

NICHOLS' MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1856.

THE year is at its close ; we look over our work of the past, and have hope in its usefulness ; and we look forward to the future, with an assurance that we shall be able to do much more than in the past.

We wished and hoped to be able to complete *Esperanza* with this volume. But it was not possible without either marring the work, or giving more space than we felt justified in so using. We shall therefore be under the necessity of continuing it through several numbers of the next year's issue. We hope our old readers will not grow tired of its continuance ; and as each chapter has its own separate interest, it will not be lost to new subscribers.

Of the *Monthly* for 1857, we have little to say, but that it will carry forward the life work in which we are engaged.

In *Esperanza* is unfolded our ideal of a true life ; we shall endeavor in the coming year to give to all our readers the most plain and familiar instruction in the methods by which we all may be fitted for such a life.

Those who wish to live it, with us, and who are with us, must begin now to live the life of preparation. Those who cannot come and live it with us, can live it, with more or less fidelity, wherever they may be, if they have but the earnest will to do so ; and they will find it a life of health, peace, of great enjoyment in the present, as well as in the prospect of the future.

This work of preparation demands courage, firmness, energy, industry, humility, and obedience to principles. It requires a power of will, which all do not possess—the ability to resolve, and to do. The whole life must come into an orderly condition, so that each individual may be not only freed from false, but be prepared to come into true, relations.

To aid in this, we purpose, in the coming numbers of the Monthly, to give the clearest directions for attainment of such a life, and we invite as many of our readers, as feel its importance, to join us in this work. This discipline is physical, mental and moral. It covers industry, study, and the affectional relations—business, amusements, all that enters into our lives. We are now hap-hazard or habitual. We either run in the old ruts of custom, or we wander at random. We waste our days, and become ourselves wasted. It is time that we knew how to live, and practice what we know.

We do not assume to govern; we but offer counsel and aid. We would take into this extended school of life, all, old or young, who have the wish to be better than they are. The old are never to old to grow better—the young, with all of both time and eternity before them, have the highest motives for improvement.

We wish to teach all how they can be truly healthy, strong, wise, noble, and happy.

Those who learn this lesson will enjoy what we heartily wish all our readers, *a happy new year!*

Let our friends and readers remember! that the first number of the next volume of the Monthly, will be issued early in January; and that it will not be sent to any one whose subscription has expired, unless seasonably renewed. We ask, therefore, that all who wish to continue, would “signify the same by the usual sign.”

THE QUESTION OF SEXUAL RELATIONS.

We have had, for several months, an article written by JOSEPH TREAT, on this subject, which we have hesitated to publish, not from any disagreement with the views of the author, but because we cannot feel satisfied to convey his message to our readers, in the terms he has seen fit to make use of. It is a question of taste and propriety; and though it may seem to be an interdiction of Mr. Treat's freedom of expression, to decline his article, yet its publication would involve quite as serious a breach of our own rights.

The case is this: Mr. Treat believes, as we do, that the highest plan of sexual relation, is where the material union is confined to its procreative uses. But he states this with such violent and bitter condemnation of lives as sincerely honest as his own, that we cannot be the messenger of his harsh rebuke. For while we believe in the elevation of the love-life above the sensual plane; while we feel that this elevation is necessary to development; we must yet exercise entire charity toward those whose lives flow out in sensual expression, not being yet turned into the channel of higher uses.

We need not denounce, at least with bitterness, or condemnatory phrases, those who only live the life common to almost all human beings. In the isolate, stagnating, discordant life of civilization, the life of man flows into the excessive activity of a few faculties. The remedy is to open higher and more varied sources of enjoyment. Give a man higher pleasures than those of the table, and he will not be a gourmand. Open to him purer delights than those

of the sensual passion, and he will find no difficulty in being chaste, in thought, word, and deed. No difficulty and no danger. Those who fear that great evils will come of men and women living more spiritual lives, need not dread the extent of the evil, nor its influence where it exists. When all faculties have their rights, no wrong will be done to amativeness. The harmonized faculties will determine their own action. In the mean time, it is our very deliberate opinion that we cannot better expend the vital force, commonly devoted to amativeness, than in this great work of restoring the equilibrium of senses and faculties, and preparing ourselves for a true life.

But while we must live the life revealed to us, and which is our highest attraction, we are not called upon to bitterly condemn the equally honest and sincere lives of others, who also live according to the best life they have, and according to the modes of being to which they have been developed.

It is better to live in chastity with all men. We do not eat pork ; but those who find themselves adapted to swine, and swine to them, have their own lives to live. It is not for us to live in *too close* relations with the eaters or the eaten ; but we can let the one swallow and the other be swallowed in peace. We do not forget that we are part and parcel of the humanity, which thus relates itself to the forms of life below it ; nor can we feel it our duty to anathematize with ferocity, all that we may find it our attraction to carefully abstain from, in the opinions and habits of those around us.

XVII.

PROPAGANDISM.

MY OWN DEAR CLARA :—The longing to see you, or, at least, to hear from you, comes over me, even here, with deep yearnings. How it would be in any of the dull places of our common world, I will not venture to surmise. Even here, this fainting heart-ache comes, teaching me that the heart demands all its attractions, and that there are no compensations for our apiritual wants.

If you could but write to me—but that is cut off, as if I were on the ocean; and I think of the thousands of men who go to India or California, doubling capes in long sea voyages, and banished from all heart-ties. I have your likeness, and it rests night and day upon my heart. I look so long and lovingly into your sweet eyes, which seem to look at me with a tender reprooffulness. Do not think I do not know that you also feel this absence. But I hope my long and frequent letters may give you some happiness. I am very happy in writing them; and should miss you far more, if I were not, some hours of every day, in this *rapport* with you.

Fancy me now. It is morning—the hour after breakfast. I sit in the beautiful little room assigned me, in the suite of Melodia, in my dressing gown and slippers, writing at a carved table. The floor is matted with a clean and fragrant matting, woven here from the flags of the lake-shore. The walls have been painted in lovely pictures by Melodia and her artist friends. You would never tire looking at them. In each scroll or medallion is a picture, harmonizing with the general design, but marked with the sign-manual of the artist. There is a personal interest in every line.

Professor Buchanan has given the name of psychometry, or soul-measuring, to the faculty which some persons possess, of he-

ing impressed by a writing, or other relic of an absent person. I have not much of this impressibility; but there are some here who are wonderfully gifted in this way. A letter of any person, held in the hand of Harmonia, is to her a revelation of character, appearance, relations, of all that appertains to them. I do not understand this faculty—but the fact of its existence is unquestionable. Why should not this room, then, have its own sphere? and every work of art which embellishes it, make its clear impression of the character and motives of the artist? It must be so; for I feel all around me the subtle, soothing, ennobling influence of Melodia, and with her's, other harmonious spheres, making life musical.

One day when we were talking of this impressibility. I took a letter of yours, sealed in a blank envelope, and which I always carry near my heart, and gave it to Harmonia. She held it a moment in her hand, then pressed it to her forehead—then to her heart. There came over her face a sweet, happy smile, so like yours, my Clara! and she said:

“There comes to me the image of a fair, pure, loving girl, with broad, white forehead, rosy cheeks and loving lips; a delicate, keen intellect, and many gifts. She seems peaceful in her life, and happy in her love. A pure, harmonic spirit, who ought to be with us; she would find our life in harmony with all her aspirations. Gentle, loving, beautiful spirit—she is one of ours.” She handed the letter back to me, saying: “Names are not often revealed to me, but this must be your Clara, and I give you joy of the love of such a lovely spirit. She will come to us, and be very happy in our love.”

I accept the prediction; for its fulfilment is the condition of our happiness.

Now I must tell you of yesterday.

First of all, in the interest of our life, our good Father Gautier falls visibly. Vincent thinks he can not stay with us above forty-eight hours. The noble, generous, devoted old man! I went to see him in his room yesterday, with Melodia. I wish you could see how nobly it fits him, like a well-made garment. Every thing, down to the smallest ornament, is in character and keeping. There

is a book-case, with nice editions of his favorite French authors ; and especially, all of Fourier, whose bust, modelled by Melodia, from an engraved portrait, under his inspection, and seeming to me very spirited and life-like, adorns its top.

The old man was sitting in an easy chair, near a window that looks out upon the lawn and over the lake. A prince could not be better cared for ; and no money could purchase these loving attentions. I lose not only all fear, but all awe of death, when I see this beloved and revered old man, so calmly preparing to take leave of the earth-life—speaking of the coming change as of a pleasant journey ; and with a faith in immortality so fixed, and a trust so firm, and yet so humble, in the destiny which awaits him.

“ Ah ! Melodia, darling,” said he, with a voice weaker and more tremulous than the day previous, “ I shall be the first—your first ambassador. This is quite an honor. First delegate from Esperanza. Well, it is time we were represented in our parent-society ; and you may count on my influence.”

There was no levity in this ; but a genuine earnestness.

As we walked out of his room, leaving him with Manlius, who came to talk of some business connected with the domain, Melodia was silent, but not sad. After a while she said :

“ I have looked forward to this too long to be troubled by it now. It must come, and as well to-morrow as a year hence. This life, especially when truly lived, is richly worth the living. I would neither shorten it, nor prolong it, beyond its true appointment. We can spare him, and almost any one now—any one, likely to leave us.”

There was a little tremor of her voice ; a thickening of the utterance, which told me that she thought of one whom she could not spare.

“ I am a little wrong ” she said, softly, “ in saying we can spare any one. Doubtless the life would go on. That seems abundantly assured. I doubt not that all will be right ; I believe that none will leave us, whose post of duty is here. There are those we cannot lose yet.”

“ What would be the result,” I said, “ were Vincent to die ? ”

I was very sorry that I asked this question. She stopped still in her walk; her face became pale as marble, and like a marble statue in its cold stern beauty. There was a deep inspiration, and a little quivering of the muscles at the corners of the mouth; but the color came back to her cheeks and lips, in a flood; and the light flashed from her eyes as she said:

“Vincent will not die!”

“Then she smiled sweetly, again, and spoke as calmly as ever of his fine, pure health; his constitution, which shows no sign of age or decay; and of her assurance of his living many years.

“Nothing can take him from us, but some violence; and our good friends are too watchful to allow of that.”

“Do you also feel sure of Harmonia?” I asked, not without apprehension, so feeble seems her organization.

“She lives upon the life of the strong ones who love her; and the inflowing life of the heavens also sustains her. Year by year she grows stronger, as if her spirit, aided by these genial conditions, was building up for itself, a new body. At times, disease has seemed to threaten her, but she has been carried through every crisis, and each has seemed to remove some obstruction, and to make her health better.”

“This is wonderful,” I said; “and death has not yet visited you.”

“No;—why should he?—if you must personify this transition. We live in the conditions of health, and not of disease. Our children are born to a full heritage of life; and not, as in the world, to an inheritance of disease and dissolution. Ordering all our lives in harmony with natural law, what should make any one sick, or bring to us the pain of premature death?”

“There is no man or woman here who would become the parent of a child, unless assured that he or she could give it its right to health.

“Our vestalate consists of the young who are not yet perfected enough in their own beings to give a true birth to others; and of those who are conscious of their inability ever to do so. The selfishness that for a momentary pleasure would perpetuate disease,

and bring pain upon the individual and the social life, can have no place with us."

"Then disease and premature mortality must die out of the earth."

"Yes; it is our work to conquer these foes of humanity. It is our work to repeople the earth with healthy men and women, and replace the miserable, short-lived generations now scattered over its surface. So humanity will rise, redeemed from all its degradations. The earth will become the magnificent domain of a noble and happy race. The tree is planted, my friend, here; and its seed shall fill the earth; for it has in it the life of the heavens."

I went to meet Vincent, with my enthusiasm fully awakened. He looked at me, and then sat silent, instead of speaking as usual; as if he knew I had something to tell him.

And I had. "It appears to me," I said, "that you, who are enjoying the happiness of this life, and not doing your duty to the world you have left. There are thousands who would gladly embrace it, if they only knew of it. That knowledge you studiously conceal. Is it not your duty to go forth and tell the world that a true life may be lived; and that their false one, with all its evils and miseries, is not, as they think it, a terrible necessity?"

He was not hasty to answer, but smiled one of those quiet smiles, which, but for his kindness, would be a sneer.

"The missionary spirit seems strong upon you," he said; "I have had it, myself, formerly. It is a good spirit; but tends to zeal rather than prudence."

"But it is this zeal that must reform the world," I said.

"Yes, after its own fashion. The zeal of the catholic missionaries, three hundred years ago, led to the conquest and desolation of the West Indies, Mexico, and Peru. It planted the cross in China, soon to be expelled; and in Japan, to be trampled upon ever since. But, in this missionary spirit, what do you propose to do?"

"If I had your approval, and that of our friends here, I would go out into the world, and tell them of your life and its happiness, and compare it with their own poor and discordant conditions. I

feel assured that I could find hundreds and thousands, who would accept it with enthusiasm. I would lecture in all the cities and large towns in the country."

A smile played over Vincent's face for a moment, and then a shadow followed it.

"It is a hard thing," said he, "to repress the enthusiasm of youth, especially when excited in behalf of a cause so dear to me; but I have lived much longer in the world than you; and have had a more varied experience. The movement you propose is subject, like all others, to the law of requirement—the law of supply and demand. It is equally unwise to carry coals to New Castle, and warming pans to the West Indies; though Lord Timothy Dexter is said to have made a good speculation in that way; selling his mad venture for sugar ladles and strainers. If you bring people what they do not want, or are not conscious of needing, or are not prepared to receive, no success can await you. People are struggling to better their present conditions—not to change them. Go and tell them where they can find gold, and they will rush off by tens of thousands, across sandy deserts and stormy seas, braving all perils, fatigues, starvation and death. But go and tell them how they can live lives of purity, and health, and happiness, and few will hear, and fewer heed you. You doubt? Try it, if you will. In New York, with liberal advertising, out of seven hundred thousand you will gather a hundred idle or curious people; of whom, possibly, two or three may be interested enough to come again and hear you. It will be the same elsewhere; only, in the smaller places, there will be more curiosity, but not a much greater success. Do the work you have to do; but be prepared for the result I know must follow.

"The few who will hear you gladly, and be anxious to enter upon the life you picture, will be those who are hopeless of success in the world as it is, and who, in most cases, have no power to achieve it any where."

I felt a glow of indignation. It seemed to me that this man misjudged mankind. I could not believe them so blinded to their own happiness. It seemed to me that I could write an advertise-

ment, which would crowd any lecture room ; and that I could prepare a discourse on the falseness and evils of the existing social order, and the beauty and practicability of the harmonic life, which would carry conviction to every mind, and stir every heart to an enthusiasm as great as my own. I did not say this ; but he doubtless knew what was passing in my mind, for he said :

“ Well ; we will suppose that I am in error. Attracted by the novelty of the subject, crowds come to hear you. Charmed by your eloquence and convinced by your demonstrations, joined to their own experience, they are ready to embrace a better social state. What next ?

“ Now comes the work of separation from the Old and the preparation for the New life. The ambitious man must abandon his career. The selfish man his selfishness. The sensualist his sensuality. The woman of fashion and society must give up her favorite pursuits and projects. The whole life must be changed. All evil habits must be abandoned ; all false and selfish feelings must give place to the true and good.

“ Are there many who will give up, even their dietetic habits, for all the hopes you can offer them—the morning coffee, the evening tea, the noon-day dram ; the gorging on exciting flesh, and the sensuality to which it excites nervous and dyspeptic organizations.

“ When you have gathered an audience of a thousand persons, how many will you find, who are ready to comply with the most external requirements of our life. How many live in a state of decent cleanliness by performing daily ablutions ? How many can you induce, for any consideration, to give up the poisoning and disease-producing luxuries of the table, for the purity of our repasts ? How many will conform to that law of chastity which lies at the center of our life, and is the absolute condition, as it is the powerful mainspring, of development ? How many will give up an erratic and egoistic individualism, or intense and utter selfishness, and come into the order of a true obedience, which is the necessary condition of a harmonic life ? How many, even, will have the strength to achieve that personal freedom, which is the first step toward a life of truth. Will your eloquence make them free when

there is opposed to you all the bonds of habit, custom, opinion, and law; the obligations of children to parents; the contracts and vows which hold men and women fast in the marriage slavery; the selfish struggles for property, position, and station; the whole power of this life, which so prisons, cripples, and starves all human souls?

"These are the obstacles to your success. You cannot save the world, until it is ready to be saved. I gave many years of my life to this work, and my most earnest efforts brought me little but obloquy and persecution. My name was a bye-word. My good was evil spoken of."

"And here," I exclaimed, looking round upon this scene of industry and beauty, "here is your reward."

"Yes—it is well. But I thought to redeem the world *en masse*; not to gather out of it a little scattered band of true souls, who were found worthy. Great multitudes followed Jesus, were healed of their diseases, fed on loaves and fishes, and shouted hosannah; but there were very few ready to forsake all and follow him. It is of our gospel, of Him; he that loveth father, or mother, or wife, or children, or houses, or lands, more than me, is not worthy of me. He that would save his own life, shall lose it. These are but the utterances of universal law; they are found in all scriptures, and are applicable to all true movements. If they were true of the first coming, and the gathering of the typical church; they are much more so of this second coming, in the glory of a purified humanity, and the social redemption of our race.

"Nevertheless, if you are called to do a work, you must do it, and be justified in your own conscience. Go preach our gospel if you have the internal mention, and all powerful *must*. I have told you the truth. Few will hear, and fewer heed you. But if you labor for a year, and save but one soul, you will have your reward."

"It is enough," I said, very humbly; for I felt how little I could hope to do, when others so much advanced in progress and wisdom, had wrought for years, with so little of what the world calls success.

We have seen the world's triumphs. A regiment returning in

rage and sickness from Mexico, is received with a city's enthusiastic welcome. It was well—for courage and devotion should be honored, even when exerted in a doubtful cause. We saw the miles of Broadway and the Bowery thronged to welcome Kossuth; a noble impulse of hero-worship, whether well or ill-bestowed. We have seen the popular ovations to art, in the persons of Fanny Ellsler and Jenny Lind. But if it were announced that Pythagoras, or Socrates, or Jesus, or Fourier would land on the Battery some morning, I am afraid there would be but a slim cortege to welcome them.

The hero of the future cannot find worship in the present. But may not the present be awakened to the dawning future? If I could do but this! How often do we hear people pray God to hasten the good coming time. And if we can do any thing to hasten the day that must surely come, it must be God working in us, to will and to do. So let me humbly do my appointed work, only making sure of the appointment.

Besides the regular requirements of industry; the seasonable work of a great plantation, large gardens, orchards, and vineyards; and the manufactures, artist-work, and household labors, there come at short intervals special works, which excite a new interest and enthusiasm, and in which our hardy, athlectic friends love to show their prowess.

In the order for this morning's work, for example, there was the preparation of a new garden-spot, upon a principle which Vincent, after a careful experiment, has developed into a wonderful perfection.

I had often noticed a portion of the garden, arranged in beds of fifty feet in length, by five in breadth, with alleys running between them, and remarked their exceeding richness and fertility. I have never seen any thing to compare with the rapidity and perfection of growth attained in these beds. But there has been so much to see and learn here, that I had never inquired into the mystery.

But, to-day I had a chance to see the process of preparing to

extend them over a new portion of ground, from which the season's crop had just been gathered. Many hands made light work. A space of ground fifty feet by two hundred was marked out,—deeply ploughed, and the soil hauled off to the depth of eighteen inches. It was then made smooth, with a slight descent, and now came a group of masons, and covered the whole with a floor of cement. On this bed was laid drains, in this case three feet apart, and fifty feet long; a certain number being connected by branch drains at each end, opening into a funnel at the upper or more elevated end, and into a reservoir at the lower, where a wall is carried along, with openings connecting with the drains.

Eugenia, whose passion for the garden extends to all its products, explained the whole process to me; and showed me its working in the beds now in operation. After the drains are laid the soil is restored to its place, and the garden is ready for planting. If the earth is not of a sufficiently light and porous character, it is made so by suitable additions.

The seed is planted, or the roots set in rows, directly over each drain; the drains are then filled with liquid manures, such as are most favorable to their growth, and the amount of these, and the degree of moisture can be very exactly regulated. At intervals, the liquids are drawn off, or absorbed, so that the air can circulate freely through the drains, and supply the rootlets with oxygen. The result is an increase of from three to five times the ordinary fertility; that is, an acre treated in this way, produces as much as from three to five acres, under even a pretty high cultivation; while in quality of production, there is a greater difference; so that the potatoes, peas, melons, etc., grown in these beds are kept for seed; and there is a continual improvement.

But the manner in which this work was done; its order, rapidity, and enthusiasm, excited my special admiration. There was no noise or confusion. Each group, working under its chief, went gaily into the contest of a friendly trial of skill and power. There was no lagging, and no soldiering; no idle overseers, and eye-serving laborers, anxious only to get, not to earn, the day's wages. Every one worked,—nay, far better, I doubt not, than if the gar-

den had been for his own exclusive benefit. It was bold, hearty, springing work, which it would have done you good to see.

Eugenia and her little assistants were gathering the seeds of some annual flowering plants; and I joined her, and helped the work as much, perhaps, as I hindered it by conversation. I would have you know the sweetness of her spirit. It rests me, like looking at calm deep water. Look for nothing impetuous in Eugenia, nothing imposing; but expect a calm, beautiful soul, in a body as calmly beautiful. My feeling toward her is not an attraction which draws me to her, but a frank and quiet acceptance of all her life can give to mine of its fragrance and rest. Her face is not strikingly beautiful; but very calm and sweet; and her whole form, as I have told you, is of the most harmonious beauty. Evaline tells me that beauty in women tends to the portions of the body commonly displayed; and that nature is apt to slight what our art constantly conceals. I recognize the principle, where there are not the conditions of integral development. The finest forms in the world are found among people where nudity is the fashion—the worst figures are among the most carefully draped civilizees. Why should nature waste her perfections? Those who are knowing in these matters tell me that you may see twenty pretty faces in Broadway, to one beautiful form; and that very handsome arms may be accompanied by other limbs of remarkable ugliness.

But it was not on any such subject that I conversed with the beautiful Eugenia, as I culled the seed bags of her favorite flowers. I questioned her on a subject of unceasing interest—the life of Esperanza; which I would examine on every side and through every available medium.

“But my dear Eugenia,” I said, “after all, you must admit that that is a despotism.”

“It would be one, to whose strongest will was not in harmony with the pervading will; and whose highest sense of right was not in accordance with our common sense.”

“Nevertheless, it is a Procrustean bed; and the tall must be shortened, and the short drawn out, to suit its measurements.”

“The humble shall be exalted, and haughty brought low.”

“I have no doubt that you will find scripture for it; every body can defend himself with a text. But is it not true that there is a great sacrifice of individuality here; and an amount of order required, that is altogether unnecessary?” I would have ruffled her placidity if I could. She did not even smile as she answered.

“Order, harmony, beauty, truth, are terms, which, to me, are synonymous. I do not find or fear too much of either. Were I to allow my life to fall into disorder, and become inharmonic to those around me, all its beauty would be marred; it would become false and evil to me, and all the deep happiness I now enjoy would be at an end. In this order I find rest and peace. My life is useful and loveful. I am able to give happiness to others, and I enjoy all that I am capable of enjoying. What more?”

How could I answer to this what more? But I said—“Have you no ambition to triumph; no envy of those who are more dazzling, more talented, more successful than you—of Evaline, whose picture was crowned the other night; of Serafa, whose poem was applauded yesterday; of Melodia, who never sings, but they crown her with garlands? Is there no pang in all this?”

She paused, and looked in my eyes with a sad inquiring look, to see if I were in earnest. It was very hard, but I kept on my face of cold inquiry; and the tears came into her eyes as she said:

“Are they not my sisters? Do I not love them? Their triumphs are mine. When I see Evaline’s pictures I feel as if I had helped to paint them. My love is in the life that warms Serafa’s muse; and when Melodia sings, every note goes to my heart, and I applaud her as deeply, if not as loudly, as any of all her admirers; for all here admire her; and envy has no place with us. Oh! what an egotist do you take me for! I have all of love and appreciation that belongs to me. Would I have more, or deprive any other of her rights? If these questions are serious, Mr. Frank, the falseness of the old society has poisoned you more deeply than I thought possible.”

Still I would not explain.

“You are too good,” I said. “Such entire unselfishness is un-

natural. You have not even a lover you can call your own. Some other woman has an equal or superior claim upon whomsoever you love. Your love life feeds on suffrance, and dares not assert its rights."

"The rights of love, Mr. Frank," she answered with miraculous calmness—with a smile of tenderness, even due, perhaps, to some happy memory, "are not to be asserted. They assert themselves in the very power of the attraction, which affinity of being produces. You have to learn, perhaps, that it is not the most brilliant or beautiful who are most beloved. But what if it were so? Where all attractions act in freedom, can there be any injustice? In love, as in all of life, the true spirit asks only its own. I would no more interpose to hinder any love from going to another, than I would stop the sunshine or the breeze. There is but one love, in all manifestations. If my life is pure, and my heart is right, I do not fear that I shall not have all that is truly mine—and more than this would be a death to me. It would be like the surplus manna—or surplus food; or any false and stolen thing, which we have no right to and cannot enjoy."

"Pardon me, dear Eugenia;" I said, "I am not so bad, perhaps, as these questions make me seem. But I wish to know how your spirit accepts the spirit of the life around us."

"You might have been frank with me, then, and questioned me. I would have answered truly. To the disorderly spirit, all order seems despotism. To the excentric comet, the rounded orbits and regular movements of the planets may seem dreadfully despotic. Is there any orderly and beautiful thing in the world, that is not in this sense despotic. The musician must play his notes—the dancer must keep time and figure; the painter must be governed by the rules of his art; the architect cannot wander off into extravagances, much less the builder; the farmer must plant and gather his crops in the seasons; your heart must beat, and your spirits—heart must love in this sacred and universal order which you call despotism.

In the evening we had a pleasure quite new to me, and which it

is strange that no one has hit upon ; for it has wonderfully popular capabilities. Mr. Paul, besides his genius as a painter, has a rare faculty of telling, and also of writing, stories. Last night he read a new tale to a full audience. It sparkled with wit and merriment ; with turns of pathos that asked for tears. The plot was of exciting interest, and the reading so good, so adapted to all the characters and incidents, and so accurate in bringing out all peculiarities, that the effect was scarcely less, and in some respects greater, than that of a well-performed play. It was an artistic and beautiful performance. I shall recommend to some of our lecturers, who have the talent for it, to try this with our Lyceum. It only requires to be well done to be very effective—but it may not be easy to find the requisite talent for such a performance.

Father Gautier was not able to leave his room yesterday. I did not see Harmonia or Melodia last evening, nor have I seen them but for a moment to-day. Melodia looked pale, but serene ; Harmonia worn with fatigue. Still, every thing goes on cheerily as usual ; and I cannot but hope, that spite of all appearances, I may see the good old man enjoying again the sunshine and flowers, and the music and dance, and the love of his dear children.

As I close my letter, Melodia has brought me a white rose. "Send it to your Clara," she said ; "tell her that our good Father pressed it to his lips, and that, when it reaches her, it will be the relic of a saint in heaven. She can thank him there. Father Gautier sends with it his welcome and his blessing.

XVIII.

THE TRANSITION OF DEATH.

MY CLARA :—The good old man, whose rose-kiss and blessing I have sent to you, has gone from the earthly form, and entered upon the glorious life of the spirit.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, when the bell tolled out its signal—the nine strokes that floated like solemn music over the domain of Esperanza—to call his children to take their last look at the living form of their revered and beloved father.

Very soon all had assembled in the lecture saloon. There was an earnest solemnity; and some tears. But all took their places, as if for a pre-arranged ceremony. They were dressed as for a festival. The musicians had their instruments; the children bouquets of flowers. They stood in silence, or conversed in low murmurs, until a door opened, and a group entered, bearing the arm-chair in which Father Gautier reclined, supported by pillows. He was carried by Vincent, Manlius, Alfred, and Angelo; while Harmonia and Melodia, on either side, held his hands and his head. The chair was set upon a small platform, where all could see and hear him. It was the old man's wish to see his great, loving family around him, and to have them near him when he should take his departure, which he felt to be close at hand.

He was very pale—so pale, that for a moment I thought he was expiring. It was not so—but no one could mistake the signet of death set upon his noble features. After a few moment's rest, in a profound silence, broken only by deep respirations and suppressed sobbings, while Vincent held his pulse, and Melodia bathed his temples, he revived, opened his eyes as from a pleasant dream, and looked around with most tender, loving regards upon his assembled

children. A little girl, scarce six years old, on whom his eyes rested, sprang forward, kissed his hand, and gave him flowers. A smile of more than mortal sweetness came into his face, as he whispered her a benediction.

The odor of the flowers seemed to revive him; or was it the united magnetism of so many loving hearts that brought back brightness to his eye, and even a faint flush of color to his cheeks?

"Music, dear friends," he murmured, "once more music. Music, flowers, and love!" and he turned his eyes on Melodia, while the band, at a signal given by Vincent, played one of the old man's favorite airs. Visibly he gained in strength each moment. His form dilated; his eyes grew more brilliant; it seemed as if he might rise from his chair. I could not realize that this was death.

He said a few low words to Melodia. She stepped from his side, and began to sing. But her voice trembled and choked with her emotion. I heard his clear voice then saying "*Courage, courage! ma fille!*" With a strong effort, she subdued her feelings, and then sung with a power and pathos unequalled, a song of *Esperanza*, supported by the band in a subdued harmony, and a chorus of indescribable effect, from the voices of the children who joined in it.

Through my falling tears I looked sometimes at Melodia, who, in her white robes, seemed an angel, singing a song of welcome, rather than a mortal, giving this musical farewell to a parting soul; and then at the calm, happy face of the dying father. When the music ended he sank back in an entranced repose; but revived after a few moments, and took the hand of Melodia, who was at his side again, and pressed it to his lips, with murmured thanks.

"Now, the dear children!" he said to Harmonia; "let me see them all once more, and say good-bye to them. They gathered around him, with their sad, tearful little eyes.

"O, my darlings!" he said to them in tones full of tenderness, "your old father is about to leave this decaying form, and become young again. He will be lost to your bodily sight, but he will still be with you, and love you, and watch over you all. Do not forget that I shall be with you, and love and bless you. I thank

you, my darlings, for all your love to me. You have made these last years of my life very happy. Heaven bless you all. Come, my little ones, and take the old man's parting blessing."

They gathered around the chair; they knelt at his feet; they kissed his hand and the garments that enveloped him; but they could not speak, for their sobbings and tears. The old man laid his pale hands upon their heads and blessed them. Harmonia led them softly away.

Even the sobbings were stilled in silence, as with a new energy the old man now beckoned all present to draw near. They closed around him in the perfect order that characterizes every movement here. Each one seemed to know the place that belonged to him, and which no other ever claimed.

I fear to attempt to give you even a faint idea of the dying utterance of the dear old man. I know not whether it was his voice, sounding from the confines of eternity; his countenance, lighted up by the hopes of his near felicity; or what of place or circumstance, made his words seem of more than mortal eloquence.

"Brothers, sisters, dear friends and children! my time has come when I have the privilege of laying off this mortal envelopment, and putting on immortality. I, who have been the happy instrument of securing this earthly paradise to harmony, have now the honor to be the first called from it to join in the higher harmonies of our parent society in the heavens. 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

"O, friends! I have loved you all. How can I thank you for your affection? You have made my last days very happy. My life is bound up in your's, and my spirit will never leave you. Think of me always with happiness and peace.

"My children! I thank and bless you, that your orderly obedience to the revealed will of heaven has planted this germ of harmony upon the earth, and enabled me to see the fruition of my hopes. O, spirits, who have watched over this infant harmony in the earth-life, I come to give you joy of our success. Henceforth, O, friends, think of me as a humble member of that heavenly

society, whose instrument I have been, and to whose glorious assemblages I shall soon welcome all my children.

"My earthly pilgrimage is ended. My life work is done. All toils, all sufferings, all disappointments, have found sweet compensations here. Your love, your fidelity, your earnest labors to be right and do right, have a thousand times repaid me for all. Do not grieve for me one moment; but give me your rejoicing sympathies, for I am now the happiest man on earth. All my hopes in this life are accomplished here, and all the glories of heaven are just before me.

"Rejoice with me, then, my children; and continue faithful to the principles of a true life, that you also may cheerfully welcome the summons to the Life of the Heavens. You have one feeble old man the less to care for here; but you will soon have one loving spirit the more to watch over your welfare and happiness.

"I would gladly embrace you all, but my strength is not sufficient."

He faltered, and paused a moment. In the hushed silence, I feared he had gone; but he rallied again, and said, as he took the hand of Harmonia, who knelt beside him.

"I bless the center of your life and love; and through this dear one, I will continue to bless you.

"And thou, O daughter of my heart," he said to Melodia, as she also bowed her head upon his knees; "in blessing and thanking thee, I bless the life of beauty and art, which makes this home a paradise, and helps to train all here for the higher beauty and more glorious art of our life of the future."

She rose, calm and radiant, and kissed the old man's brow. He gave his hand to Vincent, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Henceforth, the old man shall be far more a help to thee, than he has been here. Forget not that there is much work yet to be accomplished. The whole earth—the whole race of man is to be redeemed. Be sure that we shall not be idle. Do the work that demands the doing. Friend of my soul, I shall not forget you!"

In simple words, but with a feeling that melted us all, the old

man gave his hand and said a few words to each of those nearest to him. As I stood near this central group, his eye sought me, and he held out his hand to me. I sprang and took it in mine. The grasp was full of life and energy. It went with a thrill to the centre of my being. It was as if a spirit hand had grasped me. The light of his eye seemed to beam from the portals of the inner life. I bowed myself humbly to receive his parting word.

"And you, my dear young friend," he said; "you join me to the world to be redeemed. Go forth and do the work to which you are called. Work in truth, in fidelity, in obedience, and the work will be blessed. Never lose faith in the goodness of God or the destiny of man. Devote all to this work, and all shall be yours. Providence has brought you here.—Go forth, and be the instrument of its beneficent purposes. A poor, old, dying man, yet rich and happy beyond expression, blesses you, and those to whom you are sent, with the blessings of rest and peace.

"God bless you all—farewell.

"Once more, your voices, dear friends; let me once more hear the music that I love."

They sung—voices breaking through sobs; voices trembling with emotion; voices choking with love and grief. Still the beautiful harmonies struggled and triumphed; and as the chorus rose full and clear, the reverend head sank back; the eyes closed; a radiant smile of unspeakable happiness illumined his features; and when the last notes had died away, the spirit had left its tenement of clay; borne on the waves of that harmony, it had entered the haven of eternal rest.

Vincent listened for his breath;—it was gone. He felt for his pulse; the last flutter had died away. He pressed down the eyelids of the corpse, and said:

"Dear Friends:—Our beloved and revered father has breathed his last. May we all be as faithful in our lives, and die as happily. Let us hail the entrance of his freed spirit into the triumphant harmonies of the heavens."

The band struck instantly into a triumphal march, so full, so

grand in feeling, that, instead of shedding tears of grief, all were joyful in the spirit's triumph.

Then they softly bore the body away.

I wish, in this letter, to tell you all that relates to this first experience of Death in Esperanza. As I went out upon the lawn, I saw a pure white flag, flying at half-mast from the central tower. Groups were scattered in the walks and groves, in serious conversation. Angela came and held out her hand to me. The traces of tears were on her eyelids.

"You are very sorrowful," I said.

"Oh! the dear good father!" she exclaimed, the tears bursting out afresh. "I am a fool, but I can't help it. He has gone to the beautiful world, and I am glad for him. It is best for him and all; but I shall miss the dear old man so much. You don't know what a gallant lover he has been to me. He has taught and told me so many things; and such a dear, young, loving heart, that never grew old. He was as young in his feelings as I. We all loved him, dearly. And now we will give him such a pretty place; his body I mean. I suppose it is of very little consequence to him; but we must revere all that was ever partaker of his life."

At the sunset parade, a noble dirge was followed by a triumphal hymn, representing the sorrows and toils of earth contrasted with the glories of heaven. And through it all the bell tolled out its mournful cadences; minute guns boomed over the waters, fired from the little fort, and the steamer Fairy. All these manifestations seemed the fitting and needful expressions of the feelings of this bereaved, saddened, but yet most happy family.

The usual amusements of the evening were suspended. There were no public meetings, nor songs, nor dances; not that they were felt to be improper, but that all were absorbed in reflections upon the event, or in preparations for the funeral. A group of joiners was employed upon a coffin; I went with another, by torch light, to a beautiful knoll, covered with trees, and flowering shrubs, kept as a future burying place, and where the first grave was now

to be opened on the very centre of its summit; a spot which Father Gautier had long looked upon as his body's final resting place. While this grave was preparing, a little group was arranging the order of the funeral.

When all had been accomplished, Melodia invited me to join them in the beautiful room of Harmonia, which I have described to you. Can you conceive this cheerful, yet solemn meeting.—There was not one sob of anguish, nor one sigh of regret; and not one of these loving friends would have recalled, had they the power, the spirit of their beloved father. Their feeling was more like a deep and chastened joy, than a subdued sorrow.

After conversing a while upon the life and character of their departed friend, in which his merits and deficiencies were brought out with singular impartiality; all joined hands, and sat in silence. After a few moments, Harmonia placed a black scarf over her eyes, and fell into that condition of spiritual clairvoyance, in which the scenes of the inner world are revealed to those in whom this faculty is developed.

After a few moments, she said. "I see a group of our friends, but Father Gautier is not with them. Ah, now he comes. A very lovely woman is leading him forward. He is dressed in a white robe, with a blue girdle, and in his hand is a bouquet of flowers. It is he; I know him perfectly; and yet, how changed he looks! He has lost all marks of age. If you can fancy him at forty, but more beautiful than he ever could have been—the ideal of himself—that is the way he looks. As he comes forward, Fourier opens his arms to embrace him. "Welcome, my brother," he says, "Welcome from the germinal harmony of earth, to the developed and still increasing harmonies of heaven!" The angelic being who accompanied him, and who so often came to him here, seems more beautiful than ever, and inexpressibly happy. Our friend comes near and looks smilingly upon us; he kisses me upon the head—Melodia on the cheek. He wishes to speak to us. He says: "You see that I was right, friends. You were very good to me, and I was very happy: but this is better. I can here help the unfolding of your future. You have but begun. Not for an

hour must you be satisfied with present achievement. Progress is the law of being; continual development, continual unfolding.—I am drawn to you strongly, and feel that I shall be able to influence you more than those who have not been in so close a relation to you in your present life. This is my chosen and appointed work.”

“Will our father say whether he is satisfied with our arrangements for his funeral?” asked Vincent.

“He puts on such a droll look,” said Harmonia. “He says, ‘You need not take much trouble with that old body of mine, or any of my old clothes. Do what satisfies yourselves in the doing. Lay the old case quietly away, and think of me, henceforth, not as I was, but as I am. Let me come to you often; for I can do you good in many ways.’”

The seeress took the bandage from her eyes, and in a moment resumed her usual appearance. Many, even at this day, would think all this a deception or an illusion. No one here questions its entire reality, or doubts that the good Father still lives—still loves his children, and has this power of manifesting himself to and through those who are fitted to be the mediums of such manifestations.

In the morning we were waked, not as usual, by the music of the band, but by the steam organ of the Fairy; whose powerful tones filled the whole air with melody. The cannon again fired, and the bell rung, tolling no longer, when we assembled, after the morning ablutions. I saw that all wore the dress of ceremony.—The great festal banner floated mast head high, its golden stars glittering in the beams of the rising sun. The fountains were all at play, flashing rainbows. The emulous birds poured out their melodies, and sweet perfumes filled the air. The Fairy was decked in all her streamers, steaming in proud circles round the lake, and sending over all the scene her grand harmonies.

And there, upon the lawn, stood the funeral pall; not gloomed in black, but covered with a pure white drapery, with white plumes, and garlands of flowers. These were no weeds of woe—but all tokens of the honors of victory. Our friend has fought the battle

of life, and has come off a conqueror. Why mourn? We did not. It was a festival of solemn joy.

After the morning hymn, the Order of the Day was read by Vincent, as follows :

“ We will now deposit the remains of our good and glorified Father Gautier in the place appointed.

“ After the morning repast, all will resort to their usual industry for the appointed hours.

“ The dinner will be a festival of commemoration.

“ The afternoon will be observed by a cessation of industry, and thoughtful communion on the progress and perfection of our life.

“ Supper in groups at pleasure—a festival of friendship.

“ In the evening, commemorative music and discourses.

“ Henceforth, the birth-day of Father Gautier is to be celebrated, with honors second only to those awarded to Fourier.”

The procession formed as if by enchantment. Without a word of command or a perceptible signal, all fell into a fitting order of march. The music went before the coffin; the children, all dressed in white and blue, with bouquets of flowers, walked on each side; our little group followed, and then all the groups in a beautiful order. The bell rung, the cannon pealed, the Fairy poured forth her grand harmonies; then our band struck up a triumphal march, whose words were sung by group after group, in chorus, as we moved along a flower bordered walk, through fields and groves, to the mound of burial.

Here the coffin was opened, and all passed around it and took a last look at the placid features, so calm and noble, of this man, who had had the great good fortune to devote himself and all he had to the realization of his idea of a true life; and who, in this work, and this success, has achieved more glory than a hundred conquerors.

The coffin was lowered into the grave. Vincent stood at its head, and pronounced a few eloquent sentences, such as the occasion demanded—befitting the obsequies of a true philanthropist. All were gathered around the open grave; and though it thus far had been a festive triumph rather than a funeral,—there were here some

sobs and tears. The children came forward, many of them weeping, and threw their flowers upon the old man's coffin. Then the earth was filled in, the mound raised above it, and on it planted with taste and care, roses, lilies, and other fragrant flowers, that the wasting body might pass in lovely forms, and sweet odors, back to its native elements from the realm of death.

All this was in the fresh morning hour; and as our work was accomplished, the bell rung out its last peal; the cannon roared among the echoing woods; the Fairy filled the heavens with music. All returned, without special order, and conversing cheerfully, to breakfast; then the festal costume was laid aside, and the morning's industry begun.

While others labored, in their varied, changing, and ever attractive industry—in work which is enobled by its uses—I have written these pages to you, O Clara mine; trying to give you some faint impression of the scene around me. I had barely finished when the first signal for dinner was given; and I remembered that it was to be a festival of more than ordinary solemnity, so I dressed with care; and when I entered the saloon I found it draped and decked with surprizing elegance. The tables were ornamented more profusely than usual, with vases of flowers.

When all had eaten, Vincent, sitting at the right hand of Harmonia, at the table of her group, arose and gave the first toast:

“Honor and gratitude to the memory of our good Father Gautier!”

This sentiment was repeated aloud, at the table of every group, and was drank with appropriate music.

No more toasts were given; and all went out upon the lawn, and made up the groups or parties for the afternoon.

In the evening all assembled in the theatre. Many tasteful hands had been at work in its decoration for this occasion. No work is slighted here. It is a spontaneous expression of life—an energy that always seeks employment. And while the artistic groups had spoken to the eye, our musical friends had prepared a repast for the ear, so worthy of the occasion as to satisfy us all.

The favorite airs of Father Gautier, and those associated with his life here, were woven in a harmonic wreath to deck his memory.

I shall not give you a report of the speeches. They also were fully up to the requirements of the occasion. Vincent's was historical. Many contributed anecdotes of the good man; or gave expression to the gratitude all felt to him. Harmonia paid a delicate tribute to his affectionateness and love of children; but it was left to Melodia to speak the crowning and the parting words. They were words which melted the whole assembly in tears; and all went forth filled with new strength, new hope, and new resolutions, to move onward to the achievement of the highest of human possibilities, in the truest life that can be enjoyed on earth, as the foretaste and preparation for the life of eternal progress and happiness in the Heavens.

FRIENDLY GREETINGS.

WE have sometimes published extracts from the letters our friends have written us, and many have found in them encouragement. Not long since, when a friend in conversation was doubting whether we could find, in the world, those who could accept our faith and live to its requirements, we made no reply, but found and read to him the following letter from an Ohio Mechanic. We could have made no better answer. There are not only as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, but as good men and women as we are.

Our correspondent says :—

“I would not for any reasonable consideration be deprived of the pleasure of reading *Esperanza*, as fast as printed, and hope to receive the Magazine promptly.

“*Esperanza* supplies the keystone that was wanting to sustain my ideal of a true life. I have long been aware, and, to a certain extent, the victim, of the unnatural and discordant system which not only withholds from the individual that perfect freedom which is the birthright of every human being, but offers no compensating advantages, except to those who happen to have acquired an undue proportion of wealth by any one of the various schemes of robbery with which the world abounds. But I have been necessarily conservative until some practicable scheme should be proposed. That is being done. The only difficulty in the realization of the idea of association has been discovered, and may be removed. George Sand was right. Men and women must be *pure* before they can be *free*.

“I have sufficient confidence in human nature, to believe that there are men and women who would live the true life, were the opportunity presented. It seems imperatively necessary in the present condition of the race, that those who are qualified for the work, should not wait for *others* to act, but should consecrate *them-*

selves to that work; then, when a "Unitary Home" for the free shall be no longer an experiment, may we look forward with confidence to the future of our race.

"In this spirit, but with feeble confidence in myself, I announce to you my wish to become a member of the "Progressive Union." I believe the countenance and sympathy of others, whose hearts are engaged in the same cause, will materially aid me in my attempts to gain the attitude of purity in thought and action, which seems so difficult of attainment while enveloped in the mists, and my very life poisoned by the malarious influences of civilization.

"My future course is marked out. I cannot be a quiet spectator of the great battle for freedom. This seems to be a crisis in the struggle, and shall true men stand back when they are most needed? He who hesitates, after conviction of the justice of our cause, is worse than a traitor.

"Excuse, if you can, my many words, for 'out of the fullness of the heart, the mouth speaketh.'"

The following is from a less hopeful spirit:—

"The principles you so ably advocate are certainly destined to triumph—for they are the very truths of nature, and are written in the laws that compel the human mind to progression. The hour of triumph, however, must be in the far-off future. I have full faith that mankind will eventually become developed in love and wisdom, and realize the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. But the conservative element is still most powerful, and I am rejoiced to see the effect of your efforts on the timid old fogyism of the day."

We publish the following entire, from a lady in Wisconsin, written for herself and her husband, who are happily united in the good cause:—

"Dr. and Mrs. Nichols,

"It is with a great deal of interest that we observe the progress which is being made in the work of reform—that reformers are be-

ing multiplied, and that the work is steadily advancing. It would seem that christians are becoming fearful of the danger attending their craft, when they resort to such measures as they have done in regard to the Memnonia Institute; and although they may postpone its opening, and retard the work for a season, rest assured, that they, the opponents of this good cause, are by their opposition only accelerating the wheels of progress, and converting to the truth many, very many, who would otherwise have not turned their attention to the investigation of the subject. How sure it is that truth cannot be shackled or put down! It must and will be acknowledged and obeyed. Defeat will be inscribed on every action of theirs whose object was to deprive you of those privileges you so rightly claimed, and the time must come ere long, when an indignant people will accord to you those rights and privileges.

“Go on! dear brother and sister, and in the spirit of love which you preach, you will sooner or later come off victorious over your oppressors. We cannot tell you with what joy we greet each number of your Monthly, which has come to us regularly with the exception of the May number, and we exceedingly regret that it did not come to hand. That, together with the Social Revolutionist is doing a work which we are assured will tell on all futurity. O that there were more laborers in this moral vineyard, who might be the means of reflecting a true light to the suffering millions around us, who might be the means of renovating social, civil, political and religious society. Much, very much, has already been done to open the eyes of the people, but yet, while Priests and people are laboring with might and main to traduce the cause and the defenders of the cause, how many there are who will be debarred from examining the subject that would otherwise coincide in its principles. Priestcraft will soon be done away, and then truth will shine forth in all its splendor.

“Spiritualism is destined to regenerate the world, and even now the small cloud, no larger than a man’s hand, is spreading over all the earth. Soon a mighty shower will be the consequence, which will sweep away the refuges of lies, and then in their place will stand revealed the truths of God as revealed by his holy spirits.

O let us work, and pray, and help to bring the day so confidently expected by us. Enclosed we send you one dollar to aid in defraying the expenses of the Progressive Union, would that instead of one dollar it were one hundred dollars, yet we presume this small sum will not be rejected as useless. That you may be blessed in your work of love is the fervent prayer of your brother and sister."

The following is a thought contribution, whose value will doubtless be appreciated :—

"Of all considerations in life, previous to philanthropic enterprises, our own necessities are to first receive attention. This is a primary law in nature's developments, and in all animate existences, to provide for their own is a development, prior to relations requiring their attention to the wants of others.

"Not only individual interests, but philanthropy, should suggest, that we first consider our own appropriate wants, and set the example of supplying them,—then out of our abundance, (without discomfort,) we can disseminate to others.

"All evil and misdirection tend to extend and perpetuate themselves; the same is true of every good (unabused). Love begets love; the most lovely and loveable are the most capable of disseminating love; the most wise are the most capable of disseminating wisdom; those the most happy and capable of the most happiness and enjoyment can the most successfully develop and extend the same. We must first possess that which we would teach or contribute to others. The most literary and scientific can most successfully disseminate the same. But with our science and philosophy, we may pause and inquire if we are fulfilling our own highest, truest destinies.

"Have we appropriately provided for our physical wants; and have we the means or necessary conditions, for supplying ourselves with the bounties and enjoyments of nature's luxuries? Should we not supply them as a means to the highest, purest, holiest interior developments?"

“Then it is indispensable to harmonious progression that we have our social and domestic wants supplied; that we have these faculties properly cultivated and harmoniously developed; that we may appropriately fulfil and appreciate these higher attributes; these sublime, holy, angelic enjoyments.

“Then we should have no occasion to complain of moral degradation and perversions; but could appropriately attend to the highest moral developments; to religious cultivation, and its high, holy, sublime enjoyments.

“We should proceed with a harmonious cultivation and development of all our immortal faculties.

“Scientific cultivation and perception, on external material principles, should not be extended to the unbalancing of the whole internal man, as it has been, to a vast misconception of nature; and in false sciences and superficial philosophies, which continue to carry us still further astray from a true perception of our nature and our wants. But by harmonious exercise, and cultivation of all our faculties, our internal perceptions and intuitions would have been developed; our highest wants and aspirations appropriately supplied; and we should have clearly appreciated our vital, spiritual relations, affinities and destinies; we should never have doubted our electrical, sympathetic, and magnetic relations to the universal, internal, and divine vitality, pervading all animate and inanimate nature; should have possessed angelic harmony upon earth, and with such exalted spiritual perceptions, would have recognized the sublime influences and celestial realities of the heavenly; should have enjoyed intelligently, fellowshipped the presence, the loving sympathy, and guardianship of angelic hosts; and by the blessings of their love and sympathy aspire to a higher life, to the enjoyment of angelic perceptions in our earthly forms; and rejoiced in our destiny, and prospective transfer to refined realms, where harmonious relations, and eternal development are stamped upon those celestial realities, and rejoice that more refined intelligences will ever lead us on in our eternal progression.

“A. REDFIELD.”

The following did not come direct to us; but we take the liberty of extracting it from a letter handed us by a friend, to whom it was addressed :

“Several years ago, when my boy enthusiasm was warm and overflowing, I sympathized with Shelley, and imagined that practical Christianity was alone expressed by Louis Blanc and Fourier. Since then, contact with the world, and Zimmerman’s potent medicine, have rendered my warmer impulses dyspeptic: I began to regard Fourier as the savans did Columbus—as a dreamer. I have been reading ‘Esperanza’ with great and deep interest. The first chapters I feared betrayed the same lack of the practical and real which distinguished, (or may have extinguished), the French philosopher. The last convince me that the Dr., like Columbus, has broke the egg; and dreams of years gone by flit back with a reality which even the imagination of youth failed to give. If not troubling you too much, can you give me some information regarding requirements, conditions, etc., of membership of the ‘Progressive Union?’”

The following extract from a woman’s letter will not fail to find sympathy :

“Seemeth it strange to you, my brother, that people who use economy and industry should be so cramped and limited in their means as scarcely to obtain the comforts of life? We were poor in the outset of our married career, and have failed to gather an independence yet. Indeed, we have suffered much pecuniarily from the present civilized society; and many of its ills are yet ours to endure before we can hope to have prepared ourselves for a home of perfect harmony. But although our progress seemeth at times very slow, we are laboring hopefully for the ‘good time coming;’ and were I to attempt, (which I do not at all intend), to give you a history of our past trials, it would only be the history of thousands who, like us, are struggling up through poverty to a higher, truer and better life.

“We have earnest and loving hearts, but are unfortunate in our

surroundings, there being none within the circle about us who have yet learned to think as we do, and but few who can even tolerate a free expression of our thoughts. They must have their time for growth in reform matters as well as in anything else; while we can wait patiently for them and do the best we can without them; but in the mean time we need the aid and sympathy of those who are engaged in the same labor of love; and to get it we must be members of the 'Progressive Union.'

"Our means are limited, and our contributions, for a while, will, of necessity, be few and of small amount; but what we can spare will be cheerfully given to promote the good work, and secure a home for the faithful and true. We have been with you, dear friends, from the beginning; i. e., we have taken your periodical in all its different forms; and as your thoughts therein expressed were mostly our own, it has ever been to us a most welcome and encouraging visitor. We have sympathized with you *deeply* in your disappointments and persecutions, but ever trusted to the kindly care of good angels to secure the final triumph of their own chosen ones.

"We would also be thankful for one copy of 'Free-Love a doctrine of Spiritualism.' I rejoice in Memnonia, and would love to enter it, but cannot yet. I know that it is just what I need; but you will have many who can add more to the pleasure and profit of your home than I, and I am content to bide my time, and do the best thing in my power for my loved ones here."

To show that all ministers of the Gospel are not too prejudiced to read and like our monthly, we publish the following letter from one of our few clerical subscribers:

DEAR SIR:

After my best respects to you and yours, and best wishes for your present and future peace, prosperity and happiness, you will please find inclosed one gold dollar, the subscription price of your Monthly (Nichols) Magazine of Social Science, etc., for one year, beginning with June, 1856. I take a deep interest in the perusal of its pages. It is a welcome visitor. It strikes deep into

and shows up the corruption of human nature and human society with a bold, ungloved hand. Mrs. Nichols, in the novel, 'The Sisters,' gives old fashioned Orthodoxy, and some others, some pretty deep gashes; but no deeper, and I fear not as deep, as the law of truth would allow. It would require a very hard blow to drive a weapon to the very bottom, it is so deep. She gives a very true picture of human nature as it is; while Esperanza gives a very fair twilight view of what human nature, in some respects, ought to be, and I hope and trust will be in the good time that is coming, when righteousness, and peace, and truth shall be established in all the earth. God be thanked that light is dawning upon this world of darkness, discord, ignorance and misery. When I read Esperanza in the May No., I was so carried away into the glorius future, and so enchanted with the scenes, that, when I came, as it were, to myself, and found myself still among the old discords and confusions, I felt like one who had awaked from a pleasant dream, or had been carried back in the order of events and the world's history—well, I don't know how long—may be a thousand years. I felt like writing to you or somebody instanter, and to inquire if there really was such a being in the form as Miss Elmore, and such a society, and such a lake, and such scenery away up somewhere in the veritable world, or not; a spot and a people that so contrasted with all the world and the rest of mankind, that I had ever seen or heard of; or whether it was mere imagination trying to picture the future as it is to be sometime, when the kingdom of 'our Father in heaven shall come, and his will be done on earth as it is done in heaven.' When all the progress has been made, and all the good things realized which are promised in the Bible, I felt as though, if there really was such a place, and such a people, on the face of the veritable earth, I would not only like to see them, but would like to dwell there. It accords with my ideas of what a home of human beings should be, or, at least, is, in that direction. But wishing you good night—as it is 10 o'clock or after—a prosperous, blessed [and happy present, and a more glorious future, here and hereafter, I must close for the present."

“THE WORK OF REFORM.”

In an article, in our last number, entitled “The Work of Reform,” we attempted to give a clear and comprehensive view of the progressive movement, now occupying the attention of the most advanced minds. This article was written at the suggestion of one of our most valued friends, a social reformer who has labored in the cause for twenty years, with an untiring devotion. At his desire, and in accordance with the advice of our council, it has been published as a tract, together with the principles of the Progressive Union, and some shorter articles, making a little pamphlet of forty-eight pages; which, though double the size at first intended and announced, will be sold at the prices first stated—namely, single copies five cents; thirty copies for one dollar; or three dollars a hundred, post paid.

We hope that every reader of our monthly will accept as a duty the work of procuring and distributing as many copies of this comprehensive tract as we can find persons willing to give it a candid perusal.

We have long felt a demand for some clear and yet brief exposition of our principles and movement—an explanation of the work we are doing and the objects we hope to accomplish. Here is such a statement, which may be carried in the pocket, to hand to an inquirer, mailed any where for a penny; and read in an hour. And now, we ask every one who is interested in this work, and who has the ability to do so, to assist to the extent of his means, in accordance with his sense of duty, in circulating this tract, and in aiding us to circulate it.

There are, in the United States, about twenty-five thousand post-offices. Is it too much to believe that there might be found one

or more persons near every such office, with whom this tract would find acceptance? Taking in large towns and cities, may their not be four persons, on an average, to every office? Here, then, is a demand for one hundred thousand copies. Can it be supplied? It is but for one hundred of our friends to pay for one thousand copies each; and thirty dollars will pay for printing and postage; and we will undertake to mail them, as judiciously as possible to those most likely to read them, and to help on the work.

This, friends, is the sowing of the seed. This seed, scattered broad-cast will germinate, and produce a harvest to our cause. It would find and affiliate a thousand new members to our union. It would bring us help, and strength, and devotion. It would make our cause, and principles, and objects known to many thousands of intelligent minds, and warm hearts, who are now in utter ignorance of our work, and are looking for some light to dawn on the thick darkness that surrounds them.

We ask you, friends, to give that article—in the October number—an earnest perusal, with reference to this appeal. If you have read it once, look at it again, and see if you will not do something to have it read by others. Think of how many friends and acquaintances you have, to whom you would like to send it, or have it sent. Then order a package of us, or send us a list of the names and addresses of those to whom you wish it sent. Keep some copies by you; and when you meet with inquiring minds, even if prejudiced against the work of reform, ask them to have the justice to read this tract.

We have this work to do. For our own sake, and for humanity's sake it must be done. The world must be enlightened, or it cannot be saved. And this is the appointed way. The kingdom must come—and this is the “good seed of the kingdom,” which must be sown broad-cast, even if some fall by the way side or on stony places—among the idle, the custom-shackled, and the hard hearted.

We feel an earnestness in this matter which we find it difficult to express. It is not for our own good or happiness we plead; but for the good, and the happiness of thousands of fresh, young,

aspiring hearts, scattered over this country, to whom this word will come as a light in darkness ; as a spring in a desert ; as a beacon of hope in a night of despair. So poor, miserable, and hopeless is the old world of falsehoods and shams felt to be, by every earnest and aspiring soul.

So much could be done, now, with even a moderate amount of means. As we look over the list of the Progressive Union, and see one member with five thousand dollars, another with ten, and others with thirty or fifty thousand dollars ; and large numbers with good incomes ; we see how much could be done, if each felt this work as we feel it—if each one was willing to devote and consecrate himself and all he is and has to the sublime work of Social Regeneration.

But regrets are useless. Where there is a work to be done, there must be a way to do it. We shall work on, in the faith and trust that in the best time, and the best way, this great work will be accomplished. Let each one see what he or she has to do in this matter, *and do it.*

SOCIAL MOVEMENTS.

THE convention of socialists, held at Berlin Heights, O., about the last of October, resulted in the determination to make an effort at that place, next spring, to establish a free society. The leaders in the movement are Joseph Treat and Francis Barry. They have secured, we understand, a farm of eighty acres, as a beginning, with a large farm house, sufficient, probably, to give moderate accommodation to twenty persons. Mr. Treat is a man of singular intellectual energy; and we know of few more persevering and devoted reformers than Francis Barry. We wish them all the success which their enterprise is in the order of achieving.

Mr. Treat, in an article in the *Social Revolutionist*, scouts the idea that any preparation is needed to enable man and woman to "flow together," and live a life of freedom in harmony. It will all come spontaneously, he thinks, if they will only "flow together." Time, and a few more trials, will test the truth of his theories in this respect; but, in the mean time, we must adhere to our own, which is, that no civilizee is fit for harmony until he has passed through a thorough preparation. It requires drill and discipline to make a soldier; study and practise to make a musician; more or less of apprenticeship for every trade; years of training to fit a man or woman for even the existing society. How then can it be expected that the more complex social harmonies of a unitary life can be blundered into, without knowledge or experience, or any kind of practical preparation.

We are acquainted with as finely developed, as noble, true hearted people, perhaps, as live upon this planet; but we do not yet know ten such, who are now prepared for the life of a harmonic or approximating society. Its requirements are large and varied. In such a social state, every fault has a greater importance. The more complex the machine, the nicer must be the adjustment {of

parts ; and a man who answers tolerably well the requirements of a simplistic life in civilization, may find himself totally unfitted for the large requirements of the unitary home.

It will be answered that the larger society is better adapted to the wants of man, and will give him contentment and happiness ; that it is more natural to him than the present isolate savagism, and that he will therefore spontaneously fulfil its requirements. It might as well be urged that a dancing assembly is a delightful place, and one adapted to the natural tastes of men and women, who should therefore "flow together" in its genial and inspiring exercises. Well, let some awkward person, who has never attended on the means of grace—been at a dancing school—try it, and see what confusion to himself and all around him, will result from his trusting to his spontaneous capabilities.

To prepare for the life of a true social state, there is much to unlearn, and much also to learn. We must be rid of our old habits of thought, feeling, and action. We must learn to think, feel, and act in accordance with the principles of a true life. We do not wish to discourage any effort—but such are our convictions. We believe that no success can now be looked for, but in learning how to live ; that the societies now to be established should be schools ; and that schools require competent teachers, and much order and discipline. The law of preparation is not the law of achievement. In Mr. Treat's article, to which we have alluded, written last July, he enumerates a dozen social experiments as then going forward. Is there one of these that is not a dead failure? Considerant's colony in Texas is a failure ; and its leaders and best members are scattered over the country. The two Kansas colonies are failures. Modern Times is a dead failure. The two Eastern Fourieristic Associations are practical failures. The Icarian colony was, at our last advices, in a state of lamentable discordance. We venture to assert that there does not now exist any considerable free society in a condition of peace and prosperity. The only prosperous societies we know of in this country are those of the Shakers, and a few others, based upon some order of religious faith.

But does this prove that no harmonic society is possible? By no means. It only proves that the true order and method in the formation of such a society has not yet been tried. But it will be in due season; and those who prove themselves to be patient waiters, will not be by that means the losers.

Our good friends, who are embarking in these societary enterprises, will not, we trust, misapprehend our motives in making these suggestions. Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind. Do what you have to do. We bear our honest testimonies; and if in error, we err with good intentions.

NICHOLS' MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE OF
SOCIAL SCIENCE AND PROGRESSIVE LITERATURE.

Organ of the Central Bureau of the Progressive Union—A Society of Mutual Protection in Right.

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H. WATKIN & VALENTINE NICHOLSON, Publishers,

225 WEST FIFTH STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

PRICE. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

NICHOLS' MONTHLY will enter, Jan. 1857, on the fifth year of its publication, and the fourth semi-annual volume of its present series, a large duodecimo, handsomely printed, and stitched in covers.

This monthly is believed to be worthy of the attention of progressive minds, as the organ of an association of radical reformers, holding to the principle of universal freedom; as the promulgator of the most advanced views in social science; and as containing serial works of an interesting and important character.

It is right to frankly state, that the Principles of the Progressive Union, and of this, its Central organ, are of the most radical Character. The Progressive Union is a society of men and women; Progressive, as fixing no arbitrary limits to the development, freedom, and aspirations of the Human Soul; a Union or harmony of congenial natures, working together for the highest good and greatest happiness of man; and demanding the rights of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" liberty from all ownership, bondage, restraint or burthen, all fraud or force; all despotisms of custom, law, or institutions, creeds, opinions, or forms of social or religious dogmatism.

Its editors, who are its principal writers, and socialists of the school of Fourier, but accepting the law of growth, and individual purification and harmonization, as prerequisites to the formation of a true society. They are also Spiritualists, and the organs or mediums of a Spiritual Society of advanced Reformers, who are endeavoring, through their teachings and efforts, to form a Harmonic Society on the earth.

All persons, who wish to keep posted in the most advanced principles and movements of social science, and those who hope to become personally interested in the work of individual and social development and harmonization, are invited to subscribe for this work, with the assurance that it will be one of permanent interest and value, and worth many times its cost to every free and growing spirit.

In this paper was first published "MARY LYNDON, or Revelations of a Life," "THE SISTERS," a story by the same author, has appeared in the present series, which also contains the "LIFE OF A MEDIUM," an Auto-Biography of the famous test-medium, J. B. CONKLIN; the series of "THE WORLD'S REFORMERS," and "ESPERANZA," a narration of the daily life of a Harmonic Society.

Orders for the Magazine should be sent to

WATKIN & NICHOLSON, Publishers,

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Communications intended for the editors should be sent to Yellow Springs, O.