

NICHOLS' MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1856.

OUR FRIENDS, we doubt not, will greet joyfully our early issue, and be glad to know that they may expect us, promptly, on the first week of the month henceforward. This fact may encourage them to use their influence in increasing the number of our readers; as some are successfully doing.

The story of "THE SISTERS," approaches its termination. It has met, thus far, with a most genial appreciation. When complete, and published in book form, we cannot but expect for it a wide circulation and corresponding usefulness.

"ESPERANZA," we trust, will meet with a not less kindly reception. The early chapters, it will be observed, are but an introduction. "My Journey Thither," leads to the much more important matter of "What I saw there." It will be about the same length as "The Sisters." *Esperanza* is Spanish and Italian—French *Esperance*—signifying Hope; or, as here used, Land of Hope.

The Tract, "FREE LOVE, A DOCTRINE OF SPIRITUALISM," a Lecture delivered in this city, and stereotyped by the subscription of some Spiritualists of Cincinnati and Columbus, has been ordered by many of our readers for distribution. It is mailed for five cents single, or thirty for one dollar, pre-paid. It can not fail to remove prejudice, and carry conviction to every mind capable of receiving principles. It is working a revolution here. Since its issue, the Free Love question has been discussed to crowded houses, four successive Sundays, in the Cincinnati Spiritual Conference, with a signal triumph for the friends of freedom. At the close of the discussion, the Resolution denouncing Free Love was lost, by a decided vote. The result will be the same wherever this question is fairly examined by honest people.

"THE PAINE FESTIVAL," is the title of a pamphlet, containing the Proceedings of the Celebration of the Birth-Day of Thomas Paine, in Cincinnati, published by the committee. It contains the address of Mr. HEDGES, who presided on the occasion; the oration of Dr. NICHOLS; the eloquent address of Mr. HASSAUREK, and the Resolutions. Price, one dime.

It is intended that the inauguration, and consecration of *Memoria* shall take place on the seventh of April, the Birth-Day of CHARLES FOURIER. We can choose no better day for our anniversary than the natal day of this noble philanthropist, whose life was devoted to the science of humanity. We cordially invite such of our friends as can be with us, to join in this solemnity.

FRIENDS! The world moves faster than you think. You gain nothing by cowardice. A brave, firm, self-reliant, dignified assertion of the truth in love, is now in order. Let it be calm, temperate and pure; free from all taint, or suspicion of low motives; and it will triumph. The verdict of even the most prejudiced will be—these people may be wrong, but their motives are good, their lives are pure, their actions conscientious; let us examine their doctrines. Our experience here, proves to us that a conscientious and brave performance of duty is always respected. Be brave and firm in the right, but be also prudent. "Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Our cause does not require an intemperate zeal, or wild fanaticism; but an earnest devotion to principles, and a firm reliance on the Providence that guides the destinies of humanity.

The world needs, at this day, in all good men and women, a more chivalric spirit. He that would save his life will lose it, and he that is willing to lose his life, for the Truth's sake, will find it. Spiritualists, above all, must not fear those who can kill the body, but do no more. This craven spirit, this fear of persecution, this utter selfishness, in which so much of the world is sunk, is born of a dead materialism, and infidelity. The spring of courage and devotion, is a firm faith in Immortality. The heroic trusting soul, is brave, because Immortal, and patient also, because of the Eternities.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1856, by T. L. NICHOLS, M.D., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of Ohio.]

THE SISTERS:

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY LYNDON."

CHAPTER VIII.

ILLNESS.

MINNIE reflected long on the story Nancy had told her. She longed to counsel with Ashton, as much as she wished to know why there was a difference in the communion she had, and that she wished to have, with the beloved one.

She was restless and sad, and a heaviness that seemed like illness weighed upon her. Very late at night, or rather very early in the morning, she sunk into a feverish and uneasy sleep, and awoke really very ill. She had concluded before falling asleep, on a course of conduct as regarded Miss Dean. But she found herself, in the morning, quite unable to rise. She called Norah early, and feeling her face and neck swollen, she asked for a mirror, and was soon satisfied that she had that very unpoetical disorder, the mumps. Norah laughed, for the children had passed through the disease, having it very slightly, just about the time Miss Meadows came. To Minnie it was a much more serious matter. Mrs. Meadows came up and prescribed Dr. Grey. As her sister seemed to have set her heart upon this physician, and as he was a Homœopathist, and a "character," Minnie consented.

The room was a home for a sybarite, but as soon as Minnie consented to see the doctor, Mrs. Meadows and Norah became very active. Pillow cases of the most approved linen, glossy from the hand of the most skillful laundress, with broad ruffles of soft linen lawn, were substituted for the plain long cloth, with their broad hems, which Minnie had thought delicate enough for a queen. A white counterpane, not woven, but wrought in a beautiful pattern, by no mean artist, was put upon her bed. A superb lace curtain was drawn into the curtain ring above the bed, and cast its magic

drapery around the temporary home of the patient, who looked deliciously pretty in a lace night-cap of Mrs. Meadows' own—a genuine Paris cap, much improved by the taste of this creator and worshiper of beauty—especially the beauty of a feminine toilet. A vase of flowers, mostly white—a japonica of dazzling whiteness—some white roses, a sprig of lemon verbena, and some heliotrope, was so placed as to seem to be coquetting for notice, and hiding its sweet prettiness at the same time.

What a love of a room! Mrs. Meadows knows Dr. Grey; with a rough manner, almost vying with Abernethy, he has an eye that takes in beauty, as thirst drinks water. The *tableau vivant* in that room—the pretty young girl in the bed, with fever that made her a blood-red rose; the fair white lily of purity that bent over her, in the person of Mrs. Meadows; the climbing plant with its broad green leaves, against the snowy curtain; the vase of flowers, the rich and delicate lace curtains of the bed, the easy chairs, the “what-not” in the corner, with splendidly bound books, statues of authors, artists, and patriots, rare shells, and quaint rosaries, and twenty other objects of *vertu*, was worth a pilgrimage to a far country to see.

The doctor came into the room with a “good morning, our folks,” to Mrs. Meadows, and fixed his penetrating eye for a moment on the patient. In him one felt that the spirit of hurry, that is the one all comprehensive characteristic of New York, had found its culminating point. He gave you the impression that he never slept, and that he was thinking, acting, and comprehending, all the time. He looked at Minnie attentively, and he seemed to know, not only the sickness that was troubling her, and to weigh the exact weight of her head, and to fix the exact location and intensity of the pain in her neck, cheek, and ear, but to know also her thoughts, and whatever she knew.

Minnie felt all this in the brief moment that his eyes were on her, but she felt also a strange trust in him. Perhaps it was partly born of the feeling that he would never have leisure to tell his thoughts or his knowledge. Besides, we always trust the wise. Their wisdom, their superiority, is our guaranty that we are safe with them.

Minnie had not looked a half minute at the doctor, before she felt that he knew every thing, Swedenborg and Hahnemann included, and could do every thing from raising a ghost, to laying one. How much of this feeling was true, we can not say, but it was inspired in such great members, that there was, doubtless, a wonder-power of some sort in the man, who could become such an idol.

Those who believed in the infinitessimals gave them the credit of the cures he wrought. Many thought him a powerful magnetizer, and that he unconsciously magnetized his medicines, and his patients. Others thought him "a medium," and that "the spirits" cured his patients. One thing is sure; he was Dr. Grey, and that was honor enough for a man of large ambition.

He took in Miss Meadows' case, and said brusquely, "were not you pretty and interesting enough to satisfy you, without getting sick?"

Minnie blushed through her fever, and he went on. "I give you three days to get well;" as he spoke he made up some infinitesimal powders, in infinitesimal white papers.

"Let me see—the 23d, just a week from to-day—yes, you can be on hand; pale and interesting, not with this huge lump on your neck. All right, Miss Peony, that is now; Miss White Rose that is to be, next week." Turning to Mrs. Meadows, he said, with a perceptible deference in his tone, "you will not need me again till the evening of the 23d, when I intend to grace your party, as the plow said when invited to the floral festival."

He was gone; but he had left a rich and rare ideal in the mind of Miss Meadows, diversified with an odd *brusquerie*, which, like the rough leaves of the trailing arbutus, rather increased than diminished the interest of the specimen.

Ashton came to sit by Minnie early in the day, George Vinton having called to ask him to do so, without being requested by any one. Minnie spoke of the doctor, with deep interest.

"A singularly gifted man," said Ashton; "were he not forever narcotized by tobacco, he would be one of the greatest men extant. "True 'tis pity, and pity 'tis true." He then examined the medicine to see that he had given no "low dilution," and then he told

her that she need not fear any harm from the powders, if she got no good.

And now he enveloped her once again in the life-giving sphere of his presence. Without words, and simply holding her hands in his, he gave her a new and delicious life every moment. After two hours of this loving communion, almost without words, he left, after giving Norah directions to swathe her in bandages wrung out of fresh drawn cold water, face and neck included, and then cover her with blankets till perspiration was induced, after which she was to have a cold sponge bath, and a great rubbing over the whole surface of the body, by hard towels, and the soft hands of the kind-hearted, healthy girl.

Minnie was a very thorough convert to Water-cure, and also had a most entire faith in Ashton's skill in administering it, and so she did and suffered all that he commanded, with exemplary heroism and patience.

She was a little fearful of offending her sister, but there were two reasons, George Vinton told her in the evening, why she did not.

In the evening Mrs. Meadows had some friends "worth knowing" with her, and George volunteered to keep Minnie company, if Mrs. Meadows would ascertain for him that Ashton was not coming, and that his company would be desirable.

"My experience in ugliness is worth something," he said; "for a month ago, I had a shapeless neck of my own, and some aches worthy of the looks I carried about."

Mrs. Meadows came stealing like a zephyr into Minnie's room. "How is the darling?" said she, sweetly; "poor George and little Minnie want sadly to gain admission for a few moments, to the precious sick presence, but both are too well trained to intrude."

"Do tell them, I am *aching* to see them," said Minnie, trying to smile, and being caught by what old nurses call "a crick in the jaw" and "a stitch in the ear" at the same time.

Mrs. Meadows kissed the fair forehead, and exhaled out of the room like a perfume, and said to George Vinton, "please let Minnie go with you for a short five minutes. The dear child has not seen

her aunt to-day." George never once thought that his sister was thus insuring his self-possession, for with all his *nonchalance* and *hauteur*, he was delicately timid, even as a girl.

He thought he always understood all his sister's *manœuvres*, because he understood some. He was greatly mistaken. Mrs. Meadows' commonest acts were often those of a first class tactician. She would have made a Talleyrand or a Bonaparte, if she had been born at the right time, and of the right sex. Many generals, many diplomatists, many a *coutoure*, many an artist and modiste, were combined in this wife of a plain man, and successful merchant, in New York.

George and Minnie were very happy to be admitted to Miss Meadow's apartment. Minnie looked earnestly at the swollen face and neck for some time, and then her little lips began to quiver, and she struggled bravely with her tears. At length she went up to Miss Meadows and said in a low voice, "I will always love you, if you are so very — not handsome. My mamma is the prettiest to-night, and yesterday you were so pretty, that I did not care to look at mamma."

Her uncle assured her that Miss Meadows would soon be as beautiful as ever again. "Don't you remember Min, how ugly you and baby were, only a little while ago?"

"And you, too, Georgy. I can remember for us all."

George caught "the little old lady" as he called her, to his bosom. "Tell me who you love best," said he, quite aroused from his usual languor.

"I love my papa, best. I pity my aunty, my sweet aunty, best, and I love you and mamma just alike, and Norah too."

"You may go," said her uncle, pettishly.

"I *may* go, I know," said Minnie, roguishly, "but *must* I go?"

Just now, Norah called "Minnie," and she gave the precious good night kisses, and ran away.

"That young lady of five years is older than you are," said George. "You are a great deal better than I expected to see you this evening, and the ugliness is much less appalling. Much less than it was in my case."

"I have been trying Mr. Ashton's prescription," said Minnie, "but I am almost afraid it is not pleasant to sister."

"Oh, you have been packed, then. I knew you would have just that blessing, when I called for Ashton this morning. Good—that is why you are better. Never fear Jennie. Homœopathy is a sort of synonym for faith with her, while Water-cure is works, and she really believes in both.

"One half the little good feeling she has for Ashton, is on account of Water-cure. He cured Mr. Meadows of a bad lung fever some months ago, and Jennie is partial to her husband." He paused a little. "I am glad that my treatment is not likely to offend her," said Minnie.

"I have no doubt," said Vinton, smiling, "that you wanted to make that last remark, but you wanted a great deal more to ask me why my sister does not like Ashton. I shall reply to the remark you made, because I can. Jennie and I have long since made up our minds that it is decidedly vulgar to get angry, or offended, or ruffled in the least degree; and still more vulgar to make the slightest manifestation of it, if we do. If you were as much more elegant than my sister, as you are more beautiful and youthful, and if you were disposed to monopolize admiration, as she is, she would never let you know that she thought you in her way; but she would contrive a fate as imperative as death, that would separate you from her, and she would seem all the while inconsolable that you should submit to this fate of her own creation.

"I have been reading your destiny in connection with her, and I find you will never clash. She dislikes Ashton more than she does me, but she is not in love with my character at all. Still she finds it convenient to bear with me, for various reasons, the chief of which is, that I am her brother, and she really dislikes me less than she does Ashton. Now you like Ashton and me very well—that is, you like him, and tolerate me better than he does—as well as he would, if he knew me. My sister's show people, those she specially affects, will never attract you. With your liking for Ashton and me, and your general contempt of the menagerie, you are as good as disposed of. You will never come in any collision with her claims, but you

will attract a good many to her soirees, and thus a good deal more than pay your way in the current coin of society." He drawled out the last word as if he hated and despised the thing he named, in about equal proportions.

"You have not answered my unspoken question," said Miss Meadows.

"*I can't,*" said George; "I have spoken too much treason in the camp of my fair sister already. I have paid you the compliment of trusting you, as I have never trusted another. You are worthy of it. Ashton will trust me one of these times. He is not ready yet. He is a fine fellow, but not perfect—because," said he, laughing, "he don't trust me."

"I am afraid," said Minnie, "that you are both standing on your dignity. Young men have to nurse their dignity, and take special care of it, and teach it to walk, as women do babies. When it is a strong and natural thing, then they have no need to be so attentive. I can't see why you and Ashton can't be just as friendly as you and I. I like you both: why should you not like each other?"

"There is no good reason," said George. "In old barbarous days, men felt bound to dislike each other, when they both liked the same lady. Yet the order of the Rose in Old England, was first founded by seven lovers of the same woman. I believe that love for the same person, or thing, is always a bond, when it is the real article. A selfish wish to appropriate, as men buy slaves—to own their bodies and service—is quite another thing, though people name it love."

"Ashton preaches precisely that doctrine," said Minnie, with enthusiasm.

"I know it; and he will be able to practice in time, I suppose," said George. "I'll agree to help him. Don't be troubled about our friendship. We will be Damon and Pythias soon." And he laughed lightly, but resolved earnestly.

CHAPTER IX.

"WOMAN AND HER NEEDS."

MINNIE'S afflictions were of that class that may be called blessings in disguise. The burned arm had brought her into sweet communion with Ashton, and now the sore throat, and illshapen face and neck, had the same good effect. She was so happy in the renewed joy that she said nothing of an interruption, which now seemed as though it had not been, as though she had only fancied it. He came early on the second day of her illness, but he brought the sorrowful news that the old musician was forced by illness to suspend his lessons. He had been seized with a fainting fit, or something worse—his friends feared it might be a slight attack of apoplexy. But as he had his senses when he came out of it, and averred that he had only been a little giddy, and so had fallen, Ashton hoped for the best.

Nancy was absorbed. Mr. Smith's illness obliterated almost entirely her anxious sorrow about Miss Dean. Minnie consulted Ashton about this matter that lay so near her heart, but they were not able, with their mutual wisdom, to devise any satisfactory means to aid Miss Dean.

"Women are so lonely, so desolate," said Ashton, "and so cruel to each other. If honest and intelligent girls, like you and Ettie Dean, were allowed to associate with honest young men, with the same freedom that either sex are allowed to associate together, there would be an end of dissipation; smoking, chewing tobacco, drinking and gaming would soon be abandoned for intelligent and excellent female society. As it is, we must be hand-cuffed with an engagement, before we can spend an hour alone with a young lady, who is respectable, or intends to keep so. In most houses in New York,

George Vinton would no more be allowed to spend the evening in your room, though you were ill, than a dragon would be allowed to come in.

Mrs. Meadows has some fine qualities, and one of them is, to violate the so-called proprieties, as far as she can, and not be found out. She will never be compromised, but she will have some social freedom, and being a leader in her set, she can achieve a very little. Then she will leave us to make ourselves happy, if it don't cost her any thing. She and George are very clever."

"But you don't like either," said Minnie.

"Mrs. Meadows is a woman of taste, and beauty, and elegance," said Ashton, evasively. "Few have the merits she has. As for George, I will say of him, what I would say to him, if I had opportunity. I am sorry a man with such fine elements of character should be content to be a dandy, an exquisite, a society man—in plain English, a puppy."

"You are too severe," said Minnie, earnestly. "I know you do not wish to discuss, or criticise, or analyze my brother's family in his own house—"

"Or out of it," said Ashton. "Nelson Meadows is dearer to me than any man living. He has a fine family—you must analyze for yourself.

"Of Miss Dean, I have more to say. She is an excellent, warm-hearted girl, with much intelligence and culture. She is in her first love fit. Heaven help her. I am afraid we can not. She thinks Dr. FitzNoodle perfect. I feel sure he has somehow spoiled me in her sight, for from being a valued friend, I am now not even treated as an acquaintance. Poor Ettie! I wait to see what the Providences will do in her case. She may be a victim of this man. She may suffer him, through her great love, to appropriate her in the most fraudulent manner, but whatever occurs, she will always be honest, and innocent at heart, and sincerely desirous to know the truth, and to live in accordance with it.

"Just now, this scamp has made her believe, in her devotion to Swedenborg, that she is his conjugal partner, his eternal other half, and that, therefore, she must treat her male friends as if they were

all beasts of prey. If she can but get the idea that fidelity to herself is a diviner duty, than any other; if she can but know that the man is a villain, who, by the chain of a creed, or any other means, would bind her to his will, or his wishes, then she will escape him. But the mass believe in fidelity to each other, and not to the highest in themselves. I grant that there is a unity in which there is substantially one will, one law, but this is *never* reached, except through individual fidelity, which severs, if it be possible; so long as I must sacrifice to a beloved one, or a beloved one to me, so long there is not true unity. Ettie Dean has many lessons to learn, perhaps she is learning them. We have blessed caretakers, and instructors often, when we know it not?"

Many thoughts were passing through Minnie's mind, as this philosophical homily fell from Ashton's lips. Her wise friend, her beloved, who seemed to be forever studying out a broader freedom, a more integral individuality, had called George Vinton a puppy. This seemed to Minnie exceedingly unjust. George was elegant in manners and dress, but not more so than Ashton. Nobody who met them on Broadway could tell which was the most a dandy, or an exquisite. Each carried a cane, each trained a silken moustache, each wore delicate, straw-colored kid gloves, cravats of the latest style, and miraculous vests—and all other orthodox etceteras for compounding a fashionable young man. Young gentlemen may have very good judgment, and may be very radical, and philosophical, and yet not be good judges of each other, especially when they are aspiring to the favor of the same lady. There is a poverty in the goods and arrangements of the present order of society, that necessitates jealousy, as much as hunger is necessitated. Deny it who will, stern facts exist in our feelings. A few see that as the distribution of seed corn must take place, in order to the realization of plenty, though some famish meanwhile, so also must the freedom of woman, and her fidelity to herself, be secured, before we can have a true spontaneity, and a living life of love.

Fidelity to a husband is often maintained in the bitterest hate of the man who demands it. Yet multitudes see no higher law than this so-called fidelity, and never can, while the earth-life lasts.

"Ashton," said Minnie, bravely, the third day of her illness, when she began to be quite herself again, "did it ever occur to you that you could be jealous?"

His face darkened very sadly, and he said "of whom?"

"Of any one?"

"No," said he, shortly. "I am not a fool."

"Very wise people have been hungry," said Minnie; and that was all she said. She was merely quoting his own words, for he had taught her that jealousy was a spiritual hunger, and all she wanted was to make him reflect upon his dislike for George Vinton.

And he did reflect, in a very manly fashion. He did not cease his self analysis and examination, till he was convinced that he was wrong. He had treated George Vinton with systematic coldness. George felt it keenly, though he was careful not to allow any one to perceive that Ashton could, in any way, influence him.

Mentally he remarked, "I would like that fellow Ashton, if he were not as proud as Lucifer. If he is going to associate with mankind, I would like to know when he intends to begin."

Vinton was daily growing more humane, more self-reverent, and less vain, and more respectful, or, perhaps, we should say, less contemptuous toward the common humanity, for he has a long way to go, before he will be sufficiently humble to be exalted. It was a needful first step for him and Ashton, that they should know and appreciate each other.

With Minnie's help, this desirable result is likely soon to be reached. She is wiser than she knows—intuitively she understands her own heart, and the hearts of her friends—and she is very brave. A little courage would hinder many an injustice, and save us from great evils. But people mistake a craven fear for a legitimate self-sacrifice, and they go on defrauding themselves and their friends, not realizing that what is best for one, is just as really for the good of all.

CHAPTER X.

MINNIE'S FIRST LETTER FROM HOME.

It was a glad moment for Minnie when Norah came into the parlor with a letter, and "Please, mem, two pennies for the Post-man." She ran away to her room to read of home and friends alone. It was from her father, and had a formal, half-business-like character, that might have amused another, but which the daughter did not discover. We give it for the news it contained, which has something to do with our narrative :

"*My Dear Child* :—Our home is very lonely since you and Caroline left us. We try to be resigned to the will of God, but find it very difficult; your mother is very uneasy, in the evening, thinking of when you all used to work at the same table, and by the same light, and you used always to thread her needles, when she was sewing. I have begun to read Josephus to her; it interests her very much, but I am afraid I shall have to give over reading it. It is a history of such barbarism and cruelty, that it shocks me very much. I can not help wishing you were in your own quiet, Christian home again, my dear child, though your mother and I wish to be resigned to what is for the best for you. I trust that you will not be drawn away after the vanities of the world.

"Caroline fell sick as soon as her husband was out of danger, and she has not left her room, or hardly sat up, for two weeks. Dr. Brown is very kind and attentive to her. Frederick is all that could be desired, and Mrs. Sherwood is as quiet as we can expect.

"Sarah Moreton writes that her husband is very ill, and, if the truth were known, I think she is quite as much in need of care and nursing as he is, and yet she tends him night and day, and is fast wearing out.

"Jerry has been very strange since you left. The day after, he came to me with two quarter-eagles, which, he said, were a gift from my son, and he wished to put them in my hands for safe keeping. 'I shall have need of money by and by,' said he.

"I said, 'do you need any thing, Jerry?'"

"He said, 'I have thoughts in my heart, Mr. Meadows, that I can't tell you, though you are a good friend to Jerry. What I want first is, that you should take charge of a whole raft o' clothes that Fred Sherwood has giv me, and get a tailor to do the handsome thing in fitting me out with 'em.'

"I thought he had grown very particular of late, but I promised him I would do what he asked, and I have kept my word, and you would hardly know Jerry in his new suit.

"'The next thing I want,' said he, 'is to know whether I suit you, Mr. Meadows, whether I am a good and faithful hand, as far as I go?'"

"I assured him that I was satisfied. 'Then,' said he, 'I want to know if I am worth ten cents a day, wages?'"

"I had never thought of giving him wages, and did not know that he ever thought of such a thing. I supposed he would have a home with us for an indefinite period. I said, however, 'Jerry, I will cheerfully give you ten cents a day, from your first coming to live with me.'

"'No,' said he, 'that won't do; I have had my pay; but if, from now, I'm worth it, I'd like you to put ten cents, for every week day, along with them gold pieces. It may be only putting money in the poor box for me, for by and by; but, as I was sayin', I have thoughts in my head that I can't even tell you, good friend as you are; if I could write, I would tell them to Miss Minnie. And now I think of it, when you write to her will you be so good as to ask her not to give over prayin' for me, and tell her I never forget to wind the watch when I go to bed, and put it under my pillow, and go to sleep by its music. And now, Mr. Meadows, I have one more favor to ask; I have bought a slate and a pencil, and I want you to set me some copies. I know I could write once very handsome, but now I can't make half the letters, let alone puttin' them together. I may as well tell you that I want desptly to write to Miss Minnie, and if I can get the copies, I'll learn to write again, sure and sartin'."

"And now Jerry is diligent at his work in the day time, and busy with his slate in the evening. You need not be surprised if you receive a very strange letter before long.

"I hope you will remember Jerry in your prayers, and your unworthy father also, and all your family, and the world of mankind. With much love from your mother, I am your affectionate father,

"N. MEADOWS."

Minnie folded the letter, and holding it tenderly between both hands, she reflected on its contents. First she thought, "Would

the dear God be any kinder to my father, and mother, and poor Jerry, because I should ask him? But then I can never cease to desire the welfare of these, and of all my human brothers and sisters, and perhaps this very love that prays for them, is the God in my heart. It must be so, it is the father God of the Theist, and the loving Christ of the Christian, that moves my heart in all its prayers, and all its efforts for good. Let me resign my soul to prayer then, at all times, and may life be one continued petition for the light of truth to shine in every heart, and that good may be its eternal and unceasing result." Her spirit was bowed in sweet communion with the all blessing One, who maketh his angels ministers unto us, and a great joy was in her heart.

Minnie wondered at Jerry's late passion for money. She was much moved by the devotion to her which made him wish again to learn to write.

"Good, faithful Jerry," she said, "there must be something for you in this world."

And then she thought of her poor, crucified friend, Sarah Moreton. And she almost wished that death might relieve her of the burden of life, if she could not conquer a better fate.

Again she thought of Caroline. But she had no clear idea of the condition of her sister. Whether she was really ill, or whether her sickness was a kind of "management," which she deemed expedient, Minnie was unable to decide. She had known her to have so many sham head-aches, and days of "severe suffering," to escape annoying company, or unpleasant tasks, or a wearisome "Divine Service," that she was, by no means, able to decide whether her present illness belonged to the same category or not.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PRACTICAL SWEDENBORGIANISM OF DR. FITZNOODLE.

"My spirit's bride, my beautiful one, my eternal conjugal partner!" said the eloquent Dr. FitzNoodle, as he sat holding Miss Dean's hands, and looking into her honest, earnest eyes. "Do you not feel that you are forever mine, that nothing in time, or eternity can ever sever us?"

"Oh, I have strange misgivings!" said the pure-hearted girl.

"Doubts of yourself or me?" said he, blandly.

"I do not think I can make any thing plain to you, dearest, for nothing is clear to myself. I only know that I love you, and I wish to be good and true, above all things. But tell me, why do you continually object to being seen in public with me?"

"Is it possible, my love," said he, "that you can conceive that I object to going anywhere with you? Have I not been at church and in society with you?"

"That was some time since. You have excused yourself so much lately, that I thought you really had objections."

"Not the least, darling; but a man of science can not be a gallant. I have to study hard, to burn the midnight oil."

"Did you not go to the theater with Miss Prentiss the other evening, and have you not spent three evenings with her this week?"

A terrible cloud passed over the face of the doctor, but the sun shone in a moment, and he answered blandly, "my dear, I have spent three evenings at the house of Mr. Prentiss, but my business there was with the gentleman himself, and connected with my scientific studies. I attended the daughter to the theater at the request of her father. He wished her to be under my magnetic influence, as she is my patient. You know, love, that I count the moments when I am away from you."

"Have you an invitation to Mrs. Meadows' party?" said Ettie.

"I have not," said he.

"Strange," she replied. "I have had mine three days, and she spoke of having invited you.

"It is of no consequence that the invitation is lost, my darling," said he, "for it would be impossible for me to go on the evening of the twenty-third."

"Then you knew she was to have a party." He blushed, and said he heard it spoken of.

"I wish you to act in entire freedom," said he; "man can only be regenerated in freedom," as says our wise teacher, Swedenborg.

"Do you intend to go?"

"Not if you can give me any portion of the evening here."

"I think that will be impossible, my love, with my engagements, and I wish you to be perfectly free to go, or remain at home. If you were not so particular that I *must* always come, when I say I will, I would give you encouragement of a little time on that evening. If I dared, I would tell you how happy I should be to feel that an hour or two of my company would compensate for a brilliant party. But I dare not. It might abridge your freedom, and you must be free."

"I do not think I shall go. I will promise not to go, if you will agree to give me one half hour," said she.

"I can not *promise*, but I will do my best," said he.

"Then I can not promise," said she, playfully.

"If we have one will," said he, "we are one, eternally joined in conjugal union. If you wish what I do not wish, it shows disunity."

"I know," said Miss Dean, "that I should have only your will, if I were with you all the time."

"By and by," said he, "we shall be no more separated. What a joy to anticipate! Of this party I wish to say a few words. You will meet persons there who are not in the good of life, and you will meet those who deny the Lord. Such a sphere is evil for you, unless I were there, to throw over you the ægis of my presence and my love. Mr. Ashton will be there, and he denies the Lord, and he is therefore in deadly evils. George Vinton is a mocker, and scoffs at science and religion. Mrs. Meadows is in self-love, and the

love of the world. Miss Meadows I judge to be in the same sphere with Mr. Ashton, and therefore in the same evils. You must be faithful to the good and the true, my love, and keep far from the sphere of falses and evils."

Miss Dean was silent and seemed very thoughtful. The doctor lavished many endearing words upon her, and again counseled her to act in freedom, and again spoke of the one will; and then he took a most tender and impressive leave of her.

Alone with her thoughts, with the dread sinking of heart, that her distrust of her lover brought to her, all against her wishes and resolves, Esther Dean gave way to tears. She sobbed audibly, as a child that is hurt.

Why, ah why, do the truest hearted suffer from loneliness and despair? Why do the most loving bear the keen pangs of spiritual famine from lack of any true and worthy object of affection? Truly this earth is a trial sphere!

Esther Dean was alone with strange fears—with an undefined dread, with a weary, aching heart. But loving angels were around her, and ministered to her in these bitter moments. She knelt and repeated that most sublime of divine-human compositions, the Lord's prayer, and then she rested in her bed, and shut her eyes, and tried to sleep, but sleep came not. She rose and shut out the gas light from the street and the fainter light of the moon, till the darkness was complete, and almost to be felt, and then again she sought to rest and sleep. Suddenly her room was filled with a pure, soft light. All objects of furniture were plainly visible. She looked around and identified every thing, even to the scent bottle and shells upon her mantle-shelf, and the inkstand, pens, and paper-weight, upon her table. As she lay, not terrified or even fearful, but in a blessed calm, as though enveloped in a sphere of purity and truth, she saw in the middle of her room a bright and beautiful form. It was the form of a man clothed in white and shining garments, with a countenance of such benignity that she had never seen its equal. As she gazed, she recognized lineament after lineament, till she was conscious she was in the presence of her father. She had loved him with a most tender affection, and had always relied upon him with a

great trust. When she fully knew that her father was standing in her room; that he was not dead, but living, and gazing lovingly upon her, he spoke to her; his voice sounded natural, but more musical than in the earth-life. "My child, my dear lonely one," he said, "I can not tell you my joy that I am able to manifest myself to you, to tell you that you are not alone, that I am ever with you, your guardian angel, your most loving father. Always I impress you, O, my child, heed well my impressions; beware of what wears the semblance of truth, and love, but is false and wicked. Let not your great want deceive you! Bring all things to the test of your impressions. What seems evil, when tried by this test, is evil, and must be rejected. Remember, my dear child, that you are never alone, that I am with you always, and that I always impress you."

Slowly the vision faded from her sight, but the harmony of the voice still lingered in her hearing, and a fragrant joy seemed to pervade her whole being, and to fill the room, even as the atmosphere.

Deep thanksgiving welled up from her inmost heart, and trembled on her lips, and she sunk into a slumber that seemed music to the soul.

Whilst this truthful and tender ward of the angels lay sleeping, enveloped in a father's heavenly love, another, and very different scene was being enacted in a home of elegance and fashion, in the near distance. Dr. FitzNoodle had gone directly from Miss Dean's residence, which was a neat and pretty second story of a house, in Barrow street, to the aristocratic home of Miss Prentiss, in the Fifth Avenue. As her physician, and having the confidence of her father, (her mother was deceased,) he was admitted to the most unreserved intimacy with the young lady, who was a sort of head in her father's house.

"Have you really done with that odious Miss Dean?" said Arabella Matilda Prentiss, to the doctor, as he held her white hand, and admired her diamond ring, though he looked entirely guiltless of so much worldliness.

"I have never begun with her in any sense, excepting as patron to a girl with a fine voice that was not appreciated."

"O, pshaw—I have heard that you were in love with her"

The doctor looked as though he could compassionate any one who could tell, or believe such a tale.

"The world is very censorious," said he, "I have felt it my duty to patronize a good artist. If I am to be given in marriage to all the ladies that I benefit, I shall have a very pretty bevy of wives; I shall be equal to Brigham Young. Now I object to the doctrine of plurality in love too strongly to tolerate the scandal; I believe in one eternal, conjugal partner."

"Have you ever been married?" said the fair Arabella, gravely.

"Never!" said the doctor, "I fear I have not been so happy as to find my other half, or if I have, she does not recognize me as her own." He pressed the soft hand of the daughter of the millionaire, and again he looked lovingly at the ring on the fore finger of the left hand. It was a cluster of diamonds, and worth full five hundred dollars.

"A love token," said he sighing.

"No—pa gave it me, and I have half a mind to lose it," said she, "if you will promise me never to speak to Miss Dean again, I'll give you this ring, and tell pa I lost it."

"My dear," said the doctor reprovingly, though in the gentlest tones, "I object to what you have just said, for two reasons, my life is consecrated to uses; if I can be of use to Miss Dean, it is my duty to be so. Again, you must not tell a falsehood."

"Well then, I'll tell him I don't know where it is," said she, laughing; "but tell me, are you going with me to Mrs. Meadow's party, a party in Bleecker street, I would not go for any thing, if it was not to go with you. I want to get some folks in a muss, come, say you'll go and wear my ring."

"My dear," said he tenderly, "you know your will is my law. Of course I shall go to the party with you, but I must not seem too attentive to you. You have never given me reason to hope that my attentions were very particularly welcome."

"I think I can give you a hint that I don't dislike you," said she, taking the ring from her fat finger, and slipping it on the little finger of his left hand. "Now don't let pa see it, but be sure

you wear it to the party. I want Mrs. Meadows and that stuck up brother of hers, to see it."

"My dear Miss Arabella," said he.

"Call me Mattie if you please," said the girl, pulling his ear.

"I want to say something in the sacredness of confidence to you," said the doctor, very solemnly.

"O do say it, I love secrets of all things," said she.

"But this is something very trying for me to say," and he stammered, and really blushed.

"Don't be afraid of me, ain't I *your Mattie*?" He had sunk on his knees beside her, and she laid her forehead on his.

"I am very poor," murmured the doctor, "and if I take your gift, I can not offer any thing worthy of you in return."

"That's pretty talk," said she, jerking up her head, "as if I give gifts to get something back again, I guess pa is rich enough, so that I need not be that mean. Besides, I got my quarter's allowance to-day. I don't believe there's a dozen girls in New York gets an allowance. They go and run up bills at Stewart's, and Arnold's, and Boutillier's, but I don't, I have my own money."

The doctor could not forbear asking, in a low tone, "how much, darling, does it take to furnish all the elegance that I see you clothed in?"

"Oh! I lay up; I don't spend half my allowance. I have three hundred dollars a quarter for dress, but then I have money for the groceries, and I *manage*. I have got two thousand dollars in Bank, and I have got three hundred in my pocket, and I had just as leave lose it as not," said she, again applying her forehead to the kneeling doctor. "Come, get up, your knees will ache," said the unromantic young lady. The doctor rose, and took a seat beside Arabella Matilda, and his knees did ache, but he felt that he had knelt to good purpose, when the young lady drew out her port-monnaie, and said, "Here, put this in your pocket, and remember that your best friend is Mattie. Now you be careful, and don't tell tales out of school, for pa thinks I am prudent, and so I am in the main. But one must have one's likings, you know. Pa would make a muss if he knew that you were any thing more than my doctor. But never

mind, I can *manage*, I always could, I have managed pa more times than he knows of."

"My dearest Mattie," said the doctor, "can I ever tell you what you have done for me this night? Can I ever express my deep gratitude? My life must tell you how dear you are to me, for I can not. I know many languages, but not enough to express to you my love, and my gratitude, and my admiration of your generous character."

"There—that'll do," said Arabella Matilda, who had nothing romantic about her but her name.

"Now you may go. It is eleven o'clock, and I am a sleepy-head. Good night."

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1856, by T. L. NICHOLS, M.D., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of Ohio.]

ESPERANZA;

My Journey Thither, and What I Found There.

III.

BUFFALO, AND A PILGRIMAGE.

I WRITE to you, angel of my life, from the bosom of Lake Erie and the cabin of a steamboat, whose motion must account for any peculiar eccentricity in my chirography. The noble boat rolls gently on the swells of this blue inland sea. The passengers have retired to their state-rooms, and I write by the cabin lamp, alone. In twenty-four hours I hope to have a letter from you. You are well and you love me, but none the less do I wish you to tell me both.

I took one last, lingering look at Niagara from the verge of the American fall; reserving for my final view, that which is the first to most visitors. After breakfast, we took the cars for Buffalo, bidding good-bye to some pleasant acquaintances, who, I hope, may be our friends in the future. Senator —— shook me kindly by the hand, and said: "You are highly favored, Mr. Wilson; and it will be your own fault if you do not have a very pleasant journey. I wish you much happiness."

"I hope, sir," I replied, "that I may be worthy of my good fortune and your good wishes;" and so we parted.

Miss Elmore had been very kind to me all this morning; but there was a musing sadness in her looks, and a tender melancholy in her tones, which interested me. She said little, during the ride of twenty miles, and we were soon in the heart of a finely built, enterprising city, and took an omnibus to the American Hotel.

"I stop here," she said, when we were in the parlor, "to make a pilgrimage. You can join me, or not, as you choose. It may be neither pleasant nor interesting to you."

"I shall never lack interest or pleasure in your society," I answered. Now, Clara, it was not a compliment. This is not a

woman to be flattered. She accepted what I said, just as I said it—as the simple, frank expression of my thought. If she had thanked me, or made any similar acknowledgment, I would not have spoken in this way again.

“Oh! here is my old friend of ten years ago,” said she, going to a piano-forte in the corner, and striking the keys; “but it has changed in that time, or I have. I played and sung to him, and with him here, in this very room, and with this very instrument. I remember what I sung;” and she struck with a beautiful feeling into that beautiful and once favorite song—

“O, Pilot, 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep;”

and when she came to the lines

“Fear not; but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be,”

she sung them with an expression that thrilled me.

“I sang it to *him*,” she said, rising from the instrument, and going to the window, opening on Main street, “and he has had reason to trust. We will make our pilgrimage. It is not every one I would allow to go with me, but you will know him one day, and you are worthy.”

I gave her my arm and we went into the street, walked round a few squares, passed through the little enclosure of an old Court House, and came to a prison.

Here, then, was the pilgrimage. I was curious, but Miss Elmore is not one you can ask questions of. I was very sure that at the proper time, she would tell me all that was needful. On my knocking at the gate, the jailor came and opened it. She passed before me, saying, “We are strangers, and wish to see your prison.” The man, with a droll, puzzled look, seemed to have no especial objection; but asked, “is there any particular person you wish to see?”

“No—not at present,” she answered. “A friend of mine once had the good fortune to be a guest of your establishment. I have the curiosity to see a place he has described to me.”

We were admitted without further delay; first into the yard, then through another door into the jail. There are four ranges of small cells; two on the ground, two reached by galleries. The cells open outward toward the walls. The windows are cross-barred with iron, and the doors of the cells the same. The light is faint, and the air foul with that sickening feter, which belongs to the emigrant ship, the hospital, the prison, and the crowded homes of poverty and ignorance. The cells were full of vagrants, small thieves, burglars, counterfeiters, accused persons waiting trial, and witnesses. As we went in, a chorus of prisoners in the further cells was singing with great unction a highway man's song, beginning—

' In Dublin city I was bred and born,
On Stephen's Green I die forlorn ;
'Twas there I lear'nt the saddler's trade,
But was always counted a roving blade."

We followed the jailor round the lower tiers of cells, then went up to the narrow gallery that gave access to the upper tiers. When we had come to the further cell on the right, it was empty.

" Will you permit me to enter this cell a moment," she said, in a low, tremulous voice, to the jailor.

He unfastened the door with the customary professional joke, and she entered. It had been papered at some time, and was in better condition than the other cells; but of the same size—about four feet by eight. After a glimpse of the interior, I called away the attention of the jailor by some inquiry, leaving her in the cell. In a few minutes she joined us, looking pale but serene, though I saw traces of tears. As we went out, I saw her silently give the jailor a gold dollar; and as we walked up the grassy slope, she turned and looked a moment through the window, covered with dust and spider's webs, opposite the further cell.

I drew long breaths as we gained the pure free air of the open street. We passed a theater not far from the jail, opposite which she paused and looked up a moment, then smiled and said—" now we will take a pleasanter walk."

So we walked down Main street, which is the Broadway of Buffalo,

down among the warehouses near the harbor, and going up the creek, passed over a bridge, looked at the fine array of shipping—steamboats and propellers—and then soon found ourselves walking on a hard sand beach by the side of the lake, whose waves were breaking musically at our feet. Then we clambered up the outer shelving side of the long government breakwater, and walked along that and the pier which forms the outer side of the harbor, until we passed around the little light-house at the end, and then sat down on the smooth rocks in its shadow. The beautiful city lay fair before us, and all its hum and clatter came softened across the water; while westward stretched the blue lake, north opened the Niagara river, its outlet, and opposite on the Canada shore, could be seen the grassy mounds, which mark the site of Fort Erie.

“It is a famous place in border story,” said my companion and guide. “In the war of 1812, the little village that was the Buffalo of that day, was burned by the British troops and their Indian allies. They have different allies now, but the same mode of warfare. They still burn unoffending and defenceless villages.

“Over there they had a little experience of Yankee valor. The fort was taken by storm; I believe it was blown up, and some gallant men were buried in its ruins; but I confuse the stories of these old quarrels. Let me tell you of one of a more recent date, and of more personal interest.”

I changed my place and sat at her feet, prepared to listen. I find myself *looking up* to this woman, just as naturally as I would look down to some others. There is a sphere of freedom surrounding her, which permits every one to take his proper place; and there seems also a sphere of power, the action of forces, which harmonize all around her, by bringing all to their true relations. So I sat at her feet and listened.

“Nearly twenty years ago, before you were old enough to care much about politics, an ambitious lawyer was elected governor of New York. I remember it well, for my father was an active partizan on the other side, and his frankly expressed opinions of the man were not in the least complimentary. I think he has not changed his opinion of him; and I am certain that I have not.

“Buffalo was then a city of less than half its present size, but its leading men were a set of unscrupulous borderers, and at the head of the dominant party in this district. They secured this man’s nomination, and he paid the price. The price was to aid them in sending a much better man to State Prison, and keeping him there. He was elected. It was a triumph, and the victory was celebrated by a grand illumination. Buffalo was in a blaze, cannon thundered, and rockets rose. But, as sometimes occurs, the elements took part in the performance. All day a gale from the southwest had been increasing in fury. The waters rose in the harbor and in the streets. In the midst of the festival, the glare of the illumination lighted a scene of terror and death. The heaped up waters swept over all this point of land, where was then a little village of dwellings. The celebration was interrupted by the crash of these falling houses, and the shrieks of crushed and drowning victims. The sailors of the harbor, the hardy steamboat men, gave all the aid they could; but when morning came, it lighted up a pitiful scene. The wreck of houses and furniture was floating in the harbor; a score or more of the stiff corpses of men, women and little children lay in the watch-house, under the market yonder; vessels were stranded high up the streets, others, attempting to gain the harbor had been thrown on the beach below. Afterward the general government built the brakewater.

“I said that this governor paid for his nomination. His friends, here, had been trying for two years to send a man to the State Prison. He was a contractor, builder, financier; one of those who build cities. A man of great constructive and administrative power; upright in intention, I should think. In a financial crisis, in his efforts to continue his work of making this the city he foresaw it must be, he made himself, or was made, amenable to the laws. With or without his knowledge, the persons who managed his finances, multiplied the endorsements of his co-adjutors here—men whose fortunes he had made—by forgery. When this became known, he placed his property in their hands, to pay his creditors; and trusted to their professions of sympathy and promises of aid.

They seized on the millions intrusted to them, and then he refused

to leave the country, or submit to this robbery, they threw him into jail, kept him a year in that cell, and then failing to convict him here, after several trials, took him to another county, where, with their own judge to try him, their own jury to convict, their own nominated governor to give his personal presence and influence, they secured his civil death, and their safety. It was a bold strong game. They had money and political influence, and were unscrupulous in the use of both. An amiable, able, and I think essentially an honest man, was torn from his wife, and sent for five years to Auburn. There was great sympathy for him, and petitions were sent from the whole State, but he was very safe, as long as their own man was governor. A pardon would have endangered every thing."

"And was it your sympathy for this victim of a mercenary treachery, that made you visit that prison?" I asked, for, though a hard case, it was only one of thousands as bad; and I could not see in it the element of a personal interest.

"Oh! no," she said, seeming to read my thoughts; "this is but the introduction. The honest felon, the crafty governor, and his clique of alternate employers and tools, are little to me. They have their reward. One of them has been President; another hopes to be. But there was here, at that time, a volunteer Knight Errant, whom you will know hereafter; and you may as well learn now, this little passage in his history. It will be a good introduction."

Ah! thought I, here is the center of this mystery. When a woman speaks of the man she loves, there is no mistaking. She speaks of him, as she can speak of no other. I wished to see how she would bear the test of this revelation.

This is not all, dear Clara; I must tell you all the truth. When she spoke of this man, with the consciousness that she loved him, there came a deep, dull pain into my heart. I tell you the fact. I do not try to account for it. I feel it yet; but I will tell you the whole, and you may understand it.

"Mr. Vincent," she continued, pronouncing this name as if each tone that made it was precious to her, "came to Buffalo, when he was twenty-one years old. He came here, it seemed by chance, for he left New York without any plan, but to see the world. He was

a student, and at this age a philosopher, and a man of letters. Soon after he came here, he became editor of a daily paper; as such, he made a thorough exposure of all the iniquity I have narrated, and, of course, brought upon himself the vengeance of these men. He fought them step by step, and so excited the public that they were obliged to admit their prisoner to bail, and to take him to a distance to convict him.

“I don’t see how he went through the contest that came. He was very young, for such a position. But he was an eloquent writer and speaker, and his personal qualities aided him. I am partial, perhaps, but he was called handsome then; you will see him and can judge. He walked these streets, I have been told, as if he owned the city; I know that many loved him. Too free, or too prudent to marry; too generous and honorable to injure any one; he rather avoided love than sought it. But you will know him and I need not describe him.

“The contest was fierce and unequal. It was right against might. A youthful adventurer with his pen, against all the wealth, and influence, and consequent respectability of this city. His society was tabooed, until ladies who would have him, were obliged to make up special parties, when he was invited. The contest raged everywhere; this city, where it is now forgotten, was divided into two parties of his friends and his enemies. He had numbers and honesty—they had wealth and position.

“He was attacked in the streets by hired ruffians, but fought with spirit enough to beat them.

“At another time, an organized company of men came, in the day time, posted sentries at the door of his office up Main street, and marched into his editorial room, picked and prepared to inflict upon him a personal chastisement. He received the delegation with a grave courtesy; inquired their business; and when it had been stated by their spokesman, and he had respectfully declined the honor they intended him; just as the men deputed to seize him were gathering around, fifteen to one, he drew two little brass pistols from his vest pockets, and pointing them at the nearest, gave them such an earnest assurance of receiving their contents, that the meeting adjourned.

"When it was found that he was not to be bribed at any price, nor intimidated by any means; a gang of desperate ruffians was hired to tar and feather him, and destroy his press and types. The conspiracy was deliberately formed, money contributed, and the ruffians were disguised, partly intoxicated, and paid to do their work. A large wagon and two horses were provided to carry him off, gagged and helpless, into the forest; a rope to bind him to a tree, and tar and feathers to complete the outrage—which would, undoubtedly, have ended in murder, had not a providence watched over him.

"It was before the day of spiritual manifestations, but it is, perhaps, as remarkable as most of these. While this gang, concealed in the shadow of a building, at ten o'clock in the evening, where my friend was accustomed to pass from his office to his boarding house, was waiting for him—he was walking home alone, in the moon-light, without a thought of danger. He was on the very block, round the corner of which the blackened men awaited him, with gag and ropes, and their wagon was in the next street.

"Just then he met an acquaintance, a clerk in one of the banks, who passed, then turned back, stopped him, and asked him to turn and walk back. As they went, he said: 'You must go home with me to-night, I have something to say to you. I don't know how it is, but something is wrong. I was at a party on the street below; it was a pleasant party, I was dancing, and engaged to dance again. I never left such a party before, but to-night I could not stay. Every one wondered, and pressed me to stay longer, at least to supper, but I could not. There was no reason, only I was compelled to come. When I passed the building below, I saw some men hiding in its shadow; I remembered that you boarded in the street, and in a moment I met you.'

"Mr. Vincent would have gone back to investigate this mystery, but his friend persuaded him to go to the hotel where he boarded. The next morning it was found that the gang, though foiled in part, had completely demolished the printing office."

"But was nothing done?" I asked.

"No; the conspirators were not known until long afterward. They had influence enough to hush up investigation. The mayor

of the city, it was afterward proven, was at the head of the conspiracy.

"Finally, a grand jury, mostly from the country, was found to indict Mr. Vincent for libel. He had called one of these lawyers the tool of his employers. For this, he was tried; a corrupt, and drunken judge, who owed them money, tried the cause, and an ignorant and weak-minded jury was persuaded to bring in a verdict of guilty. He refused to leave, even at the request of his own bail and counsel, and was imprisoned four months in the cell to which we made our pilgrimage."

"But what said his friends, and the public?" I enquired; "was no effort made in his behalf?"

"There was no lack of sympathy and indignation. A mob surrounded the jail and would have torn it down. The Sheriff asked him to speak to the crowd, and he sent them peacefully away. Still he was treated with cruelty. Presents were stopped at the door, and visitors often could not gain admittance. But he had books, and his violin, and his writing materials were smuggled in, and his manuscripts out, in spite of the jailor. It is quite a romance. The people paid his fine by a complimentary benefit at the theater we passed. They offered him an ovation; but he declined it. They would have elected him to any office in the popular gift, but he was not ambitious. He had done his work, and had another destiny. The wrong was exposed, and the power broken; he had the trial and the discipline of the imprisonment in that foul dungeon; and the world has had the benefit of that experience. Some day, when I shall sit on one side of him, and you the other, you will see what it has done for him. To labor well for humanity, one must see all the phases of its development."

We walked back along the pier.

"Here," she said, "he used to ride on the beach, his horse's feet washed by the turf. One day he rode along the pier, and round the light-house. The waves were dashing over the pier; the way, you see, is very narrow, but a horse feels the will of his rider. One strong will may govern many."

"Has this man such power as to control those around him?" I

asked; wishing to know how much my companion might be under such an influence.

"I think he *has* such power," she said, "but I do not see that he makes often voluntary use of it. He wishes all men and women to be free, and to act for themselves. In those days, he experimented sometimes. He had a magnetism that could excite or paralyze. He could throw an impressible person into a two-day's trance. He cured the blind, and many diseases. I think he tested the power to make one love him; but that he has ever since refrained from using it. I can not find that he ever used it harmfully.

"This city, and the hills and waters here, are full of associations with his adventures. When the frontier war broke out, his friends were engaged in it; but he went from camp to camp, as if it were only a study. When a man has a distinctive work to do, a real destiny to accomplish; he has years of practice—he makes many studies and sketches. The world calls his efforts failures, but they insure success. To succeed in any thing but the real life work, would be a failure indeed. To fail in lesser enterprises, or have them prove fruitless, is often the condition of the final success. Mr. Vincent could have been Mayor of Buffalo, Member of Congress or have risen to any political station he might have desired; but at every turn he put aside such ambitions, and kept to his far higher mission. Of that you will soon know, and be able to form your own opinion."

We passed the rest of the day pleasantly, with conversation and music. Two or three gentlemen called, and conversed with Miss Elmore earnestly; but I was not invited to join them. She seems to be consulted, looked up to, and revered; but there is a mystery I can not fathom. Were we in Europe, I should think she was a secret agent of a revolutionary society. Here, her mission evidently has nothing to do with politics; yet it is certain that she can have no narrow or selfish object.

We came to the boat in the evening and stood upon the deck until we came round the light-house. She took a long look at the city, a look full of loving remembrances.

As she stood by my side, in the soft twilight, I said—

"You have been very good to me. I thank you for your confidence. You loved Mr. Vincent much."

"*Loved!*" she said, with a glow of feeling; "loved? I love him now, and ever shall."

I stood silent. The dull pain sank on my heart. I did not say one word, Clara; but she must have felt me.

"My dear friend," she said, taking my hand, and holding it between both of hers; "I love this man with more devotion than any other. But it does not hurt me that others love him as much or more than I do. I have my own place in his heart and life; as he has in mine."

"It is nothing to me," I said, "whom he loves, or you." I was angry at myself, and therefore rude to her.

"My brother!" she said, softly; "you must not be unjust to yourself or others. All pure and true loves come from the Heavens to bless us. They come singly or in groups and clusters of loves, and all in harmony, and all to bless. Why should we shut our hearts against them? I shall not. Good night."

She glided quickly to her state-room. I walked up and down the deck a few moments, let the night breeze cool my fever, and came here to write to you.

My heart throbs like the engine of this vessel which bears me from you. I have been frank to you, dear Clara, but I can not explain, for I do not understand. Pardon me, and pity me, if I need it. I wish to be, and to do, right. I know that I love you; for in the thought and hope of you, I find rest.

Blessing of my life, good night!

IV.

CINCINNATI.

MY BLESSED CLARA!—When I recorded my name on the register of the Burnet House, this evening, your precious letter was given me. I was shown to a charming room, with a large bath-room attached. The hotel is grand, spacious, and luxurious beyond my expectations. I took a bath and then read your letter. It is unromantic, I know, but after a long day of dusty travel, I did not feel that I had a right even to come into the presence of your written words, until I was in a condition to enjoy the ineffable sweetness and purity that breathes in every line you have written. The letter and picture will lie together on my heart to-night, and I shall sleep happily. Thanks and blessings for all the love you send me.

When I entered the name of Miss Elmore, after my own, I observed the expression of the bland countenance of Mr. Coleman, whom I knew at once by his resemblance to his brother, in New York; I was glad to see an added gleam of sunlight; and, I doubt not, I was provided with a better room, and treated with more deference, than if I had been a solitary traveler; for a man is judged, if not always known, by the company he keeps.

After landing from the steamboat, at an early hour this morning, we have traversed the great State of Ohio, from its northern central meridian, to its south-western extremity. The sun rose to us over the blue waves of Lake Erie; its setting beams were reflected from the beautiful river Ohio. It was my first salutation *a la belle riviere*. This is called the Queen City, you know. Her majesty is a little sooty, and wears a crown of smoke. I shall pay my respects to her to-morrow. It is Sunday and we remain here until Monday. But now I must give you an account of the day.

After writing my long letter of last night, I slept soundly, rocked by gentle billows, and soothed by the regular working of the machinery, and did not wake until it stopped at the dock at Cleveland. When I came into the saloon, I found Miss Elmore, bright, rosy, and smiling, waiting to walk the short distance to the railroad depot.

"You will not see much of this pretty place," she said, "for we have much to do at Cincinnati, and I have promised to spend our Sunday there."

"We," and "our." Well, Clara, they are terms that may include many. All of life is before us; all is new in the future; all our relations are to be defined. I feel that we must be brave, and true, and shrink from nothing that is right; as well as be careful to do nothing wrong.

And so "we" took our places in the cars, and were soon whirling across this great, fertile, and well peopled State. You will find our route on the map. We took the line by Columbus, the State Capital, and the Little Miami Railroad. I shall not describe the cities and villages through which we passed, because I saw but little of them, and because it is better done in the Guide Books, and Gazetteers.

But the face of the country, alternately rolling and broken, but with no mountains in sight, and the evidences of abounding fertility attracted my attention. I called the State well peopled, and so it seems to be on the census list, but when you look over it, you can see that it would support twenty times its present population.

As we went south, the country grows richer, the forest trees of a more gigantic growth, and the corn-fields more magnificent. Oh! these corn-fields of the West; none of your little patches of a few rods square; but we passed through miles and miles of bright waving maize, and great fields of wheat of golden richness, ripening for the harvest. The wealth of this fertility is wonderful. A Quaker sat behind us, as we passed through the great Miami valley. He took a quiet pride in my exclamations, at these glories of the wealth of nature, and volunteered some information in regard to it.

"Do you live in this region?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said, "I have a little farm of three hundred acres, down here by Loveland."

There's a name for you, Clara; but they have a right to love such land.

"What is this land worth an acre?"

"Well, about fifty dollars, on an average."

"Is it under high culture?"

"I don't know as I understand what thee calls high culture. We get about as much off as we cleverly can."

"Oh! I meant rotation of crops, and manuring, and all that sort of thing," said I; for you know, Clara, I take a great interest in agriculture, and read the reports of the meetings of the Farmer's Club, with much assiduity.

"I suppose I ought to manure my land some," said the bland Quaker, "but I never have; I never could find time. As to rotation, I have grown corn on one bottom every season for fifty-two years, and it still grows from fifteen to twenty feet high, and I have to reach up to get at the ears. I am afraid that if I went to putting on goo-an-no, I should have to use a ladder."

The group of farmer-looking men sitting around confirmed the old man's testimony. One had a corn-stalk twenty-one feet high. Another had climbed into a weed strong enough to bear his weight. Others had raised crops of wheat, corn, and Irish and sweet potatoes, which I can not pretend to remember.

"No wonder that people go West," I said to Miss Elmore, who had been listening to this conversation with a quiet interest, which took in and comprehended every thing.

"And they continue to go West," she said. "They come from New England to Ohio and Michigan. They go from these new States, with their forests unfelled, and their lands uncultivated, to Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and Kansas, and from beyond the Mississippi to California and Oregon."

"And why?"

"The reason commonly given, is that the lands are cheaper. Great tracts of land in these settled States have been bought as investments, or for speculation. Prices are high; but they are ruled by

markets and other conditions. But this is not all. Emigration is the protest against the institutions, customs, and conditions of civilization. It is the blind search after a better social state; it is the universal pursuit of happiness, the right of which is bravely asserted in the Declaration of Independence."

"Is this pursuit ever successful?"

"You will not wish me to say no, because you are one of the seekers. But how can it be, when men carry about with them the conditions of their discontent? They might as well try to escape from their dyspepsias. A man moves with his family, his bonds, his habits, his diseases, his ignorance, and selfishness, and bigotries. Ah! if he could leave all these behind, there might be hope for him. Of what account is a little more or less labor, a few bushels, more or less of produce? These form but a small part of the elements of happiness. Wherever he goes, he sees the same sun, and sky, and stars, lives on the same earth, and mingles with the same humanity. The same restless fever of unsatisfied desire burns on. They change the place, but keep the pain."

"What would you have? What is the remedy? Are men to be content?"

"By no means! Content in bad conditions? Content with ignorance, poverty, disease, and all forms of slaveries, within and without? O no! To be content with evil is the condition of despair. Discontent is the first sign of hope. Emigration, change of place, is an effort, which will lead to others. The more discontent with the present, the nearer the hope of the future."

"But what are these conditions of happiness, for which we are all blindly seeking?"

She smiled at the question, as if it was ridiculous not to know, or absurd to ask.

"You must excuse my ignorance," I said; "I have neither read nor thought much of all this, and I need to be instructed."

"I hesitated to answer," she replied, with a sweetness that was the best possible answer to my last remark, "because it was a question which might require three words or three volumes. Reading might not have made you wiser; and few think in the right direction.

“Look at it. For two thousand years, religion has been preached as the panacea of social evils; and when the Church has embosomed as much discord and misery as can be found out of her pale, then we are told that we are not to look for happiness in this life, but only content. As if the good God had decreed all miserable generations here, and eternal torments hereafter!

“Social happiness has been sought in political liberty, and its result, in the present forms yet achieved, has been only to awaken men to a keener sense of unhappy conditions.

“A few seek happiness in honors or wealth. Honors and wealth are beautiful and good; but not a social state in which they are the result of intrigue and injustice.

“Property is plunder; position is an imposition; and power is usurpation. The world is a society of Ishmaels; every man has one hand upon his neighbor's throat and the other in his pocket. All are robbers and all are robbed, but the strongest and most cunning get most of the spoil. All are oppressors and all are oppressed; but the weakest, the ignorant, the women, and the negroes somewhat the worst. The picture is strongly drawn; but if you consider it, you will find it true.”

She turned to the window, and gave me the next hour to consider; and I did, honestly and faithfully. Clara, it is all too true. How can God answer for such a world?

She must have known my thoughts; for when she turned to me again, she said—

“The Eternal Justice will be satisfied, and the Infinite Love will be made manifest, in the law of growth. If this were the beginning or the end, we might doubt and despair. But much allowance must be made to an infantile race. When humanity shall have arrived at the stage of manhood, we may expect something better.”

This was a little vague to me. I wished to know what were those social conditions, which would make men happy, and therefore content.

“The first condition,” said she, “I have told you, is freedom. All seek it. The fugitive slave runs away to Canada in search of

it, but it is not there. He changes the form of slavery and not the fact. The fugitive wife runs away from her husband—or *vice versa*—but society holds her in a severer, though perhaps a less repulsive bondage.”

“But is this really so? Are men and women so enslaved?”

She looked incredulously at me, as if distrusting my seriousness in asking the question; but seeing that I was truly in dead, stupid earnest, she said:

“Are you free to go and speak to that lady yonder, though you knew that she desired it as well as you? Is not every woman guarded by her husband, or father, or brother, or by ‘what will people say,’ against all freedom, as much here as in Turkey?”

“What are the natural rights of woman? Are they not personal freedom, genial companionship, the free exercise of her intellect and talents, love, maternity? Does society allow her these rights?”

I have never thought much of this, Clara dear. I have heard about the woman’s rights women, and read their droll proceedings in the papers. I went to hear Mrs. Rose, and Lucy Stone once. They want to be lawyers, and doctors, and preachers, and vote, and run for office. But this idea of women being free, in any such sense of freedom as Miss Elmore speaks of, I had never thought about. And yet I see that she has this freedom, and that on it depends much of her wonderful fascination. Beautiful as she is, good, and true, and noble, as I see and feel her to be, I can not conceive of her as the wife of any one. She seems a heroine, who might command an army; I think she would preside in a Senate with admirable dignity; I doubt not that she is loving and faithful to the deepest life of love; but still, Clara, I can not but see how far removed she is from all the women I have ever seen. She enjoys my astonishment very much.

Here, then, we are, in the Queen City of the West. In the morning we are to take a little ride, and look at the city from one of the surrounding hills. I shall also try to get a peep at the river and steamboats. Good night, darling; I will finish my letter to-morrow.

Sunday Morning.—"And this is the great city of the West," I said, as we stood on the brow of a hill to which we had ascended up zig-zag roads, in a carriage from the Burnet House, an hour after sunrise. The sky was clearer than I expected, for the chimneys of a thousand manufactories and furnaces had ceased to belch out their clouds of bituminous coal smoke. I could see all the compact, well built city; the river skirting in a semi-circle beyond, and then passing off to the south-west; the Kentucky suburbs of Covington and Newport, and the circle of hills that surround the city. Miss Elmore surveyed it all in silence, and then, remembering her office of guide, said to me:

"This is Cincinnati, an embodiment of thrift and piety, a city of manufactories, ware-houses, steamboats, and churches. There is not a public square, park, or parade ground, in the city. The ground is all built over. There is a noble Cathedral in the Grecian style, and you see the cross glittering on many a spire. A third of the city is German, and two-thirds of the Germans are Catholics; nearly all the Irish, of course. That tall misshapen spire belongs to a Presbyterian Meeting House. It is very characteristic, dark, ugly, pretentious. The yellow excrescence on the top is a fist."

"A fist?"

"Yes, a doubled hand, with the index finger pointing upward. It is generally mistaken by strangers for the representation of a yellow washed ham, a symbol of the chief trade of the city. The building is surrounded and shut in by stores. The Catholics keep commerce at a more respectful distance."

"But, excuse the question, Miss Elmore, this pork trade you spoke of?"

"It is very quiet now. Those large buildings by the canal yonder are the pork-houses. In the winter three hundred thousand hogs are driven or brought on the cars and steamboats, killed in the suburbs, drawn into the city, and packed in those ware-houses. Then Cincinnati deserves its name of Porkopolis, and its offense is rank, and smells to heaven. A very unpleasant smell it is. But it is a part of civilization, and thoroughly characteristic."

"Why do you say characteristic?"

“Because the animal, in his filth, gluttony, diseases, and destiny, is a representative of the impure, sensual, selfish, and miserable lives of most of those who fatten, buy, sell, and eat him. O Moses and Mahommed! ye lived in ages of darkness, but ye knew better than to eat pork. Let us change the subject.”

“Excuse me; are the people of Cincinnati more hoggish than civilizers in general?”

“Oh! by no means! In many respects they are a very amiable people. I know them well. They mingle southern warmth with northern prudence; and eastern thrift is softened by the rough, large-hearted, whole-souledness of the West. I should like the Germans but for their tobacco, in which they are steeped.”

“And the *lager bier*?”

“Oh! that is not a very bad concoction; far better than whiskey. But these people are so genial, familiar, and good-hearted. There is a sphere of friendliness, you find in no eastern city; an outflowing humanity and benevolence which reconciles you to every thing. Boston has more intellectual culture and refinement, New York more dash and splendor, New Orleans more fascination, but for genuine, unaffected, honest goodness, commend me to Cincinnati.”

There, my Clara, as an impartial traveler, I send you the result of my second-hand observations; and the little experience I have had confirms their truth. Every one you meet looks as if he would be really glad to render you some service; and would take it as a favor if you would stop and talk with him.

We drove around what is called Mount Auburn; saw some very beautiful villas and gardens; and on the hill sides, some of the vineyards, for which the city is famed. The wine made from the Catawba tastes a little harsh at first. I thought it not so good as the ordinary Rhine wines, but after a little you get to like the flavor; and every patriotic Cincinnati is ready to swear that the whole world does not produce such wine.

When we returned into the city, the driver, an Irishman, took good care that we should see what he thought its most attractive portions. Going down Vine street, Miss Elmore pointed out the

German Theater, and three other public buildings, which are spacious, and convenient enough, but not very ornamental.

"Yonder," she said, "is the Turners' Hall, where the young men, by gymnastic exercises, combat the ill effects of coarse eating, beer, and tobacco. There is the Liberty Hall, owned by a society of fifteen hundred infidels, who glory in their negations. The Canal is a sort of boundary between the German and native populations, and this northern quarter is called 'over the Rhine.' Yonder are the People's Theatre, and Mechanics' Institute—curious specimens of Italian and Gothic architecture—but if you look about among the better class of private residences you will find many evidences of graceful art." I forgot to say that our Jehu, whose Christian name was Patrick, went out of his way to drive past the Cathedral, and though the same space and cost might have been more imposing in Gothic, it is a credit to the Church and an ornament to the city. I don't know how it may be, in fact, but it seems as large as both Grace and Trinity.

We had good appetites and a charming breakfast. When we sat at the table and looked over the bill, my companion, who likes to play guardian and guide, called the waiter, gave him a small paper package, and some very careful, but inaudible instructions. Can you conceive of a woman, whose whole appearance and manner, though full of gentleness and almost infantile loveliness, is yet so full of a sweet charm of power, that every one must obey her, with a most cheerful obedience? I see it, even in the waiters at the hotels; I feel it in myself, so that I am compelled to analyze this feeling. It grasps me like a fate; but it seems also like a most benevolent and beautiful destiny. And, Clara mine, I know and feel, through all my being, that I love you, not less, but more, for this influence.

The waiter came with some beautiful corn-bread, French rolls, and two cups of the most delicious chocolate I ever tasted.

"It is a little pet weakness of mine," she said, when I looked round with admiration at the rare beverage. "It comes to me from a dear friend in Havana. I have no doubt it is the best in the world."

"But the flavor."

"There is a very slight addition of orange flowers and vanilla."

"But is not this indulgence against your principles?" I asked.

"Pray, sir, do you happen to know what my principles are?"

I thought I knew, but I found myself at fault. "I supposed," I said, "you objected to the use of all stimulants."

"Oh! how mistaken the young gentleman is. Have I not been indulging in your exhilarating society for four days past?"

"But I mean pernicious stimulants."

"I certainly do not drink whisky. You have not observed me smoking. Coffee is harsh and acrid; there are black teas of delicate flavor and not very harmful, as an occasional luxury. You saw me drink wine. I think I take a pint a year. Each stimulant, if pure, has a specific action; it goes to a particular organ or group of organs. Chocolate, such as this, with the added flavors, excites gently, but very perceptibly the faculties of beauty, love, and music."

"Then you will sing," I said, hoping for more of the happiness I had tasted at Niagara.

"Not this morning. I have visitors and business after breakfast. You will write or walk. We will meet at dinner."

She went to her room, and I have written this continuation of my letter. This business and these visitors? Well, they are none of mine; so I will go and see the steamboats.

Good by for a little.

Night. — Blessings on Phonography! How should I ever be able to write you all I wish, without its time-annihilating aid? I was never so thankful for having learned it with you as to-night. You will see why. But I will go on all orderly with my narrative. What a thing it is to travel!

I took my walk down to the river. The beautiful Ohio, just here, is not the most romantic looking stream that meanders over the planet. Did you ever think how these long rivers run over its circumference, and what a droll figure they cut, when contemplated horizontally, and philosophically? The color is a bluish brown, like weak coffee and skim-milk. By the way, I found it the same

in my bath-tub this morning. They filter it for the table, and it compares well with the Croton.

There is no mistake about the chocolate ; it is musical. I found myself singing, and even whistling ; but I had a rival in the latter accomplishment, in a steamboat, which came down the river with the water foaming at her bows, and her tall pipes vomiting blackness. She came round handsomely, so as to make her landing with her head up stream, in the orthodox fashion, in the meantime blowing a signal that might, I think, be heard to Lake Erie. It is like the scream of a locomotive, but compares with it as the ophicleide does with the piccola ; or a cannon to a pop gun ; or better, as the steamboat to the locomotive.

If you shared my passion for steamboats, I think I would describe these that lie, in a long line, side by side, each with its nose resting on the shelving bank of the river. There is nothing in or around New York at all like them. The steamboats of the western waters are *sui generis*. The lake boats are large and lofty. They partake of the characteristics of the Hudson river boats, the ocean steamers, and the Ohio and Mississippi boats. But these : they are flat bottomed, so as to draw as little water as possible, and glide easily over the bars. Their bows, instead of being sharp, like ours, cutting the water like a knife, are flat and rounded like a duck's bill. There are no wharves, as the river rises and falls, at its own good pleasure, twenty or thirty feet ; and the boats haul up, or spar off from the shore as it rises and falls. Their guards are close to the water. All the smaller boats have one broad wheel at the stern, instead of two at the sides. They have two smoke pipes, not near the center, but close to the bows, like two great ears or horns ; and a row of long, high-pressure boilers under them. The hold and lower deck are appropriated to freight, and the deck hands and passengers ; the main deck has a long cabin, with a range of state-rooms on each side, over which is the promenade hurricane deck, officers' room, pilot house, &c. There, that will do for steamboats.

As I stood on the upper deck of one of the finest—and really a magnificent boat of this kind—I saw four ferry boats, two above and two below, plying rapidly, backward and forward. It was

droll. Each passage was a letter S, for even the ferry boats, with their little wharf-boats on each side, were obliged to make the landing with their bows up stream. So when they started they went up, turned, went down, turned, and by a series of graceful curves, came heads up again; and as the river is narrow, these curves constituted the entire voyage.

I crossed on the lower ferry, to Covington, walked up the bank of the river toward the government barracks, at Newport, crossed a very handsome suspension bridge, over a small river, which, running in a channel out of all proportion to its present size, looked like a small boy in his father's great coat, and came back by the upper ferry; my first visit to the State of Henry Clay, and the Mammoth Cave, and the "hunters of Kentucky." But I saw none of the latter.

But all this seems very trifling. What I liked better was the great steam engines that pump the Ohio into a reservoir, for the use of the city. A steam engine is such a human thing. It is the embodiment of the mind of the inventor, and the muscular power of all the men that dug, and smelted, and cast, fashioned and finished, the iron of which it is made.

We dined sumptuously, calmly, delightfully. Among my many faults, darling, is that of eating, not wisely, but too much, and too fast. But it is not possible to do any rude or unrefined thing in Miss Elmore's presence. She is a refining spirit, toning and tempering all to her own pure standard. I find myself unconsciously doing as she does, copying her manners, and not so much trying to please her, as resigning myself to the influence of the beautiful sphere that spreads around her. She was dressed in a rich light blue, trimmed with white, and wore pearls instead of diamonds. An elderly gentleman, a resident of the city, was her guest, and sat on the other side of her. He, too, ate only beautiful food. When we came to the dessert she said to me in a low tone—

"Now you can pay your respects to Cincinnati, and compliment our guest, by sending for a bottle of sparkling catawba." So I called for a card, and ordered a sample of Mr. Longworth's vintage."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, when his glass was filled, with a

glow of very visible satisfaction—"you are going to try some of our native wine. We think no small deal of it; and our Ohio Legislature, when they passed the Maine Law, made an exception in favor of the native article."

"Which has led, I presume," said Miss Elmore, "to a pretty extensive naturalization of less favored potables."

"Well, I believe there is some adulteration going on," said he; but this is the genuine catawba," he added, looking at his glass lovingly, and sipping off the bubbles as they rose.

"It is very well," Miss Elmore said, tasting her glass delicately; "but it does not taste like ours. You must try mine after dinner. This has something of the harshness and discord of the civilization which produces it. How do you find it, Mr. Wilson?"

I had tried the still catawba before, this was sweeter and softer, and the sparkle and carbonic acid make very common liquids palatable. "When I can shut out the remembrance of my first love, the delicious Widow Cliquot," I said, "I think I may get up a small flirtation with this ruddy squaw, Catawba."

Our Cincinnati friend was amiable enough to credit this as a jest worthy of his favorite wine; and after a merry dessert, we adjourned to Miss Elmore's room, which I found to be an elegant private parlor, with a bed-room adjoining. I had not asked for such a room, but they knew her here, and she may have written to announce her coming.

"So you go to-morrow," said our Cincinnati, with a tone of sadness. "It is an angel's visit; we get a glimpse of brightness, and it is gone."

"My dear old friend," said Miss Elmore, laying her hand tenderly on his shoulder, as he sat beside her, and looking in his face with an expression of confiding love, "we must get off to-morrow, so as not to keep our friends waiting for us, and you must work clear, or cut loose from these civilized bonds, and come and be happy with us."

"My work is here, for a time," he said. "I must stay while I can do good to the cause, and help to prepare others to join us. In a few years my active life will be over, and then the old man will come and take his rest, and enjoy a calm and happy sunset."

“Your place is ready whenever you can come, and if you can gather a little group of true ones to come with you, they will be so welcome. The hard work is over, and we live in plenty and peace.”

“And Mr. Wilson, our young friend, here, does he go to join you?”

“He goes with me,” said Miss Elmore, “but with no bond upon the future. I have tried, and can trust him. If our life proves to be his, he will be with us; if not, there will be no harm. We have been very careful about visitors, and to avoid intrusion; but we are now growing strong enough to venture something for the good of others. So long as our life was an experiment, I think we did well to keep it in all secrecy. Now, that it is a forever assured success, which nothing but some great convulsion can destroy, we may begin to give the world an idea of the happiness that awaits it. If Mr. Wilson does not belong to us, he will make a good report of us.

“I have only one stipulation to make,” she said, turning to me, “and that is for others. I could trust you, for myself. You will promise us, in your letters, after we leave the Mississippi, not to give localities. All the rest you are welcome to give to your friends, or to the whole world.”

I gave the required promise, and was glad to know what I might properly communicate to you, and, if it prove of interest enough, to all who may choose to read; for as I go on with this narrative, as I remember each day more clearly, and write it down in these rapid characters with more facility, I turn my thoughts to the many who may be as interested as we, in what promises to be a curious adventure, for I confess the mystery increases hour by hour. Each hour develops something new in this admirable woman, and I have already grown impatient to see a society in which, though she must be a ruling destiny, there must yet be those who are worthy of her beautiful dominion. I was not sorry to learn that we take the first boat down to-morrow.

“Now, sing me one little song,” said our visitor, “and I will go and get ready for the evening.”

Miss Elmore, with that cheerful promptness with which she does every thing, and which adds a charm to her kindness, opened a cabi-

net piano-forte, and sang, in low, sweet tones, Mrs. Hemans' little song—

“Come to the sunset tree ;
The day is past and gone,
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.”

The thoughts of one, and the hopes of the other, I could feel, were in the home of which she had been speaking, and which I, before many days, am hoping to see. When the last tremulous note sank into the repose of silence, I saw that her long lashes were wet, and the tears were running unchecked down the other's furrowed cheeks. I will not swear that my own were dry. He rose, grasped her hand, and as she bent toward him, he pressed his lips to her forehead, and with a fervent “God bless you!” left us.

“The dear old man!” said Miss Elmore, as she came and sat at the window beside me. “For twenty years he has worked and hoped for some kind of social reorganization. He was a sanguine disciple of Fourier, and believed that all we required was the power of wealth to make harmony out of discord. He saw a hundred poor, meagre, and, of course, abortive efforts; but he hoped and believed through all. Now, what he has so long wished has come, and though not in his fashion, he is happy in the fact of success, and in the hope of spending his last years in the personal enjoyment of something approaching a harmonic life.”

“And then, so soon to die!” I said, sadly; for I thought how little time he had, after a long life of toil and disappointment, to enjoy this happiness.

“Not so soon, perhaps. Our friend is sixty, with a vigorous constitution, and living a pure life, as one can live here, where the very air is loaded with impurity. If he will come to us, we will give him twenty years of calm, restful life. And when, in the wise and voluntary separation of the spirit, in the death of age, and the birth to a higher life, we shall lay his form away, and cover it with flowers, his spirit will be with us still, in a more intimate communion.

“Please don't wander off again. I would like your company this

evening;" she continued; changing her manner to its usual playfulness; and I took this as a signal to leave her. As I passed the office, a gentleman, and two ladies; brother and sisters, apparently, inquired for her, and were shown to her room. I went down into the reading-room, and read the newspapers till tea time.

Just at twilight, we walked out on Vine street, and up toward the center of the city. We entered a large, square building, ascended two flights of stairs, and found our excellent old friend waiting to show us into a neat hall, capable of seating two hundred people. It was nearly filled, with an audience of old and young, but mostly of those not yet past the meridian of life; intellectual, tasteful, aspiring and hopeful. The sexes were about equally divided.

At the end of the hall was a raised platform, with a desk and chairs for speakers. Behind, on a higher elevation, and extending across, was the choir of singers, with a melodeon for accompaniment. Over this platform, was painted on the wall, what I took to be a symbol of this society. It was a golden crescent, on a ground of blue, in which was a triangle composed of three golden stars. Around them were budding branches—symbols of growth. Over them was a scroll, on which was inscribed with golden letters on a white ground, the words, "FREEDOM, FRATERNITY, CHASTITY."

As we walked through the room, a murmur ran over it, and every eye was turned to Miss Elmore. Our friend conducted her to the raised platform, which she ascended; she looked around with a happy smile of recognition, bowed graciously, and took her seat. I was shown to a vacant one in the corner, where I could see all.

Our friend, who seemed the presiding officer, now rose, placed upon his breast a scarf of blue, embroidered with golden stars, and said, "*In the name of our Sacred Orders, I open this meeting for Harmony, Growth, and Aspiration to the True Life.*"

I took my note-book, that I might lose nothing. There was a small choir of four male and two female voices, besides the leader, who accompanied—a musical group of seven. The leader took his seat at the instrument, played a delicate prelude; and the choir sang a quartette, doubling the tenor and bass, with a perfection of time, harmony, and style, I have seldom heard equaled. It had the

true effect of music, harmonizing the whole audience to one common feeling. The outer world was lost to us. The president then said : "Are there any candidates present for the Order of Growth?" A young man, of nearly my own age, and his two sisters, came forward. The youngest did not seem more than twelve years old. They stood before the stand.

"Do you come in freedom?" was asked of them. They answered, "We are free."

"Do you accept, and will you endeavor to order your lives by, the principles of equity, progress and harmony, that have been unfolded to you?"

"We accept, and will endeavor."

"May all good spirits guard, and guide, and strengthen you in the Order of Growth, with whose symbol I now invest you;" saying which, he presented to each a symbol of the order, and continued :

"My children ! be faithful to the trust that is now given you, and the work in which you have engaged. Cultivate all your faculties ; improve all your gifts ; let the vigor of your lives flow out in all uses, that none stagnate or waste. Develope your whole beings in harmony ; aspire to all purity of thought and life, obey the monitions of your guardian spirits, and so prepare for the True Life on the Earth, and the transcendant Harmonies of the supernal Heavens. May all good angels bless you."

As they bowed reverently, the choir, which, with the audience, had risen during this most impressive ceremony, sung a song of welcome, which was a rhythmical rendering of the charge just given.

The little group took their seats together, with a glow of happiness, and a moment after, Miss Elmore rose, and stood before us.

Not when she came to me first, a forgiving angel ; not when she stood on Table Rock ; at no time had she seemed so beautiful as now. There was a flush on her pure cheek ; a light in her eye ; a divine radiance all around her ; yet her manner was calm, and full of dignity and sweetness ; and her voice low, rich, and without a tremor. I could not help looking at her. I forgot myself, and lost some sentences, and no transcript of words will give you any idea of

the charm of her manner ; but I must send you what I can of her address, though I know well that it is like a pressed flower ; its beauty half preserved, and all its freshness and fragrance wanting.

“*Dear Friends!*” she began, after looking round on all, with a loving regard, “I am very happy to meet so many of my human brothers and sisters, who, amid this Babel of a discordant and oppressive civilization, can respect their interior attractions toward a purer, freer, and nobler life than civilization affords.

“Long and earnestly, through all the ages of our progress, humanity has aspired toward the true life of the Future, that now dawns upon us. Failing to find it here ; growing faithless of its possibility on earth, the good have looked for harmony and happiness only in the life of the Heavens, and while they have daily prayed, ‘Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven ;’ they have either prayed without faith, or looked forward to some mystical, and illy conceived millennium.

“The kingdom of Heaven is its life of Freedom, Harmony and Happiness ; and that Life we can enter upon here, whenever we can place ourselves in its conditions. The Earth, our home, is adapted to the exercise and satisfaction of all the faculties we now possess, and therefore to the enjoyment of all the happiness of which we are now capable.

“I speak, dear friends, no longer as a theorist in Social Science ; no longer do I reason of possibilities, and assure you that the attractions of the Human Soul are in proportion to its destinies, as the axiom which proves a True Life and a True Society practicable. I have a happier duty to perform : to tell you that the problem is solved ; that our millennium is begun ; that there exists, even now, not only the germ, but the well grown, vigorous plant, of a healthy, social life.

“I no longer say to you that such a life is possible for us ; I say that it now exists for us, and opens its loving arms to receive those who are ready to enjoy its blessings ; and to enfold, in the bosom of plenty and peace, all who can come out of the discordances of civilization.

“The Life of Harmony, which has come down to us from the Heavens, is like a tender plant, to be cherished with care ; and great secrecy has been deemed needful to guard its earlier unfoldings. But I am the witness and the proof that such a society exists ; and though I am not ready, even here, to proclaim its locality, or to subject it to the risk of an incursion of crude and undeveloped persons, who might bring discord into its harmonies ; I can, and do tell you, that all who advance truly, in the orders of harmony, will realize all that they can hope, and more than they can now conceive of in the life of our society.

“It is a home of freedom. The limbs and organs of your body are not more free in all their functions, than are the members of our society. There is no government, but the self-government of developed and harmonized faculties. As in the heavens, attraction is our only law. Each one finds his place, and work, and enjoyment, in obedience to his spontaneous desires ; for health is the law, and disease the rare exception. It is a freedom of which you can hardly conceive ; but we have found it the first and most absolute condition of harmony, and every attempt to impose the life or thought of one, as an authority to control another, has produced a discordant jar, which we hastened to remedy. We have found, as we were taught, that there is no truth but in freedom ; and that freedom is not only consistent with, but an absolute condition of order.

“Our home is a home of plenty. The earth seems blessed with an abounding fertility. Our granaries are full. Our trees and vines are loaded with fruitage. Our active, spontaneous, irrepressible industry, has accumulated all the necessaries of life, and many of the luxuries of art. Our surplus has a convenient market, and we readily exchange all we do not care to use.

“It is a home of love. In the exercise and outflowing of all faculties, attractions and ambitions, we still find that the central life is the life of the heart. Our love is as free as our thoughts and lives. Raised above the plane of sensual excess ; our energies flowing out in industry and art ; in the daily intercourse of life, giving from all faculties to all faculties ;” our purified, ennobled,

and emancipated loves, become to us only sources of good. These relations are thus made sacred; and not, as over the earth, sources of disease, evils, and sufferings innumerable. Our children are the pure and beautiful offspring of wisdom and love; never the deformed, diseased, discordant progeny of ignorance and disgust. We are happy in our loves, and very happy in the children that bless them, and who promise to bless the world by being born and nurtured in the harmony of a true life.

"I bring you a cheerful greeting from the heart life of this home; and I tender its welcome to all of you who may become, in all respects, worthy to become members of our society. But we must be patient of growth. You would not wish to mar our harmony, by coming before you were ready. It is better, for the time, that we be assured, beyond all doubt, that each one who comes to us is in every way worthy to become a partaker of our life. Whatever is not of us, must be cast out. We can not assimilate crude and hurtful materials. A selfish, jealous, discordant civilizee would be to us like a mote in the eye, or a sliver in the hand. He would be like an unskilled player, or an untuned instrument in an orchestra.

"Dear friends, if you would be worthy of all the freedom and happiness of a harmonic life, purify and harmonize your own beings, attune your lives to our harmony, which is but the harmony of your own true natures. It is a spiritual unfolding of the inner life of man, now comprehended, now possible, now realized by a few, and ready soon to be extended to all who can partake of this life of the heavens."

So far, I have taken down what was said and done; but at this point, her eye sought me, and by a glance I understood, placed the seal of secrecy on what followed. It related to certain movements of the general organization, of one of whose branches I was a guest, and I can no more divulge what I understood to be confidential, than I could visit a family and betray its secrets.

At the close, when Miss Elmore had taken a most affectionate and affecting leave of them, in words that filled all eyes with tears, in which there was more of hope and joy than sorrow, she went to the instrument and sang a song worthy of the home of which she

had told us. The choir then sang its parting song of benediction; and in a moment she was surrounded by a group of those who pressed to touch her hand, and to express some hope of a future, to which she was the guiding star.

We went home in the fair moonlight. We then went to her room, when she brought a curious little decanter and glasses, and said:—

“My father, I said you must taste our vintage. It bears the aroma of the home to which I hope soon to welcome you. You must bring along those beautiful and loving hearts that are forming and clustering here, and all come together as soon as they are ready. I see that you can not be spared here yet. But the time will come and your reward is sure.”

We drank from the delicate glasses to that hope.

“Here,” she said, handing him the little decanter and our fairy glass, “keep these in our remembrance; and now to our business.”

She held out her hand to me; it was my signal of good night. I took it, and pressed it reverently to my lips and heart. She looked at me with an earnest, inquiring look, as if she would read my soul, but said not a word.

And I came to my room and have written. And now, dear one, the morrow takes me further on this journey. Day and night we shall move on down the current of these great rivers. But I shall write you every day, and give you faithfully, oh! most faithfully, the life that comes to me.

May the angels guard you from all pain and sorrow, and keep your love pure as mine.

THE LIFE OF A MEDIUM;

Or, the Spiritual Experience of F. H. Conklin.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VARIOUS TEST COMMUNICATIONS.

BELIEVERS in Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Mesmerism, Psychology, and the various phenomena by which one Spirit in the form, influences, controls, and reads another; by which mind, so called, controls matter, so called, in various extraordinary manifestations, require a class of tests, of a peculiar character, to compel their belief in the manifestations of spirits whose bodies they can no longer see. Those who already believe so much of the powers of the human soul, are often very slow to believe any more; and like President Mahan, Bishop Hopkins, and the Beechers, are the hardest skeptics, as to the *truths*, though they may admit the *facts*, of Spiritualism.

Mahan solves all problems with Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, and Odyle; Bishop Hopkins believes devoutly in the devil; and the Beechers, driven to the wall, have also no resource, but his satanic majesty. Let us see how a few facts, in my own experience, will stand the test of such hypotheses.

At my table, where a gentleman (Mr. J. A. S. Tuttle,) had received the usual tests of identity, elsewhere described, by selecting five from twenty-five pieces of paper, on which were written names, places, diseases, &c., and after he had received several responses from his father's spirit, he said—

Will my father write?

Ans.—Grandfather says he can't write as he wishes just now, my dear father—I am here and happy.

SARAH MARIA

This message from his deceased daughter was entirely unexpected, and was considered a most convincing test.

Mayo, of Illinois, whose name is subscribed ; it was first published in a western paper, over his signature.

“During a stay of a few days at New York, in the month of June last, I frequently witnessed the manifestations ‘believed to be Spiritual,’ at Mr. J. B. Conklin’s, Mrs. A. L. Brown’s, and Miss C. Fox’s. The first is a writing, and the last two are rapping Mediums.

“At Mr. Conklin’s, on the 29th day of June, I received the following communication, or rather communications, purporting to come from the person whose name is to them attached :

“*My friend*—I have not been long in the spirit world ; I feel that I should like to converse with you. Your sister will converse, if she can, soon.
H. R. BOWERS.”

“*My dear friend*—I lingered long with physical pain ; yet relief came, and my happy spirit left the form but a few short weeks since. I saw you where I could converse, and felt a desire to speak to you from beyond death’s portals, and tell you that I was happy.

“HIRAM.”

“On my inquiring where he died, and what his age was at the time of his death, I received the following answer :

“I departed at St. Charles, on the 15th of the present month, aged 51 years.
HIRAM R. BOWERS.”

“After a few moment’s conversation with the Medium, I received the following additional communication :

“I must now go ; I have fulfilled my mission ; tell my dear friends that I am happy.
“HIRAM.”

“At the time I received the foregoing communication, I did not know that I had ever known or seen even, a person by the name of Hiram R. Bowers ; but while on my way home, and after I had arrived in this State, learned, for the first time, that the name of him whom we had always familiarly called ‘Joe Bowers,’ was *really* ‘Hiram R. Bowers.’

“I have committed the foregoing to paper for publication, at the earnest request of friends, and not with the view of bringing myself conspicuously, and perhaps ridiculously, before the public. I will merely add, that I left the State of Illinois in May last, and had not been in it since, when I received the foregoing communications ; nor had I then even *heard* of the death of ‘Joe Bowers.’

E. L. MAYO.”

SYCAMORE, August 7th, 1854.

Mr. P. Jackson of 343 Spring street, New York, gives the following singular incidents :

“ One evening, Mr. J. B. Conklin called at my house, and while there formed a circle for the ‘ manifestations.’” After sitting awhile, the Medium was suddenly entranced by a Spirit, purporting to be that of George Fox, and spoke, as nearly as can be recollected, to this effect :

“ *Want and suffering are abroad in your city.*”

These words were hardly spoken when the medium’s hand drew out his pocket book, and took from it a note for one dollar ; then turning to myself and wife, the Spirit desired each of us to put down a like sum. “ *To-morrow,*” said the Spirit, “ *will be disclosed, through this medium, the purpose of this.*”

On the following day, the Medium stepped into a barber’s shop, where he was unaccustomed to go, and while there, a gentleman present related in touching language a case of extreme destitution and suffering ; explaining that the sufferer was a poor colored woman, and giving her address. Immediately, and as by a “ shock from a galvanic battery,” Mr. Conklin was impressed that this was the case for which the three dollars had been collected, and he stated his convictions to me. The poor creature was sought out accordingly, and found on a little straw, upon the floor, in a most deplorable state from cold and starvation.

The only way to escape the admission of the spiritual theory in the above cases, is to deny the evidence ; and that is a method more easy than philosophical. What explanation will be given of the mediumship of infants, of which there are now so many cases similar to the following ? A gentleman lately took his seat at the Medium’s table with a determination to “ test Spiritualism.” He wrote names, ages and relationships on various slips of paper, which were as usual mixed up and intermingled. The selections did not correspond. The Spirit was then asked to write, and immediately the Medium’s hand wrote :

“ My little sister is with me, dear Father. I did not mean to answer wrong. I was seven years old. I am MARY.”

The visitor assented to the correctness of the communication, and stated that the age of his younger daughter had been written by him, and chosen. He asked :

Ques.—“Do you manifest to your little sister at home?”

Ans.—“Yes.”

Ques.—“Who is the man she sees with you?”

Ans.—“Uncle John.”

It was explained that the little sister at home was two years old, who, while at play, would often exclaim to some one unseen to all but herself,—“Go 'way, man!” On these occasions, also, the child would appear to have the companionship of another child invisible to all eyes but her own.

The following will be referred to Clairvoyance, but as it was a sufficient proof of Spirit identity to the party most nearly concerned, it may answer for others:

In the month of March last, a stranger from the State of Maine came in, and, joining the circle, remarked: “If any spirit can tell me my name, or the name of any of my departed relatives I'll believe!”

The Medium's hand was at once controlled to write:

“That which you call DEATH, my dear husband, I have found to be the *beginning of LIFE*. I still love you, and feel a deep interest in your welfare. You have a glorious opportunity to hear from those who have passed from the body-life to the spirit-state, in your own family. All that is necessary for you to do, is to form a family altar—not the altar of lip-prayer, but sitting around your table; be passive, patiently waiting for the heavenly echoes that I can vibrate to you. Do not doubt, it often repels me.

“Your wife,

CHARLOTTE.

“21 years and 6 months.”

The visitor frankly owned that the conditions he had laid down had been fulfilled to his entire satisfaction.

The following is of interest in its relation to the magnetic, or healing powers of spirits:

Dr. Samuel Gilbert, of this city, while seated recently at Mr. Conklin's table, asked, mentally, if any spirit would converse with him. The Medium's hand wrote:

“When you are passive, my dear father, I change conditions, so that I can approach and magnetize *your leg*. I am glad to perceive that I have been of great benefit to it, and the whole physical body.

“WILLIAM.”

The doctor stated to the company that William was the name of a departed son, a physician when in the form—and that no person on earth but his own wife and himself knew that he had a complaint in his leg, which at times was very painful. The doctor then asked mentally, if his son could point out the cause of this suffering? It was written :

“The inhalation of various complicated diseases from patients ;”
[you] “being susceptible to influences from persons in and out of the body. Remedy—recreation, and a cessation from all mental labor, will restore health. WILLIAM.”

I give the following, as recorded in the *Public Circle*, as one of the best tests to me and those present, of a cause out of the minds of any person in the circle :

While seated lately at the Medium's table, he gave the narrator an account of the expulsion from his room of an ill-behaved visitor, who had grossly and gratuitously insulted him. Knowing the Medium to be averse to any disputation, and unlikely to provoke such rudeness, the recital tended to awaken feelings of indignation against the offender, which prompted the narrator fully to concur in his violent expulsion, and, for a time, to forget the better wisdom of forbearance. This being the prevalent feeling on the subject, the conversation was interrupted by the table tipping a call for the alphabet, when the following was spelled out :

“Every intelligent spirit says that thee didst greatly err.”

No one who had heard the previous conversation, and who could have witnessed the surprise and mortification on the Medium's face, on receiving this emphatic disapproval of his conduct, could have doubted the intervention of a third mind in the debate. “I'm quite sure, Mr. Fox,” said the Medium, in a tone of vexation, to his unseen censor, “that *you* could not have borne to be insulted so yourself?” Of this remonstrance no notice was taken ; and soon afterwards the request was spelled out, of—“get the letters”—meaning some closely sealed, which had been left to be answered by Spirit-friends without being opened.

The following, even in its drollery, is a test of no mean character. A Spirit, in response to an inquirer at Mr. Conklin's table, having spelled out his initials of its earth name, viz : E. G. G., proceeded, in a humorous way, to address its friend as follows :

“Father ! your *egg*” [see the initials], “has been hatched in the Spirit-Land, and has produced what I call a fine chicken, though it

got pretty roughly handled after it left you ; but that only hatched it the quicker. But I meant to have brought you a *golden egg*, dear father, when I returned home.

“Good-night!”

The visitor stated that his son died as a volunteer, during the Mexican war ; which explains the “rough handling” alluded to in the communication.

In hundreds of unrecorded cases, there has entered the element of unexpectedness, as if purposely to show to both Medium and Circle, that they were not the dupes of their own unrecognized powers. With the mind of the inquirer fixed anxiously on one departed friend, he has been addressed by another, of whom he had not thought, or as in one of the cases given in this chapter, by one, of whose death he had no knowledge. Often when several persons are sitting around the table, while one is anxiously seeking a communication, some Spirit will address another passive member of the Circle. Even false and entirely deceptive communications, as from what purport to be spirits of persons still living, test the honesty of the medium, and the intelligent, extra-mundane source of the communications.

Letter from Mrs. Nichols.

Dear Friends:—The blessing of acceptance of sympathy is what all hearts desire. Years since, when I found my spirit imbued with Truth and Love, such as those about me had small comprehension of, I felt fearful that I might perish of a Spiritual starvation—that none would understand me, or come into a loving co-operation with me, for the redemption of our race.

I was disappointed, happily, most happily. At every step that the Divine Life has impelled me to take, I have been disappointed. The cost has been less, the reward greater, than I anticipated. I have earned the execration of the profane in men—I have been called the worst name they have to give to any, and yet, constantly, I feel the the Truth gaining ground, and a more reverent Love growing in Human hearts, to me, to us. The swelling chant of Love's own blessed harmony, the music of pure spirits in the form and out of it, grows hourly louder, fuller, and more a Heaven, while the hoarse brawl of discord sinks lower, and grates less and less harshly on the ear of the advanced Humanity.

He who said, "Love is the fulfilling of the law," anciently, and who gave the new commandment, "See that ye love one another," had all manner of evil said of him falsely. "Is the disciple above his master, or the servant above his lord?" Shall we not be very thankful that we are counted worthy to suffer also, for the Truth's sake?

Those who ask the question "are not these people wicked and impure, because they declare that they are free to act according to their highest sense of right?" often do not know the shadow that is cast over them by their own questioning. My sister, my brother, is it your highest sense of right to be vile and impure? If not, why judge that it is your neighbor's, or mine, or ours. Slander and scandal, respecting us, are dying a natural death. We have nothing to do but to live, and calmly enunciate the Truths given us. We live in love, it is our spiritual atmosphere, and aliment. And when others so live, they will be raised out of the reeking cess-pool of their diseased senses, where they judge of us, and our pure Love Life. The worst wish I have for Horace Greely, H. J. Raymond, and many others, less distinguished, but not less wicked, is, that they may be redeemed from the Hell of an adulterous legal marriage, from a Life of selfish ambition and lies; that they may come, in the course of their Mortal or Immortal Lives, to love a diet of bread, and fruits, and water, as I love it; that they may have pure and loving hearts to rest in, as I have; that they may come to love white

lilies, and fragrant flowers, and the use and beauty of Life, as I love all these. This is my prayer for them at all times, and it is my faith that all this will be. I have only gone before them. They are my human brothers and sisters, and destined to a like redemption.

It is a great happiness to us that we are to have again a Home for our friends; for those who wish to live a better Life, and to learn the way, and to those who consecrate themselves to the Divine Idea of a Harmonic Home.

In this Home of ours, "though many are called, of necessity few can be chosen." We must make it a school of preparation, for the most advanced, the most valuable, the most devoted ones.

We shall give ourselves to our work, in the most useful and economical manner, and every true Harmonist will rejoice to help us in every possible way, that seems right and best. Now is the time for our friends to show us by their deeds, that they are our friends, that they have faith in us, and our work. We are poor; we have given all for the Truth, and though we have a good property in our stereotype plates, yet all we have is nothing, compared with what we have to do. We have found the West rich in sympathy and appreciation, and rich in kindness too. Already we have had offered kindness for our new Home, that is beautiful. Two ladies who had nothing but their work to give, have offered to make a part of the bed linen for us. Two friends, at distant points from each other, have offered two horses. Now we want two other friends to offer each a cow, and all who believe in us, and our work, to give to us for that work, what they feel it right for them to give.

The united capital of the Progressive Union is more than half a million. Shall we labor as we have done for the last ten years, in the foremost ranks of Human Progress, and find ourselves wanting in the means to do the best work ever done? For we believe that no higher work *can* be done, than that we propose to do in our new Home, the INSTITUTE OF MEMNONIA. I speak thus plainly to our friends, for I have the same sense of justice for myself, that I have for another. Just as I would ask you to be just to others who had done the work that we have done, who had borne the burden in the heat of the day; just as willingly and cheerfully, do I ask you to be just and even generous to us, as you feel that you have ability.

It has been said that "what is everybody's business is nobody's." My word is, to each believer in a better future, each soul who trusts in us and our work, DO WHAT YOU CAN. We shall continue to work, with more or less sympathy. As our day is, so shall our strength be. That all our friends may be equally faithful, and more so if possible, is my prayer.

M. S. GOVE NICHOLS.

Memnonia.

A CIRCULAR, printed on the cover of our February number, and also sent with the new list of the Progressive Union, has carried to our readers a prospectus of our new, and preparatory home, MEMNONIA. It had not been calculated upon, or sought for. We had supposed that Cincinnati, or some quiet place in its vicinity, was to be our residence, until "The Home" was in readiness. We felt how desirable a preparatory school and home would be, but scarcely expected to find one. But it came of itself. The spacious and beautifully situated Water Cure, at Yellow Springs, was offered us; and we have leased it for a term of years. It possesses many of the requisite conditions for the work, which is now in order.

It is central and accessible to the whole west; near enough to Cincinnati to admit of a supervision of our business here; a very healthful location, with unequalled social and educational advantages. For the purposes we have in view—physical, mental, and moral improvement—we do not know of a better place. We look forward to our life and work there, with a great hope and trust. Five years may seem a long time, to those who wait in misery for some relief; but it is little time enough for the work of preparation, necessary to nearly every one, who wishes to enter upon a harmonic life. It is but a brief apprenticeship; a short educational course; a wise probation.

So much is to be done! How many of us are diseased; filled up with the poisons of former medications; saturated with malaria; slaves to evil habits! From all these, we must be washed and purified. Our life must have the basis of physical purity and energy. We must have health. The worn nerves must be braced up to healthy action; the poisoned tissues must be purified. Brightness must return to the eye, roses to the cheeks, and to every limb, vigor and elasticity.

The work of education, or mental development, must also go on. Errors, superstitions, and prejudices, are the diseases of the mind; and truth is to these, the correspondent of water for the bodily ills.

The esthetic faculties have to be developed in the culture of art. Our life of the future is to be a life of beauty, and of exquisite happiness. The life of civilization is coarse, harsh and revolting,

in many of its aspects; it is poor and unsatisfactory in all. But it will be found in our future, that the highest use is combined with the highest beauty; and that that life is best, which contributes most to our enjoyment.

Our ideal of such a life can not be fully attained, in the preparatory stage, and under limited conditions. But we know that much can be done. We know that all who have the stamina of recuperation may attain to health. We know that all who wish to improve can do so, with such opportunities as will here surround them. We know that a life of loving freedom and purity is attainable by those who sincerely wish to live the truest life that lies within their possibilities.

For the pursuit of science, our new home offers peculiar advantages. Antioch College opens its ample halls to both sexes, and to persons in nearly every stage of intellectual progression. Pupils are received in its preparatory, and collegiate classes, for a single quarter, or a term of years; for a partial course, or a full one. Many of our friends are already enjoying its advantages. In no place, probably, can a young person obtain so good an education, at so cheap a rate. Many pay their entire expenses, by teaching the common schools of the country during the vacations.

It is our intention to give thorough courses of lectures and instructions, on such subjects as are either not taught in the schools at all, or taught superficially and imperfectly. We mean to give much attention to the sciences and arts of expression; particularly the expression of the noble and the beautiful. One of the first things we propose to do, is to form classes in music, elocution, and composition. Drawing, painting, sculpture, and architecture, are also worthy of attention. We are not merely to live, henceforth, but to make life beautiful.

Memnonia, at present, will accomodate about one hundred inmates. We do not expect it to be filled at once, and we shall endeavor to use such a wise discrimination, as to admit none whom we may be obliged afterward to send away. We have had the experience that one perverse, sensual, selfish, dishonest person, can do great mischief, and we shall guard carefully against receiving such persons, and also against the mischief they might accomplish. The lessons of the past have not been lost to us, and if our rules seem despotic, we have to urge their necessity, in view of surrounding conditions.

Many will wish to come to us, who have not accumulated, and can not now command the means for their support. It may be well that such, for the present, and until we shall have organized some system of industry, must be refused.

Our work is one of devotion and entire consecration of mind, body, and estate, to the cause in which we are engaged. A selfish seeking for individual benefits, can find no place with us. It is, What can I do? not, What can I get? that is now in order.

Each individual must seek, first, to sustain himself, and then to help others. Each group of our harmony must be self-sustaining. The strong may aid to bear the burthens of the weak; but the weak must not overburthen the strong, or all perish together. Much as we might wish to receive all who may desire to come to us, for health, or social enjoyment, we have a sacred duty to perform in guarding the work of the future, which must not be put in peril, for the gratification of benevolence.

We wish our friends who are able, and willing to aid such as may wish to come to us, to discriminate wisely, and to give aid to such as will be of use in the future. The sick are to be healed, not because they are sick, but because they will be of use, when well. They must not only need, but be worth curing. So persons are to be educated, not because they are ignorant, but because they will be useful. We waste time and exertion, in working up unfit materials; in teaching music to those who have no voice or ear. We must select the members of our harmony, as a leader would select musicians for his orchestra, where it is not the need of a salary, that is a gratification, but the knowledge and skill in music.

Shall we spend our time, strength and sympathy, in curing the sick, who will return to their old habits to get again diseased? We hope to expend ourselves with a better economy. Shall we aid in educating men for the struggles of civilization? We have a better prospect.

It is our intention and hope to have formed at Memnonia, a series of groups, who will work together with great earnestness, to carry out the ideas of individual harmonization, recommended in the fifth report of the Progressive Union. We hope that those who can not come to us, will do so in their own spheres; and we shall give every month such an account of our life and progress as may aid them in their efforts. It will be a camp of discipline. The life of the future can be worked out in idea, and perfected for its actual realization. We can gather means, energies, appointments; and our society may be so organized, as to be safely transplanted into the wider field of its future growth. In this nursery, we can watch over and carefully guard the tender plants of harmony. We do not look for flowers or fruitage in the nursery, but germination of principles, budding, engrafting, and a vigorous growth in the preparatory stages.

This, friends, is the work before us ; a real, Heaven-ordained work, and one worthy of that sacred and entire consecration of all faculties, which has come to many of our members. It is an object worthy of the highest ambition. Worldly success, social position, political advancement, are poor things, in comparison. The organization of Social Harmony, is the grandest achievement possible ; satisfying the highest and most comprehensive wants of humanity, and those who aid in this great work will merit the love and gratitude of mankind.

But it is not, and can not be a selfish ambition. Selfishness, appropriation, and a clutching of individual advantages, can find no place in our work. A sublime equity must preside over this movement, in which each one will be rewarded according to his works, and the spirit of his works. The humblest, who fills his place, will be honored as much as the highest. Each will have his own, nor seek for either the work or the reward of another. Let each one find, then, his own function—the thing he can do best, and most happily, assured that that will bring him the most consideration and enjoyment.

The discordance of the present Society is, that every one is striving to get into some position, or condition ; not because he is fitted for it, but because it will bring him some honor or reward. The result is general dislocation.

In a true society, there is a true place, and work, and enjoyment, for every member. Each one will be as content with the place to which he is attracted, as each leaf of a tree, or each organ of the body. Where attraction is the law, and freedom the condition, there must be harmony, as a necessary consequence ; and this must be the state of every vital society.

Our work at Memnonia is to aid those who come to us in finding their true work in such a society, and preparing for it. We wish, and hope, to form a germinal group—a vital center—so strong, so united, so harmonious, that hundreds and thousands may cluster around us, and be absorbed into the unity of our life.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE first article under this favorite heading, is an extract of a letter from a gentleman in Ohio, a member of the Progressive Union, to a lady in Pennsylvania. An artist writes to a poet; they are strangers to each other, personally, but brother and sister in the bonds of a mutual faith. We have taken the liberty to intercept and diffuse so much of this light, as it passed through its selected medium. Truth, and beauty, and love, should be like the light, shining on, cheering, and beautifying all. When each member shall have found his or her group, there will be established a circulation of goods and truths, which will add much to the sum of happiness.

MY DEAR MADAM:—Beautiful as a sunny morn, are those gleams of the new and purer life, that are in so many directions beaming from Love's new Atlantis, upon the children of Humanity.

It is, indeed, over an ocean of troubled thought, on which the heart's affections are tossed to and fro, sometimes almost in despair, that we have to trust our bark in its onward course. It is onward, for, however devious may be our pathway, love is still our guiding star, our hope, our all.

It is in this confidence that we have been steered right in the direction of the haven of our heart's desire, and though we have not yet reached the stranded shore, we can behold the Beauty-Home in the distant vista; and are not our hearts gladdened, as, in nearing land, we find so many loved ones, who have been wending the same onward path, or who, having reached the shore, cheer and welcome us with their glad and joyous vivas?

Our spirit seeketh rest no longer in the sunny climes, nor in the perfumed groves of the outward, however grateful they might be to our earth-senses. After our long and arduous struggle in the inharmonic life, we need interior rest upon the sunny slopes of the harmonic world, and seek repose in the great heart of Humanity,

with God's loving ones, who, though linked in with no matter how many sweet friendships, nor how many loved associates, yet can say, in holy and pure affection, "*There's room enough for thee.*" Oh! blessed be love, for this boon of interior affection. Blessed be love, for linking one in sweet harmony with the many pure thoughted and unfettered spirits of the inner, progressive life.

My Natal Star was poised over the many waved Atlantic, on the chalky soil of Albion; on that little island where Truth and Error, Freedom and Tyranny, have for many a long day held their battle ground. There the first breath of Heaven's inspiration, ere my childhood's hours had passed away, waked in me the enthusiastic dream of Liberty. It came to me as a birth-right.

As my youth matured, and manhood dawned upon me, the shades and chilling blasts of the earth-life numbed for awhile, but never destroyed, the perceptions and intuitions consequent upon that dream. The youth of the body has passed away; manhood has been enjoyed; the year of my Jubilate is not far distant, yet there has ever remained with me, as of Heaven's own planting, those idealizings of the higher love-life, and the Beauty-Home, which will some day fill the hearts, and environ the spirits of Love's blessed ones.

It is first the DREAM, then the struggle or GROWTH, and then the REALIZATION. That also is God's Trinity.

In my every-day avocation, which is artistic, many glimpses of the beautiful come to me—glorious architecture, Phidias-like chiselled sculpture, rich clusters of foliated ornaments, festoons of carved flowers, whose fragrance is almost made manifest. In such manner shall be adorned our home. Its groves shall be melodious with sweet songsters, and redolent with richest fragrance. Shall we not have a Beauty-Home? Shall you be there? and all that love you, as well as all you love? and, as you say you love those who love your sweet friend, may I not meet you there? Blessed, then, would it be, to chant forth, in numbers harmonious, *The worship of the Beautiful*. Shall we then say, "It is good for us to be here. Let us build an altar to the glorified Humanity?"

If Art-helps are thus good, as conditions of progress, then let us do all we can to be GLORIFIED BY ART. Beauty shall then be enshrined within us, and THE LOVELY MUST NEEDS BE LOVED.

How careless and thoughtless we are sometimes, in regard to the associations we form! How little do we know or consider their import! When I drank in with eagerness the sentiments, or listened to the music-sphered and life-inspiring words that emanated from the lips of some of my loved friends, in far-off England, how little did I anticipate that I should enjoy their association here,

as I do through our loved sister Mary. They are her genial spirit friends.

I have not been long acquainted with Mrs. N. She came to me in the character of Mary Lyndon. Since then, I feel as if I breathed a freer sphere, and a still deeper phase of the love-life has been presented to my view. It is good for me that I am become acquainted, both with her and Dr. N. *Heaven will speed the right.*

It is needful that centers be formed, perhaps many; each gathering its own members, and doing its own preparatory work. Such an one is the little band at Ceresco, of which a lady, widely known as a writer of beautiful tales and poetry, gives us the following.

CERESCO.

PERHAPS you have not been here, gentle reader. If you have not, there remains one of the sweet spots of earth for you yet to see. Ceresco is a valley on the summit of a hill; a soft indentation in the highland, like a nestling dimple in the cheek of beauty.

Never were fairer skies, or sunnier landscapes, and the atmosphere is as invigorating and pure as any lover of health could desire. The bending heavens are of holiest blue, and calm clouds with plumage of light, hover above us, like angel arms outspread in blessing.

To see Ceresco at sunrise, with the fresh light of the orient flooding the clear air, and tinting smoke wreaths from cottage chimnies, with richest radiance, while white doves, with open wings, sail from the hills around, into the heart of the village, like messengers of love, one would almost believe this the portal of another paradise.

This place has, for years, been the home of a goodly number of socialistic reformers, and now seems to be a rallying point for many who would escape the close and poison atmosphere of moral slavery, and would grow into the *perfect stature of manhood*.

Besure, it is not inhabited by terrestrial angels only, nor do plants of a creeping nature immediately die out when transplanted here. There are cowards and blood-suckers in our midst, as well as elsewhere; but there are a few earnest, *prayerful* souls, who delight in truth, and trust that labor in the vineyard of love is not time lost; men and women who count not their wealth in dollars, cents, and mills; but in faith, hope, and charity.

Ceresco is the north-western township of Fond u Lac County, Wisconsin. The valley where the reform life centers, is but half a mile from the flourishing village of Ripon, and about twenty miles from the young city of Oshkosh. Property here invested is constantly increasing in pecuniary value. A small amount of capital,

from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, would give the preponderance to the reformers pecuniarily, and there is hope that this desideratum will, ere long, be realized.

Social reformers, on every plane of progress, are requested to consider this locality, if not as a permanent point of cooperative effort, as a place for initiation, for reconnoiter, and for individual preparation for *a more perfect society*, here, or elsewhere, as time may indicate.

A leap year ride passed off here last Tuesday, well calculated to impress an intelligent stranger with the real character of the inhabitants here. There were twenty-seven couple who attended the ride, all of the reformatory class.

At Berlin, a thriving village ten miles from Ceresco, where the party took dinner, the landlord remarked the fact, that his bar-room was never so poorly patronized by a pleasure party; not a drop of liquor being called for, and but two cigars smoked by any of the company.

It was a matter of surprise to those who had only *heard* of this "notorious settlement of bearded philosophers, and strong minded women," to see so civil, so intelligent, and fine looking people, from such a "nest of lunatics." At the social dance in Ceresco, at Beckworth and Lane's Hall, on the same evening, the *most timid* were constrained to say, that if the ladies and gentlemen, then and there assembled, fairly represented the Ceresco reformers, it was a great pity that the world at large could not profit by their example.

This gathering possessed four unusual characteristics: first, a remarkable lack of wine, tobacco, and *rowdyism in general*; second, *perfect cordiality*, and unity of feeling; third, a mingling of *persons of all ages*, old men and maidens, matrons and lads, men in the prime of life, and children with little feet just able to articulate the witching "poetry of motion," joining together in the merry dance; fourth, a striking predominance of intellectual and moral elements, indicated by the heads, faces, and manners of the entire company.

Hopeless disbeliever in the integrity of the human heart! Proslavery man, who feareth freedom of the affections! Wouldst thou enjoy *one* melodious paragraph of life, a blessed *prelude* to the happier time? Then join a noble band of reformers in a festival like this, and confess that the "kingdom of heaven cometh in the *hearts of men*," and that where so much kindly feeling, intelligence, and superiority of phreneological and physiognomic development exists, the *slime of the slanderer can not penetrate to harm, nor his venom to destroy.*

EMMA M. GUTHRIE.

CERESCO, Wisconsin, February 2, 1856.