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Number II.—December, 1864.

The January number of the FRIEND OF PROGRESS *will contain contributions from* REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, DR. R. T. HALLOCK, *and other able writers.*

MRS. LOUISE POLLOCK—*a German by birth—the author of the paper on the Kinder-Garten, will contribute a series of articles on this subject, involving details of the mode of procedure, and a compendium of the best information furnished by German publications and schools.*

Contributions from competent writers are solicited, and will be accepted or rejected upon their real merit, adjudged in the spirit of the purposes of the Magazine, as expressed in the Prospectus.

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THE

FRIEND OF PROGRESS.

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A Plea for the Masculine.

An Argument demonstrating the Equality of the Sexes.

BY JULIUS DICKERSON.

The simple fact that man's brain is the largest, woman's the finest in texture, suggests an important truth, which, if rightly pursued and considered, will lead to a solution of the now "vexed question" concerning the relation of the sexes. This truth is, that *Quantity is masculine, Quality feminine.*

In this essay I propose to point out the true relation of the sexes, as seen by the light of this truth, believing that the theory developing itself as we proceed will be found worthy the consideration of all who feel an interest in this exceedingly momentous subject.

We begin as follows: "Man was made after God's own image." He "possesses in a finite degree the attributes of the Infinite." What are the attributes of the Infinite? They are *perfect quantity — perfect amount* — or *boundlessness*, and *perfect quality—perfect state*—or *unfathomableness.* This definition is simple, comprehensive, and self-evident. Omnipresence, omnipotence, omniscience, perfect love and justice—all the essential principles of Deity—are absorbed in these two main divisions. Man is a microcosm—a product of the union of these attributes—quality and quantity, depth and extent, center and circumference. Individual life begins here, a perfect germ, but limited because a germ, a part, a product, because bounded by unlimited extent on the one hand and unlimited depth on the other. Thus begun, its destiny is eternal progress toward perfection—toward a nearer resemblance to the boundless, unfathomable *All.* It must grow outwardly, by acquisition and expansion, to resemble infinitude—develop inwardly, by refinement and spiritualization, to resemble perfect quality, or purity. This, then, we may accept as at least consistent: first, that perfection, Deity, universe, consists of perfect quantity and perfect quality; second, that these two elements are the primal opposites; third, that Man is the product of the wedding of these primal opposites. These admissions will lead us to a fourth: that, in order for man to reproduce his kind, these primal opposites must be represented in his race as sexes.

At this juncture, in order to be more quickly and clearly understood, I introduce the following table, which, though imperfect, will serve to exhibit the consistency of the theory before us:

Masculine.	**Feminine.**
Quantity.	Quality.
Progressive Tendency.	
Outward.	Inward.
Method of Progression.	
Acquisition, expansion, or *growth.*	Refinement, spiritualization, unfoldment, or *development.*
Intellectual Power.	
Comprehension—power to encircle.	Insight—power to penetrate.
Affectional Power.	
Quantitative, abundant love—general fellow feeling; generated by extensive *circumscribing* association.	Qualitative, intense love—concentrated devotedness; generated by intimate *centering* association.
Moral Power.	
Generosity, liberality, disposition to be liberal and just to all. *Aspiration to become and do more.*	Acute conscientiousness, instinctive aversion to coarseness and wrong, keen susceptibility of and sympathy for the afflictions of others. *Aspiration to become and do better.*
Beauty.	
Magnificence, grandeur, majesty.	Exquisiteness, loveliness, symmetry.

By reasoning deductively we were led to the self-consistent, if not self-evident conclusion, that quantity and quality are opposites, and represented in organic nature as sexes. A glance at the physiological formation of man and woman will serve to sustain this position, and lead us one step further to the truth already stated, that quantity is masculine, quality feminine.

It is the nature of quantity, abstractly considered, to add unto itself—*become more.* This is the only mode of progress open to it, as an abstraction. Its progressive tendency, therefore, is outward—to expand; its method, acquisition. It is the nature of quality, abstractly considered, to *become better.* This is the only mode of progress open to it, as an abstraction. Its tendency, therefore, is inward—to unfold, refine, spiritualize, or develop. Here, then, we have two distinct phases of progression, viz.: quantification, or *growth*, which is masculine, and qualification, or *development*, which is feminine.

In an absolute sense, as the constituents of the universe as a whole, quantity and quality are equally non-progressive, because equally perfect. Imperfection and progress belong exclusively to the finite; and as the perfection of the universe consists in the perfection and proportionateness of quantity and quality, so the imperfection of finite individualities consists in the finiteness and disproportionateness of these same elements.

Quantity, as we have seen, is outward in its tendency, acquiring in its nature. Its action, therefore, is *ex*centrated, its capacity embracing, circumscribing, comprehending; while quality is inward in its tendency, refining in its nature. Its action, therefore, is *con*centrated, its capacity piercing, penetrating, permeating. Here, then, we find two distinct powers: the circumfluent power and the penetrating power. As disclosed in the human intellect, these powers are properly termed *comprehension* and *insight.*

We will now take leave of quantity and quality as abstract principles, and consider them as incarnations of the sexes.

The brain is the physical habitation of the immortal mind, and by the habitation we may judge of the tenant. It is divided into two main departments: the cerebrum—the seat of the intellect—and the cerebellum—the seat of the affections. Man's brain excels in magnitude, woman's in fineness of texture. This is true to an equal (or nearly equal) extent, of the cerebrum and cerebellum. Intellectually, therefore, man excels in comprehension, woman in insight.

But how is it with the affections? I do not purpose to divide the affections and examine them separately, nor to present many facts and illustrations in support of this argument, for the narrow limits to which it must be confined positively forbid all this. I shall therefore avoid particulars, and depend upon the logic of this theory to support itself.

If the seat of the affections is larger in man than in woman, we cannot logically avoid the inference that the affections themselves also exceed hers in volume. Quantity, the embracing capacity, the outward tendency and action, predominate there; hence man's affections are further extending, more general, and more abundant, than woman's. Woman's affections, on the other hand, excel in quality. The penetrating, permeating capacity, the concentrated action, predominate there; hence her affections are more devoted, intimate, intense, than those of man. This is true not only of the social, but of the moral qualities likewise. Man's sense of justice and benevolence is more general, woman's more concentrated and keen.*

We come now to consider the last item on our table: the respective beauty of the sexes. In order to arrive at the correct definition of the word "beauty," let us first consider it as expressing a principle—a divine attribute. Beauty, in the absolute, means the *appearance of perfection.* Perfection consists of perfect magnitude and perfect state. Absolute beauty, then, is quantitative as well as qualitative—depending to an equal degree on quantity and quality. Now, this being true of absolute beauty, analogy would lead us to infer that relative, finite beauty, is likewise thus dependent. Let us see. Webster defines beauty as follows: "But as it is hardly possible to define all the properties which constitute beauty, we may observe, in general, that beauty consists in whatever pleases the eye of the beholder." I know that the word beauty is oftentimes used in a restricted sense, as distinct from grandeur, magnificence, sublimity, &c. Such a use would make beauty a feminine attribute—grandeur, magnificence, sublimity, masculine. It would not affect the

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*For proof in support of this truth, compare the male and female philanthropists—the broad, sweeping labors of the Parkers, Garrisons, Phillipses, &c., with the devotedness of the Nightingales, &c., &c.

weight of this argument, but I prefer to use beauty in its broadest sense, as including everything that "pleases the eye," or rather gratifies the ideality, of the beholder; as this is evidently the most philosophical use of the term.

That magnitude enters, to a very large extent, into the composition of finite beauty, is easily proven. Nature furnishes innumerable illustrations. Development alone is productive of symmetry, exquisiteness, loveliness, but not of perfect beauty. A merely lovely woman is as far from being beautiful as a merely stately man, but wherever stateliness, grandeur, and majesty, are found united with refinement and symmetry, there will we find the highest types of beauty, both among men and women, provided always the former predominate in the masculine, the latter in the feminine sex. As of character so of beauty: the masculine-feminine is the highest type in man, the feminine-masculine the highest type in woman.

In the animal kingdom no inequality is apparent with regard to the beauty of the sexes, although in "*Woman and her Era*" the ground is taken that the feminine excels. I am obliged to take issue with the esteemed author of that work, for I have every reason to believe that, were the opinion of the more enlightened portion of the human race known on this question, it would decide in favor of equality. If there are persons who admire the lioness above the lion, the female horse above the male, &c., there are probably an equal number of equally excellent persons who take an opposite view. I must protest against having any question of this nature decided by the most *refined* persons exclusively. The most *expanded* must have an equal voice in the matter. Let refinement and expansion be equally represented in the jury, and the decision may be final.

Want of space forbids me to follow the thread of this theory much further, though privately I have followed it to many of its bearings to which no reference have as yet been made. For example, the respective capacity of the sexes for enjoyment and suffering may be elucidated from the same basis by the following process of reasoning:

The largest vessel will contain the most; the largest surface is capable of receiving the greatest number, or volume, of impressions. Man's mind, therefore, is capable of receiving and containing the greater number, or volume, of impressions: pleasant or unpleasant, happiness or unhappiness promoting. He is adapted to enjoy and suffer quantitatively more than woman. On the other hand, the most delicate texture is the most susceptible — adapted to receive the most subtile and distinct impressions. Woman, therefore, is capable of enjoying and suffering more intensely, or qualitatively, than man. With respect to executive and generative power, the same distinction exists: man's power is quantitatively, woman's qualitatively, the superior.

Those who have not read "*Woman and her Era*," by Mrs. E. W. Farnham, may fail to see the need, or appreciate the utility, of an argument in favor of sexual equality, and a plea for the masculine; but others, acquainted with its contents, I believe will think me justified in assuming the position of a pleader for the masculine, if not as a writer, at least as a member of that sex.

I have all respect for the noble aim, the sincerity and superior abilities, of the author of the above named volume; but the central idea of the work, around which the many original, often profound and beautiful thoughts and startling facts composing it cluster, I cannot accept as a truth until the following questions are settled in the negative:

Is not the infinitude of Deity—his perfect *amount*—as godlike as is the unfathomableness of his nature—his perfect *state?* And if so, is not the aspiration toward this perfect magnitude as godlike as is the aspiration toward the perfect state? Is not, then, the acquisitiveness—the outward tendency and action of the masculine—as noble, as truly in harmony with the divine design, as is the spiritualization—the inward tendency, the concentrated action of the feminine? Is comprehension—the power to embrace and contain —of less importance than insight—the power to pierce and penetrate? Does not the far-reaching, abundant affection of the masculine, balance the concentrated devotedness of the feminine? Has the masculine aspiration to become and do *more* a lesser claim upon our reverence than has the aspiration of the feminine to become and do *better?* And finally, is not the Divine Presence of the Infinite as perfectly expressed in the grand, stately, majestic appearance of the true man, as is the Divine Presence of the All-Pure expressed in the lovely, exquisite, symmetrical appearance of the true woman?

As an exposition of the feminine, and an auxiliary to the elevation of woman, both in her own esteem and the esteem of man, Mrs. Farnham's work is of incalculable value, and cannot be too highly praised; but we might, with reason, deplore our fate as men, had we to receive it as a perfect exposition of the masculine. The fact is, it can hardly be said to define masculinity at all. It exposes masculine perversion, but well nigh totally ignores masculine excellence. It considers development and progression synonymous: the feminine as a high grade of development, (which is right,) the masculine as a lower grade, (which is wrong); hence the sexes are made to appear, not as walking side by side, but one behind the other. It must be plain to all where Mrs. F.'s error lies, namely: not in over-rating woman, not in asserting that "sex is a grade of development," and the feminine the superior, for such it certainly is, but in considering development as the *all* of progression, instead of what it is, but *one wing* thereof. Development means, the unfolding of that which is. It is the feminine method of progress toward purity. This process will bring us nearer the perfect state, the unfathomable nature of Deity; but not one inch nearer the boundless, all-embracing, all-comprehending God. The other wing of progression is growth, which means, increase —the adding unto that which is. We see, then, that the truth advanced by Mrs. F. has a counterpart, viz.: Sex is a grade of acquisition, expansion, and growth, and the masculine the superior. Neither one of the sexes is the result of a defect, but each is the crown of an excellence.

There are persons belonging to the sterner sex more inclined to imitate woman than man —to spiritualize than expand: youths who shrink from a direct contact with the external; but there is an irresistible force which impels man outward, as it impels woman inward. It is the voice of Nature saying to him, Go, acquire, expand, grow, fulfill thy destiny, become a true man. Would the ever-kind mother, think you, thus admonish her children to choose a roundabout road, instead of the straight one leading direct to Godhood? Would she counsel them to accept the inferior instead of the superior? I judge not.

To the same degree as we concentrate our powers, thoughts, and feelings, the outward action of our faculties ceases, we sacrifice growth at the altar of development; and this, if done to a too great extent, is unwise and contrary to design, as growth and development are equally important modes of progress. Spiritualization alone will never make us perfect.

Prove the inequality of the sexes, and you have proven the impossibility of true eternal marriages; for you have shattered the very foundation upon which such marriages alone can rest, viz.: *mutual consciousness of mutual worth.* Mutual worth demands equal (not similar) attainments; therefore an equal grade of progression. If sex were a grade of progression, then true eternal marriage would be impossible, because the sexes would not mate, but succeed each other; they would not be counterparts, but progressive steps; and their relation being that of superior and inferior, their mutual affection, if any there were, would not be conjugal, but of the nature of the parental and filial.

It seems to me no greater curse could befall woman, than to be doomed to waste her affections on one inferior to herself, incapable of duly appreciating them and returning an equivalent. Reciprocation is the life of the universe. Expense and income must balance in the connubial, as in every other relation, or conjugal bankruptcy is the inevitable consequence.

Every true man knows himself worthy the love of a true woman. He stoops to worship the deep, pure, gentle, lovely nature of woman, not in sickly self-humiliation, derived from a sense of unworthiness, but, conscious of the far-extending riches of his own being, he offers them at the altar of feminine holiness, there to be blessed in return with that for which his nature yearns, and which she alone has to bestow. To love and be loved, to give and to receive, to pour out freely the abundant wealth of his masculine excellence, and in return receive from her (to him) more precious stores—this blessed privilege fills his soul with indescribable happiness and gratitude; and thus, nobly and manlike, he bows to worship the object, the cause of all his bliss.

What the position and sentiments of the true woman toward the true man may be, is not for me to describe; but this I know: no consciousness of absolute superiority enters into them. In sentiment each sex recognizes and appreciates in the other its peculiar excellence. Woman's appreciation of the masculine is as conspicuous as man's esteem for the feminine: only in manifesting this appreciа-

tion they differ. We do not approach the grand as we do the delicate: our reverence is the same in degree, not in kind.

But intellectually the sexes under-value each other. Man under-values woman, because unable to fathom her depth. He observes her frivolity, slavery to fashion, and perverted refinement in general, and labels it "weakness," failing to see, beneath this dross of perversion, that godlike element which makes woman the direct communicator with the very heart of the universe, and by virtue of which alone, she, and man through her, can approach nearer and nearer that mysterious center—the absolutely pure and perfect state.

Woman under-rates man, because unable to comprehend his vastness. She sees his strife for power, greed for gain, and indulgence in sensual pleasures, and calls it selfishness, grossness, animality, failing to see, underneath this rubbish of perversion, that noble aspiration to universal comprehension—to know, contain, encompass all.

Woman is better than man. She stands a mediator between him and the positively pure, spiritual, lovely, of the universe.

Man is more than woman. He stands a mediator between her and the absolutely grand, magnificent, sublime, of the universe.

Man's refinement and development are attained chiefly through the mediumship of woman; woman's expansion and growth principally through the mediumship of man. They are servants of each other, and sovereigns over each other. Thus it is in the present, has been in the past, and will be throughout eternity.

The National Committee.

The following persons were appointed by the Chicago Spiritual Convention a committee to call the next Convention: S. S. Jones, St. Charles, Ill., Chairman; F. L. Wadsworth, Maine, Secretary; Warren Chase, Michigan; Mrs. S. E. Warner, Berlin, Wis.; Selden J. Finney, Plato, O.; Mary F. Davis, Orange, N. J.; H. B. Storer, Connecticut; Dr. H. T. Child, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. H. F. Gardner, Boston, Mass.; Amanda M. Spence, New York; M. F. Shuey, Elkhart, Ind.; Mrs. M. M. Daniels, Independence, Iowa; Milo O. Mott, Brandon, Vt.

—Practice flows from principle: as a man thinks, so he will act.

The Thought that Burns in our Time.

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

It was an old saying that God thought the world into existence. The universe was a visible Thought — a mass of divine Ideas. Following out the suggestion, each part of the universe may be considered as a detached and separate idea; the details of the universe, when analyzed, are so many distinct hints of the divine meaning in creation; and the smallest grain or atom contains some intimation, some notion, of the intelligence of God. In the light of this truth his thoughts are numerous indeed: more in number than the sand; for each *particle* of sand reflects from its crystal facets some faint ray of the creative Mind, and the sand atoms are but an infinitesimally small part of the animate and inanimate world. Is not each man, too, a thought? Each woman—each child? Does not each living creature report some idea of God which no other creature reports? Does not each individuality, distinct as it is from every other individuality, convey a suggestion distinct from every other? We are all thoughts of God, if we come to that: thoughts, dark, mysterious, inexplicable, unreadable, unintelligible possibly; thoughts so small, so delicate, so evanescent, so recondite, that they escape our notice; thoughts so confusing and distracting that they confound our wits; nevertheless, thoughts we are: divine thoughts—necessary in some way to fill up the sum of the divine thinking and complete the sensorium of Deity.

God's greater thoughts we see as the ages and generations express them. The thought of an epoch is plain: it is a dull mind that cannot guess the idea enfolded in a crisis or thrown out by a conspicuous event in history. It seems, sometimes, as if God dropped his thoughts one by one into the mind of mankind—a thought to a century; a thought to an age; a thought to a generation; a thought to a year; a thought to a nation, a community, a tribe—as if to insure its being well comprehended and assimilated by the minds of men. We hear often of men of one idea. There are people, tribes, races of one idea, which they seem to be sent into the world to unfold, to elaborate, to mature and plant. Thus, to take the most familiar example, the Jews had, so far as appears, but a single

object in existence—a single motive for being—that was, to firmly fix and live into the world the doctrine of one God. Their mission, as we say, was the communication of this thought. They had nothing else to do, and they did nothing else. This thought explains their history from beginning to end. This thought vitalized their history, and kept their memory fresh. Their religion, their law, their literature, philosophy, poetry, were saturated with this idea, and contained no other. They fought for this idea; they bled for it; they went into captivity for it; they were scattered to the ends of the earth in its behoof. It took about two thousand years to put their conception into words; and the achievement completely exhausted the nation. The Semitic race was an anvil on which the hammer of God's providence shaped this idea. The Hebrews contributed this, and this only; and it was a contribution that was worth all it cost in time and life.

But other nations have their thought as well, to which they are devoted by the Lord, and to which, by a sort of providential necessity, they consecrate themselves. Every century has its ruling thought; and this thought is always *a thought of God.* It is always a religious, it is always a *divine* thought; it is a thought always involving the moral and spiritual part of man—his belief, his aspiration, his hope. It is a thought in which the conscience is implicated, the heart engaged, the mind interested. It is a thought whose work draws in and draws on and absorbs the deepest and most intense feelings o f human nature. In one age it is the supremacy o the spiritual over the civil powers; in another age it is the idea that men are accepted by their interior goodness, not by their exterior morality; in another age it is the belief that the grace of God is immediate and irresistible In this age it is the thought of God himself; in the other age it is the thought of God in his providence; in a third it is a thought of God in his moral purposes; in a fourth it is a thought of God in his spiritual manifestation. Always it is a thought of God. Always when a great battle is fought, always when men have engaged in some grand conflict, it has been for the possession of Jerusalem: it has been about the Holy Sepulcher.

Our own first revolution was in some sense a religious war. It is notorious that they who pressed it most eagerly, and took the most radical view of its issues, were men who had gained a new conception of religion—a fresh interpretation of Christianity — an original idea of God. The democratic idea, as first promulgated by its prophets in this country, was associated with views of the Gospel, which were not dissimilar to those which we hold. The men were liberal Christians first, and liberal citizens afterwards. Our America was first born of Puritanism: it was born a second time of Rationalism: its third and more perfect birth will be of Spiritualism. The truth is, that men are knit to God closer than we suspect. We derive from him more immediately than we care to confess. His thoughts are not as our thoughts; but only as they are so much *above* ours in reach and scope—so immeasurably *beyond* ours in their outgoings; but *our* thoughts are *his* thoughts; for when they are deepest, and richest, and most inspiring, he sends them. They may be but glints of his divine conception; they may be but flickering and trembling reflections of his celestial idea, like the quivering shadows of trees in the water of some tiny lake. *But that they are!*

What, then, is the thought that burns in this generation of ours? that throbs in its pulses and courses through its veins like fire? Let us be sure, there *is* such a thought. They who say there is *not*, stand aside from the active life of the time, and have no sympathy with the genius of their generation. We may mistake the significance of the thought; we may not agree in our interpretation of it; unquestionab we sha disagree, and widely, about that: we ma disagree so widely that we ma flatl contradic eac other, and make it out that the thougnts o God contradict themselves. But that *a Thought* of God rule the tim earne men w admit. Le me humo offer my interpretation o it

The Thought o God .then which is so precious, and which is with us still, whenever we awake to the meaning of our modern life, is this: *The Natural Capacity of Man*—Man, the individual man, as God's child; man as the organ, the instrument, the recipient of God's influence; man the worker and coworker with God. The thought is not about *God:* that thought the ages have elaborated, and it stands immovably fixed in the human mind. The thought is not about Christ: *that* thought too has taken up the life of ages, and there is little we can add to it now. The thought is not about the Church: there is no necessity laid upon us to entertain that among

our first considerations. The thought is not about Immortality: engrossing as that has been, it does not take up the deepest soul of the nation. The thought is about Man. And what is this thought about man? What is the purport and scope of it? What is the interior significance of it?

It is not, as I apprehend it, that man is himself God, as some will have it; it is not that man, as he stands a conscious person, is a son of God; it is not that man is at present a fair and full representative of God; it is not that man is a self-supporting, self-developing creature; it is not that man is a complete and finished creature; it is not that man is a completely organized creature; it is not that man is a creature so harmoniously constructed, so nicely proportioned, so exactly fitted together in his several parts, that, if left alone by himself, unaided by heaven and unsupported by providential arrangements, he would create a social system for himself as smooth, round, simple, compact, as the solar system, whose very comets return on their devious track, and whose stray aerolites are always held firmly in the leashes of perfect law; it is not that man is an absolutely perfect piece of mechanism, with screws and pulleys and levers all in place and all in order—its balance-wheels hard as adamant and polished like a mirror—its rivets all driven home and its ducts all clear. Not quite this is the thought that thrills and burns in our generation. It is this rather:

That IN man is all capacity for receiving divine influence; that *through* man is all working of the divine operation; that man is the recipient and the organ of that which we call divine power. Not a root, but a flower, whose every petal and natural leaf lives by the sap from the root; not a fountain, but a drop of water, which, however small, is a world of life in itself. All things in him are manifest. Ay, all *divine* things. They display themselves in him, and instead of changing him into another being, only make him more perfect in what he is. They are so native to his constitution, they agree so well with him, they feed him so naturally, they mingle so easily and graciously with his elements, that when present you cannot distinguish them from his natural properties. When you put God into him, he is only more a man. When you fill him with divine thoughts, he is only the more sweetly, humbly human. When you see him inspired, you see him the nearest to what he should be as a natural human creature. God's attributes communicated to him become simply his own personal qualities. This is the Thought of God in our time—thought never so frankly committed to any people or to any generation before: thought committed to us to be worked out in society and in life, in morals and religion.

Let me dwell on some of the peculiarities of this vital and vitalizing thought. They present themselves readily enough to an appreciating and sympathetic mind, though they are sufficiently remote from one who is not in the providential secret. How evident, for instance, the aspect of *nobleness* which this thought presents! How it lifts man, as it were, out of the dust! How it removes his limitations! How it expands the sphere of his being! To every man, to every rational, feeling creature, to every human being, it imparts a natural dignity that is beyond his estate—a dignity unrecognized by himself perhaps, unsuspected by him possibly, possibly unbelievable by him—a dignity unattained, unattainable now, yet not hopelessly beyond attainment in some other sphere. How the thought honors the mind that can entertain it—yes, the mind that cannot entertain it! How it honors the moral sense! the affections! the desires!—yes, the instincts of even ordinary humanity! No man with this thought is a creature of circumstance. No man with this thought is a creature of chance. No man with this thought is a creature of fate. No man with this thought is a creature of the hour. No man occupies a servile attitude in the world—no man is a slave. To every human being, however mean and degraded, however cheap and vile in the eyes of his fellows, there remains a great consciousness: that of being *designed* for something; that of *signifying* something; that of counting for something, somewhere, if only as the leaves count for something, which enrich the earth by their fall. It ennobles a man to think what possibilities are in him, even if they be never more than possibilities. It ennobles a man to think that he is a prince, even though he be a prince in disguise, and never permitted to lay by his incognito. It ennobles a man to think that his nature is capable of inspiration, even though the inspiration be monopolized by others, and no ray of it ever touch him. It ennobles a man to think that his nature may attain to the height of saintliness, even though he, a "miserable sinner," be condemned to

worship the saintliness afar off, with bended knee and forehead in the dust. To be able to worship saintliness at all is for ordinary humanity glory enough — only a saint in embryo can do that! No worm could worship Christ. The fact that modern Europe has adored Jesus attests the presence of some vailed grandeur in the hearts of the adorers. The nearer one sits to the feet of such an ideal, the nearer is his spirit to the eternal throne. To sit at the *feet* of an angel is to be *oneself* an angel.

No doubt this great and glowing Thought has its pathetic side. For the misery of a prince is sadder than the misery of a clown. Sorrow was born, we may almost say, with this high thought of man. Suffering, vice, degradation, imbecility, limitation, were not so touching in the pagan world as they are in ours; for they were not thought of as affecting so noble a creature. Byron makes us drop a tear for the Roman gladiator, but the Romans dropped no tear for him—he was only a savage.

We see men and women weak and miserable and hopeless — stricken with sorrow, prostrated by calamity, covered over with filth, pale with weeping and worn with care—we see them overwhelmed by life's duties, overworked by life's toils, wasted by life's disappointments, struggling with untoward fates, delving and drudging their existence through, with no prospect, with no career, with no purpose beyond that of keeping alive from month to month—victims of impulse, of desire, of passion; and with this thought in our minds, their fate is unutterably sad. But it is pure sadness, with no alloy of bitterness. We may not be able to explain it—we may not be able to console them under it—we may not be able to give it a satisfactory interpretation. It is simply a touching mystery. The condition of the poor, of the forsaken, of the despised, of the outcast, the persecuted, the enslaved, is pitiful, but with this thought not desperate—tinged with the beauty of the belief that none of God's thoughts can be bad thoughts. A belief that inspires tenderness is worth something—that forbids contempt, that rebukes indifference, that denounces violence and wrath.

No doubt the wide human sympathy which marks our age is prompted by this divine thought. The idea of fellowship—the idea of mutual responsibility, mutual care, mutual want—the feeling that moves people to share one another's burdens, instead of increasing one another's burdens, is doubtless born of it. This is its genial side. The thought puts us on the track of finding what is common to all mankind, under all their differences. It puts us on the work of removing the differences, as far as we can do so—allowing none but God's differences to remain. It is this thought that brings tears to the eyes, and tears to the heart; that puts us on such devices to alleviate suffering, console grief, encourage infirmity, remove disabilities, and open to all people a chance to grow and live. The philanthropies of our time keep pace exactly with the progress of this glorious thought. The reforms of our age, sometimes in crude and coarse form, express it. The noble charities bear witness to it, bringing opposite classes together for mutual relief. No sordid or mercantile feeling prompts these deeds of general beneficence—no prudential considerations, teaching the rich that kindness is the best policeman, and that schools are cheaper than prisons. No sentimental tenderness suggests them: they are the children of this divine thought—that in man lie the resources of the perfect society. The conviction of a common humanity is the ground of a common sympathy.

Who fails to see what immeasurable hope is contained in this thought? Our age is distinguished by its hopefulness. We are the most hopeful people in the world. We can never anticipate failure or disaster. However dark the present, the future will be bright. The coming time has nothing but promise in it. The individual is certain that something will turn up for him, and for every other who is in distress. Boundless is our faith in the recuperative power of things. Give time enough, and all will come out right. The body will heal its hurts; the mind will overgrow its doubts; the heart will conquer fear and sorrow, and will rise victorious over the dolours of death. Disbeliefs are but the teething of the soul. Progress, progress, progress is the magical panacea for all ills. The war is not much; the war-debt is not much; the loss of life is not much; slavery is not much; nothing is much. Push on—overgrow it. The world never makes a step backward. It is richer this morning than it was last night—every hour adds its contribution of power. The doctrine of depravity placed the golden age at the beginning of the race—the doctrine of development places it at

the end. The belief that man has fallen puts Eden behind him—the doctrine that man has risen puts it before him. The thought that man is in bondage made him look back regretfully to the time when he was not—the thought that man is in freedom makes him look forward trustfully to the time when his freedom shall lead him to the truth. We cannot believe that the good cause will fail—its goodness is so self-evident! It is so plain that if it fails, God is not good: *and he is.* Every one of his attributes is pledged to the success of what is so clear and sacred to our moral sense. Every hour is full of his operations in our aid. We all look forward. We must not linger in the ruins, we cry. The shell-fish builds himself a new house—so must we. The most visionary expectation is familiar to us. Castle-building is our pastime. "Build thee more stately temples, O my soul!" The hymn runs:

> "All before us lies the way—
> Give the past unto the wind;
> All before us is the day—
> Night and darkness are behind.
> Eden, with its angels bold,
> Love and flowers, and coolest sea,
> Is less an ancient story told
> Than a glowing prophecy."

The cure for every ill is the force that continues us till to-morrow. It is very wild, it is very chimerical; but it is very beautiful, it is very comforting, it is very supporting. Traveling through the valley of Baca, it makes the barren place a well, the water filling the pools. To be hopeless is to be unbelieving. To despond is to discard the Thought of the age.

And why is not the *Hope* that springs from a Thought like this, quite as rational as the hopelessness which is born of ordinary experience? Why should it ever be thought wisest to despond and despair? Why should suspicion and distrust ever be deemed more sensible than confidence and faith? Why should those who count only failures be reckoned more judicious than those who count only successes? Why should they who confine their view to the dark side of things be regarded as more circumspect than they who as persistently contemplate the bright side? Why should it ever be called more rational to doubt God, to doubt Providence, to doubt human nature, to doubt the power of truth and justice, than to believe God, to believe Providence, to believe human nature, to believe the power of truth and justice? Why should they always be set down as good thinkers, good advisers, good Christians, who reckon all the sad and bitter events of life—who count its discomfitures, defeats, reverses—and they be set down as scatter-brains, visionaries, enthusiasts, who reckon the vital forces which will make the future show a fairer record than the past? Why should the ugly memory be estimated as a fixed providential fact, when the lovely hope is estimated as a fleeting human fancy?

Why indeed?—if not because this thought of man's ability, man's capacity, man's depth of spiritual and mental resource, man's power by God's grace to rebuild his fortunes and regenerate his lot, is a thought that never came fully home to men before—a thought which previous epochs had not reached as we have reached it? Of course there have been bitter disappointments, reverses, failures. There have been, and there will be, but it does not follow that there never can be anything else. If this thought of our time be a God's thought, there must be something else. At all events, the thought is its own satisfaction, and the hope that springs from it is its own joy.

But something more than hope comes from this great thought about man: aspiration comes of it too—the desire for better things—the desire for improvement, for expansion, for growth—a sigh to be delivered from limitation—a sigh for freedom—a sigh for rest. It is often said that our people have lost the faculty of *praying.* It is true that they do not, as they did, resort to stated and formal exercises of devotion: they do not kneel as they used to do, and offer special petitions for special gifts, expecting special answers. But of PRAYING in the deep and genuine sense, I believe there was never so much as there is now, especially among those who welcome this thought I have been describing. There was never so much *looking out toward the Infinite*—never so much craving for light and life and immortality—never so much fond, anxious desire for knowledge—never so much heart and soul yearning for individual perfection—never so much confession of shortcoming—never so much dissatisfaction with performance—never such passionate supplication for better social conditions—never such overflowing petitions that the poor may be relieved, the sick cared for, the lame healed, the disfranchised made free. Never did so many eyes look throneward, so many feet tend

throneward, so many hands work throneward, as now. The complaint with me is rather that the real children of the generation pray *too much—live* too much in their longings—rest too little on their earth. This thought of ours suggests such magnificent possibilities that we can hardly contain ourselves.

In fact, a new form of religious faith is folded up in this thought of ours. It is the soul of a new interpretation of Christianity—the spirit of a new dispensation. Man not to be molded by religion, but to be developed by it, is the idea. Religion the highest *expression of* man, not the profoundest *impression upon* him. Religion that thing which reveals to man his greatness, not that thing which charges him with his littleness—which reveals his *angelic* nature, not which insists on his *demonic*—that which reminds man always of the altitude his nature has reached, not of the abyss whence it came. The Bible a sacred record of man's holiest and tenderest experiences heavenward and Godward—the Book of Books, because the Soul's Book, inspired as all the Soul's Books are. The creeds a statement of man's deepest convictions respecting his divinest relations. The Church man's attempt to form a society on the basis of moral responsibility and spiritual fraternity. The prophets, voices through which man in his exalted moods announces the law of justice. The psalmists, voices through which man sings his praise. The martyrs, voices open in heart and side by deadly spear-heads, through which man bore his witness to the truth. The Christ himself man in his fullest effulgence, manifesting in splendor which has been called divine, the endless capacity of human nature. You see, it is nothing less than a new form of spiritual faith—a reconstruction of the universe on its spiritual side—a form of course unrealized as yet, because as yet it is only a prophecy; but a form consistent, complete, real, very earnest, very vital, very full of attractiveness and charm to the most awakened minds. This is the *divine* side of the thought which God has dropped into our generation. And better than anything else, it discloses the grandeur of the thought in its positive aspect—proves it to be a *creative* thought.

I know it is charged that this thought which I have been claiming as a thought of God sent to us—as *the* thought which God has given to us in our generation—is fraught with disorder, mischief, and evil, and cannot therefore be a God's thought. It encourages license, we are told; it gives sanction to the destructive appetites and propensities; it leads to the worship of animal passion; it makes an idol of instinct; it lends a divine authority and prestige to willfulness; it unsettles people in their private morals, in their domestic relations, in their social estate; it is full of revolution and anarchy. No doubt it has been—no doubt it is and *will* be. Who was it that said, "I came not to bring peace, but a sword? I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law"? It is the same who prayed that all might be one—it is the same who has given his name to the Christian Church, which means UNITY in the bond of the moral and spiritual life—it is the same whose name has been associated with the coming of a heavenly kingdom on the earth—it is he who is called the *Prince of Peace.* The first effect of his coming, when men resisted him, was *dissension.* The last effects of his coming, when men shall welcome him, will be *unity, peace, and concord.*

So the first effect of this divine thought, while it is misunderstood and misused, is to disturb, to unsettle, to demoralize: the later effect, when it shall be comprehended and accepted, will be to harmonize, reconcile, unite. The lower nature seizes it first, and revels in the license it seems to allow: the higher nature seizes it later, and delights in the strength and purity and calmness it imparts. Passion makes haste to clutch at it, and use it for all manner of abominations, such as decency forbids one to speak of; but as fast as principle apprehends it, it seals with more than its former sanctity the authority of righteousness and law.

It cannot be denied that this thought—this divine thought as I have called it—had a great deal to do with the great conflict in which we are engaged. I for one cheerfully admit that but for this thought planted in our generation, we should have had no rebellion against the government, no disunion, no war, no carnage, no horrors of battle-field or hospital, no legions of maimed and crippled men, no desolations of homes, no secret treason and conspiracy. We should have had something far worse than this. We should have had unlimited slavery in the country; we should have had supreme over all the nation the opposite thought—the thought we abhor:

the thought that man, as such, has no worth, no capacity, no place of honor, no career as a child of the Infinite. We should have had the thought that money, and family, and talent, and place, and opportunity, give men all the value they have; that the rich man lawfully owns the poor man; that the strong man lawfully makes the weak man a chattel; that the great man may devour the little one; that the man of birth and rank may lawfully, nay, righteously, set his heel on the obscure man's neck. I must think it an evidence of the divineness of the thought that has come to us, that it resisted this other thought to the death, and held it at bay, even at such vast expense of dear treasure and precious blood. It was not the *cause* of the battle, but merely the *occasion* of it. It was not strong enough to attack, and therefore it stood on the defense. The blood is not on its head. Had it been welcomed, there would have been no blood. Had it been welcomed, there would have been only peace and beneficence and joy.

The peace, the beneficence, the joy, wait now on its welcoming. If one could only tell all he thinks and feels as the issues of this struggle come up to his thought! Feeling rises to the pitch of agony as we contemplate the possibility that this thought which God has sent us in our generation—this grand thought of man, so noble, so touching, so brave, so hopeful, so aspiring, so charged with beneficent power for mankind—may fail to assert itself and be victorious this time. The heart swells almost to bursting at the idea of such a disappointment. For we seem now to be just on the eve of that better time when the thought which has been despised and rejected, which has been trailed before rulers and kings, which has been scourged and spit upon and crucified, may have a fair chance to show what power it has to enlighten, console, quicken, and regenerate a people—may have a fair chance to prove its quality and justify its claims.

Very singular is the way God connects his grandest truths with small occasions, and links the temporary fate of his revelations with weak, purposeless, willful men—"hanging his heaviest weights on the thinnest wires," as Emerson says. But he does it; and it is well for them who have the grace to see the weights before they cut the string. Very strange it seems that God should have connected a thought so sublime as this—so full of germs of a new social order—so fraught with promise of a better future—so rich in material, social, moral, spiritual significance—that God, I say, should have connected a thought like this with a man like the President of the United States—a man whom so many able, excellent, good men regard with distrust and dislike, and cannot think of with patience as representing them longer—a man who, however conscientious and loyal, is still so suspected by conscientious and loyal people. He seems, nevertheless, to have done so. It is the doctrine of the Catholic Church that the unworthiness of the individual Pope does not render him incapable or unfit for the transmission of the Divine Life. The man's personality has nothing to do with the priest's function. His significance is as a *representative*, not as an *individual*. A hemp cable may not be as beautiful, as precious, or as strong as a chain of gold; but the crystal globe it sustains will be as certainly dashed in pieces if it is cut. It is the crystal globe we cherish, not the poor string that holds it for the moment. Yet I could pray that no strand of the string may be injured so long as it sustains such a precious weight. One could almost say, as the pope said when they were raising the great obelisk of porphyry in the square of St. Peter's: It is *death* to weaken the cord by so much agitation as a CRY would occasion. For the breaking of that crystal globe would spill out the life-blood of our hearts—it would let the elixir of our life run to waste on the ground.

Wear a Smile.

Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make everybody around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance—let joy beam in your eye and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.—*Exchange.*

Eden and Gethsemane.

In my soul's Paradise I stood at dawn,
A new created Adam. Cloudless sky,
Bright stream, and verdant slope, and purest air,
Were all about me. Fruits and scented flowers
In my green Eden clustered. Morning winds
Bore through the forest groves the voice of God.
Lord of my garden, I had nought to do
But choose among the fruits, and please my sense,
And drink the juice of luxury and ease.
I had no thought of all that lay beyond
The bounds of my inclosure. Innocent
Of vice, I had not virtue's glorious strength.
Untrodden yet the vale of wickedness,
My aspirations rose not up to heaven.

But Sin and Sorrow opened wide a gate
Through which I passed and found the world beyond.
Ah! then I learned, once in the dusty road,
There was no turning back to Eden haunts—
No cooling paths for weary, burning feet—
No pure, untainted breeze, for throbbing brow.
I wandered out to tread the scorching sand
Of desert places, or to find sometimes
The lonely paths of the bleak wilderness,
And search for food along the Dead Sea's shore,
Till, roving through the cities of my soul,
I found one day a humble Bethlehem.
There I was newly fashioned—born again—
A second Adam.

All the earth was glad
When I rose up in Eden—when I stood
A natural man in the bright flush of dawn;
But now, when from my weariness I rose
In nobler strength—a spiritual man—
Earth never raised one song of jubilee;
But clouds of threatening gloom hung thick and dense,
Paths bristled with the thorn, and every breeze
Was tainted with the pestilence of Sin.
Yet over all I heard an angel choir,
Filling the air with one triumphal hymn;
And then I knew it was a grander hour
Than that which called out Eden's song and bloom;
And spite of thorns and pestilential air,
I knew I walked upon a holier ground
Than I had ever known in Paradise.
The voice of God, no longer in the trees,
Was nearer than the breeze upon my brow—
Aye, even in the center of my soul.
And heeding that, I've wandered on again,
To wrestle with the haunting fiends of guile—
To vanquish all the Tempter's cunning art—
Till now, at midnight's hour, I kneel alone
In my Gethsemane. Oh, bitter cup!
It may not, can not pass. All human loves,
All human weaknesses and tremblings frail,
Must be submerged in the dear Father's will.
Hail to the cross where self is crucified!
My will submissive, angels gather 'round
To minister and soothe. The night will pass:
My soul will find its day, and lifted up
O'er every power of ill, will cry at last,
"'Tis finished!" and pass on to join with God.

Garden of promise, welcome is thy gloom!
Welcome the strugglings of mortality,
The agony and the soul-rending prayer!
No sighs for thee, Eden of innocence!
Give us the glory shining from the cross—
For losing Paradise, we gain a Heaven!

A. C. K.

New Berne, N. C.

New Berne, so named from the capital of Switzerland, situated close to the vitals of rebeldom, is the stronghold of Federal power in North Carolina, and is too well fortified to be in danger of falling again into the hands of the enemy.

Like most old southern cities, it has a decayed, dilapidated appearance. The type of civilization which has hitherto existed at the South, of which slavery was the chief feature, is incompatible with such improvements as serve to renew and impart a fresh aspect to old cities at the North. The houses are mostly low wooden structures, built in a uniform, obsolete style, with the chimneys outside: many of them scarcely distinguishable from miserable negro quarters, which are huddled irregularly in their rear. The whole city presents a dingy aspect, unsightly to the eye of a New Englander, accustomed to the trim, well painted cottages and elegant mansions of the North: although one who visits it only during the summer season, while arrayed in its richest regalia of fruits and flowers, with its low cottages nestling amid the densest shrubbery, and its larger, though unattractive dwellings, completely hidden behind depths of shade, would suppose it a paradise of beauty, so lavishly has the hand of Nature concealed its architectural deformities.

The design of the city is on a large scale. The wide streets are well laid out, and lined on either side with ornamental shade trees, whose broad branches interlaced form beautiful arches. In the beauty of its trees no city in the United States save New Haven can vie with New Berne. Here there is no stinting of room. Gardens adjoin almost every dwelling, in which many tropical plants, together

with fruits, and vegetables, indigenous to a colder climate, may be cultivated. Innumerable flowers of the richest hues, many varieties of which are raised only with great pains-taking in the Granite States, grow here spontaneously,

> "Nor claim the culture of man's hand
> To bloom along the fairy land."

Yet these gardens have a wild, unkept appearance, very unlike what we see at the North.

The cotton plantations in the suburbs of New Berne, where the experiment of *free labor* has been successfully tried, are in a thriving condition. The most celebrated in this vicinity is Ball's plantation. Here may be seen the appliances for ginning and pressing the cotton — and the management is the same, save *slave labor*, that it was before the Yankees entered North Carolina. The laborer is no longer defrauded of his wages—they are paid to him, and not to a self-styled master.

The New Englander who for the first time visits the South is astonished to observe the marked dissimilarity between the two sections of the same country. Everything here is unique and strange—more so than in many foreign cities. It is difficult to realize that Massachusetts and North Carolina could ever have belonged to the same sisterhood of States, so incongruous were they in all that pertains to social, political, and ecclesiastical life; and representing, as they did, the opposite poles of society—the democratic and aristocratic.

"Contrabands" swarm in the streets of New Berne. They seem to enjoy a real gala-day after their deliverance from cruel task-masters. Well may they be jubilant in view of the retrospect of tears, and groans, and agonies, of unrequited toil and changeless misery, from which they could anticipate no relief, save through the gates of death. Suddenly, hope dawned—light shone upon their path—and that glorious boon of freedom, which had entered only into their dreams of heaven, was forestalled upon earth. In the lines of their winsome, happy faces, you may read, "We are all at home, and free," as they pass along, "toting" all manner of things upon their heads—one a pitcher of milk or a bowl of butter, another heavy household stuff, &c. It is a novel and grotesque sight. The little child of six years, tugging with a great pail of water, if he can but succeed in lifting and poising it upon his head, walks off with as much ease as though it bore not the weight of a grasshopper.

The military aspect of the streets in the city is picturesque in the extreme—with mounted officers in brilliant uniforms riding in every direction, and posted guards whose bayonets glitter in the sun. Wherever you go, martial sights meet the eye and martial sounds salute the ear.

Most of the former inhabitants denominating themselves the "upper classes" have left the city; but too many still remain, masked in the oath of allegiance, "who keep the word of promise to the *ear*, but break it to the *sense*."

The "poor whites" living in the city appear many degrees lower in the scale of being, less aspiring than blacks. You may see them in filthy rags, peering out of open windows or doors, or over broken fences, with the indispensable snuff-dipping stick protruding, cigar-like, from the corner of their mouths, indicating a habit more universal among the women of the South, without distinction of caste or color, than smoking among men.

The so-called higher circles indulge less openly in this revolting practice, though scarcely to a less extent than the lowest orders of society. Prior to the advent of the Yankees among them, the idea of degradation being associated with the habit seemed never to have entered their minds. A young girl, laboring in company with scores of women in the cotton-field, was accosted by a Northerner, who stopped his carriage while riding past, to question her relative to their employment, their preference for slave or free labor, &c. Spying the half-concealed snuff-box, he said, sportively, "What have you in your hand?" Quite abashed, she at first hung her head, then holding it out to one of her companions, with an arch expression, said jocosely, "What is it—can you tell?" quickly thrusting it out of sight; thus showing, in the newly-awakened sense of degradation in the use of this noxious weed, a latent idea of refinement.

One of New Berne's "peculiar institutions" —a relic of former barbarism which remains intact, not having been superseded by Yankee improvements—is a nocturnal concert of dogs. These canine animals make the night hideous with their dismal howlings, driving "tired nature's sweet restorer" from many eyes, especially when with these discordant sounds is mingled (as is not unfrequently the case)

the frantic ravings of negro meetings, held according to whilom custom, with the dying and the dead among these people, from nightfall till the dawn of day: *shouting meetings*, as they are termed. These midnight dances and accompanying shouts, profane as they appear to enlightened minds, serve as a safety-valve to the tropical, demonstrative temperaments of these rude, semi-barbarous people, who have so recently emerged from a long night of slavery, and who, during their captivity, found this the only direction in which their excitable natures were allowed free vent. The high-pressure enthusiasm into which they work themselves when they hold a "protracted meeting" in their churches baffles all description. Praying, shouting, laughing and exhorting indiscriminately, by degrees their excitement surges higher and higher, until they reach such a climax of noise and confusion that the inmates of Bedlam itself, let loose, would not appear more insane. One after the other they gather and crowd around the altar, forming almost a solid mass, singing, screaming, and dancing, swaying their bodies to and fro, beckoning to each other with wild gesticulations, shaking hands, grasping each other in a tight embrace, and not unfrequently flinging one into the air in such a manner as to endanger *limb*, if not *life*—all the time ejaculating with the greatest vehemence, "Bress the Lord! I'se got 'ligion! See, Massa Jesus! He come! Glory! Amen!" &c.—and all shouting together at the top of their lungs, till too hoarse to be understood; their strength completely exhausted, some fall prostrate upon the floor, while others are helped out by cool lookers on—for the better informed class of colored people do not engage in such boisterous demonstrations.

This class is continually increasing. As the light of intelligence, and a gospel of pure, spiritual religion, becomes disseminated among them, such barbarous ceremonies, transmitted from their African ancestry, will pass away, and give place to a more subdued, genuine expression of a life-inspiring piety.

A description of New Berne would be incomplete without including "Contraband Schools," these new institutions being among the most prominent of the place. There are five day-schools, and two evening, or night-schools, as they are termed, in the city. There are also two schools taught at the camp of colored refugees, making an aggregate of about one thousand scholars. These camps are situated on the opposite banks of the Trent, a mile distant from the city. They are little villages composed of one-storied huts, from twelve to fifteen feet square, built of logs or pine slabs. Streets are regularly laid out, after camp-meeting style. Colored people, who flee from Plymouth, Washington, and all surrounding rebeldom, can build a temporary shelter, and with the aid of government rations, economically dispensed, according to need, can support themselves and their families by labor. Any one who passes through these settlements may see that the shiftless, slovenly, lazy habits contracted in slave-life are giving place to cleanliness, industry, and self-respect.

The school-houses, like the huts, are temporary structures, designed to be superseded by something better in the gradually progressive civilization of these people. Their internal arrangements correspond in a rough manner, as far as practicable, with the improvements in Northern school-rooms. On entering you see a crowd of scholars pressed together like swarming bees—their dusky, upturned faces, expressing the most eager desire to be fed with the crumbs of knowledge. About all this there is a rude harmony, symbolizing the condition of these people, exceedingly impressive and pleasing in effect. The system of teaching adopted here, which the intelligent observer will perceive conforms to the best and most approved methods employed in Massachusetts schools, brings out in strong contrast the extreme rudeness of external surroundings. In the camp of colored recruits on the suburbs of New Berne there are small tent-schools, under the supervision of Major T. C. Jameson, commenced in anticipation of a larger and better systematized one in process of organization.

Everywhere about the city you may meet colored people of all ages and hues, many in the United States uniform, carrying the satchel and the slate, conning their school exercises even in the street, and often reading aloud to gaping bystanders the placards on the fences; their pleased, happy countenances, lit up as it were with an electric flash, bespeaking how highly they appreciate their newly-acquired privileges.

Sitting under your open window you will often be serenaded with their patriotic airs—"The Star-Spangled Banner," "Union Forever," "John Brown," &c. They revel in an atmosphere of music, and take to singing as

naturally as the birds; they make the welkin ring with their songs and hymns.

The change which this indicates within so brief a period, on the slave-cursed soil of North Carolina, is marvelous. Less than three years ago "the stars and stripes" were to these people but emblems of the cruelest oppression—beneath its folds they groped in the darkest shadows of ignorance. Iniquity framed into law made it a penal offense, punishable with death, to teach a slave the letters of the alphabet. "Now the school-master is abroad," and is reaping an abundant harvest from the seeds of instruction so industriously sown. It is justice strikingly illustrated, that churches from which so lately a slaveholding gospel was promulgated, should be converted into schools for the instruction of the freedmen—that walls polluted by the breath of treason should now reëcho pæans of praise and thanksgiving for redemption from worse than Egyptian bondage.

It is the cheerfully expressed opinion of teachers, superintendents, and all associated with these people, from Norfolk to New Orleans, that they acquire the elements of learning with astonishing rapidity. Yet in the face of this universal testimony, so skeptical is the public mind on this mooted subject—so averse to believing that the light of intelligence beams beneath a swarthy complexion—that the question is iterated and reiterated, incredulously, "*Can these people learn?*" The trite couplet was never more appropriate than in this case:

> "A man convinced against his will
> Is of the same opinion still."

Action and reaction are equal, in ethics as in matter. The strength and tenacity of the wicked, unnatural prejudice which exists toward the colored race, is itself a sufficient guarantee that public sentiment must receive a reactionary impulse.

Knowledge is power. And the time is not far distant when the most inveterate unbeliever in the capacity of the negro must yield to indubitable evidence, so earnestly do these people clutch at the hitherto "forbidden fruit" of knowledge, and so persistent are they in its acquisition.

Education is the silent instrumentality destined to lift this down-trodden race from the slough of ignorance and imbecility where it has remained since the tiny, apparently insignificant seeds of slavery were dropped at Jamestown. Taking deep root, they grew into the gigantic Upas tree, whose branches have overshadowed the entire nation. We did not notice in the bud the bitterness which, to our sorrow, we are now tasting in the fruit.

Everywhere throughout the South, following in the rear of our victorious armies, whose advancing columns cast up a highway for the progressive civilization of our heathen brethren, you may see a pacific band of teachers and civilians, whose glorious privilege it is to lift these brutalized people from their low estate, substituting the *spelling-book* and the *slate* for the *whipping-post* and the *scourge*.

When Peace shall again wave her olive-branch over our tortured and bleeding country—when she shall come with her myriad attendants to rebuild our despoiled and dismantled cities, and to re-cultivate fields which have been swept by the fiery torrent of war—then will the equal humanity of these hitherto antagonistic people, wholly disenthralled, and brought into fraternal and harmonious relationship with the more favored race, be recognized and appreciated. As an industrial population they will prove, not the "mud-sills," but the prop of the social fabric—the sinews of wealth and prosperity to the country—restoring the worn and wasted Southland to something better than its former condition, rebuilding its desolated towns and cities, and by the magic influence of labor making its solitary places to be glad, and its plantations to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

New Berne, July, 1864.

—Man groweth in wisdom and in love as he groweth in purity and in strength. His spiritual strength is, as his bodily strength, increased by exercise.

Love and wisdom are practical, and must by man be practiced, in earth as well as heaven, to be enjoyed.

They are never mystical. There is no need of learning how to love, for all study chills its tenderest feeling. Wisdom of the highest nature that man can receive cometh in the answer to his highest prayer.

There is nothing man can behold in heaven beyond his own light within, for that limits all unto him. Thus all men have different views of heaven, even as they have of the simplest things on earth.—LINTON.

The Friend of Progress.

C. M. Plumb & Co., Publishers.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1864.

THE name chosen for this Magazine indicates the character its conductors will seek to secure for it. The Prospectus on the last page of the cover defines somewhat its purposes, and for the means and methods to be employed, attention is invited rather to the contents of this and subsequent numbers, than to any catalogue of promises that may be given. It is hoped that it will more and more nearly approximate to the true standard of a faithful, earnest, and intelligent Friend of Human Progress.

Home-Life.

"Let love be without dissimulation."

It is well said that "Charity begins at home." Only in the corrupt creeds and codes which tend in some way to enslave man to his fellow mortal, can the contrary doctrine gain place. Peace and war alike originate in the heart. As the sure policy of mercy does not lessen its excellence, so the seeming impunity of tyranny does not qualify its disgracefulness. The despot, of whatever sort or degree, is but a disguised and successful beggar, who lives upon the forbearance or the ignorance of his victims. The corner-stone of his imposture lies in the artful insinuation that the first duty of a subject is to an earthly ruler or to a prevailing fashion, rather than to himself and to his God. The true subordination of both Church and State is thus more or less subverted. The very family is divided against itself, and the barriers of prejudice, which conceal the possible freedom of divine grace from the actual slavery of human nature, to the same degree confirmed. Individual independence is the necessary basis of social subordination, harmony, and intelligence. Enlightened self-interest, although by no means a guaranty of the enlightened self-sacrifice which is the soul of the Christian life, is the only principle of Nature which that spiritual motive can immediately and effectually address. The ecclesiastical, or political, or social propagandist, who advocates any other maternity for the individual idea of duty, is essentially a beggar or brigand, who sows selfishness instead of charity, and can reap only disappointment. Surely it is well that both rulers and subjects should cherish the doctrine that a man's life, be it the life of charity or that of selfishness, cannot begin elsewhere than at home!

The battle of life must be fought at home. The sentimentalist who maintains that successful life is a mere development of nature under any definable course of culture, must indeed assume the state of peace to be an heir-loom of nature; but he must find himself at length at fault, both in the individual and in the social application of his doctrine. The indefinable law of the spiritual cross is the only rule which can enforce that continual subjection of the natural will which is comparable to the death of the germinant seed in the covering soil. All preconceived notions of happiness and harmony must be subordinated, if not sacrificed, to the continual revelation of the inexhaustible Spirit of Good; or happiness and harmony will be empty names. Premeditation, or dependence upon preconception, implies a subjection to the limitations of time; whereas eternity is the element of the soul, whose only healthy and lasting dependence must be upon the Divine Word, which "is not bound" by any of the limitations of time, space, or language. If the show of order remains where the will of the one omnipresent and divine Ruler is not freely acknowledged as the accessible and ultimate standard of duty, it can only be because beggarly Fear has proportionably usurped the throne of beneficent Love. The principle of fear cannot indeed be dispensed with, so long as the bondage of sin shall in any degree survive in individuals or in the world; but the triumph of life consists in its voluntary subjugation to the mystical but omnipotent dominion of Charity.

The triumph of life must be found at home. Glorious indeed is the triumph of the life of charity; for the whole world, and the whole universe, is its home. Its expansive virtue demands infinitude for its development. If it indeed begin at home, its genuineness will be incontrovertible, and its prowess irresistible. Conquests and coalitions will crowd upon its career, and crowns of rejoicing will everywhere reward the soldiers of faith. Confusion, on the other hand, and bankruptcy beyond the hope even of beggary, will be the inevitable doom of the faithless soldiers of fortune who shall have incapacitated themselves, by the eagerness of selfishness, from enjoying the overflowing pleasures of the divine life. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" R. R.

Religious Organization.

The generally received opinions as to the character and office of religious organizations are strictly educational, and based upon the theology of the past. A people liberated from the thraldom of sect and creed may justly inquire as to the use and propriety of such organizations.

Conscious as we all must be of the effective power of human coöperation, knowing that in union there is strength for all material purposes, we indulge the delusion that "religion," to be effective, must be organized; that the spiritual concerns, like the material, require the aid of auxiliaries, methods, and machinery.

The error lies in the failure to recognize the distinction between the work of indoctrination —propagandism, which is educational, the habit of congregating, which is social, the form of faith, which is theological, the exercise of authority, which is governmental—and veneration, aspiration, worship, which constitute the sole interior nature and office of religion.

Religion, as a principle, or spirituality, as an element in human nature, is distinct from the practical discharge of moral obligation. The one is a reverential state, the other an exercise of qualities it inspires. There is a divine and a human side—one named religion, the other called morality.

In religion—the divine side—there is neither necessity for nor value in organization. The very nature of religion is interior, its quality spiritual. It pertains to the soul and its author. It is the incense of the spirit. The growth of the fiber, the circulation of the fluids, the rising of vapor, the deposit of dew, all typify in external nature the silent operation of the religious or spiritual element within man.

Combinations, organizations, and coöperative movements, are external, and pertain to earthly needs and uses. The spirit requires none of them. Its independent relations to the Infinite Father are ample. Man-ward we never can stand alone—we need sympathy, strength, support. God-ward we ever *must* stand alone. No mediators or substitutes find place in the divine economy. Each individual sustains intimate personal relations with the Infinite, which nothing can abrogate or set aside.

In the everlasting presence of the Almighty no human soul needs either mitered priest, consecrated roof, or saintly formula. It is enough for us to cry out from the soul's depth, "Father!" and quickly the very heavens bend in loving embrace. It is only when we fail to bow the spirit to the Infinite will, that we come to feel the need of agencies, methods, and "means of grace."

Organization is the life of material force, the grave of spiritual power. The one demands combination, adjustment, regulation, direction. The other is natural, spontaneous, self-sufficient. Organizations fetter, limit, and externalize the innate life-forces, which require absolute freedom and scope for healthful expansion and development.

A theology which decrees mankind to eternal misery, and offers a "scheme" of salvation, naturally suggests a combined and coöperative movement on the part of all powers, earthly and heavenly, to rescue perishing souls. The reader who conceives of man as by nature depraved and by destiny damned, is not expected to withdraw his confidence and support from religious organizations. To him they offer, if not sure, at least possible help, in escaping impending doom. (It must be confessed that, even viewed in this light, "facts and figures" lead us to question their efficacy.) But those who regard creation as progressive, and religion as a divine principle in man's being, to be awakened and cultivated, not a foreign quality to be incorporated into his experience by means and processes—those who accept only the mediation of human growth and development, must yield to the conclusion that the great Author sufficiently organized the religious element when he implanted it within every human spirit; and that all the additional organic means requisite are effective working systems for the *application* of this divine power in man.

It is not the agency itself to which we object—not one single protest is offered against organization *per se*. It is the use proposed —its false application to a principle instead of a method—to an impulse instead of an effort—to a quality instead of an action—to an aspiration instead of a power—to an innate element instead of an exercise.

The machinery, vigor, and inspiration, belonging to an organization, are all needed in the world of human ignorance, injustice, and suffering. To seek a withdrawal of these powerful agencies to a field where they are neither requisite nor available, is a flagrant waste and perversion of human power.

The charge we have to make against Church or religious organizations is, that, professing to be the servants of the religious element, they seek to be its masters—claiming the position of machinery, necessary implements or tools, they prove a fetter and clog—instead of a useful habitation for the enlightened spirit, a very dungeon and sepulcher. Aiming distinctly at no practical human work, but claiming as an appropriate office the recognition and cultivation of the religious element alone, they absorb the moral forces and material strength of the community, and paralyze both for any effective service to humanity. Arrogating a divine office and character, they fail even to demonstrate their human excellence. Pleading their necessity in the relations of the soul to its Maker, they disregard the simplest and most divine relation of man to man. Assuming to be based on the Divine Fatherhood, they are perpetually false to the Human Brotherhood.

And all this not perhaps from any false purpose, but simply because of the inability, in the nature of things, for an agency looking toward the spiritual to prove useful in the material—for a telescope to serve as a microscope.

Thus, for example, the first and chief work of these institutions is to erect a temple of worship in which to propagate a system of belief, which is vainly imagined to constitute the entire duty to God and man.

Thus proselyting and indoctrination take the place of spiritual devotion, while, instead of charity, enlightenment, and reform, we have empty ritual and ceremony. The vast expenditure of wealth and enterprise made in securing religious "privileges" impoverishes all humane, philanthropic, sanitary, and educational operations. The Church collects its treasure, its energy and intellectual resources, for the sole work of self-perpetuation and formal worship. Propagandism and external devotion withdraw forces needed to cover the naked, feed the hungry, minister to the afflicted, and illuminate the ignorant.

In religion, let it be affirmed again, or in spiritual concerns, organizations are needless, dangerous, harmful. To a system and its perpetuity they are essential. Theological propagandism invokes all the appliances of human art. But these are earthly needs and relations. The spirit requires no system, craves no theology, asks not for multitudes.

But, says an objector, we can never gain "respectability" without securing locality, name, and aggregating numbers. Granted. Is respectability essential to divine acceptance? Does the Sun of Righteousness shine in the soul most clearly when we move with the fashionable throng?

Says another, It is obviously convenient, appropriate, and orderly, to meet together for public worship. Here again we strike the root of all these inconsistencies. A people waiting for the voice of God to be spoken from out the clouds of Sinai, or from the mouths of his chosen priests and ministers, naturally assemble together for such purpose. But to-day the voice for which we listen is the still small voice, best heard in the silence of retirement—in peaceful self-examination and interior harmony. *Public* worship! the very word public is suggestive of everything inconsistent with worship in the true sense of the term. For profitable instruction it is doubtless well to gather in public assemblies; but were it not for the sanction time gives to absurd customs, there would be sacrilege in the thought of the *public* worship of God!

Our Churchmen deplore the lack of private piety, of secret prayer, regardless of the fact that, as mankind are stimulated to zeal in outward observances and external methods, they lose interest in the more interior and vital exercises of true religion. It is a notorious fact that the more blind and credulous a religious bigot, the less humane he is inclined to be. His very faithfulness to the observances imposed by his creed and system seems to disqualify him for kindly offices to his neighbor. The true Samaritan is apt now, as of old, to prove to be neither Priest nor Levite.

One of the surest, if not the simplest facts of existence, is that it is safe, while all our human obligations are faithfully recognized and discharged, to trust our soul's concerns with God. Instead of blindly accepting a system of faith, and limiting our God's service to the persuasion or coercion of others to embrace it, it were better to suffer each to attend to his own spiritual work, meanwhile feeding, educating, and elevating all within the sphere of our efforts or influence.

To coöperative movements for practical ends no reasonable objection can be made. There are social, industrial, philanthropic, and political organizations, both needful and appropriate. It is the *religious* alone that are deemed unnecessary and pernicious.

Gerrit Smith uttered an important truth when he declared that the people of any community constitute the Church of that community. Whatever belongs to one member, in his relations to the spiritual life, belongs to every other. It is only when organizations are sought that priests, deacons, and other distinctive personages appear.

If the people of a community elect to employ any person or persons to speak or "preach" to them one day or one year, the movement is unquestionably legitimate. It is not proposed to criticise such an operation, much less interfere with the plan. We only take issue with the false assumption that such an arrangement is any part or parcel of religion — constitutes either the length and breadth or the minutest fraction of the duty of the individual to the Infinite Spirit.

We would divest these popular transactions of the garb of sanctity thrown over them, strip them of their falsely assumed divine aspect. Church edifices we would no more consecrate to God—as if the Great Spirit could specially occupy a space inclosed by four walls—nor regard as desecration their appropriation to human uses.

Let our churches be transformed from costly pagodas—idle monuments six days to one day's use—to well-appointed Lyceums for the cultivation of all the faculties of the human spirit. Let pews be broken down, pulpits changed to platforms, and sermons to useful lectures, lessons, and representations, for old and young.

Instead of a Church and Sunday-School, we would have Kinder-Gartens and Gymnasia for youth, Libraries, Art-Galleries, and Lecture-Rooms for adults. Thus, by means of books and periodicals, lectures and illustrative apparatus, games, amusements, healthful exercises and instructive representations, all the community could enjoy recreation, education, and enlightenment. How speedily would a new order arise in society! Refinement, cultivation, grace, elegance, courtesy, kindly feeling, aspiration, love, and wisdom, all would necessarily and inevitably flow in due order were this channel opened for the unobstructed play of the pure human impulses, hopes, and aims.

Mankind would then apprehend the true spirit of the injunction which demands for the Father Spirit, worship in spirit and in truth, and there would follow a more prompt recognition of all the possible human relations and needs—of education, popular enlightenment, amusement, and association.

These are no fanciful conceptions. Every town of five hundred inhabitants could realize all the possible benefits in exchange for the two or three churches they feebly support, and community be rendered not a whit less religious by the change; but on the contrary, more truly spiritual and more actively benevolent and useful.

Prof. Agassiz does not establish an organization wherever he teaches Natural Science; nor does Prof. Youman found a chemical church at every four corners where he speaks upon Chemistry. Why should every teacher in religion found a new church, and a cumbrous organization be effected wherever spiritual truths are taught?

That these multiplied religious organizations are neither serviceable to God or man, might be demonstrated by the history of our nation. The relation of the American Church to Slavery, and to other national and social evils and sins, and its utter want of effective working power to either mitigate abuses or eradicate grievous evils, serve to confirm the position we have taken.

The organizations requisite are effective business movements for education, philanthropy, and social and governmental improvement — business corporations and political organizations, under the direction of the highest human wisdom inspired by the religion of the soul, safely left unorganized within the sacred realm of each human spirit.

C. M. P.

—How weak is man, yet oh how blessed! God is within and around him. God's strength supports him, God's love blesses him, and the light of divine wisdom illumines his pathway.

Each man knoweth God according as the divine image is seen in his own spirit. Each man vieweth daily, if he so desire, the form of the being he believeth to be God.

And daily, as man increaseth in comprehension, so does increase his idea of Divinity. Thus is God daily created within the spirit of his child.

Look thou within thee. If thy Father is not there, it were in vain to search elsewhere. If within thy purest depths he is nowhere found, purify thy vision. If thou art blind, it is thy want of affinity for light.—Linton.

The Home.

WOMAN ITS TRUE OWNER.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

Home, as a sentiment, is especially Anglo-Saxon. It is, however, strongly marked, as phrenologists say, in all the Teutonic branches of the Caucasian race. And if any race or people have no such word in their language, it is because an oppression for ages has deprived them of its natural rights and immunities; for among all the appliances ever seized upon by a soulless tyranny, to maintain its damning sway, that of "property in land" has proved the most effectual, the widest spread in its power and influence, and the most fatal to the true enjoyment of human rights and human happiness. Landlordry is the twin brother to the monster, "chattel slavery;" or rather it is the prolific *mother* of a family of monsters, of which slavery and polygamy are but the elder-born.

Whatever form of expression may have been given to the condition imposed upon the masses by this system of monopoly, and whether it be named "slavery," "serfdom," "villainage," or simply "tenantry," we see involved the same essential principle. Potentially the same monster wrong sits enthroned, and the same direful consequences follow its sway, modified only in external form, or by change in custom and education, and by the application of science to industry and to sanitary regulations, and of machinery to more rapid production of many of the necessaries of life.

Given a certain area of soil—say an island removed from the interchanges of commerce—and place *one* man as *owner*, then substantially it matters little what you call the special form of relation sustained by each and all others who are dependent on that soil for a habitation and support. Their *happiness* and its pursuit, their *liberty* and its guaranties, their very *life* and its prolongation, are subject to the pleasure of that single owner. There may be other elements possessed by certain persons. His helplessness, mentally or physically, or his cupidity, would undoubtedly force him to award certain privileges and conditions to others, and all might, by dividing the products of their toil, be enabled to eke out a tolerable existence. But, essentially, they would be all his vassals and slaves.

Now make that island represent the world, and that owner the class of owners, in whom all legal titles vest, and we see at once the position in which the industry of the world is placed. In our own favored country, where the lands are so abundant as to be almost beyond the grasp of Mammon, there is little actual suffering and degradation from this cause, compared with what exists in the "old world." It is because most industrious and frugal people can become land-owners, that the condition of labor is in any respect different here from what it is under the worn-out monarchies of Europe.

It is very fine for politicians, who want our votes, to flatter us with the idea that we have no hereditary aristocracy, no nobility or governing class. But what is all this fine talk in the face of facts? For the whole period of our national existence, a system of chattel slavery, unequaled in atrocity since the days of imperial Rome, has been fostered in this Union, without a single effort on the part of our government to counteract its power or influence, until, to extend its area, it aimed a deadly blow at the very life of the nation.

In our own State, millions of acres are held by *one* man; and in this city there are several incomes which average a million of dollars annually from the rent of real estate. This is equal to the earnings of two thousand workingmen at an average of five hundred dollars per year. Now can you explain to me the difference, substantially, between the system under which this result is secured, and the ownership of those two thousand men, with the ability to compel their labor and reap its products? It is often remarked that the best way for a man to get a *home* or a farm is to *work* for it. But this is said with the full knowledge that in most countries the price of land is kept so high by monopoly, and the wages of labor so low, that the labor of a lifetime would fail of that result, even if nothing were expended in food, or clothing, or provision for the family. When duly considered, the saying is equally heartless with the attempted justification of slavery on the ground that some slaves have earned their freedom, and all might if they would.

The fact that lands change hands, and go into different families, is no justification of the system. It would be quite as well to have an hereditary aristocracy, as one which is constantly recruited with *parvenus*, whose vulgar scorn of the very class from which only

their greed has emancipated them pecuniarily, renders them more bitter in *caste* prejudice. Now, a man, after struggling for the best part of his life to secure a home for his dear ones, may, by a single reverse, have it all taken from him and his family turned into the street.

Some changes have been made in our laws, within a few years, to protect the rights of married women. But these only alleviate certain incidents of the system; do not strike at the root of the great wrong. And no device will ever meet the requirements of the case, until the great principle is involved, that no one can be protected in the ownership of *two* farms or *two* homes, while any suffer the want of *one*. The great law of limitation must be applied here, as in all subjects of legislation securing rights. Our right to life is complete. Yet it is necessarily self-limiting. It can never justify taking the life of another, except in absolute self-defense. Our right to liberty gives us no permission to enslave another. Our pursuit of happiness must not be followed at the sacrifice of another's. So the right to home and possessorship of the soil, no less sacred than either, must have its justly defined limits, where it will not exclude and render impossible the similar ownership by others.

I approach the question of ownership, as between the sexes, with much diffidence. And I propose to say as little as possible on the subject of marriage and its intricate questions. I prefer, indeed, to treat the man and woman as one in their relation to the home. "In the beginning God created them male and female, that they should not be twain, but one flesh." But in law, the title must vest in one or the other. I am decidedly of the opinion that it should vest in the woman, and in her alone. In a word, the Home—the initial term and starting-point of the social scale—should be wholly withdrawn from the commercial stock-board; and the soil—the source whence all sustenance to life is drawn—should be free to all who wish to cultivate it, and no longer be placed in the market to gratify greed, or the insane desire of speculation; no longer be staked upon the dice-board of stock-gamblers, even if its value were specific, and the only sufferers the immediate victims, who are so often turned homeless upon the cold charities of the world. As one of the surest steps to give this security of home, I recommend the vesting of all titles to real estate exclusively in woman.

The woman corresponds to the passive agent; man to the active. He should control the movable, she the permanent possessions; and thus the sphere of her activity and influence would be naturally, harmoniously filled, without any danger of injury to her sweetness or delicacy of character. Being then under no necessity of seeking marriage for an establishment and a home, she would exercise her intuitive perception in choosing a congenial companion, whose coöperation and executive power, rightly exercised, would improve her possessions. The man would in one sense then *earn* his home; that is, make himself desirable as a companion to the legal owner, of whom he would be, so to speak, a "tenant at will."

As the law of tenure now is, and as woman's position affects herself and offspring, only the few, either men or women, can have homes, without a life-long toil. The woman is expected, in order to secure her home, to entrap some man who already has one, with the pretense of a love she would perhaps gladly bestow elsewhere. It may be replied, that to put woman in possession of the home would be to make her the dupe of the idle and vagrant, who will impose upon her credulity, and thus make her their victim. And with no corresponding change in the aims and purposes of life to her, this objection might have some force. But as every woman would have a home, and as men of activity and industry would then be admired as much as the mere possessors of wealth now are, and as genial companionship, and an intelligent and industrious partner, would then be her principal need, the risks she would run would only serve for a healthful restraint and discipline. Besides, whatever mistakes she might make, her husband could not alienate her home, or deprive her of its possession. By this arrangement, the man would have abundant scope for all his powers. In trade, in finance, in manufacture, and in the conduct of the farm, his full activities on the material plane would be called forth. With the removal of the great overshadowing care, which now bears so heavily upon man and woman, in view of the uncertainty of any provision which can be made against misfortune, they would both experience new impulses to attain excellence of mental culture and elevation in the social sphere.

In beautifying and rendering more productive the homestead, the man would enjoy the

satisfactory assurance that no event could give it to the grasp of the spoiler, while his loved ones would be turned homeless away. Though without legal ownership in his home, in any sense which would allow him to convey it away, or involve it for his debts, yet he would doubtless be able to arrange with the fair owner for an apartment exclusive to himself, if required; which is more than many men can now do, although the legal owners of their own homes, and of scores of others. At the same time he would have no such control as would enable him to ill-treat his wife, and force her to leave home and support, or put up with brutality; and the woman would have fuller opportunities for the exercise of her faculties and capabilities than now, either in coöperation with a consort or independent of one, if she chose to remain single. She would be at liberty to follow the bias of her mind in regard to marriage, and not be compelled by anxious parents, or by a weak ambition to shine in a genteel establishment, or by a real necessity for a support, to accept a husband as the only way of obtaining a home; and in which she must either become a house-drudge, an extravagant piece of furniture, or, turning the tables upon our sex, a genuine domestic tyrant.

But what is more important, it will release woman from that despotism of society growing out of the inverted state we have contemplated, and which compels her to a life of celibacy often against her will, and to live without the love for which she is by nature formed, because the man she would marry has not the home or has not sought her hand. Much has been said about what is necessary to the true development of woman's capacities, and the wider sphere of activity she requires; but it is in vain that she changes her dress, or seeks more active employments. Until the Home is hers inalienably, and she has and exercises her queenly prerogative of choosing a companion, she will never attain her true social, political, or industrial position.

These sentiments may shock many, and none more than those poor victims who suffer most from the violation of natural rights. Men who regard woman simply as a dependent and minor, made to serve their pleasure, a plaything for their amusement and a slave to their passion, will also be shocked. While inflicting on woman the wrongs she has borne so meekly, such will raise the cry of indelicacy, and lift their voice in warning to her, "not to overstep the boundaries prescribed for her sex."

One year has been mockingly accorded her in four, (leap year,) in which to assume her natural prerogative; but even without the social embargo, this privilege, if sincerely rendered, would avail her nothing. Without a home of her own, to offer herself is merely to invite herself to some one's home; or, if her lover is poor, to invite him to charge himself with her support.

Marriage, indeed, under present social arrangements, is little more than the above. That it has not become wholly perverted proves it a divine institution. But with greater security to the Home, and greater freedom of the affections, the more its divinity and indissolubility will be seen, and the more attractive and truly delicate the character of woman will appear.

The Kinder-Garten.

The translation of the German word "Kinder-Garten," if rendered strictly and literally, would read, "Children's Garden;" or, "Garden of Children." The term was first used by Frederick Froebel, a native of Germany, born in the latter part of the last century. He was in early life deprived of his mother. His father, who was a clergyman, had not time to give attention to the tastes displayed by the boy for architecture, mathematics, and the beauties of Nature and Art in general. Being often with his father, however, when quarrels among his neighbors were arbitrated, he early formed the habit of comparing the harmony that reigns in Nature with the inverted, antagonistic condition of the human spirit. The tendency of this was to make of him a reformer. His mind became interested in Pestalozzi and his system of education, and in the school of this renowned teacher he passed a season, in Switzerland. Later in life he filled an office in the Mineralogical Museum at Berlin.

He observed that many men and women are but half-developed physically, for the want of care and nourishment in childhood; and he concluded that "there would be fewer sullen, quarrelsome, dull-witted men or women, if there were fewer children starved or fed improperly in heart and brain." To improve society it is requisite to begin quite at the beginning, and to secure a wholesome educa-

tion during infancy and childhood. Strongly possessed with this idea, and feeling that the usual methods of education—by restraint and penalty—aim at the accomplishment of far too little, and, by checking natural development, even do positive mischief, Froebel determined upon the devotion of his entire energy, throughout his life, to a strong effort for the establishment of schools that should do justice and honor to the nature of a child. He resigned his appointment at Berlin, and threw himself, with only the resources of a fixed will, a full mind, and a right purpose, on the chances of the future.

At Keilhan, a village of Thuringia, he took a peasant's cottage, in which to establish his first school—a village boy's school. It was necessary to enlarge the cottage; and while that was being done, Froebel lived on potatoes, bread, and water. So scanty was his stock of capital, that, in order honestly to pay his workmen, he was forced to carry his principle of self-denial to the utmost. He bought each week two large rye loves, and marked on them with chalk each day's allowance.

After laboring for many years among the boys at Keilhan, Froebel—married to a wife who shared his zeal, and made it her labor to the utmost in carrying out the idea of her husband's life—felt that there was more to be accomplished. His boys came to him with many a twist in mind or temper, caught by wriggling up through the bewilderments of a neglected infancy. The *first* sproutings of the human mind need thoughtful culture. There is no period of life, indeed, in which culture is so essential. And yet, in nine out of ten cases, it is precisely while the little blades of thought and buds of love are frail and tender, that no heed is taken to maintain the soil about them wholesome, and the air about them free from blight. There must be INFANT GARDENS, Froebel said; and straightway formed his plans, and set to work for their accomplishment.

He devoted his life to the discovery and development of a system of education which should serve especially for children *under* seven years of age. His central idea was, the conversion of a school into a garden, the teacher or leader of which should correspond to the florist gardener, while the children would correspond to the flowers which come under the care of the gardener, to be cultured, trained, and watched over.

As each different plant requires from the gardener a different kind of care, according to its size, form, and delicacy of nature, so does each child require special guidance, according to his or her constitution, nature, tastes, and individuality.

It is true that in a seed is already indicated what will be the form, size, and nature of a plant; but it is also known to what extent the plant can be affected by judicious culture—the removal of weeds and insects, the judicious use of the trowel, hoe, and pruning-knife, and a free supply of air, sunlight, and water. So in childhood we know that the organization of the infant accords with the source whence it derived its parentage, and that it is the labor of an educator to perfect, as far as possible, the *nature* of the child, by a judicious mode of culture.

In a school, children are *instructed*, not educated; *i. e.*, instruction is imparted by teaching positive knowledge.

In a Kinder-Garten it is sought to develop in a harmonious manner the nature of the child, and bring out the physical and mental powers, through the awakening of the moral and esthetic sentiments, and inspiring a desire for activity, observation, and knowledge.

The whole principle of Froebel's teaching is based on a perfect love for children, and a full and genial recognition of their nature, a determination that their hearts shall not be starved for want of sympathy; that since they are, by Infinite Wisdom, so created as to find happiness in the active exercise and development of all their faculties, we, who have children about us, shall no longer repress their energies, tie up their bodies, shut their mouths, and declare that they worry us by the incessant putting of the questions which the Father of us all has placed in their mouths, so that the teachable one forever cries to those who undertake to be its guides, "What shall I do?" To be ready at all times with a wise answer to that question, ought to be the ambition of every one upon whom a child's nature depends for the means of a healthy growth. The frolic of childhood is not pure exuberance and waste. "There is often a high meaning in childish play," said Froebel. Let us study it, and act upon hints—or more than hints—that Nature gives.

Of course it must be borne in mind, when considering Froebel's scheme of infant training, that certain qualities of mind are necessary to the teacher. Let nobody suppose that any scheme of education can attain its

end, as a mere scheme, apart from the qualifications of those persons by whom it is to be carried out. Very young children can be trained successfully by no person who wants hearty liking for them, and who can take part only with a proud sense of restraint in their chatter and their play. It is, in truth, no condescension to become in spirit as a child with children, and nobody is fit to teach the young, who holds a different opinion.

The requisites for a school-teacher are, a good intellectual education and a high moral nature; but much more is required of one who would become an efficient and successful Kinder-Gartner.

The pure, unsullied nature of childhood, and the tendrils of power which spring therefrom, require our closest attention. The present existing system of society does not permit even the most careful of mothers to bestow upon her children the attention they require, nor can any domestic circle furnish facilities for a thoroughly harmonious balance of the faculties of children. It is the office of the Kinder-Gartner to completely fill this void, by considering man in his whole being—his entirety, so to speak. The function of this office is, to assist the parents a few hours daily in elevating and perfecting the nature of their children, and preparing them for the school education which is to follow. It is to care for them and nurture them according to their own natural organization, and in harmony with all Nature.

This care is placed in the hands of woman, because Nature has especially provided her with love, patience, and spiritual power of endurance, and thus designed that she should be the supervisor over the early years of life. She should be the pleasant playmate of innocent childhood, whilst at the same time she controls and guides them by means of her mental superiority, her insight into their nature, and the consciousness of the noble ends to be reached by means of education and development, attainable through the Kinder-Garten system. Like the radiant sun she is to enliven and animate the spirit of the children by her unvarying cheerfulness and love, and the refinement that naturally pertains to a pure and truthful woman. She is to become, in fact, a spiritual mother, "who has to take the pure and innocent being fresh from the hand of God, and to train it, that it may return through a world of conflict to his paternal arms." Impressed with this thought, she may become worthy of the high vocation which she has chosen as the path over which to fulfill her earthly destiny; and the attainment of success in the work will insure to her the quiet joy of a heavenly life.

Lover's Bower.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY D. HELEN INGHAM.

On a rocky cliff there's a sylvan grot,
Jutting far over the Schuylkill's tide;
And beautiful from this fairy-like spot
Is the landscape stretching far and wide.
You can reach the place by a winding path,
Where the air is rich with breath of pine—
Where the wild flowers, fresh from their dewy bath,
Unseen of sunlight, all summer shine.
And Reading city lies off at the right—
So far that its spires but dimly show;
Far up at the left there's an isle in sight,
Kissed by the waves in their lazy flow.
A legend is told of the days of yore,
When the red man's well-aimed arrow flew
'Mid these dark old trees, and from shore to shore,
With bird-like bound, went his bark canoe:
Of a beautiful Indian maid, who chose
This lonely cliff for a trysting-place,
Where she met her lover at daylight's close,
With the stealthy step that marks her race.
Her father, with vow she had quailed to hear,
Has *seemingly* rent their lives apart;
But Love has been ever too strong for fear,
And hard to sever—the linked in heart.
As twilight would fade and the moon arise,
And the waves like molten silver seem,
While brighter still grew their lovelit eyes,
Beneath the spell of that witching dream—
Her flowery treasures the summer poured
As nightly they met and parted there:
Too happy to think of the vengeful sword
Hung over their heads by a single hair.
And so Autumn came, and the forest donned
Her royal mantle of red and gold,
And Indian Summer, with magic wand,
Draped it in many a hazy fold.
And again the lovers have kept their tryste,
The Schuylkill flowing beneath their feet;
But they hear a footstep—they turn and list,
While their young hearts almost cease to beat;
For oh! from Life's chalice, so full of bliss,
Thrilling through spirit and lip and eye,
It is hard to turn, and for taking this,
Life's sweetest blessing, in youth to die.
But they knew the step, and the stalwart frame
That amid the gleaming foliage crept,
And the strong right hand, by whose deadly aim
That cruel vow would be surely kept.

One kiss and one glance, and their thoughts were blent—
One sudden bound, and the twain were gone;
And the arrow in empty air was spent—
The childless father standing alone.
Out on that beautiful moonlit crest
Sprang he then, from his covert dim,
And watched the river, that hid in its breast
The youth and beauty that fled from him.
But scarce twelve moons more, 'neath the forest shade
Fell the stately step of that proud old chief:
The place by his vengeance so vacant made
Had made his life like a withered leaf.
And they say this dream, with its tragic close,
Threw a charm o'er the spot called Lover's Bower;
So that still 'tis a trysting-place for those
Whose souls are blest with Love's dangerous dower.

Des Moines, Iowa.

Rome and Reason.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WESTMINSTER.

The *Westminster Quarterly Review* for July has an interesting and most noticeable article upon the late controversy between Dr. Newman and Rev. Charles Kingsley, as to whether Truth is a virtue. Passing several interesting points bearing directly upon the discussion in question, we come to the *Westminster's* criticism upon the compromise which Mr. Kingsley seeks to make between reason and authority, science and scripture, which compromise the reviewer characterizes as "untenable, transitory, and hollow."

RELIGIOUS COMPROMISES.

Upon this subject the *Westminster* remarks:

"We wish to insist on this point, that compromises between reason and authority are growing less and less desirable and even possible. The longer these two rivals stand confronting one another, the more plain does it become that one or the other must be supreme; that clever compounds of the two are becoming daily more unsatisfactory to all parties, whether free inquirers or believers.

"For upwards of two hundred years England was the chosen home of compromise on nearly every subject except the exact sciences; and this national characteristic, visible in our constitution, our legislation, our philosophy, was certainly as apparent in our religion as anywhere. We are not finding fault with this, but merely stating it as a fact. * * * The Revolution, the greatest triumph compromise ever won, was an agreement to leave questions alone which experience proved could not be settled without a great deal of trouble. Independents, Fifth Monarchy men, Radicals, and thorough-going people of all kinds, were to be silenced and made to keep their extreme views to themselves, so that respectable, moderate people, who found half views suit their purpose very well, could go about their business quietly."

TWO POINTS ESTABLISHED.

"Two opinions had been left firmly implanted in the minds of Englishmen when the ferment of the Reformation subsided; these were, that the Bible was all true and infallible, and that the Pope was a wicked impostor. Those points were settled. Woe betide the man who hinted a doubt of either. On these two points England was deaf to the voice of the charmer, charmed he never so wisely. The Deistical controversy, which survives in literature, owing to its connection with great names, never went to any depth in the national mind. Hume's wonderful skepticism was long before it attracted attention. England was determined not to be vexed and irritated and unsettled by deep investigation on the grounds of belief."

HISTORY TRACED STILL FARTHER.

"The fire deluge of the French Revolution put an end to 'the life-long minuet' through which Europe had been majestically pacing for many years. Earnestness and depth were again wanted in a world which seemed likely either to go to pieces or take fire, if something, if even a great deal, were not done. To confine ourselves to our own country, a reawakened spirit was soon discernible in literature. The noblest songs this land had heard since Milton died were poured forth by Coleridge, Keats, Wordsworth, and Shelley. Philosophy was not absent, although it took longer to recall the spirit which had once dwelt in Bacon and Locke. In practical life reason gained rapid victories—the emancipation of the Catholics, the Bill of Reform. History was studied with new eyes. The revolutions and catastrophes of the present taught men to sympathize with and comprehend the revolutions of the past. Natural science was advancing with giant strides. It was impossible that religion should remain stationary amid the general movement."

PROTESTANTISM IN ENGLISH HOOPS.

"Protestantism as a rule is merely individual and negative. If left to itself it crumbles into the fine sand of endless sects and subdivisions. The stout hoops with which the English Church had surrounded her portion of the Reformation had kept her together for two centuries; but this was, as we have seen, at the price of stagnation of the religious intellect. Now there were signs that this stagnation would not continue. Liberalism was rising steadily on all sides. Was the Church to be a Church--to oppose her advancing enemy, to curse him, to have no terms with him? or to let him in--to become a mere receptacle for sects, and gradually drift away with the liberal tide from her old orthodox moorings?"

The leaders of what is styled the "Tractarian party" foresaw the direction of the current. Without caring where they were eventually to stop, they were clear in their direction as *against* the stream of modern thought, further and further from the principles of reason and free inquiry. Rome was a long way off, and her dangers were not felt. Modern notions were near and deadly, and must be expelled or avoided at all risks.

But says the critic:

"Tractarianism failed as a resuscitation of the Church. The flight of its leaders to Rome was a complete confession that their object had not been attained. The English Church was likely to prove but a sorry breakwater against the advancing tide of modern thought. Still the attempt was not without effect. The enemies of Tractarianism--and they were many--were angry, aggressive in their turn; a reaction against the reaction was established. Arnold and his pupils pushed the more vigorously forward, because some wished to hold them back. The stream pent up for a moment dashed over all obstacles, till it has brought us to what we now see: dignitaries of the Church taking the lead in attacks on every traditional dogma of Christianity."

THE ADVANCE OF CATHOLICISM.

The *Westminster* makes the following startling admissions respecting the growth of Romanism:

"Liberal ideas are beyond doubt advancing; but something else is also advancing, and that is Roman Catholicism. Twenty-five years ago, in his 'Essay on Ranke's History of the Popes,' Macaulay drew attention to the revival of Romanism. In his graceful way he painted the fact, but he did not attempt a solution of the problem implied by it. In England the number of Catholic priests and chapels has enormously increased of late years. In France the *beau monde*, which once was infidel, is now Catholic. Even in Germany the Catholic theologians and controversialists hold their own against their redoubtable Protestant and rationalistic foes. The great main stream of human thought is tending in a direction of which no one can doubt; but there is manifestly a strong *backwater* carrying many minds away in an opposite direction. Europe on a grand scale seems experiencing an immense Tractarian movement after the manner of England."

Having thus stated the history and position of the religious contest in England, the *Westminster* proceeds very plainly to express its convictions, drawn therefrom. First as to

REASON AND AUTHORITY.

"Thus we get two clear facts amid all the confusion and contradiction of modern thought —the growth of disbelief, and the growth of Romanism; the growth of the party which trusts in reason, and the growth of the party which trusts in authority. Intermediate standpoints are getting less and less liked, less and less tenable. The age seems to say to every thinking man:

"'Take which you like, reason or authority, but having made your choice, manfully adhere to it. Do not play fast and loose with it, do not take first one and then the other; do not use skeptical arguments against Roman Catholics and Roman Catholic arguments against skeptics. Do not let your opinions and canons of criticism vary according to the exigencies of controversy. If you choose authority, follow it whithersoever it may lead you, and cast no lingering glances on the reason you have left behind. If you select reason, be *treu und fest* to her, and do not fall into a panic and be for deserting to her rival as soon as the contest becomes hot.'"

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.

"It should be understood that a First Principle is a First Principle. If the Bible or the Church is to furnish us with premises which we must accept, or conclusions which we must admit, it is of no use to think of science or philosophy, it is of no use to begin inquiries, at any stage of which we may be stopped. It is of no use to search the Book of Nature for new truths, if, immediately after we have found one, we may be told that it cannot be admitted, as 'it contradicts the Word of God.' Science cannot work with a halter round her neck. If, on finding a fossil skull, or a flint implement, and making the simple remarks, and drawing the natural conclusions which the case suggests, she is to be arraigned as profane, and oblivious of the 'Holy Ghost, who inspired Scripture,' her vocation is at an end. She had better retire to India or China, for there is no place for her in Christian Europe."

CHRISTIANS OPPOSED TO SCIENCE.

Is it true, as the *Westminster* affirms, that

"There is no use in disguising the fact that Christians, *as such*, are opposed to science; that is, are opposed to the free exercise of the human intellect in the investigation of truth. Of course the imputation is vehemently denenied, but daily evidence of its justice is unfortunately at hand. Baptists, Papists, High Church, Low Church, are all in the same boat so far. One may be at the bow, and another at the stern of the boat, but they all dread and hate the scientific spirit; and they are bound to do so if their principle, whether of an infallible Church or an infallible Bible, be correct. An external divine authority, be it Bible or Pope, if it is authoritative and divine, must be obeyed, and must sooner or later obtain dominion over the whole man. Whether its pretensions are great or small, if they are immovable and indisputable, they must in time reach unto and subdue all human thought and action. It is the leaven which leavens the whole lump; the mustard seed which, growing to a stately tree, covers the whole earth."

THE DANGERS OF ATHEISM.

"The Romanists have always been fond of offering men the alternative of 'a bottomless skepticism' or the 'Catholic Faith.' Their argument has always been: 'If you trust your reason you will be atheists.' Atheism! that is their grand word, which has been worth thousands of recruits to them. Now if it suits their purpose to scare men with the imaginary terrors of free thought, it suits ours equally to hold up to the world the very real terrors of authority."

THE DANGERS OF AUTHORITY.

The *Westminster* puts the question strongly as follows:

"Take up with authority, we would say, if you like, but mind the consequences. Do not suppose you can say, 'Thus far and no farther!' You are under the yoke, and you must either submit to it or shake it off. You may only believe in Moses, and pity those who believe in the Pope; but Moses may prove as hard a taskmaster as ever the Pope has done. Once convince yourself that it is your duty to put out your eyes, and it signifies very little in whose behalf the sacrifice is made; it has made you blind in any case. It is either reason or not reason which you have to choose. Follow authority and it will make you a Papist, or as good as a Papist. Fence off never so small a portion of your mind from the patrol of free thought, and the odds are, if you are a thorough man—not a half-and-half man—that you will find yourself some day in the neighborhood of Rome. The principle is the same, whether you believe in the fig-leaf aprons of Adam and Eve, or in the Holy Coat of Trèves."

"Mr. Sludge, the Medium."

We have not read this effort of Mr. Browning's. The *Atlantic* says "it cannot be called a poem," and takes the subject, rather than the author, to task, for this short-coming. We quote:

"It would not be possible to write satire, epic, idyl, not even elegy, upon that 'rat-hole philosophy,' as Mr. Emerson once styled the new Fetichism of the mahogany tables. It has not one element that asks the sense of beauty to incorporate it, or challenges the weapon of wit to transfix it. It is humiliating, but not pathetic, not even when yearning hearts are trying to pretend that their first-born vibrates to them through a stranger's and a hireling's mind. It is not even grotesque, but it is gross and flat and stale. Its messages are fatuous, its machinery the rickety heir-looms of old humbugs of Greece and Alexandria. No thrill, no terror, no true awe, nothing but "goose-flesh" and disgust creep from the medium's presence.

"Pegasus need not be saddled; summon, rather, the police. * * *

"Nemesis attends the poet who plunges his arm for a subject into this burrow of Spiritualism."

Minor Topics.

Our Reception by the Press.

We acknowledge with pleasure our indebtedness to the editorial fraternity for several very cordial notices of our new Monthly, and think we are not mistaken in recognizing an almost universal spirit of friendliness towards our leading aims and objects. Some slight misapprehension as to the purpose of the Magazine appears to exist. The perusal of a few numbers will tend to correct any such error on the part of candid readers.

A New Perfume.

We are indebted to the *Tribune*, not Phalon, for naming a new "odor," which may be destined to have a run equal to the "Night Blooming Cereus." In an editorial notice of the first *Friend of Progress*, the critic remarks:

"The whole number, with the exception of Mr. Frothingham's discourse, has a strong odor of the 'Spiritualist' Philosophy."

The *Tribune* has not lost its keenness of discrimination, though chary of its descriptive powers. We wish it had told us what the odor is like.

Children and their Friends.

Since the announcement made to our young readers last month, we have given more thought to the subject of a Children's Department in the *Friend of Progress*. The small number of pages to which we are necessarily restricted at present, precludes appropriating more than from one to three pages per month to this department.

We could hardly expect to awaken and permanently retain the interest of young readers, by *any* use of so little space. Yet the effort would not have been wanting, had not a more inviting prospect for our young friends appeared.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Boston, propose soon to issue a new illustrated Magazine, which we offer to our young readers as the promise of something much better than anything we could furnish them.

"Our Young Folks."

This new illustrated monthly Magazine for Boys and Girls will be edited by J. T. Trowbridge—author of "Cudjo's Cave," and several popular Juveniles—Gail Hamilton, and Lucy Larcom. The staff of contributors includes Capt. Mayne Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Agassiz, Mrs. Stowe, Carleton, Dr. Dio Lewis, Edmund Kirke, Aunt Fanny, Prof. Holmes, Grace Greenwood, Miss Alcott, and others. Every

number will be finely illustrated, and cannot fail to prove both entertaining and instructive. The price of the *Young Folks* will be $2 per year--20 cents per number.

A Proposition.

Having made special arrangements with Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, we are enabled to offer inducements to our young friends to procure this monthly. To any subscriber of the *Friend of Progress*, or to any child of a subscriber, we will send *Our Young Folks* for $1 50 per year, the postage to be paid by the subscriber.

In other words, we will furnish the *Friend of Progress* and *Our Young Folks* for $3 50 per year, and both together, with the *Atlantic*, (price $4,) for $7.

The first number of *Our Young Folks* will be sent to any address for 15 cents.

Nine Cent Beds for Newsboys.

The Newsboys' Lodging-House, 128 Fulton street, is one of the quiet but efficient humane instrumentalities of the city. Beds are furnished for more than a hundred newsboys, boot-blacks, and peddlers, who pay a nominal sum for the privilege, and enjoy the reading-room and all the genial influences sought to be exerted there. The main purpose of the institution is to secure permanent homes and employment for the boys. To this end aid is solicited.

The "New Fetichism" in England.

The London correspondent of the *Independent* writes:

"It cannot be denied that Spiritualism has made many converts in this country, and that some of the most estimable of our literary men and women, like the Howitts, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Mr. Robert Bell, are believers in what I suppose one must call this strange delusion. * * After all, this is better than the other extreme, that sea of unbelief to which many of our finest intellects are drifting. Everything denotes a period of transition and change, and I suppose all will come out right in the end."

A Golden Aphorism.

We are indebted to the New York *Times* for rescuing from one of the military orders of Gen. Hooker the following *golden aphorism*, which is applicable to every man and woman, in every sphere of life: "*No one will consider the day as ended until the duties it brings have been discharged.*"

Ladies' Equestrian Union.

We have received from the officers of the Ladies' Equestrian Union the names of the Executive Committee for 1865, with a report of the continued success of the movement. As we are not furnished with the address of the officers, we omit the list as incomplete.

"An Impostor—Pass Him Around."

What a fascinating caption! Editors seem never to overlook such a head-line, but to clip it as if by instinct. Long weeks ago, in a little rural sheet, we saw the original "Pass Him Around," and marked the paragraph, not for publication, but for future recognition. How frequently, since, has the same item, under the same caption, met our eye! No choice extract, no gem of poetry, no quaint witticism, no useful recipe, obtains wider circulation.

The cry of "Mad Dog" on the street is not more readily repeated by a thoughtless rabble than this public *ex parte* statement of some real or fancied imposture. And as the poor cur is driven mad by the kicks and cuffs he receives, so may the alleged "impostor," though innocent at first, become exactly what he is believed to be.

Shall we, indeed, label every man with the name of his error? Shall we perpetually attach, like a brand on the forehead, the sin to the sinner? Suppose this rule be universally observed? Who would escape? Would you, reader? Would I? How thankful some of us have occasion to be that the past error—oh how bitterly repented, perchance!—is only brought before us by an accusing conscience! To hear it on every man's lips would be too deep a shame—"a punishment greater than we could bear"—and, under such treatment, who may tell what hardness of heart, what bitterness of spirit, and what recklessness of life would be ours!

Our security and happiness may rest in the fact that we are not "passed around," rather than that we are not ourselves impostors. Who of us—did the world but know all the pages of our lives—are not "ticket-of-leave men," whose safety rests in perpetuating the imposition. How many cry "Stop Thief" whom this conviction should forever silence!

Can the press, as conservers of public morals, find no higher duty than to "pass around" loathsome, detestable objects? Is it their mission to chronicle villainy, that it may be more readily imitated, perchance by our own children, who read it?

Because one impostor exists, shall we compel every innocent person to prove his innocence? Shall we believe men innocent or guilty without proof? Better be imposed upon a score of times than forever suspicious. Better let ten guilty escape than punish one innocent.

Heaven pity the falsely accused, the slandered innocent! Human beings have little sympathy for them—newspapers show them no mercy. Would that rascality might be

left to do its own advertising, while good deeds and noble examples were published to the world!

Our National Thanksgiving.

Never in the history of our country was there occasion for more heartfelt thanksgiving and devout gratitude, than is afforded by the result of the late election. It is, perhaps, the grandest political achievement, the sublimest moral victory, ever won.

We have purposely refrained from extended comment upon political movements, because so profoundly conscious of the momentous importance of *the* question of the hour. The vital issue seemed lifted above the sphere of argument, allied to the grand and lofty movements of the heavens--subject indeed to law, but beyond the fluctuations of human caprice.

The world has few spectacles to equal the majestic movement of the American people to the polls on the 8th of November, 1864! Never before was there a more quiet and dignified assertion of the popular will--never a larger reservation of patriotism and strength —never a more sublime vindication of immortal principle!

The issue was fearfully momentous: the result is grandly sublime. To every friend of progress, on earth or in heaven, it comes as glad tidings of great joy! Who shall henceforth doubt the future of the *Free* Republic of America?

The Judgment of a Politician.

Somewhat in keeping with our own sentiments is the following unreserved expression from a private letter written by a western politician. We hope the coming years will bring nothing to lessen either his confidence or his satisfaction:

"Thank God we are victorious, and the cause of freedom is in safe hands. My religious faith in Lincoln is as fervent as ever, and I look forward confidently to his next four years of administration as the brightest epoch in all American history. Lincoln is true to liberty, and faithful to the trusts reposed in him. If I ever felt deeply, thoroughly, religiously grateful, it is in view of the result of the late elections, and the Waterloo defeat of the Copperhead allies of the rebels."

Another Departure.

As we go to press we receive intelligence of the recent death of Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, formerly Governor of Wisconsin, and for many years well known for his earnest investigations of Spiritualism. For some years Mr. Tallmadge has been in poor health, but the intelligence of his departure will sadden many hearts to whom his name is pleasantly familiar.

One Boy's Experience.

War is a powerful educator. How many young men have developed unto the full stature of manhood through the potent stimulus of the present war! Hardships, wounds, imprisonment and suffering for a noble cause, seem to awaken and invigorate the latent qualities, and to transform boys into full-grown men.

We have at this moment in mind the experiences of one young soldier, who sprang to the ranks in answer to the earliest call of his country, though inexperienced and still in his early teens. Shot through the lungs while on a gunboat, he was captured by the rebels, and four months in hospital from the ball he still carries. His experiences include not one, but all of these: Libby prison, Charleston under fire, Goldsboro, and the ten-acre pen at Andersonville, the horrors of which, he says, cannot half be told. At last exchanged, he visits his home, a noble, determined man.

What a debt our country owes to such members of this fearful "national school"!

Brief Mention.

—William Cullen Bryant, the gifted poet and worthy philanthropist, recently received a very appropriate and deserved testimonial from the "Century Club," upon the occasion of his seventieth birthday. It was a genuine feast of poets.

—Col. T. W. Higginson has been honorably discharged from the army, for physical disability in consequence of a wound. He will devote himself to literature.

--Rev. J. W. Chadwick has been called to the charge of the Unitarian Church in Brooklyn--the position formerly occupied by Rev. Samuel Longfellow, and more recently by Rev. Mr. Staples.

Important Votes.

The late election brought out many voters who seldom appear at the polls. One revolutionary veteran, who cast his first vote for Washington, deposited his last for Lincoln. The venerable Father Keep, of Oberlin, O., eighty-five years old, appeared at the polls, leaning on the arm of a friend, and deposited his ballot, with the sentiment, "Palsied be the tongue which now wags for treason, and the hand which would cut the jugular vein of our Christian Commonwealth."

—It may interest some of our readers to know that Andrew Jackson Davis cast his first vote at this important election. He was accompanied by his venerable father, and a nephew—a wounded soldier—thus subtracting three votes from New Jersey's copperhead plurality.

Our Library.

NEW BOOKS.

Man and his Relations. Illustrating the Influence of the Mind on the Body; the Relations of the Faculties to the Organs, and to the Elements, Objects, and Phenomena of the External World. By S. B. Brittan, M. D. New York: W. A. Townsend. 8vo., pp. 578. Price $3 50; postage 40 cts.

Dr. Brittan is well known as an editor, lecturer, and author, especially since the rise of the "Spiritualist" movement. His previous writings have been marked by much fluency of language, and by the statement, on personal knowledge, of many valuable facts. In the present larger work, he aims to throw these facts into more systematic shape, and to state their theory.

It is an unfortunate fact, that the fluency of the public speaker is often a clear injury to the writer. When a man has, "during a period of ten years, visited no less than twenty-three Sates of the Union in the capacity of a lecturer," he has had a training very valuable to the orator, but very dangerous to the writer. It is apt to develop a fatal facility of utterance, a habit of repetition, a looseness of statement, and a rather florid rhetoric. These habits are especially seductive when the theme is that dim and nebulous science which lies on the border-land between metaphysics and physiology. Dr. Brittan has not wholly escaped this influence, and his book seems rather like a series of ready extemporaneous lectures than like a deliberate scientific treatise. Yet it is so earnest and so sincere, it contains so many facts and reasonings, made valuable by his personal character and long experience, that one regrets that he did not do more justice to such good materials, by using more compression and more rigorous methods. The effort at popularization is one of the most perilous of experiments, especially upon ground so uncertain, where the utmost care cannot wholly guard from error.

For instance, Dr. Brittan undoubtedly aimed to give, in this book, a perfectly distinct statement of his doctrine of "the electrical theory of the vital functions;" and yet it must be owned that it is no easy thing for the reader to understand it, amid so much extraneous matter, and so much vague language. Not that this vagueness is necessarily the fault of the author, for in truth all the words used in describing the relation between matter and spirit—including, indeed, those two words themselves—are still employed in so many different shades of meaning, that only the plainest simplicity of statement will carry any one safely through. As soon as one resorts to symbols and images, on these themes, he is pretty sure to get beyond the severe demands of scientific accuracy. And yet, in a popular treatise, the temptation to such poetic illustration is very strong.

Perhaps the most valuable portion of the book is in the personal experiences narrated, in respect to the second sight, or apparitions of the living, and the experiments on the power of the will. These are very astonishing, and are so plainly stated as to leave no room for any question but of veracity: this being the proper aim of every narrator of novel facts. A statement should be so carefully made as to exclude every possibility of accidental error, and leave a skeptic no resource except to pronounce the whole a willful falsehood; because, when it comes to that, every man can fall back on his general reputation for truthfulness. But most statements of remarkable phenomena have little value, not because we believe the witnesses false, but because they evidently did not take pains to distinguish between truth and falsehood.

Even Dr. Brittan sometimes fails in this way—as, when he makes astounding statements, and does not show that any one has sufficiently identified the alleged facts, or cross-examined the parties. He gives, for instance, on page 135, an anecdote which not one person in a hundred could read without a smile of utter and hopeless incredulity; and yet it rests on the authority of some nameless "gentleman who resides in Leroy, N. Y.," who may, for aught that appears, have been the most outrageous practical joker in his county.

Such things suggest a doubt, not of the author's veracity, but of his discrimination; and when afterwards, on page 419, he seriously classes together, as representative poets, Milton, Dante, *and Harris*, the distrust in his good judgment is certainly confirmed. It undoubtedly was a difficult feat to compose the "Epic of the Morning Land" in twenty-six hours, but the great body of intelligent critics would probably wish, with Dr. Johnson on a similar occasion, that it had been not only difficult, but impossible.

But whatever criticism may be made upon the details of Professor Brittan's work, he is entitled to the thanks of all, for daring to treat of themes so difficult, and in a spirit which is usually so candid. To produce a thoroughly satisfactory book, on the theme he treats, is a success not yet achieved by any one; and perhaps not to be achieved till many more mysteries are unvailed. In default of this, the facts and reasonings must be sought in many different works, and of these,

"Man and his Relations" is, no doubt, one of the most important.

The book is well printed, but shows a want of careful revision by a competent proof-reader: the errors of the press are very numerous. T. W. H.

Broken Lights: An Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith. By FRANCES POWER COBBE. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. Price $1 75; postage 16 cents.

It was one of the great practical successes of Theodore Parker's life, that he escaped being the founder of a sect. His influence, whatever it may be, will be exercised without that drawback. If he had failed in this respect, and had left behind him a sect instead of an example, the creed of that body would undoubtedly have been substantially what is given in this book by his English editor, Miss Cobbe.

It is a creed, in the objectionable sense, not because it states opinions, but because it states a boundary. In Mr. Ruskin's phrase, it is a sheepfold. In the most gentle, candid, and unexceptionable manner, the author draws her lines with perfect definiteness. They include Theodore Parker, and exclude all who do not habitually practice personal prayer. This may seem the shortest and the most liberal creed on record, but it is a creed just as essentially as the Thirty-nine Articles. Like so many heresiarchs before her, the author ends by simply removing the boundaries of the visible church, instead of abolishing them.

"Theism, to be a religion at all, and not a Philosophy leading off into Pantheism, must be a Religion of Prayer." (p. 228.) But this is the worst charge brought by Romanism against Protestantism, by Orthodoxy against Unitarianism, that each is a philosophy, not a religion. No sectarian denies that his opponents' creed is a form of philosophy; he only denies its claim to be treated as a religion.

Prayer, then, is the minimum of condition, on which this writer can predicate religion of any human being; and this assertion means something, in her phraseology: "Prayer, used or neglected, must in the nature of things determine * * * whether we are to grow nearer to God or drift further away from him every year." Without the practice of prayer, "at the moment he most needs God's light to guide him and God's arm to support him, he loses his means of obtaining both." "We have voluntarily closed the one window of our souls which opens to the true view." Any theory which neglects it is "that theology which closes the eye and ear of the soul." (pp. 224–226.)

It is thus evident that the word "religion," with Miss Cobbe, is not merely a convenient phrase of classification, but that it means something so substantial that one can hardly recognize any spiritual life outside of it.

Now there is no question that, with a large proportion of those who have reached the point which Miss Cobbe calls "Theism," private prayer is gradually disused. This disuse probably extends even to the clergy: it certainly is rapidly increasing in their congregations. Even public prayers, as every one must see in the most orthodox congregations, are fast becoming mere monologues, respectfully heard by the so-called worshipers. All Theodore Parker's rare devotional eloquence never produced in his congregation even the semblance of a praying assemblage. One glance into the Music Hall would probably have better enlightened Miss Cobbe, on this point, than all her faithful study of Mr. Parker's works. The prayers were listened to with attention, even with enjoyment; but it was still listening. The congregation liked to have them, because they were eloquent, and because Mr. Parker enjoyed them; but nine-tenths of those present would unquestionably have liked the service quite as well without them.

Be this as it may, it is certain that large numbers of earnest and virtuous persons are absolutely excluded by Miss Cobbe's test of religion, and thus laid under the imputation of a corresponding exclusion from "the one window of the soul that opens to the truth." If this is not establishing a creed and a sect, what is? Apply it, for instance, to Emerson. Will the author of "Broken Lights" assert that his access to spiritual life is in proportion to his use of prayer? If not, will she alter her sheepfold, or deny his spiritual life?

It is much to be feared that she would adopt the latter alternative. For it is to be sadly noticed, that the only *personal* intolerance she shows—the only instance that she has become in spirit, as well as in form, a sectarian—is in her attempt to link Emerson with Carlyle in the charge of having lost sight of the love of man as well as of the knowledge of God. This is a far graver offense; yet she commits it (on pages 235-236 of her book) on the strength of one or two passages, which are utterly misconstrued, and which the noble and humane life of Emerson utterly contradicts. Had she wished to show to what outrageous injustice the slightest attempt at creed-making may lead a logical mind, she could have found no better illustration than her own libel on Emerson.

Yet by so doing she has increased the value of the book, adding one unconscious warn-

ing to the instances of bigotry she deprecates. She shows the danger against which she saw "Theism" must guard; and other "Theists" will be less likely to incur it, because it has proved too much for her.

For the rest, the little book is clearly, candidly, and admirably written, though the arrangement is too exclusively based on the accidental sectarian classifications of the English people. The differences between low and lower, broad and broader churches, have little interest to any but Englishmen. On the other hand, the mighty Roman Catholic Church, which is to every logical mind the one antitype of "Theism," is absolutely dismissed with five lines in a subordinate chapter of the book, because that great church has but a small minority of disciples in England. This takes from the book, in a great degree, its general interest, and leaves but a local and insular value. Yet it is a production which no liberal thinker—and certainly no friend of Theodore Parker—can pass without interest.

"Woman and her Era,"

AS VIEWED BY "THE ATLANTIC."

[Having given last month the opening and concluding paragraphs of the *Atlantic's* review of Mrs. Farnham's great work, we now copy from the omitted portion the essential adverse criticisms, for the benefit of the sex whose plea we this month admit.—ED. F. OF P.]

"Mrs. Farnham really suffers in thought by the unflinching fidelity to her creed. It makes her clear and resolute in statement, but it often makes her as one-sided as the advocates of male supremacy whom she impugns. To be sure, her theory enables her to extenuate some points of admitted injustice to woman—finding, for instance, in her educational and professional exclusions, a crude effort, on the part of society, to treat her as a sort of bird of paradise, born only to fly, and therefore not needing feet. Yet this authoress is obliged to assume a tone of habitual antagonism toward men, from which the advocates of mere equality are excused. Indeed, the technical Woman's-Rights movement has always witnessed a very hearty coöperation among its advocates of both sexes, and it is generally admitted that men are at least as ready to concede additional rights as women to ask for them. But when one comes to Mrs. Farnham's stand-point, and sees what her opinion of men really is, the stanchest masculine ally must shrink from assigning himself to such a category of scoundrels.

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"In short, her theory involves a necessity of perpetual over-statement. The conception of a pure and noble young man, such as Richter delineates in his Walt or Albano, seems utterly foreign to her system; and of that fine subtilety of nature by which the highest types of manhood and womanhood approach each other, as if mutually lending refinement and strength, she seems to have no conception. The truth is, that, however much we may concede to the average spiritual superiority of woman, a great deal also depends on the inheritance and the training of the individual. Mrs. Farnham, like every refined woman, is often shocked by the coarseness of even virtuous men; but she does not tell us the other side of the story—how often every man of refinement has occasion to be shocked at the coarseness of even virtuous women. Sexual disparities may be much; but individual disparities are even more.

"Mrs. Farnham is noble enough, and her book is brave and wise enough, to bear criticisms which grow only from her attempting too much."

The Adder's Den is a pamphlet by John Smith Dye, containing a startling history of the deaths of Presidents Harrison and Taylor, and the attempted assassinations of Buchanan and Lincoln. The statements are in the main plausible, and if true, should be widely known. The pamphlet sells for 75 cents.

The Progressive Age.—This new weekly, published by (Ex-Rev.) Moses Hull, at Kalamazoo, Mich., has received an important addition to its editorial strength in the person of Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, well known as a vigorous writer and efficient worker in the field of human reform. Both Mr. Hull and Mrs. Brown will conduct the paper conscientiously as well as ably, and these elements are strong guarantees of success. Terms, $2 per year.

Publishers' Notices.

—The *Friend of Progress* will usually be published in season to reach most subscribers by the first of the month. The November number having been issued a little in advance of date, a longer interval has occurred between the first and second numbers than will be likely to occur again.

—As our pages will not be stereotyped, readers desiring to secure all the numbers, from the commencement of the publication, should send their orders early.

—We can still supply specimen copies of Number One.

—Advertisers will find the limited space given to advertisements in our Monthly an exceedingly valuable medium for communicating with live people in all parts of the country.

—Attention is invited to the advertisement of Dr. Lewis's Normal Institute, which opens January 2d.