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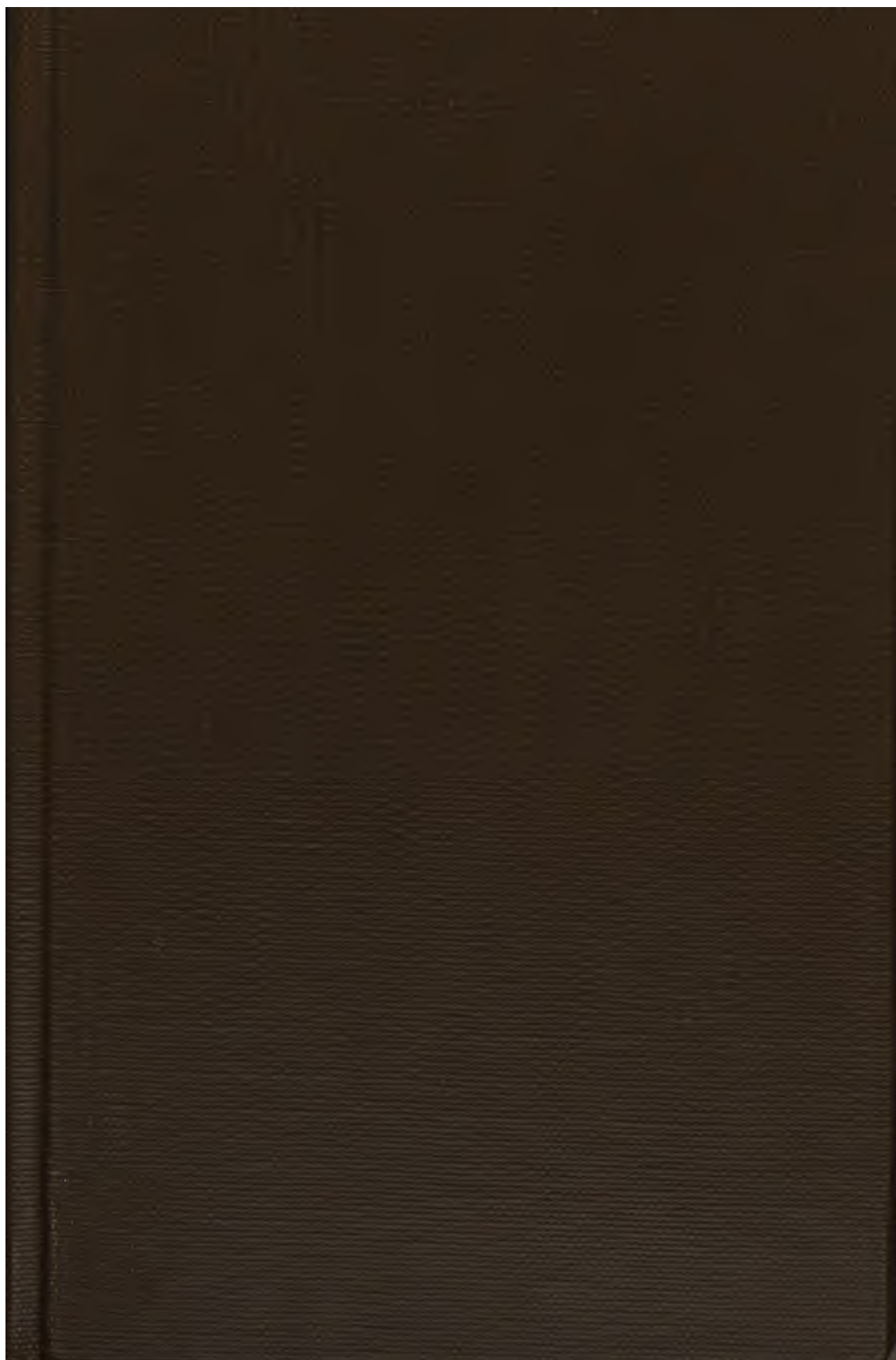
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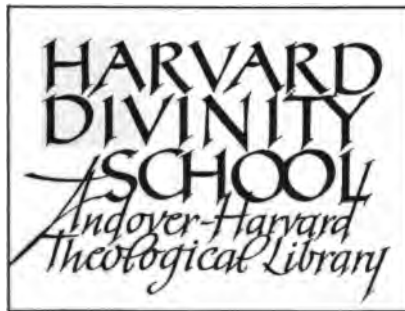
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~~1846~~
Bolton

SOME
LINES IN VERSE
ABOUT
SHAKERS.

NOT PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SOCIETY SO CALLED.

" I'll stay among this people for a time,
And sift them to the bottom—'tis no crime,
If they should turn out hypocrites and liars,
And gratify, *at all*, their loose desires ;
Or keep amongst them any poisonous cup,
Or any imps of darkness covered up,
I will expose them to the world, and ask
That world's assistance to tear off the mask."

NEW YORK :
WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO. No. 2, ASTOR HOUSE.

1846.



o SOME

L I N E S I N V E R S E

ABOUT

S H A K E R S .

Doctrs, Equiva.

NOT PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SOCIETY SO CALLED.

‘Buy the Truth and sell it not.’

Solomon.

NEW YORK:
WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO. No. 2, ASTOR HOUSE.

1846.

W. H. Goodwin

S.C.R

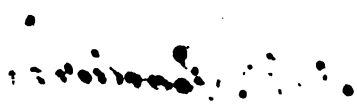
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1846

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EDWARD O. JENKINS, PRINTER,  
No. 114 Nassau street.  
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EPISTLE TO * — * — .

From tranquil scenes, where Love and Order flow
In streams direct, from Heaven to men below,
And shed, like dews, in every cheerful breast,
The earnest of an everlasting rest,
My anxious eye sends forth its eager glance
O'er Egypt and Assyria's broad expanse,
In whose dark regions I so long had strayed,
And Pharaoh's mandates servilely obeyed.

Of all my former friends, that meet my gaze,
Where now is he who, as in former days,
Arrests my speed, and with a cordial glow,
Desires my altered destiny to know ?
Can it be possible that every one
With whom I had in their meanderings run,
Gives me the go-by, and appears as shy
As if I bore a basilisk in my eye !
Where are the S * * * *s for instance, who, since long
Give me no chance to indulge myself in song ;
Nor be, as erst, familiarly at ease,
And crack my jokes, whenever I might please,
When in my chimney corner, or in theirs,
We talked till midnight over our affairs ?
Are they, as other men are sometimes found,
Hand-cuffed by Prejudice, and so hide-bound,
As not to listen to their friend, whom once
They deemed no caitiff, nor a—perfect dunce ?

One of the ten has yet escaped my view,
Else I, ere this, had paid a debt that's due :
This debt I now acknowledge, and to thee
I wish, dear W—*, to pay it honestly ;
Justice and Friendship ask, and I, not loth,
Attempt to satisfy the claims of both.

Yet how shall I proceed and not offend
Him, who once hailed me as his quondam friend,
And whom I fondly hoped in turn would be
Linked to my heart throughout eternity ?
Rather than lose this hope then, I will strike,
Whether my friend shall like it, or dislike ;
And as I strike at thy opinions, pray,
Turn not, in scorn, thy listening ear away.

In times, now past, when we together walked,
 And of eternal permanences talked—
 Comparing notes and laboring to be wise
 By shunning evils and disproving lies—
 If in the twilight of our minds, or dark,
 One, by collision, had struck out a spark,
 How gladly would the other catch the light
 And blow it to a blaze with all his might !
 If in the confidence of friendship then,
 We unreservedly conversed like men,
 And prized each other's hints, and shared the thought
 Which one, however it might happen, caught—
 If, at such times when (as 'tis well exprest)
 " We leaned for comfort on each other's breast,"
 One of the twain, no matter which, would tell
 Some circumstance that happened or befel ;
 Thinkest then the other would have disbelieved,
 Or roughly said, " You lie !" or " are deceived ?"
 Nay, verily ! else many an anecdote
 Of our past lives sticks in each other's throat,
 Unswallowed, unbelieved, and undigested,
 And un- (to Butlerize the climax) -zested,
 And thou and I must be but strangers still,
 Which I don't own, and trust I never will.

Why then with righteous views of happiness,
 Should we, my friend, respect each other less,
 And disregard the evidence which might
 Be given by one to set the other right ?
 Let us be more like men. Treat me as one
 Willing as you had once supposed, to run
 The great career of Justice, and to lay
 Virtue's foundation on the Rock—not clay.

If you have found Life's *summum bonum*, go
 And on your fellow-men the boon bestow ;
 Divide with every brother, who has less
 Of that same perfect Good which you possess ;
 So, by imparting you shall make it more,
 For subdivision multiplies the store.
 But if you have not found what you desire,
 It is for you to listen and inquire :
 Perhaps your friend has found what both have sought—
 And can you roundly swear, that he has not ?
 'Tis hard to prove a negative, you know ;
 Not quite this length can all your logic go.
 Not to offend too roughly, I will own,
 Some scattered rays have on thy darkness shone ;

But I am bound to add, the light that's there,
 At most produces but a dazzling glare—
 A light which I once had ; but one, my friend,
 Which I, till lately, could not comprehend.

The common errors of the church which stole
 From age to age into the human soul,
 Till *every* Truth was falsified, and evil
 Displayed, at large, the *antichristian devil*
 Had often been discussed, and we had freed
 Our minds from such vile trash, and purged our creed.
 Compared with many then, 'tis true, thou canst
 Discern distinctly that thou hast advanced
 A step or two from those whom, deaf and blind,
 In their mud-puddles thou hast left behind.
 The common worldling and the debauchee
 Are not, dear W——*, companions fit for thee ;
 Their pleasures and enjoyments must quadrate
 Exactly with their taste and moral state ;
 If sunk to beastliness in each desire,
 Why marvel at their wallowing in the mire ?
 Take then thy standing, high as thou canst go,
 And see what countless myriads lie below
 In filth and nastiness whence we, once, dreamed
 We had, somehow or other, been redeemed.
 Nor would I, for one moment, hint that you
 Belong or can belong to such a crew
 As you see wallowing in corruption, sunk
 Like many fraudulent perhaps—or drunk.
 But when I turn my eye round where I am,
 And see the virgin followers of the Lamb,
 All with their harps in hand and dressed in white,
 I wish to lead thee to behold the sight,
 And measure, by the contrast held to view,
 The odds between the SAINTS of GOD and you.
 'Twould do you good to see what I now see,
 The children of our blessed family
 All in their order, rising like a flame
 Redeemed from every spot of guilt or shame.
 These of the TEMPLE are the living stones
 Which the Great Builder polishes and owns,
 And as they *come together*, LOVE combines,
 And TRUTH throughout with sevenfold splendor shines.
 O ! for an eye like yours is, to behold
 In this "*strange work*" the ways of GOD unfold
 The glories of his kingdom, in this day,
 When the rent veil is taken quite away.

I am aware that you and others oft,
 In speculation send your thoughts aloft ;
 And like some moral mason strive to climb,
 From mystery to mystery sublime ;
 Till, by the dint of fancy and of wit,
 The very nail of Truth you seem to hit,
 And by the aid of some symbolic spark,
 You travel on—but never reach the mark.
 Such may be knowledge—science, if you choose,
 And answers well to flatter and amuse ;
 But if you will allow me, I would say,
 At most it but resembles children's play,
 Who, in the wantonness of mirth, forego
 Substantial blessings for a raree-show.

'Tis time that you should know, the *Swedish Seer*
 Is better understood by people here
 Than those recipients in the world who fain
 Would make all Good a business of the brain ;
 Those who with heavenly doctrines fill the mind,
 May be to Truth and heavenly things, *quite blind* ;
 For Light (one great arcanum to repeat)
 Is not the *cause*, but—an *effect of heat* ;
 And that which without light seems light you know,
 Like wintry sunshine makes no herbage grow ;
 Hence you may see the difference in one view
 Between Believers in our Faith and you.
 I have examined well the Swedish Sage,
 Who points to GOD'S last Church, in every page ;
 And can with much sincerity aver
 I own him still the heaven-sent HARBINGER,
 Whose high commission was to clear the way
 For Christ's appearing in this LATTER DAY.
 But mark ye well and ponder as you read,
 His dispensation, which was to precede,
 Was soon to terminate like that of John,
 And be distinct from that which followed on.
 John had his followers who his lessons prized
 And preach'd them—*after Jesus was baptised*,
 Not willing that Messiah's brighter orb
 The Baptist's feebler radiance should absorb.
 Thus, the disciples of the illumined Swede
 Keep at his heels and stickle for a creed
 Which promises, like morning rays,
 The Gospel warmth of noon's more fervid blaze.
 So prone is man GOD'S purposes to thwart
 And under each requirement to come short,

That every dispensation, every plan
Which WISDOM dictates for the good of man,
Becomes a weapon, in his hands to fight
Against the evidence of stronger light !

But lest this written missile miss its aim,
All *arguments* at present I disclaim ;
Although, if you had patience, and I time,
I'd undertake to throw such proofs in rhyme,
As, be assured, would jostle and displace
All your religious fabric from its base.
Bear this in mind—and should you ever think
Present Salvation worth a little ink,
Invite me to the contest and you'll see
Whom Reason yields the palm to—you—or me.

In this familiar Epistle, I
Meant merely one experiment to try.
'Twas simply this : that seeing as I do,
Things however strange, I *know* are true ;
And deeming you too honest and sincere
Not to be willing in your soul to hear
A plain, unvarnished tale, and knowing *me*
To be a man of *some* veracity ;
And finding that no motive in my soul
Can lead me to speak falsely, or cajole,
I wish to know what devil can impede
Your reading ; or your thinking as you read ?
That your old friend *—*—*— may for once
Not be a liar, hypocrite nor dunce.

If then, my friend, I am not sunk too low,
Ponder the following numbers as they flow,
And give that credence to what I aver
Which you would grant to *any traveler*,
Who might of any place—say Symmes's Hole—
Tell what before had never struck your soul.

This, then, is my confession : CHRIST has come
To fix on earth his everlasting home ;
His temple now is building—every heart
That *will* may come and constitute a part.
(But every one must be adjusted in,
Polished and purified from every sin.)
Love is the mortar which cements the whole,
Uniting each to every other soul.
One common interest urges each to do
Exactly what his happiness leads to ;
Nor is there one delight but what pervades
And flows through all, according to their grades.

Eternal Wisdom every movement guides ;
 For all their wants by daily gifts provides ;
 Elicits dormant faculties ; expands
 The affections, and directs the laboring hands.
 Instead of sorrowing, all is jubilee,
 Expressed in songs, with dance and bended knee ;
 The Church below now joins the Church above,
 And all is heavenly joy, for all is LOVE.
 Their MOTHER—for they have a mother here,
 Who is to all her simple children dear—
 She dandles them upon her lap to rest,
 And suckles them, and folds them to her breast ;
 And every way that Mercy can devise,
 Her children's harmless mirth she gratifies.
 JESUS and MOTHER, all the livelong day,
 Smile, as they see, like lambs, their children play ;
 And round their pillows nightly spread, it seems,
 A paradise of soul-enlivening dreams.
 I hear you ask again, " Can this be true ?"
 I say it is ; and would be so to you,
 If from your lofty notions you would stoop,
 And be as one amidst this little group.

You talk of NEW JERUSALEM, and look
 For all that you can look at—in a book !
 In the same volume, studying hard, you plod,
 Until you catch, you think, some glimpse of God—
 The *Great-big God, Creator, the I am,*
Jehovah—and with names like these you cram
 Your understanding, just as you are able,
 Till, like the Frog, you burst ;—(you've read the fable ;)
 And when, poor wight ! you've found out all you can,
 You know not GOD, nor know—what is in man !
 Dear me ! when I contemplate all your toil,
 I turn to SHAKER VILLAGE, with a smile,
 And find our simplest, most illiterate youths
 Know more profoundly more substantial TRUTHS,
 Of heaven and heavenly things, of CHRIST, and man,
 Than all this world knows—or it ever can.
 You—shall I say it ?—you are of *this world*,
 And by its *Lusts* are topsy-turvy hurl'd ;
 And must continue to be hurled and tost
 Till all those Lusts—the life you live—be crost.
 " *Deny thyself.*" On this position hang,
 In spite of antichristian cant and slang,
 All solid hopes of happiness, and thou
 JESUS's mandate wilt not disavow ;

The only question is, to what extent
Of *self-denial* the Redeemer meant ;
My exposition of the text shall be
A little narrative—which you shall see.

When first I visited this place I knew
Less of the Shakers and their Faith than you ;
But I had come in such a frame of mind
As not to be determinately blind.
I stopped, with my two children, for the night,
And met a welcome, cordial and polite.
Some brethren, snugly seated at the fire,
Made room for me at once, and drew me nigher,
Till supper was prepared—of toast and tea—
Expressly for my little girls and me.
Two sisters waited on us, who appeared
With just such smiles as our tired spirits cheered.
My girls were left to their officious care,
Whilst in the Brethren's room I took my chair,
Where, in the cheerful circle, every face
Shone, with a gloss peculiar to the place.
After the clock struck nine I went to bed,
And to myself, soliloquizing, said :
“ Where am I ? What inhabitants are these,
Who with such unaffected manners please ?
They are not mortals, surely ; for they say
They've left the world—the world in which I stay !
Are these the SHAKER TRIBE—a people whom
The world has charged with *sullenness* and *gloom* ?
Nor are they *ignorant* ; this evening proves
That they are distant from it some removes.
They talk of *literary matters* well,
And several in *philosophy* excel ;
Some, too, have *learning*, for I've heard them speak,
And freely handle Latin, Hebrew, Greek.
In *Metaphysics* and *Theology*
I almost own they are a match for me ;
In *logical discussion* and *dispute*,
They are quite shrewd, dexterous and acute.
—But then their Doctrines—they are so absurd !
'Hush ! hush !' said something, which I plainly heard ;
'Why,' said the voice within me, 'needst thou care
About their doctrines, if their lives are fair ?
Too oft hast thou been cheated, not to see
'Tis by the fruit we best can judge the tree ;
And if the Shaker fruits are all, all good,
Their Creed must be quite true, when understood.'

I caught the clue of reasoning as I lay,
 And thus soliloquized the night away :
 Paul plainly says the *carnal principle*
 Is the great fountain-head of *all* that's ill,
 And tries to prove that every FLESHLY LUST
 Excludes us from the kingdom of the just.
 Can Paul be right ? Does EVERY *mischief* flow
 From this *one source*, throughout this world of woe ?
 The world, indeed, wherever I have been,
 Is quite debased—is wholly lost in sin.
 Sin then seems universal. This, if true,
 Proves that the cause is universal too ;
 And no one cause distinct from LUST is found,
 That seems to go the universal round.
 Now since I can't, from anything I know,
 Disprove the fact assumed—*it may be so*.
 These Shaker brethren, positive as Paul,
 Assert that LUST occasioned Adam's fall,
 And keeps the understanding and the will
 Shut up in their dark, devilish dungeons still :
 And as a demonstration, quite exact,
 They hold up to mankind one stubborn fact.

This body of Believers, since their rise,
 Have stript the MAN OF SIN of all disguise,
 Who, with his fig-leaf covering thrust aside,
 Has nothing left his cloven-foot to hide.
 With them the precept, then, of *self-denial*
 Brings man and woman through a fiery trial,
 By which, as faithfully they bear the cross,
 Their rubbish is burnt up, with all the dross.
 The difficulty, then, which has involved
 The human mind, for ages, now is solved,
 The Gordian knot of casuistry is cut,
 And hell's wide gate to them forever shut.
 The *origin of evil* being known,
 Believers have a rock to stand upon,
 Which (like the spot Archimedes desired
 To unhinge this world of matter if required)
 Enables them, though children of the dust,
 To overcome this world—the world of LUST.

But this is theorizing ; I exact
 The fact, I cried—Philosophy wants fact.
 'Take, then, the fact,' a voice again replied—
 'A stubborn fact, that cannot be denied :
 This people, by extinguishing the fire
 Of sensual life and animal desire,

Now live together as a heavenly band,
Pure, in the midst of a polluted land.
 None of those evils which so much abound
 Elsewhere, within their borders can be found.
 Hundreds of them abide, like swarms of bees,
 In families of harmony and ease.
 No anger, discontent or envy here
 Infests their spirits with its poisonous sphere ;
 No noise, no scolding, no complaint is heard,
 And no one speaks a harsh or slanderous word.
 They work, they play, they sing and dance together,
 And find delight in every kind of weather ;
 For nothing troubles them, or intervenes
 To interrupt their gay and blessed scenes.
 'Tis every day alike, except that PEACE
 And LOVE and JOY perpetually increase.
 Compared with this, the scenes which poets paint
 Of the first Golden Age, appear quite faint ;
 And everything that Prophets have foretold
 Of God's *great day*, begins to be unrolled—
 The promised day of full Salvation, when
 CHRIST in his glory lives on earth with men.'

If *this be true*, in ecstasy I cried,
 How have these Shaker people been belied !
 And if it *be a fact* that they possess
 So great a store of genuine happiness,
 I will no more with counterfeited bliss
 Be cheated—but remain, and share in this.
 If, as these brethren tell me, all is Union,
 And Love and Peace and Joy in this communion,
 God must be here, and manifested through
 His members, and their doctrines must be true.
 One more experiment, then, I will try
 To find out God—few need him more than I.
 I'll stay among this people for a time,
 And sift them to the bottom—'tis no crime.
 If they should turn out hypocrites and liars,
 And gratify, *at all*, their loose desires ;
 Or keep amongst them any poisonous cup,
 Or any imps of darkness covered up,
 I will expose them to the world, and ask
 That world's assistance to tear off the mask.
 But after trial, if it should be clear
 That these Believers are, what they appear,
 And live as they asseverate they do,
 In *Love and Union*, I will be one too,

And hang my fiddle up, and join with them
To crucify the Lusts which they condemn."

This, then, was my conclusion. Was it wise ?

Try, my dear friend, my state to realize.

I had ransacked the world, you know, to find

A pillow to bear up my aching mind ;

I had examined every tribe and sect,

And spent much time their dogmas to inspect,

And found all hollow—rotten to the core—

All worshipping, in different forms, THE WHORE—

The great old whore, THE SENSUAL APPETITE—

The *Pit* of Hell their God, their chief DELIGHT !

What could I do, when bidden thus to wake,

And from my limbs, like Paul, THE SERPENT shake ?

Could I reject the means I *had not tried*,

To have my heart, GOD'S TEMPLE, purified ?

If you, my friend, suppose I *ought*, you are

Far from the man I think you—very far.

Well, when I had concluded what to do,

I rose with an intention to pursue

The plain, straight path, which I had marked ; the track

From which I had no thoughts of turning back.

With resolution, then—for I felt stout—

I turned myself completely inside out,

And vomited into a Brother's ear,

The sins I had committed many a year.

Here you would stop me : " What, confess to *men* ! "

Have patience, my dear W——* ; I did so then—

And glad I am I did so—for I've found,

Since that CONFESSION, balm for many a wound

Which never, till that time, was healed at core,

But festered and remained a running sore.

How strange it seems I ever could suppose

(As you conjecture still) that God, who knows

The thought of man far off, should ever mean

To purge the human heart and make it clean,

By such confessions as are *sometimes* made—

All in the lump, and wholly in the shade !

In some lone corner, formerly, dear W——*,

I owned the sins I thought of with delight,

And begged the God of Mercy to *look down*

On my poor soul, and hide me from his frown.

And this is called confession ! when our pride

Is doubly anxious to conceal and hide ;

For, if a child should overhear us then,

Our very prayer we would take back again,

And justify to men the things we had
 Confessed—confessed to God—however bad!
 So others hypocritically scream
 As if they wished the Potentate Supreme
 Would, from his lofty mansions in the skies,
 Fling down his pardon to them ere they rise,
 Although the wrongs they've done, within their breast
 Lie snugly folded up, and unredressed!

Confession, my dear W——*, ('tis not denied,)
 Means merely to *uncover*, not to hide:
 And since we can't uncover to THAT ONE
 Who knew the mischief ere the act was done,
 CHRIST must have meant precisely as we read,
 That we should "Come, confess, and show the deed,"
 Exactly as 'twas done to THOSE whom He
 Had deputized and furnished with the key
 To let such Penitents within the fold
 As, with their sins disgorged, Hell could not hold.

It is a fatal error to suppose
 Christ took away the power when he arose:
 Power to retain our sins, or to remit,
 THE CHURCH—the real Church—possesses yet;
 And must retain, too, or poor sinners must
 Be barred out from mansions of the Just;
 For only in the AGENCY or LEAD,
 Can mortals find their help—the help they need.
 Here on this subject, open well your eyes,
 For consequences of importance rise.
 Need I remind you how we used to plod
 About the ESSE and the form of GOD;
 And filled our heads with a prodigious store
 Of what, though shrewd, we never could explore;
 And had to leave the business still undone,
 Of comprehending the ETERNAL ONE?
 Break, break your head no more about such things,
 The Life Eternal we seek after, springs
 From quite a different source than you expect:
 In this great turmoil of the intellect,
 'Tis only by OBEDIENCE and the CROSS
 That mankind ever can retrieve their loss.
 That Cross was borne by JESUS and by ANN,
 Which brought Salvation to the soul of man;
 Their children follow, and must do the same,
 If they would be redeemed from guilt and shame.
 Now, as the selfishness which we are in,
 Whilst we are governed by our *Man of Sin*

Must be burnt out and crucified, ere we
 Can live in peace and Unanimity,
 And taste the blessedness of that communion
 Which constitutes a Heaven—a Heaven of *Union*.
 OBEDIENCE to our heavenly PARENTS must
 Be the sole means to vanquish every LUST.
 For how, whilst our CONSCIENCES burn,
 And drive us so about at every turn,
 How is it possible we can proceed
 In the straight road, unless we have a LEAD—
 A Lead like Peter, who, advancing, knew
 What help to give, to bring the followers through?
 Here, then, in strict Obedience all the throng
 Can, as they eye the foremost, march along,
 And shun the pits and quicksands on both sides,
 Which this straight course, this heavenly road, divides.
 Now as there is no stopping-place, you know,
 Or point beyond which man can ever go;
 And as the band, thus furnished with a LEAD,
 Are traveling the Highway, can you not read
 A plain solution of the case in hand,
 And all that I have hinted understand?
 GOD, as the Alpha and Omega, fills
 Those on his road who have laid down their wills,
 And who in tractable Obedience move
 Within the LINES—the *Union bands of Love*.
 If there's a Heaven beyond what we possess,
 Its happiness I can, by no means, guess;
 For I acknowledge, I can think of none
 Better than this, where souls become as one—
 One solid lump of *everlasting Union*
 Of Brethren and of sisters in communion.
 More than a twelvemonth, now, has passed away,
 Since I confessed my sins—a noted day—
 When, after six and twenty years at least,
 I found I had been worshipping a *Beast*—
 The very beastly thing which JESUS CHRIST
 Had long been calling to be sacrificed;
 This was "PERDITION'S SON," "THE MAN OF SIN,"
 Who kept GOD'S Temple, and ruled all within.
 Well, since that period, true to my first vow,
 I have been sifting SHAKERISM till now;
 And guess what I have found? I know you'll smile
 At finding such a strange and altered style
 In one whose sentiments, it is well known,
 Have on CONJUGIAL LOVE been like your own.

This then have I discovered—that the **Tree**,
 How sanctified soever, in your eye,
 And honored by the antichristian Priests,
 Belongs not to **CHRIST's** kingdom, but the **Beast's**.
 Christ's followers are **VIRGINS**, whose delight
 Is to be ever walking *in his sight* :
 Not dodging from his presence, in the dark,
 As if they did not wish to toe the mark !

We know,—for some of us, you may believe,
 Had lived the life which Adam lived with Eve,
 And therefore know as much as *you* can know
 About **THAT THING** that's deified so ;
 We know, I say, what you know on this score,
 And, let me add, we know a little more.
 You say you love the Women, and your life
 You'd risk, to prove how much you love your wife.
 This, and a hundred things we know that you
 Might say to prove what you suppose is true ;
 Yet, after all, in spite of your endeavor
 To prove the point in question, you can never
 Know what we know upon this subject, till
 You give up all, and crucify the *will* :
 To which the Wife, of whom you are so fond,
 Must, by your own admission, *correspond*.
 That very Will of yours, which is shut in
 The sensual life itself—the Man of Sin.
 Hence you know not, nor can you know, that what
 You talk about as Love—**PURE LOVE**—is not.
 Your Love is but a counterfeit, that suits
 To keep the species up, of what ? Why brutes ;
 And if you closely scrutinize, you must,
 With Ninon L'Enclos, own it to be **LUST**.

If God is *Love*, 'tis monstrously absurd
 To use his appellation as a word
 To designate a *passion*, and to mark
 An act of shame, *done always in the dark* !

O, if you could but elevate your eye
 To that superior intercourse on high—
 I mean above the sensual appetite,
 In which the sons of men place such delight—
 And see and understand the sweet communion
 When Brethren with their Sisters live in Union ;
 You would abhor a beastly principle
 Now known to be the source of every ill.

Love is of God, and they who have it, know
 What sweet sensations through their spirits flow,

When Brethren and when Sisters, with one heart,
Mingle in concord, never more to part ;
But with increasing potency, forever
Are more and more determined not to sever.

If I, who am but at the vestibule,
Can say, from this long view, how beautiful
The Temple is, which now is building here,
And find how pleasant 'tis to be so near,
What glee and satisfaction must belong
To those more near the center of the throng,
Round whom the gathering converts hourly press
With fervent zeal to share our happiness.

To me, it seems, as I more deepen in
This work of God, to master every sin.
It seems, I say, as if a new-raised power
Hurries me onward faster every hour.
The more we hug this principle that binds,
And smooths, in closer folds our ruffled minds,
The more our charitable feelings flow,
Like dews that make the *Plant of Union* grow,
And LOVE, the attractive center of the whole,
Leavens the lump and glides from soul to soul.

This *Soul of Man*, when in such union blest
With the fruition of eternal rest,
Is not like that which Adam took with him
When driven from Eden by the Cherubim,
Who, with the flaming sword, have guarded well,
The SPOT OF PURITY from which he fell.
Nay, verily ! To pass the *flaming sword*,
The MAN must be to his first state restored :
That state in which, with a superior gust,
He lived above the *consciousness* of LUST.

The breath of God, which in his nostrils came,
Had lit the wick of Life into a flame,
And Heat and Light (or Good and Truth) *combined*,
Filled up the form, the outward shell of mind.
These principles, that constituted Life,
Were burst in twain when Adam *knew* his wife,
And MALE and FEMALE, ever since, have been
Incapable, *alone*, to emerge from sin.
For Male and Female, like the Heat and Light,
To be efficient, always must *unite*,
And keep that Union which in God began :
God is this Union—and this Union's man !

Now, my dear friend, as you already know,
In JESUS CHRIST'S *first* advent, here below,

The God of Mercy came as TRUTH—not Good—
 To *show* the way and make it *understood*,
 In order that the UNDERSTANDING (Man)
 Might theorize, and Heaven's high purpose scan.
 Those who received the Gospel, in that day
 Still unredeemed, (examine this, I pray,)
 Were only with the SPIRIT OF PROMISE seal'd
 Until the time when GOOD should be reveal'd.

In the MALE principle, as TRUTH, we see,
 God's mercy came—in this we both agree ;
 But as the SECOND ADVENT, more sublime
 Than aught recorded on the page of time,
 Is that event on which the Prophet's eyes
 Are closely fix'd, through all the prophecies ;
 And as in *Order* GOOD was to approach
 And on the EVIL, in the Will encroach,
 (As TRUTH in JESUS had already given
 The UNDERSTANDING some slight views of Heaven,
 And made Jehovah, as the FATHER, known
 To such as would his humble mission own :)
 So, in strict *correspondence*, we behold,
 What all the holy Prophets had foretold,
 That, in the FEMALE LINE, mankind to cheer,
 SHE, the Desire of Nations, should appear,
 The flood of evil to dam up and staunch,
 As the GOOD MOTHER, Nurse, and Healing Branch—
 That BRANCH of Righteousness which was to yield
 A plenteous crop from nature's fallow field.

How beautifully is here portrayed to view
 In CHRIST, the FATHER, and the MOTHER, too,
 That FULL MESSIAH who from FLESHY LUST
 Could *now* redeem the children of the dust,
 Whose souls had by the principle of LLL
 Been rent—the Understanding from the Will.

You know that Swedenborg himself has said,
 After the FALL, the SOUL was so re-made
 As that the separate understanding might
 Shed on the Will (or wife) some rays of Light ;
 Lest by her LUST MAN wholly should be swagg'd
 And, without remedy ! to Hell be dragg'd.
 Let this idea serve then, as a clue,
 To lead to doctrines which *we know* are true ;
 And that the SECOND ADVENT must have been
 In WOMAN, to redeem the world from sin,
 And that, when so redeemed, THE HUMAN SOUL
 For ages rent asunder, *now is whole*.

This LOVE CONJUGIAL, stript of all disguise,
 Annihilates Mahomet's paradise
 And elevates the Woman (this we know)
 As much above as she has been below ;
 And makes the happiness which we enjoy
 As much superior to delights that cloy,
 As all your monogamic pleasures must
 Exceed the whoremonger's promiscuous lust.

Come then dear W——*, and travel while you may
 In this straight path, the everlasting way.
 Not to a *distant* world of Spirits, such
 As you, my friend, and I have talked of much,
 Where one must mix, amongst the crowd, with those
 Who lived a sensual life until the close ;
 But to that perfect JOY and LOVE and PEACE
 Which are begun on earth, and whose increase
 Will be perpetual in that growing band
 Who in the faith of MOTHER take their stand.
 Already *in* his saints, his phalanx, He,
 Whose kingdom will extend from sea to sea,
 Is come, to take possession, and to rule
 The obedient *little children* of his school.
 This, then, is that which I desire that you
 Would, with your eagle eye, inquire into,
 And satisfy yourself of what I say
 Of this *commencement of the Latter Day*.

Look at the world around you. What is there
 Which with my faint description can compare ?
 I ask you not to look amongst the crowd,
 The busy, vain, licentious, or the proud,
 In hopes to find the principle which binds
 And keeps together men's discordant minds.
 You, surely—you and I—who have been hurl'd
 Hither and thither in a bustling world—
 We, by our own experience, can attest
 The common world is not with Union blest.
 Will you now raise your finger up and point
 To scenes where things are not so out of joint,
 And tell me that you have discovered where
 This FLOWER OF EDEN blooms extremely fair ?
 If, well examined, you, in any land
 Can find what I describe, a SOCIAL BAND,
 So close at heart, so cheerful, and so pure,
 You ought to be contented, I am sure.
 But let this point be settled, firstly : We
 Have long agreed that God's economy

Comprises many a principle, or tie,
 Which jarring minds are held together by.
L'Esprit de Corps you know, or party zeal,
 Will hold *awhile* together those who feel
 An interest in supporting what, if crost,
 Would prove their happiness completely lost.
 See, in religion and in politics,
 How close the bigot to *the party* sticks,
 And drives through thick and thin, with all his speed,
 To vindicate what has become his creed.
 'Tis the same spirit up in every school,
 For man, in his first nature, loves to rule ;
 And whilst that nature lives, 'tis plainly shown
 That everything must bow before its throne.
 This is quite obvious. Every one believes
 That there is honor—even amongst thieves ;
 Pirates themselves will, sometimes, in a storm,
 Be true till death, and their round-robins form ;
 But you can see, and see with half an eye,
 When interests clash, how slender is the tie !

Turn, turn your eyes away from such coarse strife,
 And choose your fairest scenes of social life ;
 Pick out the best ; pick, for example, those
 Whom you and I for our companions chose,
 And walked with to "the temple," where we heard
 Huge expositions of "God's Holy Word,"
 By men who *never* their poor flock enticed
 To follow them—as they were following Christ ;
 And, when behind they left the pulpit, did
 What they, whilst in it, sometimes would forbid.
These were the chosen of the neighborhood,
 And were, comparatively speaking, good.
 But e'en of *them*, my friend, how very few
 Could form a social club with me and you ?
 In which the spirit of companionship
 Did not each minute, like quicksilver, slip !
 Some scolding, altercation, or a joke,
 Was apt to jar almost whene'er they spoke ;
 For men, however cautious, can't avoid
 To offend *self-love*, until it be destroy'd.

Yet I will grant that *we*—with *—*c—*, *three*,
 Could sometimes spend an hour or two at tea,
 And chat away the evening, and then part,
 With something felt like *friendliness* at heart.
 But you know well that both of us e'en then
 Had each *his own concerns*, like other men,

His *private purse* in some snug corner, where
 The other two had not an equal share ;
 His *secret dish*, in which the other loons
 Had not the common right to dip their spoons ;
 Although, like many antichristian elves,
 We tried to love our neighbors as ourselves.
 'Tis not denied, a friend across the street,
 With whom we once a week or fortnight meet,
 May give us pleasure with the kind caress,
 A game of gossiping or game at chess ;
 But with the visit our enjoyment ends,
 And we seek other pastimes, business, friends ;
 In other channels our affections range,
 For changed employment makes our feelings change.

Or, should it happen, as with Owen, some
 Pleased with the kingdom which they read will come,
 Attempt to form a **SOCIAL COMPACT** snug,
 In which they may in closer fondness hug :
 How obvious, (for the thing has now been tried,)
 That Nature's **SELFISH SPIRITS** *must* divide.
 Attraction draws (as Boscovitch explains)
 Material substances, like scattered grains
 Across a central line, with so much force,
 That, like a pendulum, they keep their course,
 Till back, somehow, with impetus they spring,
 And never cease to oscillate or swing.
 Thus you might see, and see to satisfaction,
 That everything the world calls heart-attraction,
 Becomes, like **LUST**, when Lust is gratified,
REPULSIVE, and repulsion must divide.

I need not name to you how few can dip
 Into one dish in perfect fellowship ;
 We all have different habits, different tastes,
 And contrariety the spirits wastes,
 And scatters our best feelings, which, when crost,
 Prove that our worldly happiness is lost.
 This brings me round unto the thing in hand,
 A point I wish you much to understand,
 That, seeing **GOD** is **ONE** or **UNION**, we,
 To constitute a blest community,
 Must also be in Union, that is, One,
 United with the Father in the Son ;
 And seeing the first nature of the mind
 Can never be in this close union join'd,
 That nature, then, like **HAGAR'S BASTARD**, must
 Be turned out, for its parentage was **LUST**,

That so the virgin soul—the lawful child—
 May live in perfect freedom, undefiled.
 This, then, dear W——*, is what the Shakers mean
 By living in the LIGHT and UNION, clean.
 If you, methinks, could taste of this pure cup,
 You would give all your gross enjoyments up,
 And sacrifice your idols, like a man,
 To be a child of JESUS and of ANN ;
 For such, such only—ponder what I say—
 Can reign with CHRIST in this his latter day.

When you have read this grave epistle through,
 Do as I think I would, by one from you—
 Not throw it in the fire, or corner by,
 But every sentiment with candor try ;
 And after pondering these deep subjects well,
 I somehow thus would draw the parallel.

“ W——* was my *friend*—I knew him to be so,
 And not the worst of all the men I know ;
 He has no motive to beguile and jeer,
 By sending me his notions—though they're queer ;
 'Twould be but fair to sift the matter out,
 And see what this strange fellow is about.
 He tells me curious things of Mother Ann,
 The Blacksmith's daughter—things too hard to scan.
 There is some mystery in this business ! I
 Do not believe him—but I can't say why
 Fresh circumstances may not make appear,
 What now seems dark and dubious, very clear.
 The wise and learned Roman, Greek and Jew,
 Flouted at JESUS CHRIST—once I did, too—
 And yet by subsequent and stronger light
 I found the first Believers in the right,
 Who worshipped seemingly as great a fable—
 A Savior born as meanly—in a stable.
 His followers, too, were few and quite obscure ;
 Sinners at first, but afterwards quite pure.
 Married or single, they who heard the call,
 “ Left,” as we read, “ to follow Him, left all.”

He tells me, too, he has his sins confest,
 Than which, there's nothing harder to digest.
 Auricular confession, long ago,
 Has been exploded : Luther tells us so :
 But Luther might, in his impetuous war
 Against the Pope, have carried things too far,

And in his bitterness, been led to tear
 Some forms away it had been best to spare ;
 Forms which the Dragonists might have contrived
 To keep, until the Church should be revived.
 And honestly to own it, I don't see
 Why, in this very case, it might not be.
 Christ gave the keys to Peter, and he gave
 Authority to cast off, or to save.
 Nought took that pow'r from his Disciples, who
 Were in the faith and still continued true.
 And yet the Church declined, for it appears
 The empty forms remained for many years.
 The Holy People, it is past dispute,
 Have long been scattered—trampled under foot ;
 And Antichrist, like a despotic prince,
 Has ruled the human conscience ever since.
 But Antichrist has ended. The great Seer
 Has made this fact astonishingly clear :
 And yet, however clear his proofs may be,
 One doubt—one awful doubt, remains with me ;
 For, looking round me, everywhere I find
 All sects and all denominations blind—
 Blind to the Truth, or—lukewarm and inert
 In *shaking* off their Lusts—their filth and dirt.
 All must I say ? Cannot our Temple claim
 A fair exemption from all guilt—all shame ?
 If doctrines, or mere speculative Truth
 Alone could save a ruined world, forsooth,
 The members of *the Church* in which I am
 Would be the Saints—the followers of the Lamb :
 The Saints of GOD ! I dare not say the best
 Of our JERUSALEM CHURCH will stand this test.
 The Saints of GOD ! I look in vain around
 For one whose life is pure—whose heart is sound—
 One who believes he has the Gospel power
 To rescue him from evil every hour.
 Nay, nay ! there's something wrong throughout the whole,
 And some strange poison lurks in every soul ;
 For no one toes the mark exactly right,
 And therefore no one is a Christian—quite.
 But my friend tells me, that we should agree
 If I could witness just those thing which he
 Himself has witnessed upon Shaker ground—
 The *Church of Christ*, the *Saints*, and *Doctrines sound*.
 To sum up all, I will indulge the whim
 To go and pass a week or two with him,

I'll see what he has seen, and then I can
 Agree with, or refute him, like a man ;
 Till I have done so, I cannot deny
 The ground he takes as true,—he stands too high !”

Thus, my dear friend, I'd reason, if from you
 I heard such things as I have said are true ;
 I'd sift them to the bottom, nor decline
 The challenge—not for your sake—but for mine.

* * * * *

SECOND EPISTLE TO * ——— * ———.

FROM Zion's unspeakably pleasant domain,
 Where LOVE, JOY, and COMFORT unitedly reign,
 The brisker offender that ever came in
 From roving at large in the regions of sin,
 Looks back at the quarry from which he was cleft,
 And weeps with compassion for those he has left.

The veil, which at last has been torn from his eyes,
 The state of this world can no longer disguise ;
 Nor blind him from seeing the horrible pit
 In which my dear W——* and his *—*— are yet.

Long an illegitimate charity threw
 A mist o'er my sight, which confounded my view,
 And led me to plead that the whole of mankind,
 In open rebellion, Salvation might find.
 In sin and disorder and wretchedness, then,
 Whilst pleading the cause of my poor fellow-men,
 It might to a full demonstration be shown
 That I, in their cause, was but pleading my own !
 Debauched in my appetites, sunk in my taste—
 By mean, selfish gratifications debased—
 With no constant standard my actions to guide,
 How could I on questions of ORDER decide ?
 If I had no stomach for that which was good,
 And had a keen relish for unwholesome food,
 Mere medical men would opine, it is plain,
 My health was quite shattered, or—I was insane.

This fatal obliquity made me deny
 That any one else was much wiser than I ;
 And led me to reason of things as they seemed
 To float in the visions which selfishness dreamed.

Methought I knew something of Him who had made
 The beautiful universe which I surveyed,
 And with my benevolent feelings, I drew
 A sketch of what Wisdom intended to do.
 Of course I included myself in the plan
 Of saving, with certainty, every man.
 I could not, I own, make all happy alike ;
 But as my self-love was resolved not to strike,
 I formed all the Heavens on such a large scale,
 That none could of certain felicity fail.
 Yet as I could not, in my wisdom, contrive
 How those who choose death might be re-made alive,
 Nor could I place them on a par with the good,
 Who in their own loves and felicities stood,
 I had to arrange them according to grade,
 From Angels in light down to devils in shade ;
 And give them such portions of what they liked best
 As each one might fancy or freely digest.
 In this way—this only—I thought that the Being
 Who must be All-good, and All-wise, and All-seeing,
 In this only possible way He could bring
 His purpose about and accomplish the thing
 Which I, by the by, had determined should be
 The sequel and wind-up of mankind and *me*.

Thus I saw a lost world *in idea* restor'd
 To some kind of order in spite of the LORD,
 Who had in his Wisdom foreseen that mankind
 Could never the way to felicity find,
 Unless with His SPIRIT in concert they sought
 To walk in obedience and do—as they ought.
 But men, in defiance of Order's loud call,
 Broke over the hedge and jump'd over the wall,
 And took to the morass and swamp and the mire
 And scratch'd themselves raw with the thorn and the brier.
 When called to return, they refused to come back
 And follow a LEADER who well knew the track,
 But wantonly obstinate, onway they go,
 And blunder through bogs and sink deeper in woe.

This, will you believe it? dear W——*, was my case
 When held in your own and in ——*——*'s embrace,
 Two comrades of just such endowments as I
 Preferred to all men who were then passing by ;
 But who, like myself, had leaped over the hedge
 And traveled the precipice' perilous edge.

You say, and you think so, that I am deceived,
 And have, in a moment of weakness, believed

Some fanciful notions and whimsys forsooth,
 In which there is nothing of Reason or Truth ;
 And wresting the meaning of Swedenborg, think
 You feast on ambrosia and pure nectar drink,
 Whilst I, meager Shaker, am starved and athirst
 For want of those banquets in which you're immerst.

I ask, is it possible you can be sane
 With all your great doctrines stored up in your *brain*,
 Whilst in your own bosom your heart gives the lie
 To every suggestion which prompts it to fly
 On the wings of the Spirit, aloft, o'er the dense
 And sickly delights of the regions of Sense ?
 The head, my dear friend, may with doctrines be cramm'd
 Whilst the heart in an unfaithful bosom is damn'd
 That is full of shame, and fearfulness vexed
 And all the soul's faculties pained and perplexed.

This I in some measure had found, when, like you,
 The will of my heavenly Master I knew ;
 Yet suffered myself, by the FLESH and the WORLD,
 To be in their violent vortices twirled.
 But when in the cool of the day, I was made
 A witness of JESUS, his precepts obeyed,
 And joined with his people, laid hold of the cross,
 And set about traveling out of my loss,
 I knew that I had not with honesty *quite*
 Toed the mark as I ought and kept up with my light ;
 For raised on an eminence I could look back
 And see that some corners of my life had been black ;
 And feeling the blush on my cheek as I knelt,
 I felt self-condemned—and confessed what I felt.

Since then I have found, what I wish thee to find,
 That men may talk wisely of Truth yet be blind :
 For with the mere image of Truth in the brain
 They may become Satans—forever insane !
 These turn their kaleidoscopes over and over
 And come to no sequel, and nothing discover
 But changes of figures and colors, all pretty,
 But nothing but objects of sight—what a pity !

Look round you, dear W—*, and confirm what I say
 By living examples that come in your way ;
 Show one honest man that is true to his trust,
 Whose spirit is fit to be joined with the just ;
 And who, having sacrificed SELFISHNESS, moves
 As duty directs and as conscience approves.
 You cannot find one ; for you know well enough
 That the world, of true virtue can furnish no proof.

For Swedenborg says, as you know very well,
 That Jupiter's purer, yet Jupiter's hell.
 Take yourself and examine the corners, as I did,
 When Truth in my soul with severity chided ;
 If *you*, my dear W——*, are a sinner, alas !
 How, pray, do you think, will the multitude pass ?

I know what you think. You suppose that His eye
 Who sees so much evil, lets some one's pass by,
 And what you call Justice, in some form or shape,
 Permits the infringer of law to escape ;
 Since, if it exacts the full forfeiture, who—
 Yea, who of the whole human race will get through ?

But you will not rob Him of this attribute,
 And therefore, you *know* that this shift will not suit :
 Your creed is above it ; for you could not bear
 A God who is partial—you want one that's fair ;
 And hence you have cornered yourself in a nook
 To which I must beg you will earnestly look.

Alternatives now you have none, you must own,
 But this rigid Judgment of life to postpone
 Beyond the last breath which you draw in a world,
 Whence you, with your sins in your soul, will be hurl'd !
 This, this is the subject on which we have split
 And which your attention must fasten on yet :
 I cannot release you from one, one more trial ;
 'Tis the last test of Friendship—I'll take no denial.

The day that we live in is one, my dear W——*,
 In which all may bring their dark deeds to the light ;
 And those who will do so, and never sin more,
 Of heavenly treasures may lay up a store.
 Reflect for a moment—and try to get low—
 The nature of man's to be lofty, you know.
 In God is humility. JESUS has shown
 Which way we must travel to get to the throne.
 Self stands in the way. Every species of Pride
 Must be then, to follow CHRIST's steps, laid aside.
 And now let me tell you a secret, which you
 Perhaps will not credit—but still it is true.
 Your *self* in the world where you now are, my friend—
 That self, against which you are called to contend,
 Is on his own dunghill, and leagued by such ties
 Of natural affections, and kindred allies,
 That in the great conflict, Saul's armor of mail
 Against Gog and Magog will certainly fail.
 The City you look for is set on a hill,
 Which you may behold ! yea, behold if you will ;

'Tis there, and there only, your arms you can wield
 To drive, with success, all your foes from the field
 For GOD has erected his standard, and calls
 From Zion to such as will stand on her walls ;
 Her ramparts are rising and all shall be slain,
 But those of her courts who enlist in her train.

Why can't you believe me? Let *—*—* aver
 What Spirits she felt and what conflicts *in her*,
 When she with reluctance and palpable fear
 Encircled the camp—yet refused to draw near.
 How little she thinks that her destiny, W——*
 Depends on a visit of which she makes light!
 Nor can she suppose that GOD watches her still
 To see what will be the result of her will.
 If she should surrender to GOD'S gentle wooings
 She may comprehend his remarkable doings,
 And learn, for herself learn, if she will begin
 The strange, the mysterious, sly workings of sin.
 That sin in her members which strives to enslave
 And keeps her and *you* from the Pow'r that would save.

The fact, my dear fellow, if I must be plain,
 Although you perceive I try hard to explain—
 The fact is—'tis all a great mystery, known
 To such, and such only, whose *actions* have shown
 That they have surrendered, like Jesus, their wills,
 And whom the *same faith*, too, which Jesus had, fills.
 Faith *in* him and *on* him and *of* him *as preached*,
 Has never the business we speak about reached ;
 'Tis *his* faith, and only his faith that will do
 To save the lost soul of —*—*—* or you.

This well comprehended, you might understand
 The ground upon which, as Believers, we stand.
 Omnipotence governed in Jesus's faith
 And led him to glorification thro' death,
 The death of that nature in which he was joined
 To his younger brethren—the rest of mankind ;
 And the same Omnipotence fully achieved
 A similar death in whoever *believed*.
 And you will perceive that his miracles then
 Were based on this faith in the bosoms of men,
 Who, when they *came near*, found a cure for their hurts
 By *touching* the hem of his garments—his skirts,
 For that perverse nature in which we are lost,
 To be slain by an act of our own, must be crost.

The Cross, then, which Jesus so patiently bore,
 The business of Shakers is now to restore ;

For nothing which Antichrist ever yet did
 More plainly displays how expressions have slid
 Quite out of their meaning—loss this upon loss !
 Than twisting the doctrine of “ bearing the Cross.”

Alas ! for poor Christendom ! you who are there
 Are not of its awful condition aware.
 All mankind have evidenced their distance from GOD,
 By perversely going the opposite road ;
 And like the poor Jews, antichristians reject
 The exertions of GOD that would save and protect.
 The means which his mercy has offered to all
 To elevate them from their ignoble fall
 The wily destroyer has constantly spoiled,
 And every attempt of Benevolence foiled.
 Truth's *last* dispensation—I mean to be plain—
 Has brought him we find to the length of his chain,
 For Swedenborg came as the last pioneer
 To open the gates of the city, quite near,
 By pouring on men such a torrent of blaze
 As never can fail to astound and amaze.
 Yet see his Recipients—you certainly know—
 Are they, pray, like JESUS, meek, simple and low ?
 Like his poor disciples have they cast aside
 The cares of Ambition ? the trappings of Pride ?
 Say, are they less sordid than others ? less vain ?
 Less anxious to glitter in Fashion's fine train ?
 Or are they more closely united as Brothers ?
 More temperate ? more kind ? less uxorious than others ?
 Or are they not rather of a statelier breed
 Than those of—say any particular creed ?
 More lofty ? more lukewarm ? Nay, let it come out,
 Less contrite ? less zealous ? less truly devout ?
 Is this your Jerusalem ? O ! do not for shame !
 Gloss Antichrist's spirit with Swedenborg's name !
 You're now at the top of the tree.—Recollect
 How much has been done with (as yet) no effect.
 The Prophets, and Moses, and God's holy Seers
 Have urged the salvation of men—urged with tears :
 Then Jesus was sent, the immaculate child,
 Who precept on precept and parable piled.
 Thus TRUTH, for a season, tried hard to maintain
 Christ's kingdom on earth and continue his reign ;
 But Antichrist climb'd every branch of that tree
 And mingled with science a vain sophistry
 Which filled the whole orthodox world with a lie
 And swept off the Church as a web from the sky.

At the close of the reign of the Beast and the Whore,
 The "Harbinger" came from the north, to restore
 Those *vessels* which had from the Temple been tost
 And long lain in Babylon hidden or lost.
 Truths beam thro' his pages with splendor divine
 And sparks of instruction gild every line ;
 The way to the kingdom is opened anew
 And nothing remains now for mankind to do
 But merely, with honest intention and labor,
 To get rid of SELF, and love GOD and one's neighbor.
 This, tho' a wise *precept*, effects nothing still,
 For want of a fire kindled up in the will ;
 And now for the want of a heart to begin
 Yon sluggard lies lukewarmly down in his sin.
 In this sad condition, my friend, I see *some*
 Who, not knowing CHRIST's promised Kingdom has come,
 Are sauntering about in a world they despise
 Surrounded, they see, with pollutions and lies,
 Spued out, as it were, from the world they detest,
 And finding no spot for their spirits to rest,
 Yet clinging somehow, like a child to the teat,
 Which the child, tho' its belly is full, hates to quit !
 Thus, Issachar-like, 'twixt two burdens they bend
 And heartless and weary their efforts suspend.
 Tho' heartless and weary, they still unreleased
 Will worship the Whore and will follow the Beast.

You are of this number, tho' Swedenborg tells
 So plainly of those who inhabit the hells ;
 You are of this number, altho' you will own
 That Hell's filled with Lusts and with phantoms alone ;
 You are of this number, altho' you well know
 That all sensual pleasures drag men down below,
 And but in proportion as they leave behind
 Their Lusts, they celestial felicity find.

If then you will sow to the Flesh, what a heap
 You must of corruption, when harvest comes, reap.
 Whereas to the SPIRIT, if now you would sow,
 What meadows of life-giving pastures you'd mow.

You plead for the conjugal principle, W—*,
 Altho' you might know—understand me, you might—
 Might know if you would, that the sap in your tree
 Was never from ancestral evils purged free ;
 And therefore you certainly could not be chaste
 When first, you the Wife of your bosom embraced.
 Your proprium all evil, how could you inherit
 And hold, as a vessel, the fruits of the Spirit

A clean and pure vessel which might not pollute
 The stream from Life's fount with the breath of the brute.
 How dare you, my friend! for one moment maintain
 The thought, which true conjugal rites must profane,
 That now there exists between *—*— and you
 No union but that of the Good and the True,
 A union celestial, pure, holy, and chaste;
 With Flesh, wholly, devilishly low and debased!

I would not by any means throw words away,
 I speak from sure knowledge, I know what I say;
 "The old man with his deeds," which from birth hath equip'd
 And covered the soul, from the soul must be stripp'd,
 Ere "the new man," the creature of GOD's new creation,
 Can rise from the pit of its deep degradation,
 And be in the Virgin's condition which loves
 To follow the Lamb wheresoever he moves.

In the first dispensation of CHRIST it was found
 The Serpent was bruised till he writhed with the wound,
 But tho' made to totter, as 'twere, and to reel,
 The Serpent in turn wounded JESUS's heel;
 That is, as I take it, he managed full well
 To drag men from Heaven (then opened) to Hell,
 By coiling himself in the Doctrines forsooth,
 Which JESUS was preaching—the Doctrines of Truth;
 Yea, cunningly twisting himself into creeds
 Which sanction the LUST for which every one pleads:
 That very unclean thing—uncleanest of all—
 Which tainted Life's stream in its flow, at the fall.
 On the thick bosses of GOD'S buckler he runs
 By apeing the appearance of one of his sons.
 Whilst in his primeval malignity, lo!
 Against the ALMIGHTY he levels his blow!
 Here then on the apex, the top of the cone,
 The SON OF PERDITION sneaks up to GOD'S throne,
 Then snatching the sceptre, behold him unawed
 Seat himself in the Temple and personate GOD!

Ah! little my friend now suspects whilst he reads,
 How often my heart for him actually bleeds,
 At knowing as well as that two-twos are four,
 How he is enslaved to the Beast and the Whore,
 Who lead him to think by a magical spell
 That Hell is a Heaven, and that Heaven is Hell.

We some of us here, who have known to our cost,
 What 'twas in the carnal delights to be lost
 Can see very clearly that all *children* must,
 Before their pubescence, know nothing of LUST;

For, ere that particular time in their lives
 When boys may be husbands, or maidens be wives,
 There can be no heat of that sexual desire
 Which afterwards sets the whole creature on fire.
 ("Of such is the kingdom," said JESUS. How clear
 The reason must be as now hinted at here!)
 Their souls and their bodies, then happily free
 From actual misdeeds, in the slightest degree,
 Might, if from pollutions preserved wholly clean,
 Exhibit to us what we both might have been,
 If we, till this period of life, had remained
 With naught but our parents' impurities stained.
 Such a state tho' but natural, Angels above,
 Would look at with much admiration and love ;
 And we, closely watching each passage of sin,
 Might know, methinks, where it most strives to get in.
 Such Men and such Women as these I could name,
 Preserved undefiled and unconscious of shame!
 Think of this and remember—remember it well,
 When after search made you find no parallel ;
 None in the whole World! in the world where you stay
 Of people so pure and so harmless as they,
 And so much resembling that JESUS, whom you
 Affect to revere with a worship that's due ;
 Remember that these have been kept safe and sound
 In a land where all manner of evils abound,
 By means of that Faith which, to judge by the fruit,
 You surely ought not to deny or dispute.

If our Elders, by keeping that Faith that was Mother's,
 Securely thus lead their young sisters and brothers,
 What, prythee, can you, or can any one plead
 Against MOTHER ANN, whom we own as our LEAD.
 In her if this work of Salvation began
 Thus proved to be far more efficient for man
 To keep him from evil, than has been by all
 The means of restoring mankind, since the fall,
 Will you raise the finger of scorn to deride
 The Agency used to abase human pride?
 Beware! I entreat you, in time, lest you find
 How closely the stone which is falling will grind.

With proper deduction for drifting down stream
 In stemming the rapids of Passion, I seem,
 Yea, seem to myself, to be gaining on *One*
 Which had to my vessel so much mischief done.
 You know, I think, something of my human nature
 That I for example, am no woman-hater,

But very mercurial—exceedingly so—
 My evidence then is the stronger you know.
 Well! since I've been bearing my cross like a man,
 (And this, by the bye, is as much as I can,)
 I've found what your trial to you would have taught,
 If you my dear fellow, had dwelt where you ought—
 Been banded, I mean, with Believers, whose souls
 Concupiscence never draws over the coals ;
 And who by a mutual assistance, at length
 Have cooled down old nature of much of its strength :
 In your late experiment you could not try
 The point in dispute. I will now tell you why.
 You still kept your union with those who had never
 Determined the FLESH from the SPIRIT to sever,
 And round you each carnally sanctified mind
 To every advancement in spirit was blind ;
 And therefore, whatever your trial might cost,
 The guerdon that's due to obedience was lost.
 With a view to Salvation, had you been enticed
 To follow the footsteps of JESUS the CHRIST,
 And had you believed He had called you to trample
 And keep the FLESH under, like him, the example ;
 That you in advancing should *do* as he did
 And *not* do what He had so strictly forbid,
 And had you by FAITH or from History known
 That all his Disciples whom he'll ever own,
 Had always as Christians new modeled their lives
 By quitting the world and forsaking their wives,
 Then selling whatever they had, at a dash,
 And giving to those who were poor all the cash ;
 Moreover had you been as lucky as I,
 To find, after bidding this world a good-bye,
 A snug little band of associates combin'd
 To follow the Lord, " of one heart and one mind,"
 Each under his vine and his fig-tree employed
 In some useful calling, and all over-joyed ;
 In fullest fruition of all their best hopes,
 Quite full—without any rhetorical tropes—
 Then like a glad Exile returned home, you would
 What I am describing have well understood.
 But had you found out, in addition to this,
 What you in the world must eternally miss—
 A band of kind females, meek, humble and mild,
 Each cheerful and gay as simplicity's child,
 All full of alacrity, dancing and singing,
 With work or play keeping the house all a ringing ;

As happy as larks whether sitting or moving,
 Sweet-tempered, obliging, free, friendly and loving ;
 All chaste—aye, all chaste, for I wish to be plain—
 As icicle pendants on Diana's fane,
 Congealed from snow-flakes that had never been speck'd—
 A purity libertines could not suspect !
 Had you a novitiate pass'd twelve months with such,
 You'd know whom you could not avoid loving much :
 Not loving sometimes, then hating by turns,
 As the blood in your veins either freezes or burns ;
 But constantly placid, with joy overflowing,
 Your purest affections would always be growing,
 Till with the abundance your spirit would reel
 And whirl itself rapidly round on your heel ;
 And by such deportment, in ultimates show
 That the Spirit is paying a visit below.
 This, this is a mystery you can't penetrate
 With all the world's wisdom, though ever so great.
 'Tis one, 'tis but one, of the certain effects,
 Or fruits of the Spirit, which that world rejects.
 The world, in the wisdom in which it is 'mersed,
 Finds the sparks of its spirit completely dispersed,
 And sparkling in *different directions*, grows cool,
 Then denies what it can't comprehend—like a fool.
 At times, some Napoleon, who seems to inherit
 A cluster of these, as a great master-spirit,
 Makes a blaze for a moment, astounding the nations,
 With his lurid columns and dark coruscations ;
 But soon, as at Moscow, we find that this fire
 In smoke and in ashes is sure to expire.

But in the sweet *Union* of spirit which we,
 In this day of gathering, are favored to see,
 The souls of Believers, like streams, as they run
 Thro' "a waste, howling wilderness," flow into one :
 To a confluence swollen, the torrent at last
 Rolls onward, like Jordan, impetuous and vast !
 The channel is deepened, and now the chafed shore
 Repeats the loud echoes, increased to a roar ;
 Till everything foul, with the surges so strong,
 Is swept or worn out as it passes along.
 One faith and one sentiment mutually bind
 Their hearts and affections, eternally join'd ;
 One baptism of soul, in harmonious accord,
 Brings into one spirit to worship one Lord,
 Whose *infinite* Love is in *finite* encased,
 And God *in* his creatures is fully embraced.

His Sons and his Daughters, in union of soul,
 Like billows of oil, in high buoyancy roll ;
 For each little stream, with its scanty supply,
 (Which when on Gilboa, exhausted and dry,)
 Descending the mountains, here flows thro' the vale,
 Increasing from sources which never can fail.
 For God in his people—'tis found out at last
 How Zion's foundations may ever stand fast ;
 His Love and his Wisdom, *unsevered*, now flow,
 Connecting his throne with his footstool below.
 In one solid column his saints are advancing,
 And Virgins come forth with their singing and dancing.
 This *Column of Altitude* now can find place,
 As converts come in, to subside on its base ;
 And gradually swelling, shall, as it subsides,
 Press hard on the wicked surrounding its sides ;
 Till every proud soul that refused to come in
 Be more and more tortured—more burdened with sin,
 For feeding on carrion, since they would have flesh,
 His shame and damnation will always be fresh.

Now loosed from his jail the *Deceiver* goes forth,
 To the East and the West, to the South and the North,
 And calls upon Gog and on Magog to be,
 " With numbers exceeding the sand of the sea,"
 All ready for battle ; with fury they stamp,
 And threaten the saints, and encompass the camp ;
 When lo ! from the Heavens fire swiftly descends
 Amidst Satan's troops, and the fierce contest ends :
 The troops are devoured, and their Captain, aghast,
 Sinks into the " lake of hot brimstone " at last.

The first Earth and Heaven are passing away,
 Whilst Holy Jerusalem descends like a ray
 As bright as the morning, adorned as a Bride,
 With Heaven's refulgent hosts ranged on each side.
 These heavenly hosts—the redeemed of mankind—
 Are those whom the DRAGON and WHORE could not bind ;
 For they of their intellect still kept the key,
 Determined to live unpolluted and free :
 Not slaves to their passions, by casuistry led
 To join what is living to that of the dead.
 They *simply* the mandates of JESUS received,
 And lived in obedience to what they believed ;
 In loving their BROTHERS and SISTERS they know
 The channel stands open for blessings to flow
 In streams of fruition, which no one can taste
 But such as are humble, and honest, and chaste,

In spite of the sophistry which would persuade
That JESUS' plain precepts need not be obeyed.

CHRIST's humble Believers in this latter day,
Were raised up, dear W——*, in a strange kind of way—
They looked for the Christ who had promised to come ;
But how, tell me how, could he break through the gloom,
Unless there was *one* in the regions below,
Into whom his immaculate spirit could flow ?
Thick, tangible darkness was brooding around,
And nowhere, alas ! could an entrance be found.
The gates of the world were all bolted and barr'd
And Antichrist's minions were stationed on guard
To keep out the light that by chance might peep in,
To illumine with one ray the dark mansions of Sin.

Moreover JEHOVAH, in JESUS, had tried
To win men by *Truth* from their folly and pride :
But Antichrist followed and put out the light,
Replunging the world, worse than ever, in night.
Men's minds were too lukewarm. Their needs then required
Their hearts to be warmed and their wills to be fired.
Besides, as by *Woman* man first had been led
From regions of LIGHT to the shades of the dead,
Propriety urged that the finishing stroke
Of wresting men's necks from iniquity's yoke,
Should be by *her* struck, in whose womb was conceived
That treason which had men's destruction achieved.

God gazed on the world, with intention to place
The word of his power on a permanent base—
A durable Altar whose *heat*, beyond doubt,
Should keep up the flame from again going out.
To accomplish this purpose on *Order's* great plan,
As woman at first had been taken from man,
And done all the mischief, it seemed to be fair
That she should be called on the loss to repair.
And now the perplexity was to discover,
By searching the universe narrowly over,
One woman in whom could be lodged the high trust
Of *leading* the world, by LUST lost, from its LUST.
'Twas not very likely that one could be found
Whose *womb* could conceive the great cure for that wound,
Which by the first womb was produced, and which spread
Till every production, born thenceforth, was dead.
Yet what cannot He in his wisdom produce,
When such an occasion called loud for its use ?
The eye of GOD saw—His eye only could see—
One, *only one woman*, who longed to be free

From that mean subjection to which woman's mind
 Had been, since the first one existed, *inclined*.
 God called her: she listened. Instructed by Him,
 She searched, and searched narrowly, every limb,
 To find at what entrance the Serpent crept in
 And made the whole universe subject to sin,
 And from her high station, man's partner brought down
 To be his vile vassal instead of his crown.
 By search and research of the premises o'er,
 She found out the nest of the Beast and the Whore,
 And knew by a *token* she understood well,
 Exactly how Eve, when in Paradise, fell.
 The great plan of Wisdom, the means to control
 The torrent of Evil, now burst on her soul,
 And yielding herself to her LEAD, LORD, and HEAD,
 She *shook* off her sins and arose from the dead.
 The CHRIST which in JESUS had opened the way
 Anointed this woman in this latter day,
 To be as in Adam, a Help that was meet
 And render the Foundation Pillars complete.

In her, then, the Second or Spiritual Eve,
 In Her we call MOTHER, we so far believe
 As that she was cleansed and so well purified
 That God's Holy Spirit in her might *abide*.

Behold, then, this Wonder of Heaven upon earth,
 The first, first true Woman of Spiritual birth,
 To whom all the ends of the inhabited globe
 May approach if they please and take hold of her robe.

Pause now for a moment and lift up your view
 To yon carnal Pharisee—blaspheming Jew—
 Who sneered at the Carpenter's Son when he stood
 Alone, and opposed to the Devil's whole brood.
 I know what you think of these Pharisees, *then*
 Unfit you will own to be classed among men!
 What then would you say of the *man* who would wreak
 His malice of heart every time he would speak,
 Against a lone female—she almost a child—
 Who rose above nature and stood *undefiled*,
 And braved the reproaches and insults of those
 Who stoned and imprisoned and bruised her with blows,
 Yet made no requital to all they could vent
 But simply requested them all to repent,
 And make themselves humble, and holy, and pure,
 And by a good life their salvation secure.
 Had she been *immaculate* when she was born,
 Methinks I could look on that wretch with less scorn,

Who, like the bad Jew, might have vented his spite,
 And felt like a *hero*, with something to fight.
 But when I see MOTHER, like you or like me,
 With some share of sin, (I suppose you'll agree,)
 Becoming, by faith and obedience, more clean
 Than anything else on this earth to be seen,
 And find her maltreated by those who pretend
 To hail JESUS CHRIST as their Saviour and Friend,
 Whilst they giving way to their Pride and their Lust,
 Are living in Sodom and slaying the just,
 I own I'm indignant, nor will I repress
 The feelings I utter with no little stress.

The work of the Shakers proves fully and well
 What now by the way of conclusion, I'll tell.
 'Tis this : When all Christendom had so declin'd
 That no one the way of Salvation could find,
 'Twas needful that when reformation took place,
 Some *one individual* should start in the race.
This one was the woman of whom I had thought
 You have not express'd yourself quite as you ought.
 She, she was the first one whose heart was releas'd
 From following and wondering after the Beast ;
 That beast which was follow'd and worshipp'd by all,
 Till shaken by her, he's beginning to fall.

No wonder she suffer'd when standing alone
 Against the throng'd legions round Antichrist's throne,
 But soon with the sword of the Spirit, or Word,
 She made herself heard : a few simple ones heard,
 And gathering themselves into *ΥΜΙΝ* they bore
 The burthen which she had borne singly before.
 Their souls in the crucible having, at last,
 Been melted down by the hot baptismal blast,
 These liquefied Spirits could readily run
 Into the close union of many in one.

Thus in a tight spiritual Fellowship then,
 Christ's BODY on earth became living again,
 And formed that first NUCLEUS which since has increas'd
 In spite of the Whore and uncircumcised Beast.
 And, spreading forever, as prophecy notes
 Completely shall sever the Sheep from the Goats !
 This Nucleus I speak of comprises the whole
 Of what may relate to the things of the soul,
 And all that I'm anxious to press upon you,
 As the final result of the GOOD and the TRUTH.
 We say that this work is superior to all
 That has been attempted on earth since the Fall ;

For everything else that mankind have assayed,
 Has sunk them still deeper and deeper in shade ;
 The flame of their spirits is quenched to a spark,
 And men are like Satans—dissocial and dark !

This work of the Spirit of God in these days,
 Brings back to a focus his own scatter'd rays,
 Which had, in the forms of his creatures at first,
 Been like moving *planets* around him dispers'd.
 Those rays from that Mind which contemplates the whole
 Became in each planet of Spirit its soul,
 Which in its declension and treason 'gainst God,
 Has, *comet*-like, wandered in SELF-HOOD abroad.
 Now brought to its proper allegiance it moves
 In the sphere of its duty—the orbit it loves.
 For Love to the Lord, in centripetal line,
 Makes it to the center forever incline ;
 Whilst Love to Mankind will forever subserve
 To keep up its flight in a centrifugal curve.
 In just equilibrium all shine and all burn,
 As round their GREAT SOL on their axes they turn ;
 And in this primordiate arrangement one hears
 The music of Heaven—'tis that of the SPHERES !

To arrange in these clusters those spiritual beams,
 Or souls of lost men, is a matter which seems
 So far out of sight of the natural ken,
 As draws forth the sneers of all classes of men.
 Yet the process is simple. The Gospel invites
 The sinner to give up his worldly delights,
 And place his affections on what only can
 Give permanent peace and enjoyment to man.
 But since human nature, as has been asserted,
 Comes into existence completely *inverted*,
 Instead of those things which can better his case,
 He of mere chimeras is always in chase.
 Hence, nothing he longs for can ever be found
 To be of advantage, until he turns round ;
 For, contrarywise, every step he proceeds
 Leads further and further from what he most needs.
 Besides, for our souls to amalgamate well,
 Each one has a *something* it first must expel.
 Nay *all* it possesses, ere it can unite,
 Must first be well hammer'd, and pulveriz'd quite,
 Then melted—all which is the work of the Cross,
 To cleanse it from chaff, and get rid of its dross.
 This process, which cannot to you yet appear,
 Is uninterruptedly going on here,

By which every Shaker may certainly know
How the work in his spirit is likely to go.

This mode of refining is slow, but so sure,
That no honest mind need despair of a cure—
A radical remedy! deep in the soul,
Which probes to the bottom, and cleanses the whole.
A process so gradual misleads the conceited
To say that the Shakers are grievously cheated;
'For if it were truly" (they argue) "God's work,
The business in hand would be done in a jerk,
And men would be straightened, and stand on their feet,
And find their Salvation, at once, quite complete."
But Rome was not built in a day. And we know
That fungous conversions alone ripen so.
The case is now altered. The children of Mother
Are taught *by example* to help one another,
By keeping together and moving in crowds—
Thus being in truth and reality *clouds*.

These, these are the clouds, so august and so cheering,
In which the Great Saviour at last is appearing,
To gladden the earth, so parched up and dry,
With dews of refreshment that drop from on high.

Get up, my dear W——*, and contemplate the East,
Whence morning breaks forth, from night's shadows released.
See round the bright Sun, as he peeps o'er yon hill,
What picturesque changes the painter's eyes fill!
He sees the horizon on which he is gazing,
With purple, vermillion and scarlet all blazing,
Which recently wore a more *sombre* array—
A kind of half-mourning of dark silver gray,
Then changing to azure, to pink and to white,
Till yon brilliant scenery floats into sight!

The Great SUN of Righteousness throws in the morn
His beams on the mountains so dreary and lorn,
Then gaining the summit, pours down in the vale
That health-giving glow which Believers now hail.
His warmth passes thro' them! I see them as *clouds*,
In which the MESSIAH his *glory* enshrouds;
But Mother's sweet spirit cannot be concealed—
We see in our Elders her *goodness* revealed!
In kindness and tenderness how it expands
Their hearts' best affections, and opens their hands,
And stretches them out, both to bless and relieve,
All who, in obedience, her comforts receive!

O! could I but sketch the bright *clouds* I behold,
In which Mother's gifts are begun to unfold,

And paint all the hues as to me they appear,
 How soon would my friend and his ——*——* be here,
 To share in the rapture of eyeing those *clouds*,
 In which our Immanuel his presence enshrouds !

These *clouds* you must know are as clouds ought to be,
 All streaked and all checquered, or tinged, as we see,
 From crimson the highest celestial hue
 To spiritual white, or more natural blue.
 For HE who made all of one blood, will permit
 All men of all nations their evils to quit :
 And those who will quit them, and take up the cross,
 By suffering themselves to be purged of their dross,
 Will always exhibit, however refin'd,
 A *cloud*-like, or soft variegation of mind :
 That is, every one will possess his own name
 And never will two be exactly the same ;
 As *clouds* in their different appearances strike
 The eye that beholds them—two never alike.

I own the objection you'll raise. You are sure
 That *all* I describe are not equally pure,
 That many among us in manners are coarse
 And, when with mere worldlings compar'd, sometimes worse.
 Without hesitation I grant what you say ;
 Yet this does not prove we are out of the way,
 As I, to keep up the similitude, might
 Retort, that all clouds are not *equally* bright.
 Believers, whenever they get in the track
 Begin where they are—peradventure far back—
 Behind many others, and must, for a while
 Be borne with, until they can alter their style.
 This makes it hard work, I will own, for the rest,
 Who have to put up with their ill-favored 'guest,
 Till he shall advance to the rear in the race,
 And learn to jog on in the same even pace,
 When banded forever, in union with those
 Who lead him and follow their *Lead*, on he goes.

Until you shall try it you cannot conceive
 How oft, as it were, you will fret in your sleeve,
 At being by one so much jostled and rubb'd
 Who must not on your part be fretted or snubb'd.
 This, this is a part of the cross you must bear
 Which nature will pout at, at not being fair.
 No matter. Be patient. A brother you'll gain
 And you will soon learn not to pout nor complain ;
 For Nature and all that is sensual, at length,
 Will yield to the cross and be pared of its strength,

When lo! like the Phœnix, of which we've been told
 A new life will rise from the death of the old :
 Which life is the true RESURRECTION from sin
 Which the Shakers assert they believe themselves in.

Examine this principle well which thus binds
 In bands of such union diversified minds,
 Not picked ones like Owen and William M'C!ure,
 Who built up communities not to endure ;
 For all they who happen to call at our door
 May stop and enlist whether rich men or poor.
 And many *do* stop and are put to the trial
 Who flinch and turn back from this life of Denial.
 Indeed very few are sufficiently stout
 To relish our practices when they set out ;
 Yet, by perseverance, some honest ones prove
 The work to be genuine, and onward they move.

By reason of those who withdraw, you may guess
 At what it is hardly worth while to express,
 The great inconvenience which sometimes must rise
 But which don't dishearten, nor can it surprise,
 Though often reproaches upon us are hurl'd
 By reason of *such*, from a wrong-judging world.

As GOD is impartial so every one may
 Come in if he will—if he will he may stay ;
 But you, from the state of the world, must well know
 That some, of the many who come in, will go.
 For at the great Harvest, it now shall be known
 That all will be gathered—each one to his own—
These as their gross appetites lead them, and *those*
 To reap the reward Self-denial bestows.

Since we have *turn'd round* from old Orthodox views,
 We make such rewards for ourselves as we *choose* :
 Nor do we expect from the earth to be hoisted
 And into those Heav'ns, we're unfitted for, foisted.

In forming our Heav'n (of Love!) we embellish
 And store it with what we are learning to relish ;
 For we are persuaded, nor will you deny,
 That just as we make up our beds we shall lie.
 Hence we have discovered that those who begin
 To live in this present world quite free from sin,
 May grow in that union which nothing can sever,
 And reign as Christ's people forever and ever.

With the eyes of the fool, while some people are staring
 To the ends of the earth for some great thing's appearing,
 And hope that some sudden transition and strange
 Their loves and their taste and their habits will change,

And fit them for something, they cannot tell what,
 We look to our *Lead* and find God on the spot ;
 Convinc'd that the *Mystery of God in the Flesh*
 Will, as 'tis more opened, our spirits refresh
 And fill us with Happiness not to be doubted ;
 This Good *we* possess—you are thinking about it.

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EPISTLE TO ELIZA L——\*

ONCE more I give, in Friendship's name,  
 Attention to Eliza's claim :  
 A silent call, from one so dear,  
 Alone, could reach my torpid ear,  
 Which closed so long to every call,  
 'Tis strange that it can hear at all.

In pity spare thy friend, if he  
 Behaves himself ungraciously  
 In guessing that Eliza might  
 Be pleased to read what he may write.

There was a time—thou know'st it well—  
 When thou wouldst hearken to my shell,  
 Which sounded out in numbers, such  
 As those could bear who loved me much ;  
 And all the L——\*'s I still suppose  
 Were, of my friends, exactly those.

They then who have remain'd unchanged  
 Whilst I, an æronaut, have ranged  
 Thro' every region thought could pierce,  
 In mind's extensive universe—  
 They, surely, will be glad to read  
 What course I took, and what my speed.

I left them in a world that seems  
 To my changed view, a land of Dreams,  
 Which, like autumnal mists exhale  
 In shadows round the dusky vale.  
 That all her life's a *dreaming fit*  
 Eliza can't acknowledge yet ;  
 For mists that we are breathing, we  
 Find rather difficult to *see* ;  
 And nature cannot well believe  
 What nature's senses don't perceive.

O ! if thou wert transported where  
 The lungs might breathe a purer air,  
 Where thou, with vision clear, couldst trace  
 Mists hovering round thy dwelling-place,  
 How wouldst thou shun the shadowy scene  
 In which thy life has always been !  
 And how Eliza's heart would crack  
 At thoughts of once more turning back.  
 But this I know, thou wilt not credit,  
 And I as well might not have said it ;  
 For all thy faculties combine  
 To plead for that same world of thine,  
 Where Fashion, Elegance, and Ease  
 Thy feelings soothe, thy fancy please ;  
 Or rather strive to please and soothe  
 And make the paths of pleasure smooth.  
 And well thou know'st they vainly strive  
 To keep thee properly alive ;  
 Since 'tis not in their pow'r to give  
 What makes it worth one's while to live.  
 Or, grant that *Fashion's* gaudy style  
 May give thy lips a casual smile,  
 And that life's Elegancies may  
 Excite thy passions into play ;  
 Yet this is transient ; for thou must  
 Exchange these things for robes of dust !  
 A few, yea few ! short breaths will sever  
 Thee and thy finery forever !  
 Besides, thy soul has never known  
 A peace which it could call its own :  
 The spark ethereal which is there  
 Is smothered in for want of air.  
 Let then that soul which has been hid  
 Beneath its specious pyramid  
 A real sepulchre, though grac'd  
 With all the blandishments of Taste—  
 Let thy own soul in secret, seal  
 The truth of this direct appeal.  
 What, let me ask, has Fashion done  
 To satisfy the soul of one  
 Who, like Eliza, has a mind  
 Above the ordinary kind ?  
 There are indeed, it may be said,  
 Those who have souls of such a grade,  
 As fashion's gew-gaws may, awhile,  
 Delight with its fantastic style.

Such are bond-slaves to Etiquette,  
Whose thralldom we need scarce regret ;  
Seeing a standard so debas'd  
Is high enough to suit their taste :  
As idiots' little minds we know  
Are charm'd with what is mean and low.

But there are minds.—Eliza ! thine  
Was meant an orb-like *Star* to shine—  
Yea, there are minds—I *know* there are—  
Which rise above this standard far,  
Which nothing found in Fashion's court  
Can captivate, or long support—  
Minds which unceasingly desire  
Not to be groveling, but *aspire*,  
Ascending, like a sunlit flame,  
To meet the beams from whence they came.  
To reach that source thou wilt not say  
We ought to travel Fashion's way,  
Through walks festooned with every flower  
That flaunts round Pleasure's flimsy bower ;  
Where, at each step, we gratify  
Our pride of life, or carnal eye.  
Nay, nay ! My friend too plainly sees  
That mere Voluptuousness and Ease  
Can never fit the soul to bear  
Of life's hard rubs its certain share.  
What poet has, or novelist,  
The critic's judgment so far miss'd,  
As not to make his *hero* wade  
Through dangers with exerted blade ;  
Or lead him through perplexities,  
And storms and troubles far from ease.  
What were Telemachus, if he  
Had not sometimes been wreck'd at sea ?  
What were the Wallace of renown,  
Without an Albion Edward's frown ?  
What Hercules ? What Washington,  
If great exploits they had not done,  
Nor in the way of SELF-DENIAL  
Exposed themselves to many a trial ?  
Dost thou not see our hearts must love  
Those most, whom most exertions prove ?  
If then to form a *Hero* asks  
Performance of adventurous tasks,  
Through sleepless nights with scanty fare,  
Why wonder if the SAINT should dare

To follow Jesus every day  
 In self-denial's suffering way,  
 Or like the blessed ANN repel  
 Alone, the powers of earth and hell ?

Every indulgence and excess  
 Renders our true enjoyment less,  
 By blunting or destroying quite  
 The earnest edge of appetite,  
 And deadening down to ennui  
 The tone of sensibility,  
 Till life's nice palate has no test  
 Of flavor, relish, goût, or zest,  
 Whence all its energies must be  
 Surfeited into *apathy*—  
 A state of being quite below  
 That of the laziest weeds that grow.

Look at the listless world around thee  
 And how will Fashion's groups confound thee !  
 Created for a life of bliss,  
 How strangely they the object miss !  
 And does not thy experience prove  
 That if there be no joys above  
 Those *pleasures* of the world, which thou  
 Hast been so *worried* with till now,  
 It was to little purpose God  
 Made man superior to the clod ?  
 Truly the vilest clod would be  
 Endowed with more *felicity*  
 (A mere quiescent state of rest)  
 Than mankind ever yet possest,  
 If they had nothing more at most  
 Than Fashion's votaries can boast.

I know their pleasures ; for I've tried  
 The various stratagems of Pride  
 And played at all its games so well  
 That I can all its secrets tell,  
 And confident I therefore am  
 Their happiness is all a sham.

The human heart is all deceit  
 And all its business is to cheat.  
 At first it cheats itself, and then  
 It tries to cheat all other men ;  
 For Self obeys its selfish call  
 And must prefer itself to all.

How man became a thing so vile  
 I had not wit to reconcile

With God's great goodness, till I came  
 And took on me the Shakers' name.  
 The riddle then was solved. Mankind  
 Will never *peace* and *comfort* find  
 Till they like Jesus bear a cross  
 Which wears and purges out the dross.  
 This Quakers preach. But tell me, pray,  
 Why after Jesus paves the way  
 Mankind, in Christendom, have been  
 Sunk worse than ever down in sin?  
 For 'tis a fact that Antichrist  
 Has serpent-like again enticed  
 Professors of the Christian name  
 To glory in their greatest shame.

When Eve and Adam were beguiled,  
 They *owned their fault* and Mercy smiled  
 And soon contriv'd how they might be  
 Redeemed from their captivity.  
 And when the Saviour first appeared,  
 Those who were by his presence cheered,  
 Began with earnestness to tread  
 And bruise the cunning reptile's head.  
 But notwithstanding all their zeal  
 They had to feel a wounded heel;  
 For lo! amidst repeated blows  
 The Serpent dext'rously arose  
 And putting on his secret strength  
 Became a DRAGON wing'd at length.  
 Mark now, Eliza, from that hour  
 How strangely he began to tow'r!  
 No longer crawling at the feet,  
 He flew up to the Almighty's seat,  
 And in Gop's temple proudly shone,  
 A full usurper of his throne.  
 For that same Church which Jesus built,  
 (Hearts purified from sin and guilt,  
 PERDITION'S SON crept slyly in,  
 And preach'd! yea, preach'd, himself 'gainst sin!  
 And always took religious care  
 To seem in outward conduct fair,  
 By changing, with a lengthened face,  
 To cant and slang the words of Grace;  
 And to conceal how he was *humming*,  
 He paid small tithes on mint and cummin—  
 That is, he dressed in black and brown,  
 And looked on dancing with a frown;

And on all non-essential matters,  
 He seem'd to tear the world in tatters ;  
 Whilst in his loins the wily brute  
 Preserved alive SIN's rankest root,  
 Well knowing that all evils spring  
 From that foul source, "*the unclean thing.*"  
 Thus blinding every eye with dust,  
 He sanctified his favorite LUST,  
 That very thing which had, at first,  
 Into GOD's garden—EDEN—burst.  
 That this account is quite exact,  
 Is founded on the following fact :  
 Throughout the globe on which we dwell,  
 There's not a soul quite sound and well  
 But the cleansed *Virgin*—one made free  
 From every sensuality.  
 This test alone, and this sufficed,  
 To mark the bounds of Antichrist  
 So plainly, that thy friend can say  
 He found the pure and heavenly way,  
 Which he, Eliza, never knew  
 Until he did—what thou must do,  
 Before thy own immortal mind  
 The power that saves from sin can find.  
 With this plain fact before their eyes,  
 Why will not poor mankind be wise ?  
 Look, dear Eliza, look around,  
 And find, if one is to be found,  
 As clean and pure and free from strife  
 As JESUS CHRIST displayed through life,  
 Although all know they are forbid  
 To do what Jesus never did.  
 Thou canst not find one—only one,  
 Who has the proper work begun !  
 Not one that's humble, meek and pure,  
 And fit for Angels to endure.  
 And yet we're called to be as free  
 From all kinds of *Impurity*  
 As Angels are ; for we must dwell  
 With Angels—or be doomed to Hell.  
 There's no alternative between  
 Our being, like the Angels, *clean*,  
 Or like the infernal Spirits, whom  
 Their *filthy* lives to misery doom.  
 Eliza ! wilt thou not confess,  
 Thou hast not yet found happiness ?



Yea ! she, like all the world, will own  
 True Happiness she has not known ;  
 Else would her heart no longer sigh,  
 Although at times she knows not why.  
 Be candid. Wherefore art thou cheated  
 With things ten thousand times repeated ?  
 The ball, the party, and the play,  
 Have promised what they never pay,  
 And every one leaves thee perplex'd,  
 'Till thou art hurrying to the next.  
 The next, and still the next, as yet,  
 Have never, never paid the debt.  
 Paid ? not diminished it the least,  
 But, with the Interest, 'tis increased.

'Tis time, Eliza, thou shouldst know,  
 That he from whom these numbers flow,  
 One who, for six and twenty years,  
 Had sought the way to God with tears,  
 Has found at last the very road  
 Of Zion—to the Saints' abode.  
 The kingdom which we prayed should come,  
 Has actually appeared to some,  
 Who are inviting all to know  
 That God Almighty reigns below.

Why, why, Eliza, disbelieve  
 What living witnesses perceive  
 Of that GREAT DAY which is to close  
 The tragedy of human woes ?  
 Can Hannah, Margaret or thou  
 Deny the Love that prompts me now  
 To plead with you to hear the call  
 Which now is sounded out to all ?  
 Or, say, can either of you three  
 Question your friend's *veracity*,  
 When he asserts, in language plain,  
 That CHRIST has here commenced his reign ?  
 That reign which will forever last  
 And keep its firm foundation fast.

The Bible would instruct thee ; but  
 Let (if thou please) its lids be shut ;  
 Until thy heart no longer pleads  
 Against the Truths, which there it reads ;  
 And puzzle not thy intellect  
 With what thy brain cannot inspect,  
 For Heresy, Eliza, will  
 Follow the windings of the will,

And every crooked Will must be  
 Made straight to shun all heresy.  
 No speculation now will do  
 To lead CHRIST'S Virgin followers through.  
 The Dagon's priests their race have run  
 And guarded every way *but one*.  
 That Way, that one, that simple way  
 (Mark well, Eliza, what I say)—  
 That simple way for thee, for all  
 Is—to *obey* the Gospel call,  
 And follow—not the Priests who preach,  
 But those who *by example* teach ;  
 Who by their fruits distinctly show  
 How, and from what, Life's tree must grow ;  
 And who by self-denial test  
 That Jesus always preached the best.

GOD in the world's extremest need  
 Has given at last the promised LEAD ;  
 And now the SECOND EVE, the Bride,  
 Will always with her Lambs abide,  
 Whose footsteps so well mark the way  
 That little children need not stray.

Why should Eliza disbelieve  
 Our doctrine of the Second Eve,  
 A perfect, spotless female, who  
*Did* what the first one did not do ?  
 Why, tell me too, should *woman* kind  
 Be most determinately blind  
 Against the Faith which we profess  
 In Mother's perfect righteousness ?  
 Methinks *ambition* might incline,  
 Eliza ! such a heart as thine  
 To catch the strain which has been sounded  
 And, literally the world confounded.  
*Woman* has been the burthen long  
 Of both profane and sacred song,  
 Been flattered, vilified, caress'd—  
 At once man's mistress, slave and jest.  
 And now, when GOD is pleased to raise  
 His fairest monument of praise  
 By placing her on earth to live  
 As Wisdom's representative,  
 Her Sisters, by creation, frown  
 And try their best to put her down !  
 They frown in vain ! The die is cast !  
 And woman wears the crown at last !

Having through tribulation found  
 A balsam for man's mortal wound,  
 All evils she has learnt to quell  
 And gain the state from which she fell.

This then, Eliza, this is what  
 Has fix'd thy friend upon this spot,  
 Where paradise is gain'd by such  
 As do not think the price too much.  
 This price I've paid, and therefore I  
 Invite the friends I love to buy  
 That privilege which all obtain'd  
 Whose paradise has been regain'd.

Eliza! wilt thou pay the cost  
 To have, what EVE THE FIRST had lost;  
 And be, what Jesus promised those  
 Who choose the part which Mary chose;  
 And claim what Shakers, on this ground,  
 Roundly assert that they have found?  
 Say, wouldst thou, like our Sisters here,  
 From day to day, from year to year,  
 And so forever onward move  
 Within the encircling bands of Love,  
 A Gospel fellowship, a Union  
 Of holiness and sweet communion,  
 In which there's nothing to destroy  
 Their Innocence and Peace and Joy?  
 This Peace and Joy of every heart  
 Can only be express'd in part;  
 For every individual finds  
 That comforts flow from other minds,  
 According as their states may be  
 All intermingling variously,  
 And each as full as it can hold  
 With what no one would give for gold.  
 'Tis Love, reciprocated Love,  
 Which comes in torrents from above;  
 For our delighted Parents pour  
 These streams from their exhaustless store,  
 Till every faithful heart is swelling  
 With what is past the power of telling.  
 And as our aim is to increase  
 In Love and Comfort, Joy and Peace,  
 Our business is, from day to day,  
 To travel in this heavenly way,  
 With Brethren and with Sisters join'd  
 In unanimity of mind,

Bound and resolved to be forever  
Good, honest, simple, kind and clever.

Whilst antichristians dream and plod  
And *talk about* the way to GOD,  
As if the DEITY was far  
Beyond the sky's remotest star,  
We find the BEING we revere  
Revealed and manifested *here*;  
Whilst in our duties we explore  
And *sink* into him more and more.  
For man's great loftiness must bend—  
Not as proud nature points, ascend ;  
But in humility of mind  
Descend if we our GOD would find.  
As CHRIST the Saviour, whom we seek,  
Was humble, lamb-like, low and meek,  
So every follower of his  
Will seek salvation where it is.  
Now as this spirit we put on  
Our souls are by attraction drawn  
To love what we by nature hate  
And grow into a heavenly state.

Hence they who hear the Gospel sound  
Are, as they ever have been, found  
To row their boat against the tide  
Of innate selfishness and pride.  
The cross of Christ (is it not plain ?)  
Is *that* which cuts across the grain  
Of men's corrupted wills, else they  
Could never learn how to obey,  
And men without obedience could  
Know nothing either True or Good,  
And therefore if they were not cross'd  
Would from necessity be lost.

Canst thou not see, my friend, from this  
How much the world has gone amiss ?  
They of the world are pulling, hauling,  
Backbiting, scolding, lying, brawling,  
Each eager to be biggest, proudest,  
Or striving who can talk the loudest ;  
All want to govern, none obey  
And few to show impartial play.  
The consequence, we plainly see,  
Is, that no two in ten agree :  
The best of friends—nay lovers, oft—  
Chide, or speak words not always soft ;

And neighbors, bless me ! how they rub  
 If one would borrow—but a tub !  
 Moreover pouting, sulking, fretting,  
 So oft occur, there's no forgetting ;  
 For every day and every where  
 Thou know'st, Eliza, such things are.  
 I could enlarge this picture much  
 By giving it a heavier touch,  
 Such as might cause a blush to read ;  
 But in the sketch I'll not proceed.

I, who have seen so much of men  
 Could, in the world, not pick out ten  
 Who could without hard thoughts unite  
 In the same group from morn to night ;  
 E'en Robert Owen and McClure  
 Could not, with all their means, secure  
 The social comforts of a few  
 Who had the same design in view,—  
 And who united to withdraw  
 From evils they so plainly saw,  
 And which much science, wealth, and wit  
 Have not it seems diminished yet.

How then, I ask, can mankind be  
 Cooped up in Heaven eternally,  
 Without some discontent or other  
 Which they will find too rife to smother ?  
 Ponder this question. Ponder well ;  
 And when thou answerest *none can tell*,  
 Remember what I'm saying now,  
 That Shakers know exactly *how* :  
 They have obtained the patent right  
 To make a *Union* close and tight  
 Of all who honestly will bring  
 To day-light every hidden thing,  
 Then do precisely what they're bid  
 By those who do as JESUS did,  
 And who, like Mother ANN, have based  
 All holiness in being *Chaste* ;  
 That is, refined from every blot  
 In act, expression, or in thought ;  
 Which otherwise, Eliza, might  
 Tarnish the Spirit's Virgin white.

\* \* \* \* \*

From the Knickerbocker.

LINES BY CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE SHAKER SETTLEMENT, NEAR ALBANY.

MYSTERIOUS worshippers !

Are you indeed the things you seem to be,  
Of earth—yet of its iron influence free—  
From all that stirs  
Our being's pulse, and gives to fleeting life  
What well the Hun has termed "the rapture of the strife?"

Are the gay visions gone,  
Those day-dreams of the mind, by fate there flung,  
And the fair hopes to which the soul once clung,  
And battled on ;  
Have ye outlived them ? All that must have sprung,  
And quicken'd into life, when ye were young ?

Does memory never roam  
To ties that, grown with years, ye idly sever,  
To the old haunts that ye have left forever—  
Your early homes ?  
Your ancient creed, once faith's sustaining lever,  
The loved who erst prayed with you—now may never ?

Has not ambition's pean  
Some power within your hearts to wake anew  
To deeds of higher emprise—worthier you,  
Ye monkish men,  
Than may be reaped from fields ? Do ye not rue  
The drone-like course of life ye now pursue ?

The camp—the council—all  
That woos the soldier to the field of fame—  
That gives the sage his meed—the bard his name  
And coronal—  
Bidding a people's voice their praise proclaim ;  
Can ye forego the strife, nor own your shame ?

Have ye forgot your youth,  
 When expectation soared on pinions high,  
 And hope shone out on boyhood's cloudless sky,  
 Seeming all truth—  
 When all looked fair to fancy's ardent eye,  
 And pleasure wore an air of sorcery ?

You, too! What early blight  
 Has withered your fond hopes, that ye thus stand  
 A group of sisters, 'mong this monkish band ?  
 Ye creatures bright !  
 Has sorrow scored your brows with demon hand,  
 Or o'er your hopes passed treachery's burning brand ?

Ye would have graced right well  
 The bridal scene, the banquet, or the bowers  
 Where mirth and revelry usurp the hours—  
 Where, like a spell,  
 Beauty is sovereign—where man owns its powers,  
 And woman's tread is o'er a path of flowers.

Yet seem ye not as those  
 Within whose bosoms memories vigils keep :  
 Beneath your drooping lids no passions sleep ;  
 And your pale brows  
 Bear not the tracery of emotion deep—  
 Ye seem too cold and passionless to weep !



From the *Russellville, (Kentucky) Advertiser*.

**A N S W E R**

TO "LINES BY CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN," IN THE *KNICKERBOCKER*.

—

WE are, indeed, the things we seem to be,  
 Of earth, and from its iron influence free :  
 For we are they, or halt, or lame, or dumb,  
 "On whom the ends of this vain world are come."  
 We have outlived those day-dreams of the mind—  
 Those flattering phantoms which so many bind ;  
 All man-made creeds (your "faith's sustaining lever")  
 We have forsaken, and have left forever !

To plainly tell the truth, we do not rue  
 The sober, Godly course that we pursue ;  
 But 'tis not we who live the dronish lives,  
 But those who have their husbands, or their wives !  
 But if by drones you mean they 're lazy men,  
 Then, Charlotte Cushman, take it back again ;  
 For one, with half an eye, or half a mind,  
 Can there see industry, and wealth, combined.

If camps and councils—soldiers' "fields of fame,"  
 Or, yet, a people's praise or people's blame,  
 Is all that gives the sage or bard his name,  
 We can "forego the strife, nor own our shame."

What great temptations you hold up to view  
 For men of sense or reason to pursue !  
 The praise of mortals !—what can it avail,  
 When all their boasted language has to fail ?

And "sorrow hath not scored with demon hand,"  
 Nor "o'er our hopes pass'd treachery's burning brand ;"  
 But, where the sorrows and the treachery are,  
 I think may easily be made appear.

In "bridal scenes," in "banquets and in bowers !" }  
 'Mid revelry and variegated flowers }  
 Is where your mother Eve first felt their powers. }

The "bridal scenes," you say, "we'd grace right well !"  
 "Lang syne" there our first parents blindly fell !—  
 The bridal scene ! Is this your end and aim ?  
 And can you this pursue, "nor own your shame ?"  
 If so, weak, pithy, superficial thing,  
 Drink, silent drink the sick Hymenial spring.

"The bridal scene ! the banquet or the bowers,  
 Or woman's [bed of thorns, or] path of flowers,"  
 Can't all persuade our souls to turn aside  
 To live in filthy lust or cruel pride.

Alas ! your path of flowers will disappear ;  
 E'en now, a thousand thorns are pointed near ;  
 Ah ! here you find "base treachery's burning brand,"  
 And sorrows score the heart, nor spare the hand ;  
 But here "Beauty's sovereign"—so say you—  
 A thing that in one hour may lose its hue,  
 It lies upon the surface of the skin—  
 Aye, Beauty's self was never worth a pin ;  
 But still it suits the superficial mind—  
 The slight observer of the human kind ;  
 The airy, fleety, vain, and hollow thing,  
 That only feeds on wily flattering.



"Man owns its powers?" And what will not man own  
 To gain his end—to captivate—dethrone?  
 The truth is this, whatever he may feign,  
 You'll find your greatest loss, his greatest gain;  
 For like the bee, he will improve the hour,  
 And all day long he'll hunt from flower to flower,  
 And when he sips the sweetness all away,  
 For aught he cares, the flowers may all decay.  
 But here, each other's virtues we partake,  
 Where men and women all their ills forsake:  
 True virtue spreads her bright Angelic wing,  
 While saints and seraphs praise the Almighty King.  
 And when the matter's rightly understood,  
 You'll find we labor for each other's good;  
 This, Charlotte Cushman, truly is our aim.  
 Can you forego this strife, "nor own your shame?"  
 Now if you would receive a modest hint,  
 You'd surely keep your name at least, from print.  
 Nor have it hoisted, handled round and round  
 And echoed o'er the earth from mound to mound,  
 As the great advocate of———(O, the name!)  
 Now can you think of this, "nor own your shame?"  
 But Charlotte, learn to take a deeper view  
 Of what your neighbors say, or neighbors do;  
 And when some flattering knaves around you tread,  
 Just think of what a SHAKER GIRL has said.



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