeper extant, while the Doctor, by the aid of his venerable appearance, and rapid driving in the sulky, rode into an extensive practice, and never was tired of boasting of the excellent cookery of his darling Lotty.

FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The power of reproduction in insects is one of the most wonderful parts of their economy. On beheading a slug, a new head, with all its complex appurtenances, will grow again; so with the feet of the salamander and the claws of the lobsters. The end of a worm split produces two perfect heads, and if cut into three pieces, the middle reproduces a perfect head and tail. Reproduction is also evident in the growth of trees from slips and cuttings, of polypæ and worms from small fragments, and of the renewal of the claws of crabs and lobsters, with all their nerves and parts in perfection. So also in the skin, hair, and nails of man.

The red-breasted blue bird has a soft,

agreeable and often repeated warble, uttered with opening and quivering wings. In his courtship he uses the tenderest expressions, and caresses his mate by sitting close by her, and sings his most endearing warblings. If a rival appears he attacks him with fury, and having driven him away returns to pour out a song of triumph.

The Gossein devotes in India have a school for monkeys, whom they train into regular habits.

There are 292 species of the bee or apigenus, and 111 in England; among solitary bees, the following deserve notice:

The rose-cutter, separates circular pieces from leaves with precision, and digging a hole six or eight inches deep, in the ground, the bee rolls up the leaf, and depositing it in the hole lodges and secures an egg in it with food for larvæ when hatched; and often several, but all separated, and very perfect; and he bee then resides in the upper part to protect her brood.

The upholsterer makes a hole enlarged at the bottom, and lines the whole with red poppy-leaves, lays her eggs, supplies them with food, &c., separately, then turns down the lining to cover them, and closing the hole leaves them to nature.

The mason bee constructs a nest on the side of a sunny-wall—makes up sand pellets with gluten, and by persevering industry, fixes and finishes a cell, in which it lays an egg and provisions. It then forms others beside it, and covers in the whole, the structure being as firm as the stone.

Wasps and humble bees make cavities in banks. They line them with wax, and make innumerable cells for their eggs in perfect lines by the removal of whatever incommodes them.

The Honey-bee is well known and deservedly respected for the use which man makes of their industry, and too often by the wholesale murder of this ingenious creatures whom she robs. But this most cruel practice is now even from selfish motives abased. The queen is the mother of the whole hive, and her eggs become males and females, and workers or neuters, which last make the combs and cells and collect the honey. The Queen produces some thousands of workers, and the males; which the workers kill at the end of the summer. The workers attend the queen with the most anxious respect. If she dies they raise a new one by various arts from a working worm. Two queens cannot live in the same hive, and one is destroyed.

They have four wings and six legs. The body is covered with hair, and each hair is like a plant in miniature. The proboscis is employed in collecting honey, by lloking it from the flower, and-conveying it to the stomach whence it is disgorged into the cells.

The wax is formed from the honey. The female workers have a sting, but the males or drones none. It is double and provided with barbs, which the animal depresses and draws out unless suddenly driven away. The sting emits a poison into the wound.

In proportionate size the queen bee is 8 1-2 the male 7, and the workers 6. A queen will lay 200 eggs daily for 50 or 60 days. The workers are five days in the worm state, and, in 20 days they become bees. The males are 6 or 7 days in the worm state, and 24 days in becoming perfect bees. A queen is five days in the worm state, and in 16 days is perfect. When eggs are converted into queens, the old queen destroys them, or if they are two young queens they fight till one has killed the other. One author ascertained that a single queen has produced 100,000 bees in a season. Every thing depends on the workers; they collect the honey, make the wax, and build the combs, they supply the worms with food, and protect the entrance of the hive; every separate business being performed by classes.

Of ants there are eighteen species, and they are remarkably intelligent ingenious, and industrious. Nests often fight like men, and kill vast numbers of each other. They are carnivorous, though they form magazines of seed. An ant's nest consists of males and females, who have wings; and also of neuters. The females enjoy the same pre-eminence as among bees; but the manners of ants are more varied, and system object, and end, mark all their varied reasonings and labors. They have long and tenacious memories, know each other, and distinguish any strangers. They carry on systematic wars, and practice all the arts of attack and defence. Man himself is not more savage in war; but they are citizen soldiers, and not hired and trained for butchery and murder. They also practice slavery, making slaves of those they overcome. They keep aphides as as men keep cows.

The *Termes fatale*, or white ant, builds pyramidal structures 10 or 12 feet high, divided into a vast variety of apartments, and so strong as to permit four men to stand on them. The community is well governed they in discipline exceed all other insects.

Ants in tropical countries are infinitely more numerous than in northern latitudes, and sometimes measure an inch and an inch and a half. They raise mounds of an elliptical figure to the height of three or four feet, and are so numerous that they frequently extend over the planes as far as the eye can reach. They abound especially in districts which produce sour grass. The cones become so hard, that they support three or four men, and even a loaded wagon. In

ternally they are of a spongy structure, and completely saturated with oil.

In Brazil ants are almost masters of the country, and in Africa not less formidable.

M. Hanbert saw a regular engagement between two species of ants in which they drew up in lines of battle, and with reserves, &c., and fought for four hours, taking prisoners and removing the wounded.

Audubon describes the wonderful flocks of pigeons which range over North America. He saw 163 flocks in 21 minutes, all passing in one direction and at the rate of a mile per minute, and he estimated each flock to contain a billion of pigeons, and in this way they were passing many days. But what is most extraordinary is their encampment. It is upwards of nine miles in length, and four in breadth; the lines regular and straight; within which there is scarcely a tree, large or small that is not covered with nests. Persons on going into their camp have great difficulty in hearing each other speak, and every thing appears to be in the most perfect order. They take their turns in setting, and in feeding their young, and when any are killed upon their nests by savage sportsmen, others supply their place.

A FAIRY TALE FOR CHILDREN.

Once upon a time, when the world was not half so old as it is now, Flirtilla, a beautiful butterfly, gave a ball. There were present all the highest families of Rosemary. They danced and sang, not as we dance and sing, but in a far more beautiful manner. Their singing was like the sweet strains of the Æolian harp, and their dancing was like the wave of the flowers on a summer evening.

Flirtilla was dressed in the purest white, spotted with silver. Her sister, Fielta, was dressed in light green gossamer, spotted with gold. They danced beautifully together.

To each other the butterflies look like little men and women. A wicked magician has enchanted them all, because one of their queens having drunk out of a barebell, instead of out of a rose leaf, and made them look as they do.

Flirtilla's hair was of a golden color; and sounded like a "single thread of silver." Her eyes looked as though she had borrowed a piece of the summer's sky, they were of so deep a blue. Fielta's hair was of a deep brown; and looked very beautiful. After they had danced and sung for a long time, the sun arose; and while some of the party sported in a ray of his light, others were playing among the flowers. They, can no doubt, all be seen on any moonlight night, if you know where to join them.

MARIE L.

What is my duty? The demands of the day.

that her school had suffered considerably in her absence. It can be little reproach to any one to say that they were found incapable of supplying her place. She not only excelled in the management of the children, but had also the talent of being attentive and obliging to the parents, without degrading herself.

The period at which I am now arrived is important, as conducting to the first step of her literary career. Mr. Hewlet had frequently mentioned literature to Mary as a certain source of pecuniary produce, and had urged her to make trial of the truth of his judgment. At this time she was desirous of assisting the father and mother of Fanny in an object they had in view, the transporting themselves to Ireland; and, as usual, what she desired in a pecuniary view, she was ready to take on herself to effect. For this purpose she wrote a duodecimo pamphlet, of one hundred and sixty pages, entitled, *Thoughts on the Education of Daughters*. Mr. Hewlet obtained from the bookseller, Mr. Johnson, in St Paul's Church Yard, ten guineas for the copy-right of this manuscript; which she immediately applied to the object for the sake of which the pamphlet was written.

Every thing urged Mary to put an end to the affair of the school. She was dissatisfied with the appearance it presented on her return, from the state in which she left it. Experience impressed upon her a rooted aversion to that sort of cohabitation with her sisters, which the project of the school imposed. Cohabitation is a point of delicate experiment, and is, in a majority of instances, pregnant with ill-humour and unhappiness. The activity and ardent spirit of adventure which characterized Mary, were not felt in an equal degree by her sisters, so that a disproportionate share of every burden attendant upon the situation, fell to her lot. On the other hand, they could scarcely perhaps be perfectly easy, in perceiving the superior degree of deference and courtship, which her merit extorted from almost every one that knew her. Her kindness for them was not diminished, but she resolved that the mode of its exertion in future should be different, tending to their benefit, without intrenching upon her own liberty.

Thus circumstanced, a proposal was made her, such as, regarding only the situations through which she had lately passed, is usually termed advantageous. This was to accept the office of governess to the daughters of Lord Viscount Kingsborough, eldest son of the Earl of Kingston, of the kingdom of Ireland. The terms held out to her, were such as she determined to accept, resolving to retain the situation only for a short time. Independence was the object after which she thirsted, and she fixed to try whether it might not be found in literary occupation. She was desirous,

however, first to accumulate a small sum of money, which should enable her to consider at leisure the different literary engagements that might offer, and provide in some degree for the eventual deficiency of her earliest attempts.

The situation in the family of Lord Kingsborough, was offered to her through the medium of the Reverend Mr. Prior, at that time one of the under masters of Eton school. She spent some time at the house of this gentleman, immediately after her giving up the school at Newington Green. Here she had an opportunity of making an accurate observation upon the manners and conduct of that celebrated seminary, and the ideas she retained of it were by no means favorable. By all she saw, she was confirmed in a very favorite opinion of her's, in behalf of day-schools, where, as she expressed it "children have the opportunity of conversing with children, without interfering with domestic affections, the foundation of virtue."

Though her residence in the family of lord Kingsborough scarcely continued more than twelve months, she left behind her, with them, and their connexions, a very advantageous impression. The governesses the young ladies had, were only a species of upper servants, controlled in everything by the mother; Mary insisted upon the unbounded exercise of her own direction. When the young ladies heard of their governess coming from England, they heard in imagination of a new enemy, and declared their resolution to guard themselves accordingly. Mary however speedily succeeded in gaining their confidence, and the friendship that grew soon up between her and Margaret King, now Countess Mount Cashel, the eldest daughter, was in an uncommon degree cordial and affectionate. Mary always spoke of this young lady in terms of the truest applause, both in relation to the eminence of her intellectual powers, and the ingenuous amiableness of her disposition. Lady Kingsborough, from the best motives, had imposed upon her daughters a variety of prohibitions, both as to the books they should read, and in many other respects. These prohibitions had their usual effects; inordinate desire for things forbidden, and clandestine indulgence. Mary immediately restored the children to their liberty, and undertook to govern them by their affections only. The salutary effects of the new system of education were speedily visible; and Lady Kingsborough soon felt no other uneasiness than lest the children should love their governess better than their mother.

Mary made many friends in Ireland, among the persons who visited Lord Kingsborough's house, for she always appeared there with the air of an equal rather than a dependent. I have heard her mention the ludicrous dis-

treas of a woman of quality, whose name I have forgotten, that in a large company, singled out Mary, and entered into a long conversation with her. After the conversation was over, she enquired whom she had been talking with, and found to her utter mortification and dismay, that it was Miss King's governess.

One of the persons among her Irish acquaintance, whom Mary was accustomed to speak of with the highest respect, was Mr. George Ogle, member of Parliament for the county of Wexford. She held his talents in very high estimation; she was strongly prepossessed in favor of the goodness of his heart; and she always spoke of him as the most perfect gentleman she had ever known. She felt the regret of a disappointed friend, at the part he has lately taken in the politics of Ireland.

Lord Kingsborough's family passed the summer of the year 1787 at Bristol Hot-Wells, and had formed the project of proceeding from thence to the continent; a tour in which Mary purposed to accompany them. The plan however was ultimately given up, and Mary in consequence closed her connection with them, earlier than she otherwise had purposed to do.

At Bristol Hot-Wells, she composed the little book which bears the title of *Mary, a Fiction*. A considerable part of this story consists, with certain modifications, of the incidents of her own friendship with Fanny. All the events that do not relate to that subject are fictitious.

This little work, if Mary had never produced anything else, would serve, with persons of true taste, and sensibility, to establish the eminence of her genius. The story is nothing. He that looks into the book only for incident, will probably lay it down with disgust. But the feelings are of the truest and most exquisite class; every circumstance is adorned with that species of imagination, which enlists itself under the banners of delicacy and sentiment. A work of sentiment, as it is called, is too often another name for a work of affectation. He that should imagine that the sentiments of this book are affected, would indeed be entitled to our profoundest commiseration.

CHAPTER V.—1787—1790.

Being now determined to enter upon her literary plan, Mary came immediately from Bristol to the metropolis. Her conduct under this circumstance was such as to do credit to her own heart, and Mr. Johnson, her publisher, between whom and herself there now commenced an intimate friendship. She had seen him upon occasion of publishing her *Thoughts on the Education of Daughters*, and she address-

ed two or three letters to him during her residence in Ireland. Upon her arrival in London in August 1787, she went immediately to his house, and frankly explained to him her purpose, at the same time requesting his assistance and advice as to its execution. After a short conversation Mr. Johnson invited her to make his house her home, till she should have suited herself with a fixed residence. She accordingly resided at this time two or three weeks under his roof. At the same period she paid a visit or two of similar duration to some friends at no great distance from the metropolis.

At Michaelmas 1787, she entered upon a house in George-street, on the Surry side of Black Friar's Bridge, which Mr. Johnson had provided for her during her excursion into the country. The three years immediately ensuing, may be said, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, to have been the most active period of her life. She brought with her to this habitation, the novel of *Mary*, which had not yet been sent to press, and the commencement of a sort of oriental tale, entitled, the *Cave of Fancy*, which she thought proper to lay aside unfinished. I am told that at this period she appeared under great dejection of spirits, and filled with melancholy regret at the loss of her youthful friend. A period of two years had elapsed since the death of that friend; but it was possibly the composition of the fiction of *Mary*, that renewed her sorrows in their original force. Soon after entering upon her new habitation, she produced a little work, entitled, *Original Stories from Real Life*, intended for the use of children. At the commencement of her literary career, she is said to have conceived a vehement aversion to the being regarded, by her ordinary acquaintance, in the character of an author, and to have employed some precautions to prevent its occurrence.

The employment which the bookseller suggested to her, as the easiest and most certain source of pecuniary income, of course, was translation. With this view she improved herself in her French, with which she had previously but a slight acquaintance, and acquired the Italian and German languages. The greater part of her literary engagements at this time were such as were presented to her by Mr. Johnson. She new modelled and abridged a work, translated from the Dutch, entitled *Young Grandison*; she began a translation from the French, of a book, called, the *New Robinson*; but in this undertaking she was, I believe, anticipated by another translator; and she compiled a series of extracts in verse and prose, upon the model of Dr. Enfield's *Speaker*, which bears the title of the *Female Reader*; but which, from a cause not worth mentioning, has hitherto been printed with a different name in the title-page.

About the middle of the year 1788, Mr. Johnson instituted the Analytical Review, in which Mary took a considerable share. She also translated Neckar on the Importance of Religious Opinions; made an abridgment of Lavater's Physiognomy, from the French, which has never been published; and compressed Salzmann's Elements of Morality, a German production, into a publication in three volumes duodecimo. The translation of Salzmann produced a correspondence between Mary and the author; and he afterwards repaid the obligation to her in kind, by a German translation of the Rights of Woman. Such were her principal literary occupations, from the autumn of 1787, to the autumn 1790.

It perhaps deserves to be remarked that this sort of miscellaneous literary employment, seems, for the time, at least, rather to damp and contract, than to enlarge and invigorate the genius. The writer is accustomed to see his performances answer the mere mercantile purpose of the day, and confounded with those of persons to whom he is secretly conscious of superiority. No neighbor mind serves as a mirror to reflect the generous confidence he felt within himself; and perhaps the man never yet existed who could maintain his enthusiasm to its full vigor, in the midst of this kind of solitariness. He is touched with the torpedo of mediocrity. I believe that nothing which Mary produced during this period, is marked with those daring flights, which exhibit themselves in the little fiction she composed just before its commencement. Among effusions of a nobler cast, I find occasionally intercepted some of that homely-language, which to speak from my own feelings, is calculated to damp the moral courage it was intended to awaken. This is probably to be assigned to the causes above described.

I have already said that one of the purposes which Mary had conceived, a few years before, as necessary to give a relish to the otherwise insipid, or imbittered, draught of human life, was usefulness. On this side, the period of her existence which I am now treating, is more brilliant than in any literary view. She determined to apply as great a part as possible of the produce of her present employments to the assistance of her friends, and of the distressed; and, for this purpose laid down to herself rules of the most rigid economy. She began with endeavoring to promote the interest of her sisters. She conceived that there was no situation in which she could place them, at once so respectable and agreeable, as that of governesses in private families. She determined, therefore in the first place, to endeavor to qualify them for such an undertaking. Her younger sister she sent to Paris, where she remained near two years. The elder she placed in a school near London,

first as a parlor-boarder, and afterwards as a teacher. Her brother James, who had already been at sea, she first took into her house, and next sent to Woolwich for instruction, to qualify him for a respectable situation in the royal navy, where he was shortly after made a lieutenant. Charles, who was her favorite brother, had been articled to the eldest, an attorney in the Minorities; but, not being satisfied with his situation, she removed him; and in some time after, having first placed him with a farmer for instruction, she fitted him out for America, where his speculations, founded on the basis she had provided, are said to have been extremely prosperous. The reason so much of this parental sort of care fell upon her, was, that her father had by this time considerably embarrassed his circumstances. His affairs having grown too complex for himself to disentangle, he had entrusted them to the management of a near relation; but Mary, not being satisfied with the conduct of the business, took them into her own hands. The exertions she made, and the struggles which she entered into, however, in this instance proved fruitless. To the day of her death her father was almost wholly supported by funds which she supplied him. In addition to her exertions for her own family, she took a young girl of about seven years of age under her protection and care; the niece of Mr. John Hunter, and of the present Mrs. Skeys; for whose mother, then lately dead, she had entertained a sincere friendship.

The period, from the end of the year 1787 to the end of the year 1790, though consumed in labors of little eclat, served still further to establish her in a friendly connection from which she derived many pleasures. Mr. Johnson, the bookseller, contracted a great personal regard for her, which resembled in many respects that of a parent. As she frequented his house, she of course became acquainted with his guests. Among these may be mentioned as persons possessing her esteem, Mr. Bonnycastle, the mathematician, the late Mr. George Anderson, accountant to the Board of Control, Doctor George Fordyce, and Mr. Fuseli, the celebrated painter. Between both of the two latter and herself, there existed sentiments of genuine affection and friendship.

CHAPTER VI.—1790—1792.

Hitherto the literary career of Mary, had, for the most part, been silent; and had been productive of income to herself, without apparently leading to the wreath of fame. From this time she was destined to attract the notice of the public, and perhaps no female writer ever obtained so great a degree of celebrity throughout Europe.

It cannot be doubted that while, for three years of literary employment, she "held the noiseless tenor of her way," her mind was insensibly advancing towards a vigorous maturity. The uninterrupted habit of composition gave a freedom and firmness to the expression of her sentiments. The society she frequented, nourished her understanding, and enlarged her mind. The French Revolution, while it gave a fundamental shock to the human intellect through every region of the globe; did not fail to produce a conspicuous effect in the progress of Mary's reflections. The prejudices of her early years suffered a vehement concussion. Her respect for establishments was undermined. At this period occurred a misunderstanding upon public ground, with one of her early friends, whose attachment to musty creeds and exploded absurdities, had been increased, by the operation of those very circumstances, by which her mind had been rapidly advanced in the race of independence.

The event immediately introductory to the rank which from this time she held in the lists of literature, was the publication of Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. This book, after having been long promised to the world, finally made its appearance on first of November 1790; and Mary, full of sentiments of liberty, and impressed with a warm interest in the struggle that was now going on, seized her pen in the first bursts of indignation; an emotion of which she was strongly susceptible. She was in the habit of composing with rapidity, and her answer, which was the first of the numerous ones that appeared, obtained extraordinary notice. Marked as it is with the vehemence and impetuosity of its eloquence, it is certainly chargeable with a too contemptuous and intemperate treatment of the great man against whom its attack is directed. But this circumstance was not injurious to the success of the publication. Burke had been warmly loved by the most liberal and enlightened friends of freedom, and they were proportionably inflamed and disgusted by the fury of his assault, upon what they deemed to be a sacred cause.

Short as was the time in which Mary composed her *Answer to Burke's Reflections*, there was one anecdote she told me concerning it, which seems worth recording in this place. It was sent to the press, as is the general practice when the early publication of a piece is deemed a matter of importance, before the composition is finished. When Mary had arrived at about the middle of her work, she was seized with a temporary fit of torpor and indolence, and began to repent of her undertaking. In this state of mind, she called, one evening, as she was in the practice of doing, upon her publisher, for the purpose of

relieving herself by an hour or two's conversation. Here, the habitual ingenuousness of her nature, led her to describe what had just passed in her thoughts. Mr. Johnson immediately, in a kind, friendly way, intreated her not to put any constraint on her inclination, and to give herself no uneasiness about the sheets already printed, which he would cheerfully throw aside, if it would contribute to her happiness. Mary had wanted stimulus. She had not expected to be encouraged, in what she well knew to be an unreasonable access of idleness. Her friend's so readily falling in with her ill-humor, and seeming to expect that she would lay aside her undertaking, piqued her pride. She immediately went home; and proceeded to the end of her work, with no other interruptions but what were absolutely indispensable.

It is probable that the applause which attended her answer to Burke, elevated the tone of her mind. She had always felt much confidence in her own powers; but it cannot be doubted, that the actual perception of a similar feeling, respecting us in a multitude of others, must increase the confidence, and stimulate the adventure of any human being. Mary accordingly proceeded, in a short time after, to the composition of her most celebrated production, the *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*.

Never did any author enter into a cause, with a more ardent desire to be found, not a flourishing and empty declaimer, but an effectual champion. She considered herself as standing forth in defence of one half of the human species, laboring under a yoke which, through all the records of time, had degraded them from the station of rational beings, and almost sunk them to the level of brutes. She saw indeed, that they were often attempted to be held in silken fetters, and bribed into the love of slavery; but the disguise and treachery served only the more fully to confirm her opposition. She regarded her sex in the language of Calista, as

"In every state of life the slaves of men:"

the rich as alternately under the despotism of a father a brother and a husband; and the middling and the poorer classes shut out from the acquisition of bread with independence, when they are not shut out from the very means of an industrious subsistence. Such were the views she entertained upon the subject; and such the feelings with which she warmed her mind.

The work is certainly a very bold and original production. The strength and firmness with which the author repels the opinions of Rousseau, Dr. Gregory, and Dr. James Fordyce, respecting the condition of women cannot but make a strong impression upon every ingenuous reader. The public at

large formed very different opinions respecting the character of the performance. Many of the sentiments are undoubtedly of a masculine description. The spirited and decisive way in which the author explodes the system of gallantry, and the species of homage with which the sex is usually treated, shocked the majority. Novelty produced a sentiment in their mind, which they mistook for a sense of injustice. The pretty soft creatures that are so often to be found in the female sex, and that class of men who believe they could not exist without such pretty soft creatures to resort to, were in arms against the author of so heretical and blasphemous a doctrine. There are also, it must be confessed, occasional passages of a stern and rugged feature, incompatible with the true stamina of the writer's character. But, if they did not belong to her fixed and permanent character, they belonged to her character *pro tempore*; and what she thought she scorned to qualify.

Yet, along with this rigid, and somewhat Amazonian temper, which characterised some parts of the book, it is impossible not to remark a luxuriance of imagination, and a trembling delicacy of sentiment, which would have done honor to a poet, bursting with all the visions of an Armida and a Dido.

The contradiction, to the public apprehension was equally great, as to the person of the author, as it was when they considered the temper of the book. In the champion of their sex, who was described as endeavoring to invest them with all the rights of man, those whom curiosity prompted to seek the occasion of beholding her, expected to find a sturdy, muscular, raw-boned virago; and they were not a little surprised, when, instead of all this they found a woman, lovely in person, and, in the best and most engaging sense, feminine in her manners.

The Vindication of the Rights of Woman is undoubtedly a very unequal performance, and eminently deficient in method and arrangement. When tried by the hoary and long-established laws of literary composition, it can scarcely maintain its claim to be placed in the first class of literary productions. But when we consider the importance of its doctrines, and the eminence of genius it displays, it seems not very improbable that it will be read as long as the English language endures. The publication of this book forms an epocha in the subject to which it belongs: and Mary Wollstonecraft will perhaps hereafter be found to have performed more substantial service for the cause of her sex, than all the other writers, male or female that ever felt themselves animated in the behalf of oppressed and injured beauty.

The censure of the liberal critic as to the defects of this performance, will be changed into astonishment, when I tell him, that a

work of this inestimable moment, was begun, carried on and finished in the state which it now appears, in a period of no more than six weeks.

It is necessary here that I should resume the subject of the friendship that subsisted between Mary and Mr. Fuseli, which proved the source of the most memorable events in her subsequent history. He is a native of the Republic of Switzerland, and has spent the principal part of his life in the island of Great Britain. The eminence of his genius can scarcely be disputed; it has indeed received the testimony which is least to be suspected, that of some of the most considerable of his contemporary artists. He has one of the most striking characteristics of genius, a daring, as well as persevering spirit of adventure. The work in which he is at present engaged, is a series of pictures for the illustration of Milton, upon a very large scale, and produced solely upon the incitement of his own mind, is a proof of this, if indeed his whole life had not sufficiently proved it.

Mr. Fuseli is one of Mr. Johnson's oldest friends, and was at this time in the habit of visiting him two or three times a week. Mary, one of whose strongest characteristics was the exquisite sensations of pleasure she felt from the associations of visible objects, had hitherto never been acquainted with an eminent painter. The being thus introduced into the society of Mr. Fuseli, was a high gratification to her; while he found in Mary, a person perhaps more susceptible of the emotions painting is calculated to excite, than any other with whom he ever conversed. Painting, and subjects closely connected with painting, were their almost constant topics of conversation; and they found them inexhaustible. It cannot be doubted, but that this was a species of exercise very conducive to the improvement of Mary's mind.

Nothing human however is unmixed. If Mary derived improvement from Mr. Fuseli, she may also be suspected of having caught the infection of some of his faults. In early life Mr. Fuseli was ardently attached to literature; but the demands of his profession have prevented him from keeping up that extensive acquaintance with it, that belles-lettres scholars frequently possess. Of consequence the favorites of his boyish years will remain his only favorites. Homer is with Mr. Fuseli the abstract and deposit of every human perfection. Milton, Shakespear and Richardson, have also engaged much of his attention. The nearest rival of Homer, I believe, if Homer can have a rival, is Jean Jacques Rousseau. A young man embraces entire the opinions of a favorite writer, and Mr. Fuseli has not had leisure to bring the opinions of his youth to a revision. Smitten with Rousseau's conception of the perfectness

of the savage state, and essential abortiveness of all civilization, Mr. Fuseli looks at all our little attempts at improvement with a spirit that borders perhaps too much upon contempt and indifference. One of his favorite positions is the divinity of genius. This is a power that comes complete at once from the hands of the Creator of all things, and the first essays of a man of real genius are such, in all their grand and most important features, as no subsequent assiduity can amend. Add to this, that Mr. Fuseli is somewhat of a caustic turn of mind, with much wit, and a disposition to search, in everything new or modern, for occasions of censure. I believe Mary came something more a cynic out of the school of Mr. Fuseli, than she went into it.

But the principal circumstance that relates to the intercourse of Mary, and this celebrated artist, remains to be told. She saw Mr. Fuseli frequently; he amused, delighted and instructed her. As a painter, it was impossible she should not wish to see his works, and consequently to frequent his house. She visited him; her visits were returned. Notwithstanding the inequality of their years, Mary was not of a temper to live upon terms of so much intimacy with a man of merit and genius, without loving him. The delight she enjoyed in his society, she transferred by association to his person. What she experienced in this respect, was no doubt heightened, by the state of celibacy and restraint in which she had hitherto lived, and to which the rules of polished society condemn an unmarried woman. She conceived a personal and ardent affection for him. Mr. Fuseli was a married man, and his wife the acquaintance of Mary. She readily perceived the restrictions which this circumstance seemed to impose upon her; but she made light of any difficulty that might arise out of them. Not that she was insensible to the value of domestic endearments between persons of an opposite sex, but that she scorned to suppose, that she could feel a struggle in conforming to the laws she should lay down to her conduct.*

There cannot perhaps be a more proper place than the present, to state her principles

* Were human beings, and especially women, more true and natural, had no faculty, and passion suffered crucifixion under the arbitrary power of civilization, we should see more of the impracticability of lovers living in what are termed Platonic relations. Mary Wollstonecraft found herself too true a woman to submit to the blight and falsehood demanded by custom. The wonder is, that she should so mistake her own pure, and integral nature as to suppose she could easily conform to the ascetic wickedness demanded by the conditions in which she was placed.

Civilized morality, and arbitrary virtue in woman would soon be annihilated by the healthy passionate development of the sex. At the present time purity and power in woman are in a state of most lamentable deficiency. Woman, more than all other beings, is forced to say, "Evil, be thou my good."

upon this subject, such at least as they were when I knew her best. She set a great value on a mutual affection between persons of an opposite sex. She regarded it as the principal solace of human life. It was her maxim "that the imagination should awaken the senses, and not the senses the imagination." In other words, that whatever related to the gratification of the senses, ought to arise, in a human being of a pure mind, only as the consequence of an individual affection. She regarded the manners and habits of a majority of our sex, in that respect, with strong disapprobation. She conceived that true virtue would prescribe the most entire celibacy, exclusively of affection, and the most perfect fidelity to that affection when it existed—There is no reason to doubt that, if Mr. Fuseli had been disengaged at the period of their acquaintance, he would have been the man of her choice. As it was, she conceived it both practicable and eligible, to cultivate a distinguishing affection for him, and to foster it by the endearments of personal intercourse and a reciprocation of kindness, without departing in the smallest degree from the rules she prescribed to herself.

In September 1791, she removed from the house she occupied in George-street, to a large and commodious apartment in Store-street, Bedford-square. She began to think that she had been too rigid, in the laws of frugality and self-denial with which she set out in her literary career; and now added to the neatness and cleanliness which she had always scrupulously observed a certain degree of elegance, and those temperate indulgences in furniture and accommodation, from which a sound and uncorrupted taste never fails to derive pleasure.

It was in the month of November in the same year (1791), that the writer of this narrative was first in company with the person to whom it relates. He dined with her at a friend's, together with Mr. Thomas Paine and one or two other persons. The invitation was of his own seeking, his object being to see the author of the Rights of Man, with whom he had never before conversed.

The interview was not fortunate. Mary and myself parted, mutually displeased with each other.* I had not read her Rights of Woman. I had barely looked into her An-

* It is a curious and sometimes sorrowful subject of reflection how many persons having strong passionate affluity are kept asunder many years and sometimes no doubt always, by mistakes, prejudice, and other purely artificial barriers. Instances of this kind are cautions to us to examine carefully the claims of our fellows upon us, for nothing more weakens the hand and heart than the absence of congenial companionship except it be the presence of the entirely uncongenial and discordant.

The recluse is often as false as the dissipated seeker after an indiscriminate society.

swer to Burke, and been displeased, as literary men are apt to be, with a few offences against grammar and other minute points of composition. I had, therefore, little curiosity to see Miss Wollstonecraft, and a very great curiosity to see Thomas Paine. Paine, in his general habits, is no great talker; and, though he threw in occasionally some shrewd and striking remarks, the conversation lay principally between me and Mary. I, of consequence, heard her, very frequently when I wished to hear Paine.

We touched on a considerable variety of topics, and particularly on the characters and habits of certain eminent men. Mary, as has already been observed, had acquired, in a very blameable degree, the practice of seeing every thing on the gloomy side, and bestowing censure with a plentiful hand, where circumstances were in any respect doubtful. I, on the contrary, had a strong propensity, to favorable construction, and particularly, where I found unequivocal marks of genius, strongly to incline to the supposition of generous and manly virtue. We ventilated in this way the characters of Voltaire and others, who have obtained from some individuals an ardent admiration, while the greater number have treated them with extreme moral severity. Mary was at last provoked to tell me, that praise lavished in the way that I lavished it, could do no credit either to the commended or commender. We discussed some questions on the subject of religion, in which her opinions approached much nearer the received ones, than mine. As the conversation proceeded, I became dissatisfied with the tone of my own share in it. We touched upon all topics, without treating forcibly and connectedly upon any. Meanwhile, I did her justice in giving an account of the conversation to a party in which I supped, though I was not sparing of my blame, to yield her the praise of a person of active and independent thinking. On her side, she did me no part of what perhaps I considered as justice.

We met two or three times in the course of the following year, but made a very small degree of progress towards a cordial acquaintance.

In the close of the year 1792, Mary went over to France, where she continued to reside for upwards of two years. One of her principal inducements to this step, related, I believe to Mr. Fuseli. She had, at first, considered it as reasonable and judicious, to cultivate what I may be permitted to call, a Platonic affection for him; but she did not, in the sequel, find all the satisfaction in this plan, which she had originally expected from it. It was in vain that she enjoyed much pleasure in his society, and that she enjoyed it frequently. Her ardent imagination was conjuring up pictures of the happiness she should

have found, if fortune had favored their more intimate union. She felt herself formed for domestic affection, and all those tender charities, which men of sensibility have constantly treated as the dearest bond of human society. General conversation and society could not satisfy her. She felt herself alone, as it were, in the great mass of her species; and she repined when she reflected that the best years of her life were spent in this comfortless solitude. These ideas made the cordial intercourse of Mr. Fuseli, which had, at first been one of her greatest pleasures, a source of perpetual torment to her. She conceived it necessary to snap the chain of this association in her mind: and for that purpose, determined to seek a new climate and mingle in different scenes.

It is singular, that during her residence in Store-street, which lasted more than twelve months, she produced nothing, except a few articles in the Analytical Review. Her literary meditations were chiefly employed upon the Sequel to the Rights of Woman; but she has scarcely left behind her a single paper that can, with any certainty, be assigned to have had this destination.

CHAPTER VII.—1792—1795.

The original plan of Mary, respecting her residence in France, had no precise limits in the article of duration; the single purpose she had in view being that of an endeavor to heal her distempered mind. She did not proceed so far as even to discharge her lodging in London; and, to some friends who saw her immediately before her departure, she spoke merely of an absence of six weeks.

It is not to be wondered at, that her excursion did not originally seem to produce the effects she had expected from it. She was in a land of strangers; she had no acquaintance; she had even to acquire the power of receiving and communicating ideas with facility in the language of the country. Her first residence was in a spacious mansion to which she had been invited, but the master of which (Monsieur Fillietaz) was absent at the time of her arrival. At first therefore she found herself surrounded only with servants. The gloominess of her mind communicated its own color to the objects she saw; and in this temper she began a series of Letters on the Present Character of the French Nation, one of which she forwarded to her publisher, and which appears in the collection of her posthumous works. This performance she soon after discontinued; and it is, as she justly remarks, tinged with the saturnine temper which at that time pervaded her mind.

Mary carried with her introductions to several agreeable families in Paris. She renewed her acquaintance with Paine. There also

subsisted a very sincere friendship between her and Helen Maria Williams, author of a collection of poems of uncommon merit, who at that time resided in Paris. Another person, whom Mary always spoke of in terms of ardent commendation, both for the excellence of his disposition, and the force of his genius, was a Count Slabrendorf, by birth, I believe, a Swede. It is almost unnecessary to mention that she was personally acquainted with the majority of the leaders in the French revolution.

But the house that, I believe, she principally frequented at this time, was that of Mr. Thomas Christie, a person whose pursuits were mercantile, and who had written a volume on the French Revolution. With Mrs. Christie her acquaintance was more intimate than with her husband.

It was about four months after her arrival at Paris in December 1792, that she entered into that species of connection, for which her heart secretly panted, and which had the effect of diffusing an immediate tranquillity and cheerfulness over her manners. The person with whom it was formed (for it would be an idle piece of delicacy to attempt to suppress a name, which is known to every one whom the reputation of Mary has reached) was Mr. Gilbert Imlay, native of the United States of North America.

The place at which she first saw Mr. Imlay was at the house of Mr. Christie; and it perhaps deserves to be noticed, that the emotions he then excited in her mind, were, I am told, those of dislike, and that, for some time, she shunned all occasions of meeting him. This sentiment, however, speedily gave place to one of the greatest kindness.

Previously to the partiality she conceived for him, she had determined upon a journey to Switzerland, induced chiefly by motives of economy. But she had some difficulty in obtaining a passport; and it was probably the intercourse that now originated between her and Mr. Imlay, that changed her purpose, and led her to prefer a lodging at Neuilly, a village three miles from Paris. Her habitation here was a solitary house in the midst of a garden, with no other inhabitants than herself and the gardener, an old man, who performed for her many of the offices of a domestic, and would sometimes contend for the honor of making her bed. The gardener had a great veneration for his guest, and would set before her when alone some grapes of a peculiarly fine sort, which she could not without the greatest difficulty obtain, when she had any person with her as a visitor. Here it was that she conceived, and for the most part executed her Historical and Moral view of the French Revolution,* into which, as she ob-

serves, are incorporated most of the observations she had collected for her Letters, and which was written with more sobriety and cheerfulness than the tone in which they had been commenced. In the evening she was accustomed to refresh herself by a walk in a neighboring wood, from which her old host in vain endeavored to dissuade her, by recounting divers horrible robberies and murders that had been committed there.

The commencement of the attachment Mary now formed had neither confidant nor adviser. She always conceived it to be a gross breach of delicacy to have any confidant in a matter of this sacred nature, an affair of the heart. The origin of the connection was about the middle of April 1793, and it was carried on in a private manner for four months. At the expiration of that period a circumstance occurred that induced her to declare it. The French convention, exasperated at the conduct of the British government, particularly in the affair of Toulon, formed a decree against the citizens of this country, by one article of which the English resident in France were ordered into prison till the period of a general peace. Mary had objected to a marriage with Mr Imlay, who, at the time their connection was formed, had no property whatever; because she would not involve him in certain family embarrassments, to which she conceived herself exposed, or make him answerable for the pecuniary demands that existed against, her. She, however, considered their engagement as of the most sacred nature; and they had mutually formed the plan of emigrating to America, as soon as they should have realized a sum, enabling them to do it in the mode they desired. The decree, however, that I have just mentioned, made it necessary, not that a marriage should actually take place, but that Mary should take the name of Imlay, which, from the nature of their connection, she conceived herself entitled to do, and obtain a certificate from the American ambassador, as the wife of a native of that country.

Their engagement being thus avowed, they thought proper to reside under the same roof, and for that purpose removed to Paris.

Mary was now arrived at that situation, which for two or three preceding years, her reason had pointed out to her as affording the most substantial prospect of happiness. She had been tossed and agitated by the waves of misfortune. Her childhood, as she often said, had known few of the endearments, which constitute the principal happiness of childhood. The temper of her father had early given to her mind a severe cast of thought, and substituted the inflexibility of resistance for the confidence of affection. The cheerfulness of her entrance upon womanhood, had

To be continued.

* No part of the proposed continuation of this work, has been found among the papers of the author.

The laws of Astronomy and Music, and of colors, are also the laws of affections and social harmonies; mathematics, the science of proportion, or analogy, governs everywhere; in a tint, or a tone; an attraction of a heart, or of a planet.

ANGEL.—The common idea appears to be that before God created the Universe; at some point of the past eternity, when he was idle and alone, he made the angels, radiant cherubim, and seraphim, to love and praise him. This was in Heaven; which either existed of itself, from eternity, or was made by God, for himself, or for the angels. As God made all things, he must have made Heaven, and the angels, as well as the Universe, and man, and other animals. "All things were made by him, and without him, was not any thing made, that was made." This was Logos, the word, but "the word was God." "God made the Heavens and the Earth;" and before the heavens and the angels were made, there was an entire eternity, in which God was alone, and an infinity, which there was nothing.

The angels were made good—but free agents, and according to Milton, capable of envy and ambition; so not being satisfied with their position and destiny; tired, possibly, of having nothing to do, but be good, and sing hallelujahs, which is rather dull music on earth, whatever it may be in heaven, they rebelled; "and there was war in Heaven;" and finally the hosts of rebel angels—wicked angels—devils, in fact, were turned out of Heaven, and turned into hell, which had either been made beforehand, to be ready for such a catastrophe, or else was created at the time, just when it was wanted; and this latter seems the most probable supposition, for why should there be a lonely hell, without so much as a single devil to inhabit it. This is the story of the popular theology, made out of a little scripture and a good deal of Paradise Lost.

The natural history of angels, according to the popular faith, is sufficiently vague. They are commonly painted as mild, pretty, winged females. But the angels we read of are males or appeared as men, and the most distinguished bear masculine names. The fallen angels are all presumed to be of the masculine gender. The good angels are represented as white—the common idea of the bad ones is that they are black. All angels are presumed to have been created such, for their sexual generation appears not to have been thought of either in heaven or hell. Jesus, in his discourse on marriage, says, "for in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels."

It was left for Swedenborg to give a true account of angels, and angel life, as he asserts, from actual observation, and frequent conversation during an intimate acquaintance of

twenty years. He assures us that all the angels were born human, on this and other planets; they exist, male and female, in the conjugal relation, with a great and continual enjoyment of the relations of love, but with no generation of angels, but only of "goods and truths." His account of the angel life fills several large volumes of memorable relations concerning heaven and hell, conjugal love, &c., to which we must refer the curious reader.

ANIMAL.—The word animal is not so easy to define as one might suppose. Thus, Webster says, "An organized body, endowed with life, sensation and the power of voluntary motion." A plant is organized; it has life; judging by phenomena, it has its sensation; and the roots and tendrils, and petals appear to move, with a definite object, and according to varying circumstances. What is the motion of an oyster, which opens and shuts its shell, more than that of a Morning Glory? It is so difficult to decide as to whether some organized beings are animal or vegetable, that naturalists differ in opinion. We have, in nature, three kingdoms, mineral, vegetable, and animal. The vegetable is based upon the mineral; the animal on the vegetable. If we count hydrogen a metal, and water a metallic oxide; if carbon be also a mineral, which it may as well be considered; vegetables are organized mineral matter, with the addition of the life principle, which seems to be poured upon our planet by the sun, and to be the agent of this organization. And plants seem to have organized and intelligent souls, as well as curiously and wisely adapted bodies.

The animal, whose chief nutriment comes from the vegetable kingdom, is all that the vegetable is, and more. There is the super-addition of a higher life, and a more elaborate and varied organization. The animal has lime, soda, iron, &c., from the earth. It has carbonaceous and nitrogenized matters from vegetables; and it has a presiding soul, forming its organs, and preserving them, with a wonderful intelligence. Above all we have this animal man, "a little lower than the angels."

The history of the animal kingdom, on the earth is of profound, and even of sublime interest. Our planet, when it had cooled a few millions of years, after its first fiery formation; when rocks had been formed, and then disintegrated and vegetation begun its first rude forms; there came animals as rude. Earth, vegetation, and animalization worked together, to make a planet, which seems yet in its infancy. Myriads of vegetables decayed, or were eaten by myriads of animals whose bodies were the materials for higher forms of vegetation; and so on. Even some of the mineral strata, depended upon animal organization. Continents, buried deep beneath the sea were covered with rich incrustations of marble,

chalks, silicious rocks, and even iron ores, made of the shields of microscopic animalcules. The matter of earth and atmosphere has thus been worked over, and been the medium of life, in myriads of forms, through myriads of ages.

There have been times in the Earth's history, when animal life was coarse, huge, strong, and seemingly monstrous; when the *Ithiosaurus* had "the snout of a porpoise, the teeth of a crocodile, the head of a lizard, the vertebrae of a fish, the sternum of an ornithorhynchus, and the paddles of a whale;" in the days of the *Iguanodon*, and *Pterodactyle*; or later, when these had given place to *Glyptodon*, *Myiodon*, *Megatherium*, the *Mastodon* and *Mammoth*; all now extinct. For animals are now adapted to climate and situation. So in all the great changes of the past, from a torrid heat at the poles, to icebergs and avalanches reaching down toward the equator, there have been corresponding developments of vegetable and animal life; until, when earth and atmosphere had become fit for man, and the present animal races, they too were created, but by what method passes our comprehension, and will baffle all human enquiry, until in some future change of the earth, when it shall have advanced into some part of the Universe, filled with elements of a higher life it may be the fortune of men then living on the earth to witness the phenomena of a new creation.

ANNIHILATION.—An army is said to be annihilated, when it is broken up, and its members killed and scattered. A forest is annihilated, when its trees are felled and burnt. But this is a vague use of the term. It is intended to express a complete and utter destruction, by which a thing becomes no thing. Now, it will be found difficult to conceive either of a thing becoming nothing; or nothing becoming a thing. Creation and annihilation are philosophical absurdities; and in philosophy, an absurdity is the same as an impossibility. "All things are possible"—except impossibilities.

It is admitted that no atom of matter, ever was, or ever can be destroyed. It may change form, appearance, relations; but it exists, and will exist forever, and has existed forever; so far as we can judge. We are not able to conceive of matter, otherwise. Thus, the human body is known to be an aggregation of long existing atoms; and at the decay of the body, these atoms enter into other relations. But how is it in regard to the soul, or essential being of man? The cessation of its conscious, individual existence, is what is understood by annihilation. Does the real, or spiritual man, continue to exist; and is that existence eternal? It has been assumed that the spiritual part, being immaterial, was not subject to destruction and was essentially eternal.

Here is an assumption, based upon an assumption. The first is that the soul, or spirit, that which thinks and loves, is not matter. The second, that being immaterial, it is indestructible. If it is something, it can scarcely become nothing. If nothing already, it needs no annihilation. Besides, the argument for the immortality of the soul, based upon the immateriality and consequent indestructibility of that which thinks and loves, proves more than its users are ready to accept, since it proves the immortality of all beings that think and love.

We shall let the dog, the beaver, and the elephant bring their own arguments; but there is enough to entirely satisfy us of the continuous existence of the human being. "Attraction is in proportion to destiny"—and who can doubt that every healthy human aspiration is toward a higher, and ever expanding life in the future? The desire and capacity for continuous improvement, point to their satisfaction in a continuous existence. The thirst for knowledge, of a greater extent or a higher character than this life can satisfy, points to another. Life, ending with the present sphere, would be an absurd failure; full of injustice and cruelty. And since there is nothing absurd in a continuous existence; since it is just as likely to be as not to be, and is demanded by every consideration of justice, and analogy, it is far more probable, than annihilation.

But reason, and the more intimate convictions of intuition, or an interior consciousness of an immortal nature, are supported by evidences of the highest kind. Men not only continue to live, after the decay of their bodily forms, but they have the power of manifesting themselves to those still in the form, and have done so, at all periods of human history; not indeed to all persons, but to so many as to afford indubitable evidence of the fact of an existence separate from the body. The testimony, especially of late, on this point, has become overwhelming; and those who deny it simply shut their eyes to the proof; or are too prejudiced to be convinced by any kind or amount of testimony. There is no fact in human science—in natural history, or chemistry, or astronomy, better proved by the observation and accumulation of facts, than this of our continued existence.

ANTIPATHY.—Natural aversion. The opposite of sympathy, or attraction. The qualities of attraction and repulsion, in matter, belong to certain athermal forces, vaguely called electric or magnetic. Organized beings, and particularly animals, have these qualities as a part of their so called spiritual nature. The sympathies and especially the antipathies of the lower animals are evident enough, and are apt to be respected; but those of human beings are disregarded, overborne, and des-

stroyed. Society crushes people together, regardless of their affinities. They are outraged in both their attractions and repulsions. The most uncongenial natures are forced into contact, in the nearest relations, and two persons, tied together legally as man and wife, live on for a lifetime, in the torment of a mutual antipathy, and inflict all the discordance of the relation upon their posterity. These antipathies or natural repulsions, are as real as our sympathies and attractions, which, when gratified, make the happiness of existence.

APOSTATE.—One who abandons a sect, church, or party. Tyrants, and despots, political and spiritual, have taught that loyalty was the highest virtue, and apostacy the greatest crime. They have heaped odium on all apostates, that men might more easily be governed. But progress involves change; and to change from evil to good and from the false to the true, though denounced as apostacy by all who remain in the evil and the false, is every man's right and duty. Apostate, therefore, as a term of reproach and odium, is another bugbear made to shackle and enslave humanity, by those who assume to guide and govern, and plunder their fellows. To make a bad agreement, or promise, is bad; to keep it is doubly bad. Every person stands absolved from a bad bargain; because there is no right to enforce a wrong. It will be admitted in some things by all. Thus, if I have promised to rob a man; to murder; to commit any infamy, will any one contend that I must keep my promise; but if I have bargained to cheat in a lawful trade, sacrifice my own happiness, or to vote for a particular party; then I am an apostate or traitor, if I fail of my promise. Where is the line; but in the simple rule of right? and by this rule, every bad promise or agreement, is from its very nature, abrogated. But this, you say, destroys all faith in man. No, it only destroys all faith in evil. It leaves men to be faithful to right, and to obey conscience, instead of an ignorant or wicked bargain to do wrong. It dissolves all paltry obligations to an oppressive government or unjust laws, or absurd customs, or blasphemous creeds. It sunders all false relations, but it respects all true ones. It is a "higher law" of divorce for all false marriages; but an added bond of unity for all true ones.

There is therefore no apostacy, but treason to right; there is no treachery but that of continuing in evil.

ARISTOCRACY.—The rule of the best. The aristocratic principle is that the best should govern. The democratic is all that should govern. But democracy, or the government of all, can only be realized in the recognition of individual sovereignty, or self-government. The moment one man assumes to govern another, it is no longer the government of all. Our democracy, is the rule of a majority,

which exercises absolute and despotic power over the minority; and its ultimatum is an elective democracy. In choosing legislators and magistrates. We admit the aristocratic idea; reserving to the majority the right of choosing the best, to govern. That men differ in capacity, from idiocy to the highest genius; in education, from blank ignorance to the most extensive acquirements; in character, from extreme depravity, to the highest degrees of probity and virtue; just as they differ in all degrees between the extremes of weakness and strength, disease and health, deformity and beauty, is a matter of observation. Those therefore, who say "all men are born equal," evidently do not mean it in any of these particulars. It is certain, that in every community there are some persons, stronger, handsomer, better, and with higher capacities and acquirements than others; but their right to govern, on this account, is not so clear. Such right must come from, not only the consent, but the demand, of the rest to be governed. The man who imposes authority on another, is a robber; but he who faithfully supplies a demand of ignorance to be taught, weakness to be protected, and perversity to be kept in the right way, fulfils a high duty. Democracy, or the government of the people's choice, may be any form, they choose. If the people choose that a number of the best men shall govern; it is a democratic aristocracy. If they prefer a more simple form, and require that a chief, king, or emperor shall be the ruler; the government, whatever its form or name, is still, as much as possible, a democracy.

But, wherever resides the power of one being over another, it is liable to abuse. Patriarchs may be sad despots; majorities tyrannize over minorities; aristocracies grow corrupt, and selfish; kings can do wrong, and where power is assumed without the general sanction, and held and exercised in spite of it, the evils of despotism become apparent.

But government is only for the weak, the ignorant, and the depraved. The strong, and wise, and good do not require to be governed. To extend government over them is a usurpation. What have they to do with majorities, or laws, or monarchs? Such a man is law unto himself, and to attempt to control him is an impertinence.

Aristocracy, in a social sense, is that portion or class, in every country, which assumes or is allowed to be the highest. Its distinction is based upon various considerations, some real and other fanciful. There is an aristocracy of blood or birth; of talent and learning; of religious reputation; of wealth and fashion, &c. The aristocracy of wealth, the most common, may depend upon accident, or scoundrelism; that of fashion is controlled by caprice or fancy; a religious reputation may be cant

and hypocrisy; talent and learning beneficially displayed, seems a true basis of distinction; while the respect paid to blood and birth, while it has an underlying truth, is often false and absurd in practice.

ARMY.—An organized assemblage of men, trained or armed to kill other men, is one of the world's great facts. Why men should have found it needful or desirable to kill each other, it not easy to explain; but always, and everywhere, they have done so. The kings of Egypt, Syria, and Persia, gathered vast armies, with which they conquered, plundered, and enslaved surrounding nations. Alexander, by the force of superior physical development, discipline, and strategic science, conquered Persia, and overran the world of his time. Rome, with a hardy soldiery, became mistress of the world; the Northern hordes overran the Roman Empire; conquests spread the religions of Christ and Mahomet; armies fought for the sepulchre; and the history of civilization is chiefly the story of a series of conflicts, in which millions of men have been destroyed with all conceivable horrors and sufferings.

War is not peculiar to civilization. It is the great business of savage life. In climes of beauty, where prolific nature supplies every want, in the lovely islands of the South Sea, tribes, separated by a mountain ridge, or living on adjacent islands, are in a perpetual warfare, and not only kill, but eat each other. War seems the instinct of the race; and as it has progressed from savagism to civilization, the power, splendor, and efficiency of armies have increased. Governments and nations expend millions on armies and navies. Men are educated and carefully trained for this service. Our only government schools, are military and naval; our only national manufactories are of arms and implements of a warfare. We have a military school at West Point, where the picked youth of the nation are educated into the finest soldiers in the world; we have a naval academy at Norfolk; but where is the national school of agriculture, architecture, mechanics, or any kind of art or industry? If cities are to be built, forests felled, roads constructed, morasses drained, it must be done by individual effort, or voluntary association. But when men are to be slaughtered, the government attends to it. Private killing is murder; he who burns his neighbor's house is punished for arson. But killing and burning wholesale, and by government monopoly, is glorious.

Is it not manifest that war is a human instinct, as it is that of many tribes of animals and insects? Is it the propensity to combat and kill each other, so general, and which finds a strong and highly pleasurable excitement and in "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war?" or is the real charm in powerful, well organized combinations of great masses of men,

in a common enthusiasm, ambition, and success? may we not have, in the future, armies of peaceful industry, who shall subdue nature, and triumph over the elements? Armies, who will fell forests by the beat of the drum, and erect palaces with the sound of the trumpet? Armies to enrich and beautify the earth; not ravage and destroy? There are some, faithful among the faithless, who think enough of God and humanity to believe that all this will be accomplished in "the good time coming."

ART.—Most of our words, from the poverty of language, have many meanings. We speak of Art, as opposed to Nature; as cunning or hypocrisy; as skill in various productions; as distinguishing method from knowledge, when we speak of Art and Science. But the high and special use of the term Art, is to designate the idea and development of the beautiful. Art finds its expression in architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry, the drama, &c.

When a useful thing is made beautiful it becomes a work of art. And beauty seems to increase use; for in many things, the better an object answers its uses, the more beautiful it becomes. Thus the finest ship is the most beautiful; and it will be found, in constructive arts, that the forms most agreeable to the eye, are those which belong to the perfection of use. The finest building, of whatever kind, is the one best adapted to its uses; where those uses are beneficent. But while art adorns the uses and necessities of life, it may be said to have a sphere of its own. This depends upon our definition of use, or utility. A statue does not feed us, like a garden; clothe us like a cotton field; or shelter us like a dwelling; but we have other wants; and the appetite for the beautiful may be as real as that for food; and the spirit may starve for lack of it. The wants of the bodily organism are first in order, and must be first supplied; but the wants of the soul are little less imperative. Thus we find rude pictures in the humblest cot; poverty gives its pennies to the organ grinder; and the boy pays his shilling to go to the theatre at night, when he has yet to earn the morrow's breakfast. Such, in a low sphere are the demands of art.

Higher, these waking a sense of the beautiful, which demands its satisfaction, in luxury, in splendor, and as the sense is purified, in the highest achievements of the fine arts.

In its refinement, art becomes a sentiment, a religion, having its devotees and sectaries. Each development of humanity has its corresponding art. The savage paints his person, and carves his war club; the barbarian monarch builds temples and palaces, which he adorns with such sculptures and paintings, as illustrate the advancement of his people. The law of progress is modified by various circumstances. In cold, northern climates, where

life is a struggle for food and warmth, art finds slow development, compared with those genial regions where nature furnishes the necessities, leaving man abundant leisure to embellish and enjoy. But more is required than leisure, to favor the culture of art. There must be natural capacity; the sense of the beautiful. The Chinese and Japanese have neither music, sculpture, nor painting. The Greeks, in a few centuries brought sculpture to perfection, developed an architecture of great beauty, are supposed to have made some progress in painting, and cultivated a kind of music, which, though it appears to have been much inferior to our own, still had its merits. This was the result of a fine organization, and highly favorable conditions.

The Catholic religion, having its birth among an imaginative and artistic people, the descendants of the Greeks and Romans, allied itself to art; and while the church has encouraged artists, art has adorned and strengthened the church. Protestantism, which comes from the North, is cold to art; and in its extreme phases ignores or utterly condemns it. Thus Quakerism is the repudiation of the beautiful of every kind. It is a deliberate effort to destroy the faculties, which demand art for their satisfaction; and as no institution can long struggle with nature successfully, Quakerism must come to an end; while art, founded in nature, is destined to triumph, in the progress of humanity, over the errors of its friends and the hatred of its enemies.

ASSOCIATION.—An intimate and natural union of parts to form a whole; as of individuals in a society. It is to be distinguished from an aggregation or agglomeration, which is irregular, and discordant. A true association supposes unity of aim, and harmony of action; and to this end there should be the proper materials, and an organization adapted to the nature and object of the associated body.

A true association should be like the human body; its germ a principle; its beginning minute; its growth by a healthy assimilation of well adapted materials; its parts adapted to each other, and to their several functions. It is possible to conceive of such an association; united, harmonious, powerful; giving free scope and the best conditions for the development and happiness of every individual member; while the results to the whole body would surpass our brightest conceptions of human society.

Human association lives already in idea. Advanced minds everywhere hope for its realization. The world is full of its types and promises, as the animal races were types and promises of humanity.

Discordant aggregations oppress and torture individuality. True association will give to individuals the utmost freedom; since it is as

much a law for individuals to associate, as it is for atoms to come together by the law of attraction.

But, before there can be any true association, there must necessarily be a breaking up, or dissolution of the existing discordant aggregations of humanity. We must become truly individuals, before we are fitted for a true society. Individualism is a means to an end; rather, a true individuality can only find its perfect being and action, in a true society; for every individual has attractions to be satisfied, repulsions to be respected, and passionate wants which only a harmonic society can supply.

Our political philosophers, who are a reflection of the poverty of civilization, talk continually of the necessity of sacrificing the individual to the State. In a true society there is no such sacrifice; for the very constitution of a true society is such, that whatever is best for each is best for all; and the highest good of the society, is also the greatest happiness of each individual. This is the absolute law of a true association—not the greatest good of the greatest number, but the highest possible good of every individual.

ASCETICISM.—An ascetic is one who practices the so called virtue of self-denial. The sinner thinks he must appease the anger of God by sacrifice. In one way or another, all gods seem to be offended, and must be appeased. The greater the sacrifice, the more likely to satisfy the angry divinity. It is a very human idea—or perhaps a very brutal one. Men found that a savage beast might be appeased by giving it food; a savage foe-man, by making him a valuable present; so came the idea of softening the wrath of the angry gods. Thus the God of the Jews, who was a jealous and angry deity, was propitiated by sacrifices of thousands of animals, and occasionally of human victims. The destruction of the Canaanites, who were not only killed in battle but massacred in cold-blood, can only be looked upon as sacrifices; the offering of Jephthah's daughter was a similar one, and probably no unfrequent occurrence in the early times. Human sacrifices were practiced among the Druids, and in most savage nations. In the Christian religion, a single sublime sacrifice, in which God offers his Son, to be sacrificed, to himself, to satisfy his own justice, takes the place of the human and animal butcheries of the anterior creeds. But though Christ is, by many, held to be the single and all sufficing sacrifice, to save, some say a part, and some all, from the Divine vengeance; others find a necessity for the additional sacrifice of themselves; or their natural desires. This is the asceticism, which finds its way into many sects. A religious life, with these, is a life of continual self-denial or self-sacrifice. The atonement of Christ is to be reinforced by

another; so they deny and crucify their own natures or attractions. They fast; they do penance; they wear sombre, ugly, and even filthy garments; they sleep on hard beds, and eat coarse food; they deny all gratification of the senses, or the imagination, and hope to please the God of all beauty, and genius, and joy, by a life of ugliness, ignorance, and misery; and to attain the felicities of a future life, by the starvation of their bodies and souls in this.

The principle of sacrifice enters into most religions. Asceticism is common in many. In the Catholic church it is confined to particular societies; as some religious orders; or seasons, as Lent; while for the most part, Catholics indulge in a very reasonable degree of gayety and enjoyment. It is among Protestant sects that we find the most persistent and chilling asceticism; as among the Quakers and Presbyterians, whose ideal god delights in ugliness and sour faces, and punishes music and mirth with eternal torments.

ASSIMILATION.—A central phenomenon of vitality. The act by which a vegetable or animal converts matter into its own likeness, and adds it to its own substance. Thus the carbon of the earth or atmosphere becomes woody fibre, starch, or sugar, in the vegetable; and fat or flesh in the animal. Assimilation commences with digestion, in which the food becomes chyme, then chyle, then blood, then tissue; when, performing its function, it is destroyed in the act, and as waste matter, is carried out of the system. A similar process takes place in the vegetable; and in both animals and vegetables these processes seem to be governed by a presiding intelligence; not out of, and separate from the body; but in and of it; of which, however, we are quite unconscious. My idea of an intelligence appertaining to organic life, and presiding over its functions is explained and illustrated in *Esoteric Anthropology*.

ATTRACTION.—The word means a drawing, or that which draws bodies together. That bodies tend to each other is an observed fact. This tendency is a force that may be felt, and measured, and calculated. The force or attraction with which any body tends toward the Earth's centre, may be weighed in pounds and ounces; and astronomers calculate the force with which the planets tend toward the sun and toward each other. The attraction of great masses of matter is called gravitation; that of particles which combine in a conglomerate mass is the attraction of cohesion; while the attraction of atoms, in chemical combinations, is affinity. Cohesive attraction acts at comparatively small distances; gravitation seems to act through space.

But these words are only names for certain phenomena or appearances. They explain

nothing. What is the force of attraction? Why do two bodies tend to each other? Is there something, which fastens to and pulls them, or gets behind and pushes them? Are there currents bearing them on? or how can inert masses of matter start off, as we see them, every moment, rushing through space, and opposing elements, to get at each other?

It is a law; and this is another word. We must probably be content with the fact that every atom, and aggregation of atoms has its attractions and repulsions; or its tendency to go to or fly from other atoms and aggregations. Why the apple drops from the tree—why the stone thrown from the earth returns to it—why planets tend to the sun—is not easy to explain; at least, we have not comprehended any explanation.

Attraction, by analogy, is the name given to the tendencies or desires of the human soul. Of these we know also something of the facts, but as little of their nature or cause. The attraction for food induces us to supply the system with matter for assimilation; the sexual attraction continues the species; the attraction for society leads men to unite for improving their conditions. The nature of man is made up of his attractions, with their ballancing repulsions. The destiny of man, is a social state, in which all his attractions can be satisfied; or according to the axiom of Fourier, "attractions proportional to destinies." The true condition of any being is one in which he satisfies his natural desires; exercises his natural capacities; and enjoys the measure of happiness of which he is capable. In a false society men are forced to act contrary to both attractions and repulsions.

The Newtonian philosophy, while it seems to include most of the phenomena of Nature; does not account for all. There are many facts, which seem opposed to this theory. For instance, what keeps the moon in its orbit, at its full, when both the earth and sun, are drawing it toward them? Why does snow blown from the summit of a high mountain, pass off in the atmosphere, on its own level? What sustains clouds, water spouts, frogs, squids, and large hail stones in the atmosphere, until they fall? How do large birds, which appear to fly with great difficulty near the Earth, at a certain height, and where the atmosphere is of greater rarity, rest for hours without apparent effort? More than attraction is required to account for these, and similar phenomena. It requires also a theory of repulsion, which seems to us to have nearly as much to do as attraction in keeping things in their proper places; things material and things spiritual.

ATOM.—Whoever understands the nature and relations of an atom, knows all. Of the ultimate atoms of matter we know very little. Singly, they are not objects of sensation. In their combinations they make the universe.

What we do know of them, by logical inference, may be stated very briefly.

They are very small; for they compose the lightest gasses, as well as the most solid metals; and the animalcule, one of a million in a drop of water, is composed of atoms.

They have definite attractions and repulsions, or likes and dislikes, by which they unite to form bodies. They seem also to have intelligence, and either act, or are acted upon, by forces, controlled by mathematical principles, and the adaptation of circumstances. There is reason to suppose that each atom in the universe is an intelligent, self-acting individual.

They are individual entities. Whatever their combinations or aggregations, no atom of matter ever touches any other atom. In the point of a needle or the sting of a bee, each atom is distinct, and entirely separate from every other; held in its place, with reference to the others, by its attractions and repulsions. This is demonstrable from the phenomena of expansion, contraction, and elasticity, in what are called solids; and in the general laws of the liquids and gasses. This law of the individuality of atoms is at the basis of physical science; as the individuality of men is at the basis of social science.

We see the same matter taking on different forms, as atoms change their relations. Thus water, which, as far as our present analysis shows, is composed of two kinds of atoms, those of hydrogen and oxygen, is either solid as ice, liquid as water, or an invisible vapor as steam; the atoms going farther and still farther asunder, with the added repulsion of an increasing temperature. It is probable that all matter is capable of taking on these three forms.

The atoms of matter unite in groups according to fixed laws, to form all compound substances. They have stronger attractions for some than for others. These attractions and repulsions of atoms resemble our likes and dislikes. Oxygen unites with hydrogen to form water; but it likes iron or zinc, or still more potassium, better, and instantly leaves hydrogen to form a new union; leaving each atom of hydrogen to find another of oxygen or to unite with nitrogen. Chemistry is the science of atoms and their relations to each other. Physics is the science of their aggregations. Chemistry corresponds to the relations of individuals in a group or association; natural philosophy to the relation of groups or associations with each other.

ATHEIST.—One who denies the existence of a God. Some persons seem to have no power of conceiving of a Supreme Intelligence; others can account in no other way for their own existence. There are then some persons who are Deists, and others Atheists, from their different mental organizations. I

now speak of those who think. The unreflecting multitude, who believe as they are taught, by their parents, or at church, or Sunday schools, have no belief of their own of any kind. They only reflect what is about them; and conform to the fashionable faith. With all such persons, it is a mere accident of birth, whether they are Pagans, or Mahometans, or Christians; Catholics or Protestants.

When a man begins to think and examine, he finds so much error around him, that he is forced to go to work to clear it away, like rubbish. He is compelled to deny so many things that he gets in the habit of denying. It is not strange that he goes too far, and denies some truth with the error. A man may believe too much or too little; and belief is so far from being a voluntary act of the mind, that no one can be justly blamed for believing or not believing anything; but only for wilfully refusing to examine the evidences on which a true belief may be founded.

The Atheist, in his work of negation, admits only what he sees. He believes in himself, and nature; and what he calls the laws of nature. Matter, taking on certain forms, develops certain qualities, and one of these is the power to think. He sees no reason why the universe may not be eternal and self-existent; as well as God. He refuses to admit what he has no evidence of. This is Atheism or materialism.

The God of the prevalent theologies has little to command the acceptance of any thinking mind. Men are compelled to reject the popular idea; and, failing to get a reasonable one, they are Atheists. Atheism is the legitimate fruit of the popular theologies.

Men who must have causes for effects; and intelligence for design; who cannot conceive of intelligence without individuality, are forced to personify the Supreme Intelligence.

AURA.—As the Earth is surrounded by its atmosphere, every body of coarse, sensible matter seems to be surrounded by an envelopment of a finer substance, seldom appreciated by the senses. Sometimes the refined element seems to emanate from the body, as odors from flowers; sometimes to move in currents about it, like what is termed the magnetic fluid. Animal magnetizers are conscious of throwing off a subtle aroma, which seems the element of their power; and the magnetized subject feels an aura like a cool breeze. The experiments of Baron Von Reichenback seem to prove that crystals, metals, and many bodies, have these subtle elements, and give out emanations, which are seen and felt, by persons of a very delicate nervous organization. Light, chemical forces, attraction, electric and magnetic elements, appear to be aura of the sun; each ultimate atom, may have similar powers, and all aggregations of atoms. The spheres

of living beings, men and lower animals, affect each other by a penetrating aura, to which some are more susceptible than others. I know persons who *feel* the characters of those who approach them; who can describe the looks, disposition, and most striking peculiarities of one they have never seen, by merely holding a folded paper, containing his hand-writing. Such phenomena of clairvoyance and psychometry are abundantly observed, but not well understood. Those who have enquired most closely, connect them with some subtle aura or aroma, having the power to give impressions of the person from whose life it emanates. Our sympathies and antipathies to persons seem to depend more upon such mysterious emanations or influences, than upon our senses of sight and hearing. We love those who do not look beautiful to us, and before they speak at all. We hate, or dread those, whom we are obliged to confess handsome and fascinating. Children, before they can speak, show similar attractions and repulsions.

AUTHORITY.—The power of law, or opinion. That which governs. There is a true authority, which is synonymous with order, or natural law; but our constituted authorities are generally false, and entitled to no respect. Whatever is right, as being in the true order and harmony of the universe, so recognised, by the law of universal analogy, is to be respected, and must be, by every harmonious organization, as of Divine Authority. But the authority that would restrain us from any true attraction, or impose upon us any genuine repulsion, has no claim to our obedience, and an honest and brave heart will rebel ever against it. The authority of Government, though false, may be endured as a temporary expediency. The authority of the church, claiming rule over the mind, is far more dangerous. The authority of pretended Divine Revelations, of whatever character, and wherever revealed, is to be carefully and strictly investigated, and not admitted without the most absolute proofs; since the higher the pretended source of authority, the more dangerous may be its exercise. We tolerate the caprices, and often bear patiently the tyrannies of a child; we oppose sternly the wrongs and oppressions of men; still more peremptorily should we repudiate the authority which seeks to enslave and plunder us in the name of the Lord.

AUTHOR.—One who produces, creates, or brings into being. The word is chiefly used to designate the writers of books. A musical author is termed a composer; yet a picture, though called a composition, is designed by an artist. The art of printing has given great power to authorship. The book that once could have but a few hun-

dred readers, is now multiplied with the greatest rapidity, and scattered over the earth by millions. But this facility of multiplying works, increases the quantity of "trash." It may be presumed that if all books were now produced by the slow process of copying in manuscript—vast numbers would not be written at all, and more perhaps, would never be written a second time. How many works would any of us consent to copy, if this were the only means of procuring them? Our libraries would be small, but how choice! And we should know all our books by heart, and prize them far more than now.

An author, having a strong personality or piquant individuality, writes himself into his book; and such a book will be popular, just in proportion as we are sympathetic with his characteristics. Some authors are read with pleasure but seldom praised; some are much praised but little read. We treat books as we do men. The sedate, sensible, estimable man, we bow to with respect; while we take some rollicking scamp or good-for-nothing home to dinner. Yet the author, the man of letters, is now the man of power. Eloquence has lost much of its prestige. Poets never sing, and seldom recite their lays. The world of thought, which is, and still more is to be, supreme, finds its manifestation in books or newspapers. The pulpit seeks the aid of the press. Few sermons have vitality enough to live in print; but when one gets into the newspapers, what an expansion of the audience! The occasional sermons of our most popular preachers, reported by the daily press, are sometimes read, within a month, by two or three millions of people.

Authorship is immortality for all who have a lasting hold on life. Whatever is human, is preserved to humanity. The books which make us laugh, and cry, or think, and feel; these are the books that live. The strong natural expression of any genuine thought or feeling, is the test of every author's merit, and the assurance of his immortality of fame.

AVARICE.—"Money, or the love of money, is the root of all evil." As a loose popular statement, this, if not the truth, is near it. "Necessity is the mother of invention." The development of humanity comes from its wants. The repulsion of misery, the desire for happiness, drive and draw us forward toward our destiny. But, as men steal when hungry; as, with strong desires and difficulties, they forget justice; they find a shorter way, than to labor for what they need. It seems a simple thing that a man, wanting shelter, should build him a house; and wanting food, should cultivate the earth; but it has seemed easier, for the strong to

To be continued.

ried, for, like the Egyptian kings, the royal family of Peru considered this primitive conubial connection, like that of the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve, a sacred privilege.

The offerings in the Temple of the Sun, consisted of animals, the fruits of the earth, flowers, and all for which they felt indebted to the source of light and heat. At their great feasts, they poured a libation to the sun, in a vessel of gold, and at every meal, the Peruvian dipped his finger in his drink, and made a sign or thanksgiving to the subordinate deity, to which he was taught to pay his worship as the visible emblem of the Power Supreme.

The annual festival of the sun, was celebrated with great pomp, by the Inca, the royal family, priesthood, court and army. Before day, they assembled in a vast plain, and waited in profound silence the rising of the sun. As his first rays shone upon them, their rejoicing shouts arose to heaven. The god of day was saluted with music, acclamation, songs and dances. A grand procession was formed, which moved to the Temple of the Sun, where sacrifices were offered. The Inca approached the altar, and made distribution of the sacred fire, and all drank a libation.

The next festival in importance, was that in which they made grand illuminations, and prayers were offered to the sun for protection from cold.

The third and last festival was that of Purgation; and had for its object, their preservation from all diseases of the body, all weaknesses of the spirit, and all the sins of the soul. In this, after a feast of unleavened bread and bitter herbs, there were certain curious public ceremonies, in which all diseases, and evils were banished from the city in the name of the sun.

The virgins of the sun celebrated these festivals in the interior of the temples, to which the Inca alone had admittance.

The laws and institutions of Peru were wise and beneficent. The lands were equally divided among the people, save what were reserved for royalty and the priesthood, and the condition of society was the admiration of all those Europeans, who looked upon them with better feelings than those which actuated the infamous Pizarro.

THE RELIGION OF THE SIAMESE.

The kingdom of Siam occupies a peninsula, on the extreme south-eastern corner of Asia. It is south of China, and far to the east of Hindostan. The religion of this country, though in many respects resembling a large class of Oriental sects, has some striking peculiarities.

The Siamese have temples or churches, called pagodas by the Portuguese, but the Sia-

mese title is *pihan*. These *pihans* are surrounded by walls, near which are the convents, or cells of *Talapoins*, and *Talapoinesses*, or of the priests, and priestesses or nuns. The nuns are neither forced into these convents, nor compelled to remain—in fact they do not enter at all, until the decline of life.

The Talapoins have charge of the education of youth, and live upon the alms or contributions of the people; but this is the case with nearly all countries and religions. In turn, the Talapoins are very hospitable to strangers and travellers, giving them food and lodgings near their convents.

The priests are under vows of perpetual celibacy, the punishment of the violation of which is to be burnt alive, and the king causes this punishment to be rigorously inflicted, to prevent too many of his subjects from becoming priests, since they pay no duties, and contribute nothing to the defence or support of the State.

The Talapoins preach every new and full moon, and yearly, during the inundation, every day, from morning till evening. They are obliged to watch as well as pray, and after harvest they go into the fields at night, and return in the morning. They pretend that such is their sanctity, that neither wild beasts nor venomous reptiles will harm them; and if a priest happens to be killed they either deny it or say that he did not live up to the rules of his order.

The priests shave their heads, beards, and eye-brows; they wash as soon as they can see in the morning, but not sooner, for fear of destroying the life of some insect—after washing they perform their devotions in the temple, where they, in choirs, sing sacred hymns, written upon cocoanut leaves. After their morning devotions, they visit their parishioners to receive their offerings—but they do not depend upon these, for they have lands around their convents, and slaves to cultivate them, all exempt from taxation.

When the Talapoinesses commit an offence against chastity, they are delivered to their relations to be punished; but their punishment is not capital.

There is no priesthood whose rules are more strict than those of the Talapoins of Siam. They must neither kill, steal, commit uncleanness, drink strong liquor, nor tell lies; and by not killing, they understand not destroying the life of either animals or vegetables. They are prohibited music, except sacred, plays, dancing, or being present at such entertainments; and the use of perfumes, and even the touch of gold or silver is held sinful. Their servants take care of their money.

A Talapoin must not meddle in trade, politics, or anything but religion. He must not judge or censure any man, or look upon woman, so as to take any delight in the object.

He must not keep any of his food until the next day; nor ride on any beast, nor in any vehicle; nor dress finely; nor boast of his learning, parts, or pedigree; nor be angry, or threaten any one.

The priests who live up to these requirements, acquire so much holiness, that they have a surplus to make satisfaction for the sins of the people.

The Talapoins teach the pre-existence of the soul, as well as its immortality; and that the sufferings of this life are the punishments of sins committed in some former state of existence. The soul, they hold, is material, yet of a refined essence, and retains after death the form of the living body, though not palpable to the touch. No man will be eternally punished; the good, after several transmigrations, will enjoy everlasting felicity, but those who are not reformed, will keep on in a course of transmigrations.

Though believing in and worshipping the Supreme God, the chief object of adoration is a departed saint, or holy personage, who as a reward for his excellent piety was translated from earth to Heaven. This personage is called *Sommona Codom*, and his mother is called *Maha Maria*, or the Great Mary. They say, that Sommona Codom, before he left the world worked many miracles, and among others, that he altered the dimensions of his own body, sometimes appearing as a giant, and at others became invisible. He had two favorite disciples, one of whom overturned the earth and took Hell-fire in his hand, intending to extinguish it, but he was prevented by Sommona Codom, who said that if the terror of that punishment were withdrawn men would be still more wicked than they are.

The Siamese look upon Sommona Codom, as not the author, but the restorer of their religion, when men had become abandoned to vice, and had neglected its precepts.

The Siamese have little bigotry and no intolerance. They hold it right for the people of every nation to worship God as they are taught. They see no reason to hate and make war upon any people, because they have been educated in a different faith, since all men agree, in one way or another, to worship the Supreme God. The saints and great men, to whom they pay adoration, they look upon as intercessors with God—and not to be esteemed deities themselves.

This toleration gave the early Christian missionaries great encouragement in their attempts to convert the Siamese, but unfortunately the standard of European morals, both of priests and people was much lower than their own, and they saw in them so much ambition, avarice, injustice and tyranny, that they came to abhor both their persons and practices; so that they did not think the change would be advantageous.

This account of the religion of the Siamese is gathered from the most reliable sources, especially from the early travellers, and such as appear to have entertained the fewest prejudices. They present for our contemplation some extraordinary coincidences for which it is impossible to account, but which must strike every reader. But similar ones exist in every part of the world, not only in religion, but in manners, customs, and language, equally inexplicable.

ASIATIC SUPERSTITION.

We have elsewhere given accounts of the principal religions of Asia, but there is a variety of creeds and customs not included in those, which may be interesting to notice.

OF KAMTSCHATKA.

Kamtschatka is a Russian possession, in the extreme Northeastern corner of Asia. The people are nearly savages. Their ideas of the deity are of a very singular character. They call him *Kutchu*, and pay him no manner of religious worship, as they think he is above being pleased with the praises or flatteries of mortals. They do not pray to him, as they think a prayer an insult to his wisdom, goodness, and magnanimity. They ask nothing of God, for they do not believe that he would yield to human supplication what he does not grant as a matter of justice. But though they neither worship God, nor pray to him, they do not hesitate to reproach him for physical evils—for making so many steep hills, and rapid rivers, and for sending so many storms and so much rain. It seems to them just that an Almighty Being, who could have made their country beautiful and given it a genial climate, should be blamed for its savage sterility, and arctic fridity.

But though these people do not worship God, they pay a kind of superstitious adoration to inferior deities. In honor of one of these, they erect a kind of pillar in a spacious plain, and bind it round with rags. Whenever they pass, they throw to it a piece of fish, or some other food, and they never gather any berries nor kill any animal in its vicinity; but it has been observed that, like many professor of other religions they offer nothing that is of use, or which they would not be obliged to throw away.

They think that burning mountains, hot springs, and certain forests are sacred, and are the homes of demons, whom they fear, while of the Supreme Being, they are in no dread whatever.

In the ordinary affairs of life, they have no idea that God interferes by a particular providence, but think that every man's good or bad condition, his happiness or misery depends upon himself.

They believe that the world is eternal, see-

ing no reason for its being destroyed, which would not be good against its having an existence, and they hold to the immortality of the soul, which they believe will be joined again to a body, and be subject to the same troubles and fatigues as in the present life, though with a progressive improvement in its sphere of action. These ideas, with the exception of the superstitious regard of demons, seem to have been the simple teachings of the natural reason, unenlightened by revelation.

OF TONQUIN.

The religion of Tonquin is much like that of China, and the Tonquinese pay great respect to the writings and memory of Confucius. But with the purity of the philosophical faith they mingle various superstitions. Among a great variety of idols, the horse and the elephant are the most conspicuous. These idols are to be found everywhere, covered by pagodas, near which the priests reside, whose business it is to offer the prayers of the people to the idol, or the deity it represents. The prayer or petition is written out, and is read in the pagoda by the priest, while the petitioner is lying on his face, after which the prayer is burnt in the incense pot.

A man of distinction usually keeps a chaplain who reads the prayers, in a court yard or chapel attached to the dwelling, while the master lies prostrate. On such occasions, a great quantity of provisions is prepared, and the master no sooner rises from his prayers than he orders his servants to eat and make their hearts merry; for these people seldom perform any act of worship, without giving the poor or their servants reason to bless them; their devotion being always accompanied with acts of charity and benevolence; as they have an idea that God will sooner regard their supplications if they are merciful to those around them.

The Tonquinese observe two great religious festivals every year, the chief of which is about New Year's, and lasts twelve days. All business is suspended—people put on their best clothes, and spend their time in feasts and diversions. The other great festival is after harvest, corresponding with our thankgivings. On the first and fifteenth of every month, they also perform their devotions with extraordinary zeal.

At every great entertainment, a comedy is acted, which lasts the whole night, from sunset to sunrise, but the progress of the play does not hinder the feasting which goes on with great hilarity.

Astrology is universally cultivated, and the people are strict observers of times and seasons, lucky and unlucky days and particular omens.

OF PEGU.

The clergy of Pegu are such strict observ-

ers of the rules of humanity and charity, that if a stranger has the misfortune to be shipwrecked on the coast, or comes to their temples, he is supplied with food and clothing, if sick is nursed until his recovery, and furnished with letters of recommendation to the priests of some other temple on the route he intends to travel. They never enquire the religion of a stranger, for fear that any involuntary prejudice against his faith might injure the exercise of their benevolence.

When there arises a controversy between neighbors, the priests use all their endeavors to procure a reconciliation, and never leave off their good offices until this object is accomplished.

These priests frequently preach to numerous audiences, and considering that they are heathens and idolaters, their sermons are not so bad as might be expected. They preach that charity is the most sublime of all the virtues, and that it ought to be extended not only to all mankind but to animals. They exhort people not to commit murder; to take from no person any thing belonging to him; to injure and defraud no one; to give no offence; to avoid impurity and superstition; and not to worship evil spirits. But the idea that devils are the authors of evil, is so generally believed, that it is hard to keep the people from trying to propitiate them by sacrifices.

The people bow to the idols in their temples when they enter and leave; and this is all the worship they pay them.

OF HINDOSTAN.

The Banyans of India carry the doctrine of universal philanthropy to such an extent, that they extend their charity to everything that has the principle of life, and respect it as much in the flea as the elephant. They brush the ground to prevent killing insects when they walk; and as they believe in the metempsychosis, they recognize the possibility of any animal or insect being animated by a human soul, perhaps that of some friend or relative.

The Banyans not only forbear to kill any living creature, but they erect hospitals for them; and there are several near Surat, where cows, horses, goats, dogs, etc., that are lame or enfeebled by age, are carefully provided for.

So firmly persuaded are these people that departed souls enter the bodies of animals, that when they see one come into their houses, they conclude that it is one of their departed friends come to pay them a visit. Thus a clerk of an English merchant, being very melancholy on the death of his father, and seeing a snake come into his house, immediately concluded that it was animated by his father's soul, and came there for relief. This

thought gave him great comfort, and he treated the snake with the same respect and kindness that he would have shown his living father. This same man believed that the rats were his relations, and they being fed and kindly treated, became as tame as other domestic animals.

The Fakers of India are a kind of monks or devotees, who practice great austerities as religious duties. Some wallow in dirt, others sit or stand for years in painful postures, until their limbs become immovable, some never comb their hair or cleanse their bodies; some sit on sharp nails, or swing by hooks in their flesh; others clench their fists till their nails grow through the palms of their hands and appear at the back. They look over their shoulders, or at the point of their noses, until their eyes become fixed in one direction.

Some of these religious mendicants wander around entirely naked, saying that they have no sin, and are therefore free from shame so that they need no covering. It is believed in India that the prayers of these devotees are exceedingly efficacious, especially as a cure for barrenness; and when the staff and sandals of the Fakar are found at the door of a woman, the most jealous husband never thinks of intruding upon their privacy.

OF JAPAN.

The religion of Japan resembles that of China in all essential particulars. The religion of philosophers and of educated people is that of Confucius; while the vulgar hold to the superstitions of Fo. The bonzes or priests have great power. There are numerous convents and nunneries where devotees undergo the severest punishment for their sins. Confession is an article of faith among the Japanese, as well as in a large portion of the Christian world, and it is said that the confessionals of the bonzes are fixed on the summits of precipitous rocks, whence the sinner is tumbled down headlong, if detected in any insincerity in his confessions.

The temples are spacious and some are of great magnificence. In a temple at Meaco, is an idol whose chair is seventy feet high, and whose head is large enough to contain the bodies of fifteen men in its hollow. There are sixty other temples in this single city. Near Jeddo, on the roadside, there is an image of copper representing the God Dabis, sitting cross-legged with extended arms, twenty-two feet high.

In a temple of Tuededa, the bonzes say that one of their gods appears to them in human shape, and they provide, at every new moon a young virgin for his entertainment. After being prepared with proper ceremonies, she enters the temple of darkness. The girl afterwards has almost divine honors paid her, and so inspired is the little enthusiast, says

Sir Thomas Herbert, that she pretends to prophecy and foretel future events.

The natives of the Phillippine Islands worship one Supreme God, but they pay adorations to the sun, moon, groves, rocks, rivers, and especially to trees of a sacred kind, which they think become the residences of the souls of their deceased relatives. These they never cut down for fear of wounding some of their nearest relations.

The East Indians purify themselves by bathing from head to foot, several times a day and whenever they have touched anything that is polluted. They will not eat or drink out of a dish that has been used by one of a different religion, though washed ever so clean. If a European drinks from a bowl, they immediately break it, and a whole village would perish of thirst sooner than use water from a well in which a foreigner had dipped his bucket. This superstition is very convenient for the English residents in India, who have no fear of their liquors or provisions being stolen.

AFRICAN RELIGIONS.

In the pride of our self-judged orthodoxy, in matters of religion, we call all things superstitious except those which we have been taught to believe. In one sense this may be fair enough, since others do this same by us; but retaliation is not always justice. The African, who believes in a snake, has an example in the Israelite, who believes in the brazen serpent of Moses, and there is scarcely anything, however apparently ridiculous in the creeds and ceremonies of the most ignorant savages, which does not find its counterpart among the most intelligent nations of ancient and modern times.

It is with a bad grace, then, that we ridicule and condemn what we call the superstitions of the ignorant negroes, while we hold doctrines and profess forms of faith which, doubtless, seem to them quite ridiculous, and contemptible.

In glancing over the continent of Africa, we find a variety of religious opinions and rites, which afford matter for philosophic contemplation. They may excite our pity; but we have no right to express, in regard to them, any such sentiment as indignation.

SERPENT WORSHIP.

In Egypt, there was formerly; and perhaps still is, a grotto in which dwells a famous and holy serpent, called Haridi. The serpent is no other than a transmigration of a celebrated Turkish saint, who, dying here, in the odor of sanctity, was buried upon the spot, and was transformed, so the Arabs believe, into this serpent, who possesses very marvellous properties and powers; for he never dies, for one thing; and what is better, he continually heals

all manner of diseases, and confers other favors on those who implore his aid.

The Romans believed that Æsculapius was transformed into a serpent, which was sent for to Rome to stop the plague; but this story was probably got up out of compliment to the medical faculty, which contained about the same amount of wisdom in those days as at the present day, when it is so very remarkable.

This serpent, the Egyptian one, is attended by his priests, who consult him upon all occasions and never thwart his inclinations, and it is a singular fact that Saint Snake possesses the same kind of discrimination of character as the world in general. He has a fine respect of persons, and with aristocratic taste dispenses his favors readily to the rich and noble, while he scarcely deigns to notice the humble and poor.

This may be considered a strong presumption of his orthodoxy, since we find the same disposition manifested among the most fashionable sects in several parts of Christendom. If a Governor, or any great man be attacked with any disorder, the snake complaisantly allows himself to be carried to the house where his very presence is generally enough to cure the disease; but if a person of the common ranks want his snakeship's services, he must not only make a vow to recompense him for his trouble, but he must send a spotless virgin on the important embassy. Such a regard has this serpent for the fair sex, and especially for female virtue, that he can refuse nothing to a pretty girl of unquestionable reputation, provided she bring the promise of a handsome reward.

The details of this virgin mission to the holy serpent are curious, and if our readers take the right view of them, may be instructive. On the young lady entering the presence of the snake, she addresses him with great politeness, tenders the compliments of the season, and begs that he will suffer himself to be carried to the person, in whose favor she entreats his good offices and miraculous gifts. If the character of the young lady be unequivocally correct, the snake cannot find it in his susceptible heart to resist her importunities, and in token of yielding, he begins to move gently his tail; the lady redoubles her affectionate entreaties—and at length the reptile moves toward her, winds round her neck and reposes his folds upon her gentle and virtuous bosom, in which pleasant situation he is carried in state, surrounded by his attendant priests, and cheered by popular acclamation. No sooner is he brought into the room than the patient begins to be relieved, but wishing to perfect the good work so graciously begun, he remains as long as his attendant priests are feasted. Every thing goes on piously and successfully—the priests eating and drinking

—the patient recovering, and the snake probably reflecting upon the charms of female virtue and the luxury of doing good—if there is no Christian, or other infidel, present; for the presence of a single unbeliever would interrupt the miracle; the snake would suddenly disappear, and though on the opposite side of the Nile, with never a bridge to cross on, he would be found in his grotto at the return of the priests.

The Arabs not only fully believe in all these miraculous powers of the snake, but they assert that he is immortal; and that, although the priests have cut him into several pieces, and put them under a vase, the snake been found sound and well. The scoffers say that this is a trick of simple legerdemain, as well as the mysterious disappearance; but the Arabs, who do not pretend to reason on matters of faith, consider them holy mysteries, and while we pity them as benighted heathens, they look upon us as the most wicked of infidels, and sure of eternal tortures for not believing a religion, which, if we knew more about, we might have a greater respect for.

OF THE HOTTENTOTS.

The Hottentots, who are by no means the most stupid people in the world, though they come very near being the most filthy, and disgusting, worship the moon, for which purpose they assemble at the change and full, with no postponement on account of the weather. When she appears, they throw themselves into a thousand different attitudes, scream, prostrate themselves on the ground, suddenly leap up, stamp, and cry aloud, "I salute thee; thou art welcome! Grant us fodder for our cattle and milk in abundance!" These, and similar addresses are presented with singing, clapping of hands, shouting, and prostration; making altogether a scene, to which some of our noisiest camp meetings may afford a faint resemblance.

These interesting people also adore, as a benevolent deity, a certain flying insect. Whenever it appears in sight, they pay it the most devout veneration; and if it honors the village with a visit, the inhabitants, assemble around it in the highest rapture, singing, dancing, throwing up the buchen powder, and killing two sheep as a sacrifice; when they believe all their sins are forgiven.

If this wonderful insect ever alights on a Hottentot, he is immediately revered as a saint, and the fattest ox is killed in his honor, and that of the insect deity, the saint feasting upon the tripe, that "ne plus ultra" of Hottentot gourmandism, while the other men eat the meat, and the broth is sent to the women. The caul of the animal, well powdered with buchu, is twisted about the neck of the new saint, which he wears until it drops off, or until the insect selects another saint. If a

woman be chosen, she receives the same honors and adorations, but in this case the tables are turned—the women eat the meat, while the men are regaled upon the broth.

The Hottentots will expose themselves to the greatest dangers to prevent this insect deity from being injured. A young German having caught one, they stared at him with looks of distraction, crying, "What is he going to do? will he kill it?" and when he asked why they were in such agonies about a paltry insect, they cried, "Ah, sir, it is a divinity! it is come from heaven! do not hurt it—do not offend it—or we shall be the most miserable wretches upon earth!"

The Hottentots do not differ from many other nations, in not wishing to have their divinities too rudely handled.

OF GUINEA

The negroes of Guinea, in Western Africa, universally believe in a Supreme Creator, but, thinking him too far exalted to take any notice of their prayers or adorations, they address all their worship to inferior deities. Some of these are common to whole tribes, while every man has one or more special divinities of his own choosing.

The chief deity of one of the Guinea nations is an immense serpent of a peculiar species. This reptile is kept in great state, in a splendid bamboo temple, and is served by numbers of priests and priestesses and receives a great many presents.

On important occasions this snake-god is propitiated by a grand procession and all manner of offerings, and his influence is supposed to be sufficient to govern the weather or protect the public welfare.

There are snake temples in every village, with their priests and priestesses, but the principal one, where the great snake receives the adoration of his worshippers in person, is the chief attraction. The king used to make a pilgrimage to this temple, but of late, the lazy monarch has compromised by sending a number of his wives.

Once every year it is pretended that the young women, generally the wives and daughters of the principal people, are seized by a kind of snake frenzy, and it is necessary to take them to the snake temple and keep them there until, by the ministrations of the priests and priestesses, and the presents of their friends, they recover their senses; but there are some who think that this is a pious fraud of the priests, to get both women and presents; for any person who refuses to allow his wife or daughter to go to the temple, risks being considered an infidel, and having his character blasted by the priests of the great snake and as the king shares the profits of this speculation, the government aids the priesthood.

The women who visit the serpent's temple are required not to divulge what has happened to them there, under the severest penalties, but as they are fond of going, this prohibition seems to be scarcely necessary.

An African traveller relates that a negro whose wife fell into this frenzy, upon pretence of taking her to the temple took her to a slave factor's where he threatened that if she did not instantly come to her wits, he would sell her for a slave. This cured her snake madness very suddenly, and she fell on her knees and begged forgiveness; but in another case, when an unbelieving husband interfered with his wife's fancy, he was poisoned by the priests, and our author says—"from hence you may observe, that throughout the world it is very dangerous to disoblige ecclesiastics."

Such is the veneration of the Fidaians for this snake-god, that they will not hear a word spoken in derision of him, and stop their ears against any such blasphemy.

Divine honors are also paid to lofty trees and groves, and to the sea, of which they have a great terror and into which they throw offerings, to appease its wrath.

Besides such public gods, they have an infinity of private ones. When a man wishes for any thing he prays for it to the first thing that strikes his fancy, and if the prayer is granted, the object to which he prayed becomes his deity.

The priest and priestesses are held in great respect, and though wives are generally treated as slaves, the husband of a priestess is obliged to be all obedience. The men are therefore naturally averse to these matches, and will not allow their wives to become priestesses if they can prevent it.

There is some talk among the negroes of a future state and of a hell for the punishment of the wicked, but they do not seem to regard it much.

A man's favorite god he calls his Bossam, and to this deity his favorite wife is dedicated. This Bossam wife is exempted from labor and enjoys many privileges. She is usually a beautiful slave bought for this purpose, and he devotes his birthday, and sabbath to her society.

In the sacred groves, set apart in every village, sacrifices are offered to the gods, to appease their wrath and propitiate their merciful providences. Their Bossam day, or sabbath is carefully observed. They drink no strong liquor until after sunset, and dress in white robes and smear themselves with white pigment.

Their ideas of a future state are rather vague, but some of them believe that after death their souls will pass into the bodies of white men, and undergo other, transmigrations.

The priests act in the treble capacity of prophets, conjurers and physicians, and the dreams, charms, witchcraft, and all sorts of diabolical

OF OTHER NEGRO TRIBES.

The negroes of the interior of Sierra Leone acknowledge one Supreme Being, the Creator of all things, to whom they attribute infinite power and knowledge; this being they call Canno. But, while they acknowledge and reverence the Almighty, they worship chiefly inferior beings, who are his agents, ministers, or angels. They believe that the dead are converted into these ministering spirits, who watch over and guard their friends. A negro who flies from any danger, hastens to the tomb of his guardian angel; and if he escapes, he sacrifices a cow at the tomb, in presence of the friends of the departed, who dance around it. These spirits of the departed are called Januanins.

The Quoians have a great veneration for these spirits. In every emergency they fly to the sacred grove, which is believed to be their residence, where they beseech them to grant assistance to revenge their injuries, or to intercede with Canno, in their behalf. This belief in the intercession of departed spirits is one of the many coincidences between the most barbarous heathenism and the creeds of Christianity.

Among the Quoians, these Januanins are appealed to upon the most important occasions. If a woman is accused of adultery, and there is no proof but the mere allegation of her husband, she is acquitted—upon her solemn protestation of innocence, calling upon a guardian spirit named Belli-paori to confound her if she varies from the truth. If she is subsequently guilty of the offence, her husband can bring her in the night to a public place where the council sit to try her. Here after invoking the Januanins, she is blindfolded, to prevent her seeing those beings, who are coming to carry her out of the world. The poor woman is left for some time in a state of terrible apprehension expecting every moment to be carried off by the spirits; but, after a time, the oldest of the council begins a discourse upon the wickedness of her shameless conduct, and threatens her with the most cruel punishments if she persists in it. Suddenly she hears a confused murmur of the spirit voices; and hears one of them saying that though her crime merits the most rigorous punishment, she will be pardoned on account of its being her first transgression.

But woe to the woman who is proved guilty of a second offence. If the proof be clear, the Bellimo, or high priest, attended by his officers, goes early to her house. They make a prodigious noise with rattles, so as to alarm the whole village. The guilty woman is seized

and dragged to court. Three times she is made to walk around the market place in a grand procession, with the noise of rattles and other musical instruments, and the whole society of Belli, or priesthood. They then conduct her to the sacred groves, and she is supposed to be carried off by the spirits, for she is seen no more, and the people are never permitted to mention her name. Her fate is an awful warning to the whole female population.

MUMBO JUMBO.

Somewhat similar to this ceremony of the Quoians, is the famous Mumbo-Jumbo of the negroes of Senegal, which is also a religious contrivance of the priests, for keeping the women virtuous and submissive.

Mumbo-Jumbo is a terrific creature, about ten feet high, and very hideous. It is made of the bark of trees, and straw, with a man inside of it, and whenever it is seen, there is the greatest consternation—the men, who are in the secret pretending to be frightened—and the women and children being really so. To these Mumbo-Jumbo is a veritable bug-bear.

Whenever there is any dispute between a man and his wives, Mumbo-Jumbo is sent for to settle the difference. He comes in state, with every terrible accessory that can be devised. No one is allowed to be armed in his presence, and when his hollow voice is heard approaching, all the women run and hide themselves, but they dare not refuse to come forth if Mumbo-Jumbo sends for them. The questions at issue are almost uniformly decided in favor of the men, and the women, if very unruly, are sometimes ordered a severe whipping.

When any man enters the society of Mumbo-Jumbo, he is obliged to swear never to divulge the secret to a woman, or any person not a member. No boys under sixteen are admitted. The people swear their most sacred oaths by Mumbo-Jumbo, and every expedient is used to keep a wholesome terror of this convenient deity, so as to frighten the women into docility and obedience.

To show how carefully this important secret is guarded, it is related that in 1727, the king of Jagra had the weakness to yield to the inquisitiveness of his favorite wife, and disclosed to her the mystery of Mumbo-Jumbo, who was no sooner in possession of the great secret than she told it to all his other women. This soon reached the ears of the chief negro lords, who dreading the consequences of this exposure, immediately assembled to deliberate upon the course to be taken in this emergency. Putting a man into the Mumbo-Jumbo, they went to the palace, and summoned the king to appear before the idol. He did not dare to disobey. Mumbo-

Jumbo severely censured him for his weakness and imprudence, and ordered him to bring all his women before him. They had no sooner made their appearance than they were every one killed upon the spot, that the knowledge of the mystery might spread no further.

AMERICAN ABORIGINES.

We propose to compare and contrast the religious notions of the red men of the western continent, with those of the negroes of Africa, or rather, we shall give such a sketch of the religious ideas of various tribes, as will enable our readers to make their own comparisons and form their own conclusions.

The New England tribes, though they believe in a plurality of deities who made and governed the various nations of the earth, yet recognized and worshipped one Supreme Being, who dwells in the heavens in the South-West, a region of warmth and beauty, and governs over all. This Almighty Being, whom they called Kichtan, at first created a man and woman out of stone; but being made angry, he destroyed them, and made another pair out of wood, from whom descended all nations of the earth. This supreme being they believed to be good, and they gave thanks to him for plenty, victory, and other benefits; but they also believed in an evil power or devil, whom they called Hobamocho, of whom they stood in great awe and also worshipped from fear.

The immortality of the soul was of universal belief. When good men die, their spirits go to Kichtan, or the Supreme God in the bright heavens of the South-West, where they meet their friends and enjoy immortal pleasures. The spirits of bad men also go at first to Kichtan, but they are commanded to walk away, and they wander about in discontent and darkness forevermore.

The Indians of Canada believed in spiritual existences and immortality of the soul, but their idea of spirit was that it was only a more refined and subtle kind of matter. They were unable to conceive of the existence and action of something which is nothing: and the ideas of our metaphysicians are not so clear on this matter—or rather this no matter, as they would have us believe. The Indians could not conceive of action without substance, and honestly confessed their incapacity.

The Iroquois had a tradition that in the third generation of the human race there was a deluge, from which not one was saved; and that, in order to repeople the earth, it was necessary to change beasts into men; the doctrine of progressive developments as recently promulgated in the Vestiges of Creation and Davis' Revelations.

Besides the First Being, or Great Spirit, the Iroquois believed in an infinite number of

genii or inferior spirits, good and evil, whom they propitiated in various ways. This reminds us of the Fetiches of the negroes. To these beings they ascribe of a kind of immensity or omnipresence.

The everlasting abodes the good, they said, lay far to the west, in the region of the gorgeous sunsets, so that it takes the soul several months to reach them, and the journey is accomplished with great difficulty. It is necessary, not only to have been faithful and virtuous, but a good hunter and a brave warrior, to be admitted into the abodes of eternal felicity. The heaven of the North American Indians is described as a delightful country, blessed with perpetual spring, abounding in game, whose sweet rivers swarm with fish. In the same way the heaven of the natives of Greenland was pictured as a vast green meadow with great cauldrons full of fish and wild fowl, cooked ready to be eaten. The heaven of the voluptuous Mahomedan is a vast harem of beautiful women and sensual pleasures which never pass; while that imagined by the Jews, when they came to believe in the immortality of the soul, was one of magnificence and music; gold, precious stones, splendid edifices, and vast choirs and orchestras of vocal and instrumental performers.

It will be found that the ideas which every people have formed of a future state, closely correspond to their present character and condition.

The Southern Indians believe universally in a Great Spirit, a being of infinite excellence and perfections, so entirely good that he is utterly incapable of doing evil. By the aid or spirits of an inferior order, he created all the beauties of the universe, but man was the work of his own hands. The spirits or angels of God, were called by the Natches, "free servants or agents," who are constantly in the presence of God, and are prompt to execute his will.

But the air is full of other spirits, of a mischievous disposition, who have a chief, so wicked that God was obliged to confine him; since which time these demons are less troublesome, especially if entitled to be favorable. These are invoked when there is need of a change of the weather.

The Natches held that God made at first a little man out of clay, then breathed upon his work, he walked about, and grew up, and became a perfect man; but of the formation of woman they give no account.

The Indians of Louisiana and Florida used to worship the Sun as the most glorious image and representative of the deity.

The savage tribes of Guinea, believe in the existence of a benevolent Supreme Being, but attributed thunders, hurricanes, earth quakes, and other evils, to the devil or malignant demons.

To be continued.

CATECHISM OF HEALTH.

BY T. L. NICHOLS, M. D.

What is the chief end of the earthly life of man ?

Happiness.

What is the first condition of happiness ?

Health.

In what does health consist ?

In development, energy, and harmony.

What are the conditions of health ?

A sound constitution, a pure nutrition, and a free exercise of all the organs of the body, and all the faculties and passions of the soul.

What result from a lack of these conditions ?

Imperfect development, feebleness, and discordance, physical and mental.

What is this state called ?

Disease.

What is the natural consequence of disease ?

Misery.

What is a sound constitution ?

It is one derived from a vigorous parentage, free from deformity, and hereditary predisposition to disease, and gifted with a good stock of vitality.

What is a pure nutrition ?

The result of a proper diet, a good digestion, pure respiration, an active circulation, and healthy secretions.

What is a proper diet ?

One which contains, in a state of purity, the right elements of nutrition, in the right quantity, and the right proportions.

What substances best answer this description ?

The farinacea—as wheat, corn, rice, oats, rye, barley, &c.; fruit—as apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes, berries, &c.; and vegetables—as beans, peas, potatoes, turnips, tomatoes, squashes, &c.

Why is this food to be preferred to the flesh of animals ?

Because it contains the elements of nutrition in greater quantity, on the average, in better proportions, and in greater purity; and because it is best adapted to the anatomical structure, physiological condition, and natural tastes of man.

What ultimate elements are required in human food ?

Oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, chlorine, calcium, sodium, potassium, magnesium, sulphur, phosphorus iron.

From whence are these derived ?

From vegetables.

What are the proximate elements ?

Protein, in the form of gluten, fibrin, casein, albumen, or gelatin, starch, sugar, or oily matter; salt, and the phosphates, sulphates, &c.

Are these proximate elements also found in vegetables ?

They are: the vegetable kingdom is a great laboratory, to supply food to the animal kingdom.

What objections are there to our eating these vegetable substances at second hand, in the flesh of animals ?

Flesh does not contain sufficient of the carbonaceous or heat-forming principle; it is always impure, from the presence of excrementitious matter; it is often diseased.

What is the best diet ?

A proper admixture of farinaceous food, such as unbolted wheat bread, corn bread, cracked wheat, hominy, oatmeal, &c.; ripe fruits—melons, &c., in their season, and vegetables, with a moderate quantity of the milk and eggs of healthy animals, and a sparing use of sugar, butter, salt, and vinegar.

What quantity of food should be eaten ?

A strong active adult of middle age requires from twelve to sixteen ounces of nutritious matter a day, which is contained in from two to four pounds of food, in an average admixture.

What is necessary to a good digestion ?

A vigorous constitution, a proper diet, exercise, a pure respiration, and happy social conditions.

What are the conditions of a good respiration ?

Pure air, with its full proportion of oxygen, unladen with carbonic acid, and animal emanations, or diseasing miasmas, and the full exercise of the muscles of respiration.

In what way may we promote active circulation and good secretions ?

By observing the law of exercise, or the regular or habitual use of all the organs of voluntary motion and cerebral action.

What will give us happy social conditions ?
Individual health, or the general prevalence of integral personal development and harmony.

In what, then, does health consist ?

In energy and purity.

In what does disease consist ?

In exhaustion and impurity.

In what must a cure consist ?

In invigoration and purification.

How are these ends accomplished ?

We invigorate by purification, and purify by invigoration.

What supplies energy ?

The nervous systems of organic and animal life, and the reflux of generative power.

What are the sources of nervous energy ?

Original constitution, or hereditary vitality, nutrition, and exercise, according to the laws of health.

What exhausts the nervous energy ?

An impure or excessive diet, lack of healthy respiration, want of proper exercise, toil, trouble, all excesses, stimulants, poisons of every kind, such as tea, coffee, tobacco, bran-

dy, opium, drugs taken as medicines, and all abuses of the generative function.

What causes impurity ?

The introduction of foul matter into the system, through the stomach, lungs, or skin, and its retention by the inaction of the excreting organs.

How are impure and diseasing matters carried out of the system ?

By the nervous energy, promoting the secretions and excretions of the lungs, skin, liver, kidneys, and intestines.

What is pain ?

The warning which natures give of exhaustion and impurity.

What is an acute disease ?

A violent effort of nature to relieve the system of its impurities.

What is a chronic disease ?

A weaker and more protracted struggle.

How do we best aid nature in the cure of disease ?

By removing all causes of disease ; by giving the patient all available conditions of health ; and by assisting directly in the two great processes of purification and invigoration.

What is the chief agent in this work ?

Cold water.

What are the relations of water to the human system ?

It forms more than four-fifths of its bulk ; it is present in every tissue ; it is composed of two of its chief elements, oxygen and hydrogen ; it forms over ninety per cent. of the blood ; it is the indispensable solvent in digestion and secretion ; it is the great detergent or purifier.

How does the water act, externally, as a purifying agent ?

It dissolves the foul matter deposited upon the skin and cleanses the pores.

How internally ?

It washes the mucous membrane ; is absorbed into the blood ; penetrates to every fibre of the body ; dissolves the impure, waste and poisonous matters, and carries them out of the body in the vapor of the breath, the perspiration from the skin, the bile from the liver, the urine from the kidneys, and the fecal discharges from the bowels.

How does water invigorate ?

Directly by the shock of cold water and consequent reaction, and probably by its electric life ; indirectly by the removal of obstructions.

Can these results be produced by medicines ?

Very imperfectly, temporarily, and at great cost to the system.

What diseases can be cured by Water-cure ?

All that are curable by any means, with the addition of the requisite surgical operations in rare cases.

What is the chief rule in the application of cold water ?

To adapt temperature, quantity and continuance or frequency to the nervous energy, or reactive power of the patient.

Into what may the processes of Water-Cure be divided ?

Into the cleansing, by washings, injections, warm water emetics, drinking—the coolings, by spongings, cold compresses, effusions, and short wet sheet packs—the stimulating, by heating compresses, long wet sheet packs, blankets, rubbings—the derivative, by sitz baths, foot baths, and other local applications—the invigorating, as the general cold bath, dripping sheet douche, vaginal injections, &c. Many of These processes combine several modes of action.

How can we obtain a knowledge of these processes ?

By reading various books on Water-Cure. The most comprehensive work yet written upon health, disease and cure including the whole physiology, pathology, and therapeutics of the generative function, is the one entitled *ESOTERIC ANTHROPOLOGY*, of which further notice will be found in this work.

What will be the speedy results of a general knowledge of Water-Cure principles ?

General health, prosperity, and happiness.

What, then, is our duty ?

To spread this knowledge by every means in our powers.

DIETETICS.

BY T. L. NICHOLS, M. D.

If civilized men could be satisfied that they could have a purer health, and consequently greater strength, and a higher enjoyment even of the pleasures of the table, by living upon vegetables, they would scarcely slaughter the myriads of animals that are now yearly butchered so uselessly and so cruelly. Why should we take the life of one of God's innocent creatures in the midst of its enjoyments ? Why imbrue our hands in blood, and steel our hearts in cruelty ? Why have about us portions of mangled corpses which can only be kept from putrefaction by the use of the most powerful antiseptics ? One would think that man would not do such deeds without some terrible necessity.

Is it because he is naturally a carnivorous animal ; because God made him for a life of slaughter ? No : his anatomy shows that he has but a distant relation to the flesh-eating tribes—the lions, tigers, wolves, and hyenas. It proves him to be an eater of fruits, seeds, and vegetables. There is no man, who, if he were obliged to select a diet all flesh, or all vegetables, would not choose the latter. Give

any man his choice to live a month on nothing but bread, or nothing but beef, and he would choose the bread. This, at least is true of all whose natures have not been entirely perverted by circumstances and habit.

Is it because flesh is necessary to our health? Certainly not. Every physiologist knows that vegetables contain the purest form of food. In certain cases; doctors rigidly restrict their patients to a vegetable diet. Flesh is known to be inflammatory, putrefying, and liable to be diseased. In certain conditions it develops the most deadly poisons. Persons who eat much flesh have violent diseases, and are difficult to cure. They are particularly subject to plague, the small-pox, the cholera, and other fatal epidemics. In Smyrna, during lent, which is kept by the Greeks, very few of them are attacked by the plague, while the flesh-eating inhabitants are dying all around them.

Is flesh cheaper than vegetables? There is a wide difference the other way. Wheat, the best article of human nutriment, contains 85 per cent. of nutritious matter in the exact proportions required to make the best blood for the nourishment of the system, while the best flesh contains but 25 per cent. of nutritious matter, and that not in the best proportions, while a pound of flesh costs as much as several pounds of wheat. The corn required to make pork enough to support a man one hundred days, would, if eaten in its pure, original and far more healthy condition, afford him as much nutriment for four hundred and eighty days, to say nothing of the time lost in feeding the animal. In fattening a hog, a certain number of bushels of good healthy corn and potatoes, are converted into a mass of greasy, and in many cases, scrofulous pork, with great loss and trouble, while the flesh thus made does not contain one principle necessary to the human constitution which did not exist in a far better form in the vegetables on which it fed. In short, it has been found by an accurate calculation that vegetable food is not merely better, but five hundred per cent. cheaper than the flesh of animals.

Since the attention of men of science has been turned to organic chemistry, the proportions of nutritive matter in various substances have been accurately ascertained. The following is the result of these inquiries.

Turnips contain 11 per cent. of nutritive matter; beets 11; carrots 13; flesh 25; potatoes 28; oats 82; peas 84; wheat 85 1-2; beans 86; oatmeal 91. Corn is about the same as oats and wheat. Thus one hundred pounds of flesh contain but 25 pounds of nutritive matter, and 75 pounds of water, while the same quantity of potatoes contain 28 pounds of nutritive matter, and wheat 85 pounds.

But this is not all. The best food is that

which contains the materials for muscles, nerves, bones, &c., and the matter for combustion which keeps up the vital heat, in proper proportions. The analysis of wheat shows us that these principles are found in it, in almost exactly the same proportion as in the blood; and this is the case to a great extent with the most of the vegetable products used for food, whereas flesh contains but one of these principles, and can but very imperfectly subserve the purposes of human nutriment.

Is flesh better than vegetables? This question is already answered. Chemical analysis proves that vegetables, especially the farinacea, as wheat, corn, rice, &c., contain the purest nutriment, and in the requisite proportions? Why not? Do we want strength? See the powerful muscles of the horse and the ox, made from grass and grain. They need no beef steak to enable them to perform their labor; and if we eat the flesh of the ox, we only eat the grass and grain at second hand, mixed with effete animal matter, often with the poison of disease, and always deprived of some of its most important principles. Contrive as we may, we must live on vegetables, and the only question is whether we shall eat them at second hand, impure, unpleasant, and in many respects objectionable, as they are converted into the tissue of animals.

It is a question of science, of experience, of principle, and of taste. Science has demonstrated that the products of the vegetable kingdom are the natural food for man, most admirably adapted to all the wants of his system. Experience has shown that men can be sustained under all circumstances, on vegetable food, in their highest health and vigor. It should be a matter of principle not to inflict needless suffering, nor condemn thousands of our fellow men to follow cruel and brutalizing employments. As to the question of taste, I fancy there can be no two opinions. Compare the flesh-eating animals with those that live on vegetables.

Of carnivorous animals, in their natural state, we have the lion, the tiger, the wolf, the hyena, &c.; of vegetable eaters, the elephant, camel, horse, ox, ourang outang, &c.; and of the omnivorous, the hog. The lion has a fabulous reputation for courage and magnanimity; but the best informed naturalists assure us that he is treacherous, cowardly, and ferocious, like all his class. The hog may be a very respectable animal in his way, but he has no qualities, that I am aware of, to induce me to follow his example in regard to diet. Look now at the calm dignity of the "half reasoning elephant;" the patient docility of the camel; the noble character and beauty of the horse; the strength and usefulness of the ox; the almost human sagacity of the monkey tribe; and draw an inference, if you will, of

the relative merits of the different systems of diet. I do not include the dog, for he is the creature of civilization; but it is certain that the kinds of dogs which live most exclusively on flesh, are far from being the most intelligent and amiable. As a matter of taste and feeling, I should think that every person of refinement would give a preference to the vegetarian system. On the one side you have fields of waving grain, trees loaded with luscious and odoriferous fruits, fair apples, blushing peaches, shining plums, and golden nectarines; vines laden with purple grapes, and a wealth of fruits and berries innumerable, making the earth all beauty and sweetness. On the other you have stall-fed beasts, cruel and ferocious butchers, the pestilential odor of slaughter-houses, gutters running with blood, the mangled and putrefying carcasses of dead animals, making altogether, a scene of such abominations as no person of sensibility wishes to contemplate.

What is more beautiful than corn and fruits? What more revolting than dead corpses? Who does not gather the vegetable portion of his food with pleasure? Who would butcher his own meat if he could have it done for him? What more graceful present than cakes and fruits? What more ridiculous than the present made to the Queen of England, the other day, of a lot of sausages?

I do not write to impose my opinion on others. Let every one examine the subject, and be fully persuaded in his own mind. Hogs will continue to be fattened, and pork to be eaten; but let every man, who reasons at all, satisfy himself that his natural food is the flesh of the hog, and no one ought to quarrel with his decision. I have no doubt that a very large proportion of the disease and premature mortality of this country come from our inordinate eating of flesh, and when the question is fairly examined, all medical men will be of the same opinion.

THE PATHIES DEFINED.

BY T. L. NICHOLS, M. D.

Nearly all the disputes in the world are about words. Men seldom quarrel about what they understand. Words are to many like the shield about which the two knights were going into deadly combat, one maintaining that it was silver, the other that it was gold. A disinterested spectator restored amity, by simply looking on both sides, and finding that each was right respecting the side he saw.

Look at both sides of things, then, and endeavor to understand the meaning and force of words. Don't quarrel until you know what you are quarreling about, and then be sure that it is worth the quarrel.

But is it lawful to quarrel at all? Christ

says, "resist not evil"—but we are also commanded to "overcome evil with good." We are told to "fight the good fight of faith." I think the example of Christ is a proper commentary on his precepts. When he taught his disciples, and told them to resist not evil—when they were smitten on one cheek to turn the other also, I believe that this was taught them as a measure of policy connected with their peculiar mission, and by no means a rule of right. Christ did not hesitate to use strong language. He called the men about him an evil and adulterous generation—a generation of vipers—hypocrites—blind leaders of the blind—fools and blind—whited sepulchres—serpents. Read the twenty-third chapter of Matthew for example of eloquent and fiery denunciation. Christ did not stop at words—he made a whip of small cords, and drove the money changers out of the temple—and all he did was for our example. He "came not to send peace on earth, but a sword," and no religious system, not even that of Mahomet, has been the occasion of so many wars and so much bloodshed, as Christianity.

Why all this? It is because a certain class of reformers are preaching non-resistance loving-kindness, and such soft nonsense, which is charming in its way, but not always appropriate. The evils of the moral world are like those of the physical. There are rocks, to be blown in pieces, and errors to be exploded; there are swamps to be drained, and corruptions to be vigorously dug into; there are wild beasts and reptiles to be exterminated, and false doctrines no less hideous and destructive. Our means must be adapted to the end proposed. We are not to cast pearls before swine, nor waste caresses on an alligator. The moral world needs the axe, the rifle, the scorching fire, and the breaking up plough. I believe in the power of loving-kindness, bestowed upon its proper objects, but love is too sacred and precious a thing in this world to be wasted.

No; we must call things by their right names, and if there is any fighting to do in a good cause, let every true man bear a hand in it. Now, let us come back to the object of this article; which is to define the pathies and isms of medical practice, so that we can all know what we are talking about.

ALLOPATHY.

This is the name applied first by the Homœopaths to the old practice. It is compounded of two words, which signify *other morbid condition*, while Homœopathy means *the same morbid condition*. As Homœopathy endeavors to cure disease, by giving medicines supposed to have the effect of producing the same or similar symptoms, Allopathy tries to cure one disease by creating

another, in a different place, or of a different kind. Thus, for a disturbance in the head, Allopathy gives an emetic to produce a disturbance in the stomach, or a cathartic to stir up morbid action in the bowels, or puts on a blister to create an irritation of the skin; because it is held that two diseased actions cannot go on at the same time. This is the principle of counter-irritation, as blistering in pleurisy; and of revulsion, as giving drastic purgatives in uterine suppressions.

The character of Allopathy can be best gathered from its *materia medica*, of which we shall give a brief synopsis.

The class of cerebro-spinants, or medicines which act upon the nerves connected with the brain and spinal cord, consists of paralyzers, convulsives, stupeficients, or such as make drunk, and delirificients, or such as make crazy.

We have then stimulants, acting upon the arterial or nervous systems; tonics, astringents, refrigerants, diaphoretics, diuretics, emetics, cathartics, expectorants, emenagogues, sialagogues, errhines, ecbolics, epispastics, rubeficients, escharotics, emollients, demulcents, diluents, antacids, anthelmintics, and a few medicines not classified, such as mercury, iodine, and arsenic; we may add to them the lancet, cupping glasses, the leech.

I intend, before long, to write a review of *materia medica*. Meantime the curious reader will find most of the above names defined in Webster's large dictionary.

HOMŒOPATHY.

This name means *the same disease*, and is applied to the system of medical treatment introduced a few years since by Samuel Hahnemann, and practised more or less faithfully by his disciples. The principle which is the basis of his system of practice is that of *similia similibus curantur*, like cures like; or, as it is more popularly expressed, the hair of the same dog will cure the bite. But as this maxim has not stood the test of experiment, it has generally been considered a popular error. In Homœopathy, the physician does not attempt to cure the disease, and does not care to give it a name. He ascertains what symptoms exist, and then gives such medicines as he supposes would produce the same symptoms. If there is headache, he gives a drug which will produce a similar pain, with the intention of making it ache a little harder at first, and then get better the quicker. If there is costiveness, he gives something to produce costiveness, and so on.

But the Homœopathist is careful to give his medicines in extremely minute doses. The largest doses are a few pellets of sugar, as large as a mustard seed, moistened with a solution of vegetable extract, amounting to one drop in a barrel of alcohol. This is the third dilu-

tion. The thirtieth dilution would require an amount of alcohol, equal to the solid contents of the entire solar system. Even this is not to be taken rashly. Hahnemann directs that two or three pellets, moistened with this medicine, be put in a phial, and smelt one or twice every seven or fourteen days. There is much to be said in favor of this system, and but little against it. It is in its favor, that, where honestly practised, it cannot do much positive harm. The patient has a fair chance to get well. On the other hand, there are cases which require active measures of relief, and patients have died under homœopathic treatment for the want of them.

HYDROPATHY.

This name has been applied to the Water Cure, though its actual meaning is water-disease. It may, however, be defined to be the application of water for the cure of disease. The Water-Cure, in its widest sense, is "the application of the principles and agencies of nature to the preservation of health and the cure of disease." It consists in ascertaining and removing the cause of morbid action, and restoring the patient to the conditions of health. This is accomplished by prescribing for him a suitable diet, air, proper exercise, clothing; and restoring the healthy action of the functions of nutrition and depuration. The Hydropathic system of treatment, is one of purification, rejuvenation, and vivification. By the use of the water, combined with the other natural agencies, the system is cleansed, invigorated, and restored to healthy action. Water, as variously applied, acts as a sedative, a stimulant, a tonic, and answers every indication of cure.

THOMSONIANISM.

Thomson, the founder of this system, based it upon the long exploded hypothesis of the four elements of nature, earth, air, water, fire. Fire he considered the vivifying principle. "Heat is life, cold is death." Consequently, whatever the symptoms of disease, he looked upon it as a want of heat, which he endeavored to supply by steaming, and the administration of Cayenne pepper and similar stimulants. A course of Thomsonian medication is usually commenced with the administration of emetic doses of the *lobelia inflata*. The mucus thrown out to protect the stomach from the poisonous effects of the *lobelia*, was considered by the Thomsonians as an evidence of the wonderful efficacy of this drug in removing collections of morbid matter—cold slime from the stomach.

BOTANICISM.

The Botanic system of practice is an extension and modification of the Thomsonian system. Its practitioners have a great horror of

mineral poisons, and doctor with roots and herbs, which are often as violently poisonous as minerals, and, I have thought, more difficult to eradicate from the system. It is hard telling which does most mischief in the world, the mineral calomel, or the vegetable quinine. I doubt if all the minerals ever used in medicine have destroyed so much health and life as the single vegetable opium, the vegetable product alcohol, or the vegetable tobacco. There is a long list of virulent poisons used in medicine, as nux vomica, prussic acid, oxalic acid, croton oil, jalap, wild cherry, cicuta, stramonium, &c., &c. In fact the whole class of cerebro-spinalis in the Allopathic materia medica is composed of vegetable or botanic medicines.

CHRONO-THERMALISM.

This system has been vigorously promulgated during a few years past, by its inventor, Dr. Samuel Dickson, of London, who must not be confounded with Dr. Dixon, the editor of the Scalpel here, though there are points of resemblance between them. Dr. Dickson's book, the Fallacies of the Faculty, which is a smart criticism of Allopathy, has been published here, and its doctrines earnestly and perseveringly advocated by Dr. William Turner, of this city, to whose exertions the friends of medical reform are greatly indebted.

Chrono-Thermal means relating to time and heat. Chrono-Thermalism teaches that all disease is of a single type, the intermittent, and that all is to be treated upon the same principles—cooling in hot stages, warming in cold stages, and giving medicines to break up the periodical return of exacerbations. Every disease is some modification of fever and ague. In the cold stage give warm baths, stimulants, as milk punch or champagne. In the hot stages give emetics, the cold douche, &c. In the interval, break up the recurrence of the fits, by giving quinine, or arsenic, or opium, or prussic acid, or strychnia, or the salts of silver, copper, iron, zinc, or bismuth.

THE EXPECTANT SYSTEM.

This system has been very much in vogue among the French, and is one of the offspring of the old methods, and also one of the most successful; about as much so as the Homœopathic. It consists, as a witty but not the less truthful writer has said, in amusing the patient while Nature cures the disease. It is often practised by Allopathic physicians, especially by men of age and experience, who have lost faith in medicines, and learned to have some respect for Nature. Such men give bread pills, magnesia powders, drops of colored water, and other innocent placebos, to amuse the patient, satisfy the friends, and earn a fee, leaving the disease to time and nursing. Such doctors are generally successful, and get a high reputation. This is called the Expectant System, because the doctor ex-

pects Nature to do her own work, without his aid or interference, and, as a general rule, he does not expect in vain. He also expects to be paid well for his little innocent mystification.

ELECTICISM.

There is no medical term so vague as this. An Eclectic is one who selects from various systems such doctrines as he thinks sound and rational. Every man who does not rigidly adhere to one kind of practice, is an eclectic; and as men differ in their opinions, each one's eclecticism must vary from that of every other.

Professor Dickson, late of the New York University, never forgot to assure his class that he was an Eclectic, a thorough Eclectic. He was not the less a thorough Allopath. Eclecticism is no system, but a mixture of systems; it has no principles, but picks up a hash of various modes of practice at second-hand, which can scarcely fail to be contradictory. The Eclectic proposes to choose the best methods of all systems, but we have no assurance in any case that he will not select the worst, especially as he professes to have no chart of principles to steer by. Eclecticism can only be respectable, where the best we can have is choice of evils. While there is such a thing as truth in the world there is no longer any occasion for Eclecticism.

POISONING BY MISTAKE.—A few weeks ago, a Boston apothecary was arrested for dealing out a dose of the wrong medicine, which killed the patient. A similar case has since occurred in Williamsburgh, and another still later in Philadelphia. It is not very probable that there are numbers of such cases occurring in all parts of the country, which never come to our knowledge? If an apothecary makes such a mistake he is not going to turn informer. But in a large portion of medical practice, the physician deals out his own medicine; and if he make such a mistake who is going to be wiser? His diploma covers all blunders. There is much work for coroners' inquests which is never attended to.

But if numbers are killed by taking medicine in a mistake, they are few compared to those who are destroyed where there is no mistake, but the great miss in taking medicines at all. Thousands die from the ignorance of doctors, where one is killed by such accidents as the above. Calomel, opium, quinine, and arsenic kill if given with ever so good intentions. The lancet may be used "secundum artem," and with the very best intentions, but it destroys life none the less surely. Great learning and a high reputation are security. I think patients are not safe generally in the hands of celebrated practitioners, who know they can do as they like without risk, as under the care of men of less pretensions.

THOMAS AINGE DEVYR.

A circumstance of no slight interest to psychometric enquirers, occurred when I was about to prepare the following sketch.

I took a package of letters, all in blank envelopes, amongst which were those of S. P. Andrews, Theodore Parker, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Gerritt Smith, Henry Ward Beecher, and several others, of whom I intend to make sketches: from this parcel I drew by chance.

I laid my hand upon the letter thus drawn, and began to write. I wrote the lines which follow in brackets.

[The first condition of individual freedom is a right to the soil—not to a monopoly of land, but to that quantity which shall give a man bread. The man who does not own land is the slave and serf of him who does.]

I now opened the envelope, and found the manuscript of THOMAS AINGE DEVYR, an Irish revolutionist, with whom the world has had some awakening acquaintance, and who deserves to be better and more widely known.

If I had sought most carefully and reasonably, I could have selected no man whose principles place him more nearly in juxtaposition with Josiah Warren, in the great social movement toward integral liberty, than Thomas Ainge Devyr.

In order that our readers may know something of Mr. Devyr, that they are not likely to know, unless they are acquainted with our political history for the last ten years, and know the movements and movers of the National Land Reform party, I give some extracts from an article which appeared in the National Land Reformer for October, 1852.

Though we, who believe that no man has any exclusive right to the land, any more than to air, or water, but only to the usufruct of it, may seem broadly to differ from this apostle of freedom, I apprehend that a close enquiry will show that the difference is rather in form, than in spirit; in means than in motives or end.

The following extracts are from an article by Mr. Devyr, explaining himself to his party, and introducing himself and his journal, the National Land Reformer, to the American public, as fully and honestly as he is able.

MY CREDENTIALS.

Who is Thomas Ainge Devyr? What are the reasons why we should respect his opinions? What proof does he bring us of the soundness of his judgment—of the honesty of his motives?

A frank and fair question, my friends, and it shall be as frankly and as truly answered; not for my own sake, but for yours. I desire no profit at your hands—I ask no place, would accept no office. Possessed of a competence

sufficient for my wants, I publish this paper not for my own profit, but for yours. My sole aim is to assist the working and struggling millions of this republic, and through their example the toiling millions of Europe, up to the position of comfort and independence which it is the intention of their Creator they shall hold. Of my sincerity in this declaration, judge by the following rapid outline of

MY PAST HISTORY.

“My first introduction to the public was in a pamphlet entitled ‘*Our Natural Rights*,’ printed in the North of Ireland in 1836. The object of the pamphlet was to show that the lands of the British Islands did not belong to the landlords, and to show, further, that without a reform of land tenures, no improvement could ever take place in the condition of the people.

“It may be necessary to my purpose to give one or two brief extracts from this little work. (It was reprinted for the Helderberg farmers in 1842, and a copy of it now lies before me. I quoted the Levitical law, to show that God himself traced the distinction between land property and property created by human labor, and asked the British landlords such questions as the following.

“And where, let me seriously ask you, is your rightful claim to this land? Produced exclusively by the Almighty power, does your *creating labor* give you a right in it? Hung upon nothing, and driven with inconceivable velocity and precision through space, does your *guiding power* give you a right in it? Depending for its fertility on the influence of other globes of doubtful nature, undefined dimensions, and indeterminate distance, does your *calculating wisdom* give you a right in it? *Nothing but your wants and nakedness appealing to its Creator*, could give you a claim on it. Those wants supplied, your claim is discharged, and your further title (save as being subservient to the general welfare) is mere cheat and imposture.”

At the end of that pamphlet is a chapter entitled, “A word to the Americans,” from which I shall take this brief extract:

“The sole cause of American freedom is, that the energies of her people, and their political influence, is not under the dominion of landlords. So long as land can be easily purchased by the incoming emigrant, all will go on well, but when it comes to be rented from the ‘*absolute owner*,’ farewell to the plenty and happiness and freedom of the New World, and welcome the rampant tyranny, the slavery and wretchedness of the Old.”*

* And I will here give one extract from the Appendix to that pamphlet, which was added to it in 1842, when it was reprinted in this country:

At this period (1836) I was already settled in life and in business; but I gave up my business and removed to London, for the single purpose of bringing my opinions on the subject of land ownership before the British public.

I was connected with the press and political reform for nearly four years in England. The motive of my labors in that country, and the spirit that actuated me, may be estimated from two or three facts which I shall here write down.

"The Constitutional," a democratic daily paper, was (1837) started in London; and to me was given charge of its "Irish Department." To advocate the cause of human liberty, and be paid liberally for doing so, seemed too good a thing to last; and it didn't last. It came to an end in this way.

Having established the "New Poor Law" in England, the government proceeded to establish it in Ireland also. Now, this new law took away all right to out-door relief from the poor—shut them up in a workhouse, which was also a prison, and fed each poor person on about thirty-one cents' worth of taxed food in a week. In my connection with "The Constitutional," I insisted upon

"I do not propose a disruption of society. I desire not to limit the accumulation of wealth produced by men's labor. I do not approach, to disturb it, the present ownership of land. Let all existing deeds and titles remain in full force, no matter how unjust or unreasonable such titles may be. What I propose to prohibit, is all FUTURE monopoly of the soil—to pass a law declaring that no deed executed, for the time to come, shall be valid in law, if granting or conveying to any individual more land than is necessary for such individual's rational requirement, say a quantity not above the appraised value of \$20,000, and in no case to exceed 500 acres. Let this law be passed—let it become a provision of the federal constitution—let it be preserved intact as a sacred principle of our institutions, and in return it will preserve those institutions as long as a respect for freedom shall live in the hearts of our descendants—even to the remotest ages of the world. But on the other side, if you permit ambitious men to monopolize the soil, they will become masters of the country in the certain order of cause and effect. Holding in their hands the STOREHOUSE OF FOOD, they will make men's physical necessities subdue their love of Freedom. They will flood the halls of legislation, sent there by the votes of their dependent tenants. Then rapacity and wrong will subdue all the due forms of "law and order." Then our unhappy descendants will be coerced, enslaved, famished to death by Act of Parliament. THEN resistance to oppression will be stigmatized as a crime against "lawful authority." Then our country will career down the steep of ruin—our fate will be the common fate, with this difference, that we will run our vessel on the rocks with a full chart of the destruction spread out before us—we will madly dash upon the lee shore, though ten thousand beacon lights flame above to warn us of our danger."

opposing this law. I attempted to show that there was plenty of idle land in Ireland, and a great surplus of idle hands, and that the true remedy was to let the idle hands loose upon the idle land. I was told that the proprietors of the paper had promised not to oppose this poor-law. I was asked to modify my views, to even remain silent upon that subject; but I had left home for the purpose of advocating the truth, and before I would alter or abate that advocacy I resigned my place. What I sacrificed in doing so, and what I suffered in consequence, I shall not write down here.

In 1838 arose the Chartist movement in England. It simply demanded that universal suffrage, vote by ballot, &c., just as established here, should be established in the British Islands. As a general thing, the trading profitmongers of England were opposed to this movement. "The Northern Political Union" issued an "Address to the Middle Classes." Every printer that published this address, and every man who sold it, was prosecuted by the government. And, in his charge to the Leicester grand jury, the late Lord Abinger said they had no alternative—they must either put down the circulation of such documents, or those documents would put down the government of England. That address was written by me.

For over twelve months, I spoke at an average of four or five public meetings each week—was twice imprisoned for "making her Majesty's subjects discontented with their condition," and when our petitions to Parliament were kicked overboard, I engaged in two insurrectionary movements against the government. They failed, and I narrowly escaped to this country, where I landed in March, 1840.

I joined the "democratic party," and that party put me in possession of a small printing office, in Williamsburgh, which is an outskirts of the city of New York. I thought I had just met the men after whom my heart had yearned—men who knew no selfish motive, but were actuated by one great controlling principle, the good of the Republic.

I was still under this belief, when, in the winter of 1840, I wrote and published in my paper one or two articles, affirming that the vast accumulation of wealth, and especially land property in individual hands, was dangerous to the Republic. I endeavored to show that existence has higher objects than grubbing lucre during your whole life, and "dying worth \$200,000." I expressed my astonishment that the example of Washington had been lost sight of, even before one age of man had passed away. These articles gave offense to the aristocratic democrats of the county. I was told such sentiments were not democratic, had not been adopted by "the

party," and that I must not publish such things for the time to come. I replied that they were pre-eminently democratic, and ought to be adopted by every true democrat; that, in short, they formed a part of *my* democracy and that I would not give them up at the nod of a few lawyers and bankers in Brooklyn.

Mine was then the only democratic paper in the county, and they immediately took the sheriff's advertising from me, worth \$1,000 a year, cheated me out of what portion of it I had done, and made a determined push to break down my paper. But the democrats of Williamsburgh, and one or two noble spirits in the county, stood by me like men. I learned to set types and work the press with my own hands, and set the county wire pullers at defiance.

There is in Europe, or was twelve years ago, but a very imperfect knowledge of things as they exist in this country, as there is in this country a similar vagueness in our knowledge of European affairs. Hence I was astonished to find that large and populous tracts of land in New York State were held in the grasp of landlords. This I learned by the prospectus of "The Helderberg Advocate," a paper then about to be published by the aggrieved farmers. To war against monopoly of the soil I considered then, as I do now consider it, the business of my life. Therefore I volunteered to write for this paper, and did so constantly up to the 4th of July, 1842 on which day I met the farmers among the hills of Bern, and made my first speech to them on the subject of Land Monopoly in America and Europe.

The labors, both of body and mind, that I performed—and the sacrifice of all that I could realize from my private resources, need not be dwelt on here. On this subject the old and true friends of reforms in the central counties know something. Let them tell those who do not know.

In March, 1844, the National Reform movement for the freedom of the public lands to actual settlers was started. I am only writing *my own* credentials. I need not dwell upon the active exertions of Windt, Evans, Maxwell, Foster, Commeford, Manning, and many another good and true man in this great cause. It is enough to say that those men selected me to make the first speech that was made in that movement, and to write "The Report" which will be found in another part of this paper. From that time till the cold weather of the following winter we held out-door meetings in the streets and squares of New York City. I generally spoke to three or four of these meetings, every week—besides going up to Albany every Tuesday night and returning the night following, for the purpose of conducting "The Albany Freeholder," a paper which the farmers employed me to establish in de-

fence of their rights. I also published seven or eight numbers of the National Reformer about this time. In looking back at the efforts I made during that year, they seem almost incredible.

Political schemers belonging to both political parties, choused the farmers out of "The Freeholder"—took bodily possession of the office, and shut its doors against its owners, the farmers, and its editor—myself. I then started "The Anti-Renter" on my own resources. I published the condition in its prospectus; that whilst I took all the risk myself, the nett profits, if any, should be under the control of a committee from the country towns for the purpose of advancing the Land Reform cause. I published this paper till I was left without a breakfast; and I left Albany in December 1845. I found I had wasted, in the work of the public at large, those energies, the first exertion of which was due to those who relied upon me for support. Of this truth I was now terribly admonished. I had not thought of it before. But it was not too late, even yet.

On my return to Williamsburgh (which, as I said, is an out-skirt of New York) old friends rallied around me. One in particular, whom I forber to name, by his business knowledge not less than by a very large amount of means, opened the way for me to independence. I was just in the temper to improve it, and I am now in possession of more material wealth than ever was earned by any one Reformer—probably since the beginning of the world.

Why do I mention this fact? Why do I dwell upon my past career at all? Because I want to glorify myself before the public? Because I desire to blazon abroad the fact that I am not a poor man?

No, my friends—no! no! I care no more about public praise or public censure than I care about the wind that blows past me—whether it is from the east or from the west. If distinction or power had been my aim through life, I would have sought them among the great parties that had them to bestow. As for wealth, I never was possessed of any tangible amount of unused money, at any time, that I would not acquire a hearty contempt for it—and I never was prouder or more self-sufficient in my life than in those very times when I didn't take my breakfast till 12 o'clock in the day—because I hadn't it to take.

Then why write this history at all? Why mention that you are, at least, in possession of an independence?

Reader! you are a dull reader that asks these questions. All shrewd readers will have seen clearly and from the first, my object in doing these things. I want to show the Reformers—the true and good Republicans everywhere throughout this land—that I pos-

ness the requisites for publishing a paper that will rally them together, and make their power felt in the nation. If I have any ability—if I have a great deal of experience—if I have a character founded upon the hard test of great toils and heavy sacrifices—and, finally, if I have that worldly position that will ensure good faith in my engagement to the public—then, in my judgment, I should publish these facts, and beckon the men of truth and progress everywhere—to rally round me and realize the great motto, *E Pluribus Unum*.

Though comparatively withdrawn from public life for the last seven years, I have not, by any means, been inactive in my own particular locality—a truth that is less or more indicated in the columns of this paper.

The first decided impression I had of this character was from a parcel of manuscripts which the author (Mr. D.) handed me, I think, the second time I saw him. I read the papers and laid them upon my table, resting my hand and arm upon them inadvertently, and afterward I thoughtlessly put thus into my pocket. I paid very dear for them incautiously handling living coals. I was unconsciously impressed with the manuscript, and baptised into the life, efforts, and sufferings of the writer—a fierce energy, a single blessedness of aim and purpose, and all the bleeding wounds of his benevolence passed into my spirit. For days I carried the burden of this life, and wore the fire robe of its anguish, before I remembered that I had these manuscripts about me. I put them away, and after a time the effect was effaced—but the record of the character was indelibly traced upon my life, and I now transcribe it, for the double purpose of illustrating psychometry, and of introducing a very remarkable person to the knowledge of my readers.

The Irish rebellion, like all struggles for freedom, has been fruitful in remarkable men. It is said that a country's great necessity makes its great men. The reverse of this is true—undeveloped men have small wants. Where wisdom and want enter the spirit, they make for men, and their country, great necessities.

The Irish peasant who was content, with potatoes and poteen, with a song, a jest, and occasionally the pleasant variety of breaking a comrade's head with a shillala, had no want of freedom. If he had his potato patch, or at most, cow and kail yard, he did not trouble himself about the rights of landlord or land tenures, about feudalism and serfdom; but when higher wants came to the peasant, when genius descended upon such men as Grattan, Curran, Emmet, and Davis, and a host of others, a great love and a mighty want began to be felt for political freedom, and soon the prayer that was swelling and bursting the

heart, became an assertion of the great principles of human liberty, and a trumpet sound of awakening the people to a sense of their rights and finally a hand to hand struggle to secure them.

By an extra sense, or combination of all the senses, it was mine to know the faith and progress of a great spirit, from its first yearnings after the knowledge that comes from the recorded reflection and experience of others, through his own reasonings, reflections and experiences, in a land cursed not only by poverty and rule, but that rule a foreign tyranny never even sweetened by the thought that submission was to a home government; to anatomize, as it were, the spirit, and read the anterior circumstances of birth and family, that gave the world this man, made to stand often on the verge of destruction, and yet always to escape; to rouse men to thought, when they had the elements of thinking, and to action, sometimes disastrous, or fatal, when passion was paramount to intelligence.

The most striking mental characteristic of Mr. D. is analysis—the most prominent motive characteristic is a vehement, and passionate, and persevering devotion. He first fixes his keen gaze upon a wrong, sees why it is, and then he holds it before the people, and sheds the light of his powerful mentality upon it, and labors to convince, and to tear up by the roots, at the same time. His zeal only lessens with his life. His hand never voluntarily relaxes its grasp upon an evil; the light that he throws upon it is never willingly left to grow dim. When the palsy of exhaustion, from unremitting, and most passionate and forcible labor, comes irresistibly upon him, then and then only his clutch upon a wrong relaxes.

This singleness of purpose, this working by all means that a true man can use, to one end, eminently distinguishes this character, and makes his usefulness when success is possible, and his misery, when failure is inevitable.

To those who do not individualize in character, and who see not lights and shades, tones and half tones, it may seem strange that this fierce Irish rebel could be the cherished friend of the tasteful, genial, gentle and gifted Laman Blanchard—as was Mr. Devy. The same red light that makes the sight of blood frightful and a conflagration terrible, blushes in the rose, and on the cheek of beauty, tinges the blossom, and becomes vermilion in the fruit. The fierce warrior, the sternest chastener of oppression may be the gentlest lover ever born. The last words of Admiral Nelson were, "kiss me, Hardy," addressed to his kindly attendant. These facts are fully exemplified in this character. Ireland's brave defender was also her gentle lover, and I once heard Mrs. D., remark that her husband many years ago, renounced field

sports, of which he was very fond, at once and forever, when she spoke to him of the inhumanity of killing birds.

The faults of this character are the faults of the present era of the world's progress—great riches unjustly and unequally distributed, and an inability to apply wealth to high uses. The correspondence of this condition of civilization, is seen very clearly in this character.

Caution largely predominates in Mr. Devyr's organization; this, in the heat of action, was an inculcable good to him, and others. So also benevolence is paramount to many other of his faculties; this, in a combatant and conqueror, is a grace of great value—but when power relaxes, when life and health are lost, as they are for the present, at least, with Mr. Devyr, then caution in cutting loose from the old, and benevolence, where a righteous individuality cuts error to the quick, are both hindrances of individual and human progress. Men have yet to learn that each individual is in himself a state,—a congress of faculties—each of which, like the individuals of a body politic, has individual rights; and that the rights of one passion, or faculty are to be secured by the same law and limitation that secures the rights of the citizen, viz. "The sovereignty of the individual at his own cost." Benevolence, that has excessive action, at the cost of other faculties, is a defrauder, though the fraud be a pious one, and therefore not so readily detected, as the over action of destructiveness, or combativeness.

The harmony of passions, or faculties is the great study for the foremost men and women of our age; for great, unharmonized characters hold in themselves the elements of deepest sorrow.

Men like Mr. Devyr must solve the problem of the harmony, and consequent holiness of the passions, from the fierce necessity of their own natures, or die in the struggle that the more advanced spirits of the age are now entering upon.

While he is gifted from birth with the gentle and tasteful elements, that the nobility of kingly countries only receive. Mr. Devyr has in addition, the rebel spirit of Ireland intensified by long oppression, felt, if not fully understood, by his ancestors, and seen, in the light of his mind, as the culmination of British injustice and crime against Ireland. Well for the oppressor, that caution and benevolence are so prominent in this organization, as for a time to unfit Mr. Devyr for the new world of individual freedom and sovereignty that we are entering upon.

With the powerful love nature, or motive force of the man of genius, the patriot, the poet, and the lover; with a persevering devotion to one aim, one purpose in life at a

time, the failure of success in the direction toward which his whole efforts were given, has brought an overwhelming sorrow upon this man. And yet with the spirit of the philosopher, he feels not so much the fact that Ireland has failed, as that freedom is not yet possible to man. Hence the fire of faith burns dim, and the chill has crept benumbingly over the spirit. With renovated health he would become an Apostle of the Newness. If the paralysis of spirit induced by his former fierce efforts in behalf of political freedom, should overmaster him, we shall see a great soul wrecked, but we may be sure he will come to shore in the better land, and continue there a work, *well begun* in time. With health and somewhat of peace from passion struggles, Mr. Devyr is eminently qualified to be the poet of integral and harmonic freedom—that freedom of which Shelley prophesied in his glorious inspiration and which is the divine goal toward which all true poets and true souls, with more or less of consciousness, are urged onward continually. With one heart and mind, true poets teach,

"That Beauty, Good and Knowledge are true sisters,
That dote upon each other, friends to man,
Living together, under the same roof,
And never can be sunder'd, without tears,
And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie,
Howling in outer darkness. Not for this,
Was common clay ta'en from the common earth,
Moulded by God, and tempered with the tears
Of angels, to the perfect shape of man."

TENNYSON.

And again, another testimony from a prophet-poet, whose life was one fierce fight, of great, discordant passions:—

"Yet Freedom! yet thy banner torn, but flying
Streams like a thunder storm against the wind,
Thy trumpet voice, tho' broken now, and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind,
Thy tree hath lost its blossom, and the rind,
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the north;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth."
BYRON.

But, chiefest of prophet poets, thus sing
Shelley.

"All things are recreated, and the flame
Of consentaneous love inspires all life;
The fertile bosom of the Earth gives suck
To myriads, who still grow beneath her care,
Rewarding her with their pure perfectness.

Here now the human being stands adorning
This loveliest Earth with tameless body and
Blest from his birth with all bland impulses,
Which gently in his noble bosom wake
All kindly of passions and all pure desires."

I have given my impressions of this character, and his own account of himself. The reader can judge how far they agree with each other; or, not agreeing, which is most likely to be wrong.

M. S. G. N.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

REPLY OF MR. S. P. ANDREWS TO MR. GREELEY.

MR. EDITOR: I am repeatedly urged to make some reply to Mr. Greeley's two articles, recently published in the LEADER, on Marriage and Divorce. I had no intention to do so.—My reply to the first person who suggested it was, in the words of another, "Nothing wrenches one so terrible as kicking against nothing." I am overborne, however, by the opinion of others, and will do something. I must be excused if I reserve my *strength* for occasions when something new in the form of fact and argument is adduced, or when the old is at least embellished by the show of genius or enforced by unusual talent.

The reason that I am looked to by my friends to reply to Mr. Greeley is the fact that we have heretofore had a discussion upon the subject. Some two years ago, Mr. Greeley announced that it was highly important to the public well-being that the whole subject of marriage and its dissoluble or indissoluble nature should be examined, and that all sides and all views should be fairly represented.—He ended by throwing open his columns, with a considerable flourish of trumpets about fair play and freedom, and by inviting discussion. I accepted the invitation thus made, and replied to the positions of Mr. Greeley so effectually, that a single article sufficed. He abruptly closed the discussion, and refused to publish anything more from me on the Marriage Question. The discussion, completed, was then published by me, in pamphlet form, and can be ordered by any who are curious to know how Mr. Greeley maintains himself in the presence of the enemy. The pamphlet costs only fifteen cents, and, with your permission, Mr. Editor, I will leave some copies at your office, to be mailed to such of your subscribers as are interested enough in the subject to purchase them.

After two years of quiet, Mr. Greeley opens anew; but, this time, with no talk of fair play, and no readiness to admit a reply in his own columns. Prudence is, perhaps, the most sneaking of all the virtues; but it nevertheless is a virtue, and one which saves a man from many a disagreeable rough and tumble encounter in the journey of life. I commend Mr. Greeley's discretion, and turn to the consideration of his articles. Seriously, they are felt by all who have at all penetrated the nature of the subject discussed, and who know anything of the profound thought which it is calling into activity, to be weak and common

place in the extreme. Nothing but a consideration of the reputed position of Mr. Greeley as one of the leaders of the reform party of the day, and not as a retrogressionist, and of the fact that the platitudes he utters upon this subject are confirmatory of ideas passively and ignorantly entertained by the masses of mankind, would have brought me to the opinion of my friends—that his articles ought to be answered. Intrinsically, they do not command that degree of attention.

The first noteworthy feature of the articles in question is an extended quotation from a recent work, by Henry C. Wright, on "Marriage and Parentage," adverse to the views of Mr. Greeley, and in favor of Freedom of the Affections; which single quotation contains more of the stuff that sinks into the heart of humanity, and that commends itself as eternal truth to the most secret intuitions of the human soul, than a thousand volumes of the stale moralism of the *Tribune* about the rights of society to sacrifice the life-long happiness of its members to secure its own abstract good. The quotation does more than neutralize the long columns of adverse comment. It reverses the current of thought with all who think, and converts Mr. Greeley's articles into a triumph for the cause of that freedom which it is their ostensible, and I doubt not, their honest, intention to injure and malign. Mr. Wright is a strong, bold man, who utters big thoughts with a will; and if Mr. Greeley will continue to quote liberally from Mr. Wright's columns, I will forgive him for excluding me, whom he professes to regard as little better than one of the wicked.

Of Mr. Greeley's own views, presented on the present occasion, there seem to be only two or three; the first of which is from the side of history. "History," says he, "is philosophy teaching by example." Good; provided history be read in the light of philosophy, and by a mind philosophically endowed for comprehending its significance; otherwise, history is the veriest *ignis fatuus* that can be pursued. History is a fool, and all experience is a blunder, without the presence of the enquiring thought which asks, "Why?" To take the external and obvious facts of the past, without the underlying causes of those facts, as a guide for the future, is to be the saddest of "old fogies." To disprove a principle which persists in commending itself to the human mind as *essential truth*, by any accu-

mulation of opposing facts, is simply impossible. The intuitive moral sense and the philosophical insight into the nature of things transcend the lessons of experience, and forever commit the genius, the seer, and the man of science to new experiments after a thousand failures. It is the man of common-place routine, the inborn groundling, the instinctual and intellectual clod-hopper, who appeals to history in any such low sense. This is what the reactionists and conservatives of all Europe are doing daily, as against every effort of self-government by the people; and, read in the same literal and low sense, history is almost uniformly in their favor. But Mr. Greeley does not so read history in their application of it. The effort at free government has failed in Greece and Rome, in France a dozen times, and in Mexico, and elsewhere.—It may even fail in America; but nevertheless, Mr. Greeley will not surrender his faith in the capacity of man for self-government.—He will find the cause of failure in the individual want of development on the part of the men of a given age and country, not at all in the essential incapacity of man, as such; or, he will find in the taint or the restrictions of what was retained in the experiment of old and contradictory theory and opinion, or of old and contradictory facts, enough to cause disaster, and to defeat the new. The development, personally, or the conditions externally, he will tell you, were not favorable, and hence success failed to ensue. The principle is clear; let us try again.

In a late number of the *Tribune* we are told that hundreds of experiments had failed, prior to the last year, to make paper from straw, wood, and other fibrous substances, other than rags. Yet the experiential men of science did not give up the attempt. Mr. Greeley commends their perseverance, and success crowns their efforts. Good and cheap paper from straw and wood is finally made.—All history warred against the procedure.—Still, the men of principle and science were never deterred. They did not say that "History is Philosophy teaching by example," except as teaching to avoid the cause of failure, in again attempting the same thing. The ignoramus would have said so; but the chemist knew that the straw and the wood contained the same fibre as the rag, and that, cleared of the presence of other disturbing substances, they must and would subserve the same useful end. Here was a principle which transcended and reversed the teaching of the adverse facts, as much higher than those facts as the vital and vitalising truths announced in the extract from Mr. Wright are above the timid and short-sighted subserviency to facts and experience announced by Mr. Greeley. The one rises into the region of principles—the legitimate sphere of science; the other sinks into the realms of ignorant and un-

enlightened empiricism—the limbo of blundering experiment, or monotonous repetition.

Finally, how far history itself is to be trusted, in points which involve matters of opinion, may be gathered as well, perhaps, from the editorial columns of the *Tribune* as elsewhere. We read therein, on a recent date as follows:

"It is coming to be a pretty general opinion among those best versed in the study of ancient history that a great deal of that which is found recorded in books, and which even at the present day is still repeated as sober and simple matter of fact in relation to the history of the early ages, is, after all, little better than a mere attempt by writers long subsequent to these pretended events to explain institutions as they saw them, and to construct out of the present a plausible conjectural history of the past.

It is much easier, and often much more convenient, when the object is to establish a forgone conclusion, to conjecture freely and to assert boldly, than to investigate candidly and carefully, and to state with exactness; and we find this same method of manufacturing a history of the past to suit the exigencies of the present, constantly applied even to very recent events as to which the abundance of authentic records leave no excuse for resorting to conjectures, especially to conjectures, directly contradicted by those records, and still less for palming off these falsehoods as if they were authentic and admitted facts."

So much for the credibility of the witness, by the advocate's own showing.

The argument from history against the prospective abolition of marriage with the world's growth, or rather the argument from history against anything the belief in which is based in the consciousness and the aspiration of Humanity, demands to be still further considered. What could be said of the wisdom of the boy, who, now a man, and about to enter upon the career of manhood, should shrink nevertheless from the undertaking of any manly enterprise, on the ground that, at some former time, with the undeveloped intellect of childhood, he had essayed a similar undertaking, then wholly above his capacity, and had failed. The sufficient answer to all such suggestions of poltroonery, in the manly mind, is its own present consciousness of manhood. The brave youth scans attentively the causes of the boyish failures. History with him is Philosophy teaching by example, not to deter, but to direct and ensure success now, in the place of failure before.

Most men seem to me as blind as bats, and Mr. Greeley among them, on the portentous nature of the present age. They read nothing in the signs of the times. They grant with astonishment the changes that have occurred, of late, up to the present day, but see not a hair's breadth beyond. They do not perceive that the present is the precise period of the world's incipient puberty; that the future is to be characterised by prevision, a wise and calculating forethought; instead of the blindly tentative processes of childhood and youth. They have no prophecy in their souls. They do not know that nearly every thing that has

failed in the world, heretofore, is to succeed, hereafter; and that in some sense, History, to be read rightly, must be reversed. They seem to have no eyes for the subtle substance of principles, planted in the human mind, and germinating now, for the first time, with activity among men. Looking to History and Experience to interpret phenomena undreamed of in the ages of the past, the future is merely a "muddle" for them.

What has History to do with any period of Equity, and Freedom, and Harmony among men? What has it to do with *success* of any kind, in any large sense, in the experiment of Human Life, for the masses of mankind? All the past is a failure in any such view; and if, because the past has failed, the future is not to be attempted, the game is up; Mr. Greeley, instead of talking of Reform, should summon the Universe into chancery, to settle its affairs as a bankrupt concern.

Government is a failure. The world has never yet been governed, in peace, with order and freedom. The Church, and Christianity itself, the model religion, are up to this point, terrible failures. No community was ever yet imbued with the spirit of Christ.—Love to God and man, the divine charity, the brotherhood of the race, have never constituted the staple, the warp and woof, of any national or popular sentiment on earth. On the contrary, hatred, conflict, and all uncharitableness have regard almost supreme, even when and where Christianity has been ostensibly paramount. Nay, religion itself; in stead of being a success in hindering these evil manifestations, has provoked them with a tenfold rancor, and has been the *occasion*, if not the *cause*, of the most bloody battlings which the world has ever witnessed.

What says History of the success of Christianity, when she points to Naples or Spain? Is it aught better than what she says of the freedom of divorce in half barbarous Rome, or frenzied France, in the midst of her great agony, her first awful struggle for an existence, even, in the atmosphere of freedom—an atmosphere still asphyxiated and polluted by the breath of a thousand hissing serpents of despotism, which twined their hideous shapes around the fairlimbs of the young Goddess of Liberty.

Marriage, too, is a failure. Domestic and social felicity have never yet been secured to a people, in any broad sense. Healthful, happy, and glorious children, such as lucky accident gives us the opportunity *occasionally* to behold, have never yet been begotten and reared, as the rule, among any nation or community of men. The deformed, and scrofulous, and idiotic, the filthy spawns of parents—forced by laws to procreate their kind, in a loathing or an unloving embrace—mock at your civilized institutions of marriage.—Such disgraceful results of your idolized sanc-

tity hurl hard facts at your head, as you walk the streets. Such arguments are a thousand times more palpable than the glossing commentaries of Gibbon, upon a sublime social experiment, begun out of time, throttled and defeated by adverse surroundings, not understood by the historian, but rightly to be vindicated by its successful repetition in the greater refinement and wisdom of the future.

What nonsense to confound the polygamy of oriental countries, or of an ignorant or bigoted sect, anywhere, with that developed individuality which is beginning to assert a distinct personality for woman. Polygamy is simply the ownership and enslavement of several women by one man, and is precisely the same thing, in spirit and in kind, as monogamy. The simple question, of whether the slave-master owns one slave or two—whether the despot reigns over one million or ten, presents no difference of principles. Every damning fact, recorded by history, of the blighting influence of one upon the well being of society applying equally to the other, differing only in accidents and degree.—The fact will be so recognized, when either is brought into the light of contrast with that true relation of the sexes which will exist in the future. Every argument you adduce, Mr. Greeley, from that source, is good against you. As against my positions—the Sovereignty of Every Individual, without encroachment upon the equal sovereignty of Others, whether men or women—the ownership of every man by himself alone, and of every woman by herself alone—your arguments have no applicability and no meaning whatsoever. Every species of marriage, as an arbitrary institution to be enforced by law, disappears before the positions defended by me. Right or wrong, good or bad, let them stand or fall upon their own merits. Don't confound them with a mere variety of your own species. Our difference is generic, world wide, antagonistic; not merely divergent. If the consequences, and corresponding changes the adjustments of society requisite for the beneficent care of children, and the like requisite to harmonize the systems of truths which I defend, are not understood by my critics, why, so much the worse for them. At present, let them simply make no blunder on the nature of the positions themselves—Let them not "annex" me, and my theory of the world's future to any of their own crude conceptions of the past. I protest against being disposed of, in that summary manner.

If History, then, cannot be trusted alone as the guide to the future—if there be in the human mind principles and institutions which transcend the seeming testimony of adverse facts—let us bend our minds attentively to the consideration of principles, institution, and facts, combined, coordinated and coop-

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

erating to the solution of the grave questions which the future presses upon our attention.

There is a Science of Society, as well as a Science of Chemistry. Sociology is getting itself recognized, even in the most orthodox quarters, as a something in *possibility*, if not in *actuality*. This new science has its principles just as persistent and incontrovertible as the chemical principle that fibre of a certain quality can be agglutinated and made into paper. Among these principles are:

1. That the end and purpose of Human Society is the happiness of the individuals that compose it.

2. That the happiness of Man or Woman can only be secured in freedom.

3. That a rational freedom, while it does not accord to an unlimited license to do every species of act whether right or wrong, consists in being subjected to such restrictions as the sense of right the individual approves of—in other words, in being subjected to no other government than self government.

From these principles then, follows a corollary, which is:

That there must certainly be a state of society, either discovered or to be discovered, and constituted of men and women of such development as has been, or now is, or shall be, in which each shall be a law unto himself—his own last and highest empire with regard to what is right and what is wrong for him to do. Every man, it seems to me, who believes in the unity and harmony of all truth—every one who believes in there being a plan of the universe, or a divine order in the nature of things—must entertain that faith, and must believe that, when this greatest practicable amount of freedom is realized, it will coexist with, and contribute to, the greatest practicable amount of order, harmony, and beauty, in the arrangements of Society.

Whether this be so or not, it is certain that there are those in the world now, who have to be reconciled in human society. If any man feel that he have not the wisdom to lead the way to such a result, let him stand aside from the attempt. The world moves nevertheless. The true history of a successful experiment, in a happy and harmonic consociation of the strong and the weak, has yet to be written; because the successful experiment has yet to be made. The Science of Society has to be promulgated and actualized, in so far as it is discovered and known: and wherein it is still defective, its defects have yet to be supplied by additional thought and additional experiment; and hence by additional freedom,—since even experiment is impossible except in so far as freedom is first vindicated and secured. Hence, in all ways, Freedom is the indispensable condition

of progress—limited always, in turn, by the other condition: "that it be exercised without encroachment upon the freedom of others." Mr. Greeley, by setting himself against this fundamental axiom of progress, belies every promise of his life as a reformer, and places himself at the head of the reaction. Every sincere friend of Reform must regret the defection; but it would be folly to deceive ourselves with the belief that our social evils are to be alleviated by the strongest adherent to, and defender of, the very system of principles, under which they have grown to their present enormous dimensions.

"Give me Liberty, or give me Death!"

The next point made by Mr. Greeley is the claim of the State or of Society to be represented in the private affairs of the parties to a relation of love. Mr. Greeley says:

"The primary defect in Mr. Wright's view of the question inheres in its entire negation and rejection of the *just claims of Society*. He regards Marriage as a purely personal matter, affecting only the Individuals who enter into the relation—or, at most, *them and their children*—when, in fact, Marriage is a social as well as a personal compact—a pillar of the State as well as the corner stone of the Family. On this ground, for this reason alone, does the State rightfully interfere with it, honor it, prescribe regulations and conditions for it. Nay, if Marriage were not a Political as well as a personal matter—the assumption of a new responsibility to the State as well as of peculiar and endearing relations to the chosen one—it would be hard to say why there should be any formal and public marriage at all. Other engagements, neither so important nor so delicate, are every day made and acted on, without allowing any knowledge of their existence beyond the narrow circle of those specially interested; and so would and should this, if a recognized Social necessity did not urgently require for its formality and publicity.

"Now the State constrains none, urges none, to marry, but allows all to remain single till death, if they see fit. All it requires is, first, that to their union there shall exist no rightful impediment (such as a subsisting marriage of one or both of the candidates, or so close a relationship between them as would be likely to impair the constitution of their children); secondly, that they shall be *truly* and essentially "one flesh."

He goes on by admitting, that, as to this last, which he certainly deems the most important of the two conditions, the State knows nothing, and can know nothing, of the fact; and is compelled to throw itself back upon the Individuality of the parties, where I would have it rest the whole matter. All it is able to do in this behalf, in its ignorance, is

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

to interfere to prevent the parties from rectifying any mistakes they may themselves make upon this essential element of their union. The State has a right to demand, says Mr. Greeley, that the parties to a marriage shall be *truly* and essentially one flesh; and hence the corollary that it is judicious and right that the State should prohibit, in nine cases out of ten, perchance, the possibility of that which its interests demand. This is a species of logic-gone-mad that may confound, but hardly convince.

Marriage, Mr. Greeley reiterates, is a matter which concerns not merely the parties to it, nor yet merely them and their children, but the State as well. It is to be supposed that he does not mean by the State, the machinery of government, but the general happiness and well-being of Society, or the larger assemblage of Individuals, as distinguished from the happiness and well-being of the immediate parties to the transaction: and if Marriage does not conduce to this general happiness and well-being, then, says Mr. Greeley very truly, it would be hard to say 'why there should be any formal and public marriage at all.' Now, this is precisely my ground; and it is because the interests of the State do not, in my judgment, demand it, are not fostered nor favored, but are, on the contrary, greatly impeded and injured thereby, that I condemn the legal institution of Marriage, and attach no importance to its formality or publicity. Instead of saying "a recognized public necessity," I would prefer to say "a *supposed* public necessity," and would then deny the correctness of that supposition. This is the only real issue. It is met by my opponent in no other way than by reiterating the existence of the supposition in his and the public mind. That I have never denied; and hence, there is really nothing left for us to discuss. I am forced to expend my time in exposing the inconsequential nature of his positions, instead of answering such arguments as might perhaps be adduced to fortify them.

I deny that the public happiness and well-being are secured or promoted by compelling men and women to continue in an unloving union, and to beget children of hatred and disease, as the inevitable result. I deny that the interests of the "State" are antagonistic to the interests of the parties concerned. I proclaim this unwise interference with the harmonies of nature to be the fruitful cause of the swarms of criminals by inheritance which afflict the State. I affirm that murderers, burglars, and thieves, licentious characters of all sorts, and the hordes of hereditarily diseased wretches who drag out their miserable existences in the world, amidst a stale moralism which ignores the teachings of science

and reason, are propagated as the legitimate fruit of our existing institutions.

The State undertakes to interfere with and to regulate, what it confessedly knows nothing about. What I ask is, that the work of regulation be devolved upon the Individual, and that he be encouraged to learn for himself what the State can never know, except through him. I do not ask this because I suppose that *every* individual is wise enough to regulate his individual relations upon the best, or, even, upon a good basis.

To be continued.

THE WAR.—Tartary is a part of Russia; Tartars compose a considerable portion of the Russian army, and before this war is over, we should not wonder if the Allies caught Tartars in abundance. They are neither pleasant to catch nor easy to hold.

The latest news that Austria was on the eve of declaring war with Russia. What for? Because Russia helped her conquer Hungary? If it were true, the Hungarians would have their choice, either to help Austria beat Russia, or *vice versa*, so too would Italy. Until England and France are pretty hard pushed, we think they will prefer to have Austria keep quiet.

CAPT. SMITH has just been convicted, in New York, of being engaged in the slave trade; the crime is declared piracy—the punishment is death. Yet it is said that on an average a slave ship leaves this port every fortnight, and that scores of our merchant princes live in luxury on the profits of this trade. If so, what sort of justice will it be to hang one man, and let hundreds more not only escape, but hold the position of respectable citizens? In this case, the captain of the slaver was denounced by his mate, because he refused to pay him four hundred dollars.

FORTUNES.—One of the most beautiful buildings in New York, is the iron edifice, six stories, just finished on the corner of Cortlandt st. and Broadway. The owner a few years ago, was a common sailor. Having saved a little money he opened a cigar store, which he still keeps; but he has also invested his earnings so judiciously in leases and buildings, that he has now an income of nearly one hundred thousand dollars a year.

CHINA seems to be pretty near overrun by the rebels. A few months ago, it was said that the rebel leaders were converts to christianity, but according to the latest accounts they are "pretty hard christians" as they threaten to exterminate all the "red hairy devil" as they call the English and Americans. Plain spoken people, these Chinese, indulging in their candor at the expense of their politeness.

SLAVERY.

SLAVERY.

"Slavery," says Paley, "is the obligation to labor for the benefit of the master without the contract or consent of the servant." This definition may do well enough for those who deem "chattel slavery" a curse, and bondage to sin and society a blessing; yet every close observer will perceive that it is extremely partial and limited in its application, and bears evident marks of being given by one who hated that kind of slavery which holds men in "fee simple," yet abhorred not the caste, dependence, and servitude necessarily incurred by our present social system.

He hated slavery as an *institution*, not as a *condition*.

Human slavery, in the broadest sense, is that condition which withholds men from complete development and attainment; and in this sense stands opposed to individuality. The solution of the question, "Shall slavery be abolished?" does not depend upon the issue of Presidential campaigns or Congressional disputes. The point lies here: Will men be convinced of the value of truth and the worth and rights of the individual? And will they act upon those convictions? This view of slavery opens upon a field for discussion large enough for all the wind instruments in patriotic Christendom to play, and all the demagogues to blow without necessarily incurring discord or blows. It is not necessary for me to trace the history of the world from the primitive ages down to the present in order to show the difference between a lordly, natural existence, and the serfdom that now prevails in every condition of life, whether "high" or "low." Some idea may be readily got by comparing the patriarchal simplicity of government and religion with the vast and complicate machinery of church and state required to keep humanity in check at the present day. Kings, Governors, laws, charters, armies, constables, jails, prisons, churches, monasteries, bulls, interdicts, creeds, &c.—are these the products, or even necessary appendages of modern civilization and enlightenment? They are all, without exception, as history fully proves, the products of ancient and mediæval darkness and superstition—spawn of ignorance and superstition. What do they do towards perfecting human character or happiness? What is State or Church that men should be amenable thereto? The State is an abstract conception of a monster that monopolizes God's territory, sets bounds, makes laws, quarrels with its neighbors, kills, shuts up, or fines those who disobey its commands. The instrumentalities of the State consist in a majority or a minority of its subjects. The ruling power is vested with the party having the greater fighting ability. Weapons of monopolized wealth are by some means secured to a small minority, who, of course, perform the function of the

state and sway the majority. The State induces universal dependence, inasmuch as it makes a small part of its subjects producers for the consumption of the whole. The consumers are indirectly dependent upon the producers, who in turn are more immediately held in chattel bondage by the State. Selfishness grows out of this dependence as dependence does out of the State, and is proportional to it.

The Church like the State is an abstract conception,—an "airy nothing," yet has a more "local habitation," than the latter, and in its specialities is made manifest in gothic or corinthian outline, with costly finish and furniture, and every thing necessary to make it a fit place for God's earthly visitations.

Now hie, ye faithful from every nook and cranny in Christendom, and enter the sanctuary of the Most High; for though antique breastplate with its "Urim and Thummim" have departed, and the Shekinah burns no more; yet in the majestic architecture and the solemn music, in prayer, ritual and chant, in the "dim religious light" that streaks in through the stained windows, there is something that inspires religious sentiment, and makes *The Church* the emporium of godliness, and general infirmary for spiritual recuperations.

Church and State—prime ministers of society—two grand instrumentalities for the reformation and conservation of humanity—like vultures, "covering and devouring" the fosterings of their care!

Let those who dislike this denunciation look around them for a moment. Do not men steal in spite of the State, and swear in spite of the Church? Is not one half of the world in a state of indigence, without even the necessities of life, and the other half in a state of opulence—fed even to surfeit. Do not the rich steal from the poor, and do not the poor curse the rich? yes—but says one—"a man may consume without producing anything, and yet not be a thief, for though in reality it is taking what does not belong to him, yet it is done under the sacred guardianship and sanction of the State; and if the poor man thinks, or even ejaculates an occasional oath—it's no matter so long as he maintains his "good and regular standing"—pays his pew rent and commits no overt act, and at St. Peter's general muster he'll stand on the same footing with princes and nobles." And what does this amount to? A laugh at the present deplorable condition of humanity and a hint that in the next sphere of existence, the social system is altogether different,—and these are the "consolation of religions." But men are satisfied with this condition of things. They should not be satisfied with it. Man is a creature of numerous faculties, all to be developed by cultivation, and this one sided state of

affairs produces an abnormal condition. The whole world is so involved in a tissue of falsehood, that there is not a natural man in existence. Men are to such a high degree the creatures of motives, linking back upon conditions of their physical support and "standing in society," that their external lives belie their internal convictions, and the various forms of intercourse between man and man are but so many lies and rat-traps, calculated to serve ulterior purposes. Men do not always *expectorate* their falsehoods; yet where is the business man whose face does not sometimes *exhale* one. The necessities of every day life constitute a system of bondage—imposed by our present social system,—worse because deeper and more complicate than chattel slavery at the South.

Society is the arch-slaveholder, and all members of society are the slaves. All, it is true, are not alike abject in their condition. Some are successful in their scheming, and like "Uncle Tom," become overseers, use high prerogatives, cut and slash their menials at their own discretions. These the *world calls* "wealthy and influential citizens;" but they are as much slaves as the rest; just as likely to be bought and sold, and rather more so because they sell more readily and bring a higher price in market.

Here also are the evils attributed to chattel slavery. Friends and relatives are separated by one's being sold at one market, and another at a second, and, planter like, society prohibits her slaves from being taught anything tending to enlighten them in reference to their conditions. Chattel slavery is only an excrescence of an entire system, and it would be well for those who deprecate the former to give heed to the latter.

EDWARD GILBERT.

New York, Oct 1, 1854.

AMONG our scraps we find the following:

"There is an institution in Havana called the Penale, a sort of hospital, where husbands have the power to confine their naughty wives. This power is frequently exercised, the husband, during the durance of his wife, paying the jail and subsistence fees."

There is no similar place, we presume, where wives can confine their naughty husbands. Matrimony, though mutual, is a little one-sided. The next paragraph records one of the scam. mag. of Yankeeedom.

"IMMORALITY IN DOVER, N. H.—We learn from Haverhill, that officer Davis, of that place, arrested, on the 1st inst., Dr. J. Q. Adams, for adultery with a married woman who resides in the North Parish, and that Adams was taken to Dover, N. H., where the crime is alleged to have been committed, for examination."

As this is a State Prison offense in New Hampshire, Dr. John Quincy Adams is in a fair way to meet a felon's doom; yet it must be evident to every sensible person that, allowing the fact to be as alleged, there may be no crime and no immorality in the case. Dr. Adams' relation to this woman may have been a true one, and his punishment a martyrdom for the truth; or it may be a mere scandal; and, in either case, where is the use of this public parade of an affair which is probably no one's business but that of the parties concerned? We have called the matter of the Catholic priest an outrage; and so it will be considered by all but a few bigots and Know Nothings. But the time is coming when the arrest and imprisonment, or persecution in any way, of any man or woman for any thing connected with the sacred rights of their personal relations, especially the relations of love, will be considered an outrage of a no less shameful character. For, if there is one sacred right on earth—a right more sacred than any other, it is the right of every man and woman to freedom of the affections.

THE *Tribune*, a few days ago, contained the following paragraph:

"SECRET SOCIETIES.—A correspondent who has been induced to join a secret society whose real objects, as now revealed to him, he does not approve, and whose operations he believes calculated to do great harm, asks us what he ought to do in the premises. We answer—Withdraw frankly, promptly, and utterly. Your duty to your country and your fellow-beings is paramount to any obligation imposed on you by a secret society, and where the two come into collision the latter must give way. This is the dictate of Religion, of Patriotism, and of common Sense. Keep out of all traps henceforth; but, if you have heedlessly run into one, get out as quickly as possible. Having got out, you will not need our advice to stay out."

The *Leader*, copying this, suggests whether the same advice may not apply to men and women enveigled or trapped into matrimony; whether these unhappily deluded ones may not also "withdraw frankly, promptly, and utterly;" whether the victims of marriage should not be affectionately counselled to "keep out of all such traps henceforth;" whether better or more sensible advice could be given than to say to all discordantly wedded couples—"If you have heedlessly run into one (trap), get out as speedily as possible. Having got out, you will not need our advice to stay out." But perhaps they might. Few men commit a single folly. Some are blundering out of one into another all their lives.

MISCELLANEOUS.

soul of the body: "you have just eaten. I have got all this food to digest. I can't be at work up there in the brain, and down here in the stomach, at the same time. Let us get this food well underway; and then I will come up there and help you do some thinking."

Sensible soul! It is best always to give a little time to the digestive process. When the stomach is filled with food, it wants a great deal of blood, and of nerve power, to digest it. To study hard, or work hard, on a full stomach, exhausts the strength, and brings on dyspepsia. Our whole system acts like a beautiful machine, and we ought to understand it, as the engineer understands his engine.

The best food for man, is just as important to know, as the best food for animals. You wish to know what kind and quantity of food is best for your horse, your cow, your mocking bird, or your canary. Be as careful for yourself. To be strong or weak; healthy or diseased; long-lived or short-lived; happy or miserable, depends very much upon your eating. There are some general rules of diet, which ought to be observed by all.

Eat from two to four times a day, at regular intervals, giving the stomach time for digestion and repose. The youngest child should observe this rule; certainly after the first six months.

Never eat to repletion or distention. Where you distrust your appetite, take out as much as your judgment approves, and eat no more.

Enough is not merely as good as a part; it is the best possible quantity, and one ounce over is an injury.

The more pure, bland, and soluble your food, the more easily it is digested, and the more readily does it yield its nutritious qualities. Boiled rice, milk, bread, and pulpy fruits, are good examples.

Avoid grease, coarse flesh, and acrid stimulants and narcotics. Drenching the stomach with hot drinks is bad for digestion.

Eat moderately, of good simple food well masticated. Dyspepsia is a tired or sick stomach. If you have one, rest it all you can, by eating but little and chewing what you eat. Food well chewed is half digested.

Where parents have fallen into bad habits, it is to be hoped, that even if they continue to indulge them, they will point out their evils to the young, and encourage them to avoid such evils.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

We were born in the country,—a thing to thank God for,—among the grand old mountains; in sight of forests; a beautiful river winding through the fertile meadows; the village spire rising in the distance among white cottages, spreading elms, and tall pop-

lars. There we lived in our earliest years; and in some such sweet spot of earth we hope to live our latest.

But in the meantime and for twenty years, we have lived in cities; and mostly in this great city of New York. Not that we have stayed there constantly. We have steamed over the great lakes, and glided down the Ohio and the Mississippi; and sailed upon the Gulf and the Ocean, some. But our life has still been, for the most part, a city life; and it has been, sometimes, our business to give this life a pretty thorough investigation. Few persons, probably, know it more thoroughly, in all its aspects.

Doubtless there are advantages in the city life. Let us see what they are. If a student, you can find more books—more than you can ever read—many more than are worth reading. If fond of society, and in fortunate circumstances, you can have more company—and may feel obliged to have much that is not worth the having. If fond of the arts, you can see noble architecture, statuary, and paintings; and this is truly a great enjoyment. The fine arts and music are to us, the special attraction of the city; for its society seems less attractive than that of many country villages. Then you can see shows and celebrities, if you care for them. Moreover, with the requisite facilities, the city is a place to speculate, and make money; but that can be done by those who have the desire and ability, wherever there is business; and that in this country is almost everywhere.

But, on the other hand; cities are unhealthy. The air is impure; much of the food is bad; the excitement wears out life rapidly. There is much care, much vice, much dreadful poverty, and suffering. You see little of nature; and the men and women are too artificial.

The true and natural life of man, seems to us to be upon the soil, and among its productions. We love the grass, the trees, and the whole expanse of the sky. We love the pure air, fragrant with flowers and fruits. Reader, we love the country. You may long to live in a city; but if you do, you will tire of it. Of the hundred thousands of busy men and women around us struggling for bread, or for riches, there are few who do not hope to be able sometime to live in the country.

We might advise all who enjoy already this happiness, to be content; but it is of no use. It is the same old story. "Father may I go to the ball?" "No." "Why, father, didn't you go to balls, when you was young?" "Yes; but I have seen the folly of it." "Well, father, I want to see the folly of it too."

Well—come and see the folly of New York; but know that it is a maelstrom, in which many are engulfed, sailing round and round in a giddy circle, until they are drawn down the whirlpool.

"The Morning Stars of the New World."



The Inca of Peru offering to fill his prison with Gold.

The picturesque title of a beautiful volume of 416 pages, published by JAMES C. DERBY, and illustrated by six fine engravings by N. ORR, from designs by COFFIN. We give specimens of the engravings; and it may be noticed that the younger Orr has furnished nearly all the engravings of the present number. The head and illustrations for the first number were by J. W. ORR; and the elegant vignettes and emblematic devices of No. 2, some of which are retained in the present number, were from the chaste burin of TUDOR HORTON.

The "Morning Stars," charmingly and thoughtfully portrayed in this elegant volume

are Columbus, Americus Vesputius, Ferdinand de Soto, Sir Walter Raleigh, Henry Hudson, Capt. John Smith, Capt. Miles Standish, Lady Arabella Johnson, John Elliot, and William Penn; an illustrious constellation—"morning stars of heroism," as they are denominated in the modest preface, by the authoress, of whom we know only that her name is "H. F. Parker." But how then knew we that H. F. are the initials of a lady? We might have detected sex in the graceful, tender, loving spirit of the book—but not surely, for many men have the feminine elements of character in predominance. The secret is told in the Dedication: "To my



Captain Smith saved by Pocahontas.

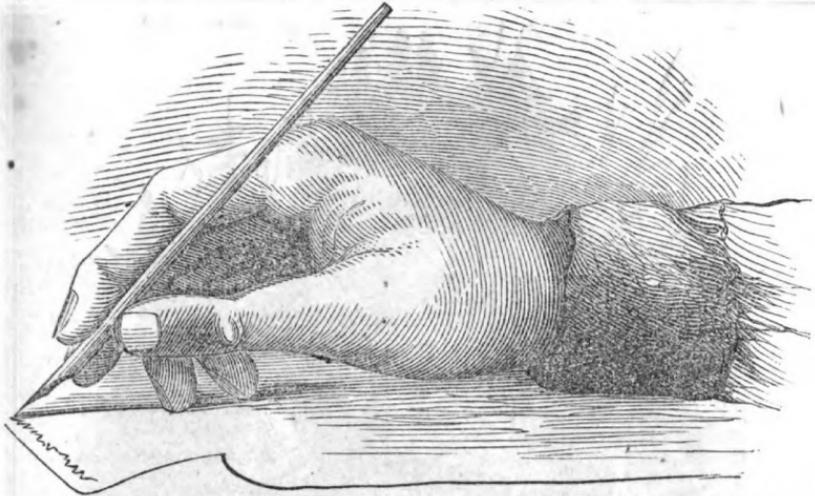
mother, whose love was a sweet, morning light of life, this volume is affectionately inscribed by her daughter."

Mr. Derby, recently established as a bookseller in New York, and connected with the great publishing houses of Auburn, Boston, and Cincinnati, appears to us to combine business energy, and literary and artistic taste in the requisite degrees for a popular publisher. We have selected the "Morning Stars" from a number of elegant books offered for notice. We commend it as a suitable gift book for young persons; and as we can enjoy the luxury of bestowing gifts only as premiums, we will send this one post paid to any reader of the Dime, who will send us a club of sixty subscribers, or for \$1.25 cash, which is the price of the volume. We believe that no one who secures it in either way, will find any cause for regret.

We will cheerfully supply all the books we notice, at their New York price; taking upon ourselves, both the risk and the cost of a safe delivery. But in all cases we shall prefer to send such books, or any others published here, as premiums, and will always send them, where the price is not more than twenty per cent. of the amount enclosed.

[Indebted to the courtesy of LELLAND, CLAY & Co., for the use of these beautiful engravings, we shall be glad if they profit by this notice.]

The Mormons have their missionaries preaching in all parts of the world; and they appear to be very successful. In Denmark entire villages have gone over to the new faith.



LEARNING TO WRITE.—We are a nation of writers, yet not one person in a hundred can write a handsome; rapid, legible hand. Whoever can do it, may consider his fortune made.

Most hands, we know it well, are graceless, if not illegible. We receive many thousands of letters every year; a hundred a day sometimes; and we know that there are in the world few good writers.

And yet it is certain, that every person may learn, in a few weeks, to write a hand regular, beautiful, and rapid. Every person, old and young—with the ordinary use of their muscles. Seeing is believing, and we know the truth of what we are saying. It is the result of one of the most remarkable and useful of modern discoveries. The inventor of this new system of learning to write and of teaching the art of writing, is a teacher by the name of MacLaurin. His method is original, bold and entirely successful. It is a system of chirographic gymnastics, by which the arm, hand, and fingers are trained, in a series of beautiful exercises, to execute all the movements of an elegant hand writing in a perfectly uniform manner, and with almost inconceivable rapidity. This method has been introduced by the inventor, who has copy-righted and patented the system, into several schools in New York, with results so astonishing as to task credulity. In less time than pupils are ordinarily kept at making straight marks, they learn to write a beautiful hand, and write with a rapidity that compares with the locomotive and the telegraph. We have seen a copy book of the usual size, with every line written like copper-plate engraving, from the first to the last, without a blot or error, in two hours, by a little girl ten years old.

It seems a miracle; and yet by this system, every one may learn to do the same—to

write a clear, regular, beautiful hand with the rapidity of thought. There is no mistake respecting the facts we have stated. The method is ingenious and of great simplicity. Mr. MacLaurin first made a careful analysis of all the movements required in writing. He then prepared an elegant form for each movement, over which it is made, slowly at first, and with increasing rapidity, until with a little practice, the movement becomes regular and habitual. The movements are then combined and the work is done. The hand glides over page after page, without effort, almost unconsciously, producing the wonderful result we have attempted to describe.

We have been, as the reader may see, profoundly impressed with the usefulness and importance of this invention. It is another new element in the world's progress. We hope it may be everywhere taken advantage of.

Chas. B. Norton, the well known publisher, has brought out the system in admirable style, and published a full series of instruction books for schools and also a series of six books of gymnastic exercises, with full directions, for self instruction. With this series, any person may learn himself and be qualified to teach others. It can be sent by mail, post paid, with twelve pens of a suitable kind for practice, the whole cost of which is only one dollar. We believe it would be cheap at fifty dollars, to every person who is now, or ever expects to be, required to write.

We have no interest in the matter, except in its evident utility. On this account every press should notice it; every teacher adopt it; every individual benefit by it. We shall be happy to send the "Self Instructing Series" to all who need it.



Baron Humboldt.

Baron Humboldt, the first scientific man in Europe, now more than eighty years old, is a rare example of true greatness. The pursuit of science alone, has given him a world-wide reputation, and a position higher and far more enviable than that of Kings or Emperors.

EDUCATION.

Few have a higher idea of the importance of Education, than we; but our idea probably differs from that of some of our readers.

Education is not construction. We do not make the mental and moral character of youth, as we make a house or a machine. The mind has a power of self-development, all its own. We cannot make a good scholar and an estimable character, by throwing in so much science, and so much morality, and stirring it about, as a cook makes a pudding or a chowder; nor is the mind a sheet of blank paper, on which we can write what we please.

Education is the development of growth. It is culture, like that of a plant or tree.—

“Paul may plant and Apollos water”—but neither can give the plant its growth, or fruitage. Education can give the best conditions for growth. It can supply to the mind, its nutriment of facts. It may prevent the choking growth of noxious weeds. It can do much to protect, to guide, to nourish, to develop, to draw out; but it cannot give original powers, nor change the entire nature. A great genius will find its own development, under all disadvantages; but no amount of culture can make a genius of a dunce.

We have the philosophy of education to a great extent, in the law of exercise. The muscle that is exercised grows strong: so does the mental faculty, and the moral sentiment.

POETRY.

KING CHOLERA PROCESSION.

Following poem appeared in that famous jour-
London Punch, two years ago, when the cho-
raging in almost all parts of the globe. The
mer has been marked, in many places, by the
of this dreadful scourge, and the republication
poem is not, therefore, at all inappropriate.]

From Russian steppe, from Persian sand,
From pine fringed Norway's ford,
From Elbe's to Eyder's peopled strand,
I've skimmed the sea—I've swept the land ;
Way for your lord !

Come deck my board—prepare my bed,
And let the trump of doom
Peal out a march, that as I tread,
Above the dying and the dead,
All may make room !

From far I snuff the odor sweet
That I do love the best ;
And wheresoe'er I set my feet ;
Courtiers and liegemen flock to meet
Their King confest !

Well have you done your royal part,
My subjects and my slaves—
In town and country, port and mart,
All's ready after my own heart—
All—to the grave !

What is my feast ? These babes forepined ;
Men 'ere their prime made old ;—
These sots, with strong drink bleared and blind,
These herds of unsexed women kind,
Foul mouthed and bold—

Their bodies stunted, shrivelled, seared
With the malaria's breath ;
In fetid dens and workshops reared ;
From reeking sewers, drains uncleared,
Drinking in death !

What is my court ? These cellars piled
With filth for many a year—
These rooms with rotting damps defiled
These alleys where the sun ne'er smiled
Darkling and drear !

These streets along the river's bank,
Below the rise of tide ;
These hovels, set in stifling rank,
Sapped by the earth-damps green and dank ;
These cess-pools wide !

These yards, what heaps of dust and bone
Breathe poison all around !
These eyes, whose swinish tenants grown
Half human, with their masters own
A common ground !

What are my perfumes ? Stink and stench
From slaughter-house and sewer ;
The ouzing gas from opened trench,
The effluvia of the pools that drench
Court-yards impure !

What is my music ? Hard-wrung groans
From strong men stricken down ;
Womens' and children's feebler moans
And the slow death-bells muffled tones
In every town !

Who are my lieges ? Those that rule
In Vestry and at Board ;
The Town hall's glib and giddy fool,
The mob's most abject slave and tool,
Though called its lord !

He who with prate of Vested Rights
Old forms of wrong defends ;
Who for proud foolishness still fights,
Wisdom, save penny-wisdom slights—
These are my friends

BEHIND THE VEIL.

The secret of man's life disclosed
Would cause him strange confusion,
Should God the cloud of fear remove,
Or veil of sweet allusion.

No maiden sees aright her faults
Or merits of her lover ;
No sick man guesses if 'twere best
To die, or to recover.

The miser dreams not that his wealth
Is dead as soon as buried ;
Nor knows the bard who sings away
Life's treasures, real and varied.

The tree-root lies too deep for sight,
The well-source for our plummet,
And heavenward fount and palm defy
Our scanning of their summit.

Whether a present grief ye weep,
Or yet untasted blisses,
Look for the balm that comes with tears,
The bane that lurks in kisses.

We may reap dear delight from wrongs,
Regret from things most pleasant ;
Foes may confess us when we're gone,
And friends deny us present.

And that high suffering which we dread
A higher joy discloses ;
Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow,
But angels saw the roses.

MRS. HOWE.

THERE'S NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours ;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers ;
Onward we are spurning—
Trampling one another ;
While we are inly yearning
At the name of " Brother !"

There's no dearth of kindness
Or love among mankind,
But in darkling loneliness
Hooded hearts grow blind !
Full of kindness tingling
Soul is shut from soul,
When they might be mingling
In one kindred whole !

There's no dearth of kindness
Tho' it be unspoken,
From the heart it buildeth
Rainbow-smiles in token—
That there be none so lowly,
But have some angel touch ;
Yet nursing loves unholy,
We live for self too much !

As the wild rose bloweth,
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In the heart forever.
But men will hanker
Ever for golden dust,
Kingliest hearts will canker,
Brightest Spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours ;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers !
O cherish God's best giving,
Falling from above !
Life were not worth living,
Were it not for Love.

CHARLES MASSEY.