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The Friend of Progress, for July,

WILL CONTAIN AN ARTICLE ENTITLED

“FRANCES POWER COBBE,” (By T. W. Higginson;)


A REVIEW OF THE “PLEA FOR THE MASCULINE,”

(which appeared in an early number of the Magazine;)

POEMS BY ALICE CARY AND GEORGE S. BURLEIGH;

with other articles from new and old contributors.

THE PUBLISHERS INVITE ATTENTION TO THE CONTENTS OF THE PRESENT AND LATE NUMBERS, WITH THE LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS, AS AN ASSURANCE OF THEIR INTENTION TO MAKE GOOD EVERY PROMISE HERETOFORE GIVEN FOR THE STERLING CHARACTER OF THE *Friend of Progress*.

 The new Tract—“The Unitarian Convention and the . mes,” by REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM—will be furnished for gratuitous distribution, at \$1 for 10 (copies; 15 copies, 25 cents; single copies, 3 cents.

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T H E

FRIEND OF PROGRESS.

Vol. 1.]

New York, June, 1865.

[No. 8.

April 19, 1865.

BY JOHN WEISS.

The historian of the American Revolution pauses in his narrative of the momentous events of the 19th April, 1775, to describe the earliness of the season which was then breaking over New England in sympathy with the truths that were also quickening that day. He relates how Jonas Parker's morning heart was "stilled by a bayonet," and how the wife of Jonathan Harrington, grandfather of the master's mate of the Cumberland, was at the window, in the dewy freshness, when she saw his fall, and ran to meet him, "but only reached him as he expired on their threshold." But God did not seem incurious or unmindful of all this; for "day came in all the beauty of an early spring. The trees were budding; the grass growing rankly a full month before its time; the blue-bird and the robin gladdening the genial season, and calling forth the beams of the sun, which on that morning shone with the warmth of summer." And when the grass grew red, there was reason why Samuel Adams should exclaim: "What a glorious morning is this!"

The future historian of the sudden blossoming of American ideas and hopes in this April weather, will record a similar sympathy of Nature with the spring within our minds. A full month before its time this grass makes ready to cover old battle-fields and to creep up the redoubts which liberty has just stormed. Alas! we know to-day that it had also been commissioned to clothe the grave of the man

whose life has gone into the harvest we shall reap.

What ideas cluster around this week of April. They are the deepest and most important of the human soul; and they provide such historical coincidences as we would look for in vain through any other, even the most illustrious, records of the human race. The Jewish Passover, which celebrates the gratitude of a highly gifted branch of mankind for its rescue from Egyptian bondage, occupies the very same days of the humiliation of America, when the lowering of Sumter's flag was answered by the signals of indignation hoisted upon every patriotic cheek, and our exodus out of darkness, through a red sea of blood, began. From the 13th to the 19th of April stretches a week, that, if measured by the great associations of the soul or by the particular associations of America, becomes too long for its minutes, and is carried by, rather than carries, its powerful suggestions. Midway between the passover of the Jew, the Christian's day of the Crucifixion, the American's day of doubt and shame, and that date of the 19th, which stands both in the earlier and the latter time of the Republic, for newness of life, comes a sabbath which the common consent of Christendom sets apart for the single thought, however various its theological statement may be, of a resurrection. But we all believe that a stone has been rolled away from the mouth of the tomb where the human mind lay swathed and motionless, and the hirelings who watch it, thinking to keep it buried by the force of arms, fall backward before its presence, as the cerements change to light, and the long immured countenance reflects the morning.

Twice within that memorable week of April, the bells conveyed their unexpected surprise of news to our ears: once, when they rang to mark a downfall, a surrender, and to be joyful over defeated hopes; but again, to toll for the violent death of the man whose heart carried all the mercy that baffled crime could anticipate to receive.

The Rebellion struck another blow; but this time against itself; to push itself from every seat that it occupied in the hearts of the timid and the indifferent—to extinguish every vestige of respect which endurance and fighting tenacity had extorted for it at home and abroad—to deepen in our memories the traces of its criminal intentions, of its treacherous and violent beginning, and of every cruelty which it has appropriately exercised. But the United States of America stand where they did during the week before this blow, with their grasp around the throat of treason, and their feet upon its flag. The murder of this man, who represented a redeemed Republic, was treason's own countersign to every paper which he wrote in behalf of Liberty.

How blind and foolish was this coarse actor's travesty of the deed which Shakspeare's genius lifts to tyrannicide!

This war has often perplexed the foreign statesman, and falsified his best considered predictions. He will again be called to observe the difference between a Democracy and every other possible form of Government, in this respect, that the death of a representative man does no damage to the representation. A great and good Republican has died: the Republic is unharmed. The bullet took its course through the brains which gathered to a center the views and policy of a patriotic people: and it stopped there. In his death, Abraham Lincoln arrests the purposes of traitors. He wakes to newness of life, and so does America. She is myriad-headed and myriad-hearted. Were the whole South detailed for assassination, the people, and its rights, its privileges and its glories, would be still immortal.

Abraham Lincoln was a member of the poor white trash of Kentucky, a class which his policy will reward for having born him to the country's service. For he represented what is possible to the poor and miserable, provided they are reared in a Republic: if not a station as exalted as his own, or such an opportunity to become endeared to the hearts

of millions, at least, freedom like his own, and opportunities to carry out their full natural capacity. He was a conspicuous symbol of the American idea, divested of the false and vulgar rhetoric of the times when a very different idea spoke in the name of America. He was the country reduced to its simplest terms. His mind was plain, but it seemed to have drawn from the soil a natural ability to grow up to the level of practical questions, and to be pregnant with their fruits: first the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn, will feed the real hunger of the people. He thus represented at length, not the prophetic thought of a few minds in New England and the West, but the great bulk of thinking, or rather of the popular instinct, which is coming up abreast of the finest intelligence; and this is more cheering to the prophet, and a heartier vindication, than if only a President without the reinforcement of a people came so far. If Abraham Lincoln had proclaimed all the truths which were necessary to America, before there was an America to accept them, they would have fallen like the first seeds of the Pilgrims into the harsh acres around Plymouth Bay. But the voice of a great majority came to strengthen the truths upon his tongue. And it must be confessed that a healthy growth like this is due to the sagacity which waited for the impulses of the country to reach a head, which never mistook a good deal of local feeling for a deliberate American conviction. But a faith that this would be the ultimate resolution of the people, kept him steady all the while. Like a reserve of veteran troops, held back all the day long which they are capable of deciding, he waited for the moment and the command. His fancy was homely, and seemed to point his thought on purpose with the commonest illustrations, as if to satirize the flowery and ambitious politicians. His temper was not enthusiastic—he never fired the popular heart any more than the corn and wheat do in growing—he never appeared to be yearning after the point which at length he gained; but as if he had the instinct of all the country's staples in him to make the fruit itself put forth its own blossom, his feeling could not be hurried to antedate his growth. The excitability which our great cities manifest for every current topic, theatrical star, live celebrity—for Kossuth—for the Prince of Wales, for the Japanese dignitaries, did not belong to him. He never spoke the word

glory—he often alluded to Duty. He was never heard to mention the American Eagle. His temper was cool and steadfast—the breath of his greatest proclamations has passed over without ruffling its surface: the advanced posts of truth have sighed to hear the trumpet's comfort and assurance from his lips. But his roots were in the prairie: he could not tear them away and become a voyager of air, yet he absorbed both sun and air, and when he went to the grist he went full of nature; you relish many other things that contain less nutriment. We have read hostile criticisms that contained more literary enjoyment than his plain speech: but occasionally, when the time came, he said something that struck another hour of Liberty's Life: for his roots tapped our hearts; they went working all around for every drop, slowly to draw in and change the people's secret hopes into the people's unconcealed America, whose eyes this morning beam with majesty and confidence at his funeral. After the bitter years of political subservience, during which "at each remove" Liberty dragged her lengthening chain, festooned with the gaudy metaphors of our public men, and made oppressive with the praises of slaveholders, how welcome were his sentences, bare as your hand, but closed firmly on their object, to hold it, and nothing more: not to play fast and loose with our great ideas, but to win and keep them for the benefit of all. Fifty years of oratory, self-laudation, and insufferable arrogance, of corrupt expedients ably recommended, of crimes against the people adroitly argued, of latent treason at the South, covered by that "flaunting rag" called patriotism—tongues everywhere set to hush up with soothing and fascinating phrase the cry of God's children—this bad dream of a restless country was broken by a rude and honest voice: as when he said, "Gold is good in its place, but living, brave and patriotic men are better than gold." There is no chance for bribery in that; no long-rolling periods spoken in the interest of a class or of a section, but Presidential words, at last, spoken for six-and-thirty States—in the interest of simplicity and justice. The large, hard-featured hand which tore all our old bunting to the ground, hung out the flag of the common people of America.

The addresses and State papers which have been penned by Abraham Lincoln, are filled with something better than rhetorical con-

trivances. They show a power of divesting the matter in hand of everything that is merely adventitious, either in ornament or in suggestion. In passing through his mind, it seemed to be filtered of all except its base of truth; and this he returns to you in a simple structure of speech, as if he wanted to say, "This is all—but it is enough." Many other excellent things may have occurred to him, but he knew, like an old pioneer, the precise weight that could be carried, and his pack contained all that was needed for service and none for incumbrance. No public man ever made more compact and perspicuous statements. It was because a desire to be absolutely and unaffectedly true inspired all the operations of his intelligence. His ambition was to make the truth shine, though he might appear dull and unattractive. His language consequently offered no opportunities to his enemies for misrepresentation or for factious argument: they were reduced to plain agreement or to baffled silence. In his letter, for instance, written in August, 1863, to the Union Committee of Illinois, he addresses the opponents of his policy. "There are those who are dissatisfied with me. To such I would say: you desire peace, and you blame me that we do not have it. But how can we attain it? There are but three conceivable ways. First, to suppress the Rebellion by force of arms. This I am trying to do. Are you for it? If you are, so far we are agreed. If you are not for it, a second way is to give up the Union. I am against this. If you are, you should say so plainly. If you are not for force nor yet for dissolution, there only remains some imaginable compromise. I do not believe that any compromise embracing the maintenance of the Union, is now possible. Suppose refugees from the South and peace men of the North get together in convention, and frame and proclaim a compromise embracing a restoration of the Union, in what way can that compromise be used to keep Gen. Lee's army out of Pennsylvania?"

It is in this letter that, after describing the more promising aspect of affairs after the battle of Gettysburg, he makes a few sentences famous with his clear and honest purpose: "Thanks to all, peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay, and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among freemen

there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal, are sure to lose their case and pay the cost. And then there will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well-poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation, while I fear that there will be some white men unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they have striven to hinder it. * * Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in His own good time, will give us the rightful result."

The leaders of the Rebellion have made a copious use of the name of God. Gen. Lee was accustomed to speak of the blessing of the Lord of Hosts which rested on his arms; and Jefferson Davis hid the venom of his sting in the sheath of holy phrases. But the God who heard these appeals, compels the Rebellion itself to issue its last proclamation to the world: "Many can say Lord—but by their fruits ye shall know them."

When Abraham Lincoln took the name of God upon his lips, it became the utterance of a heart that was filled with a sense of the divine presence in the history of America. No man was better placed than he to perceive that such a thing as *accident* has been impossible for the last four years—defeat and victory, all the combinations, every dramatic coincidence, and the great ripening of the public policy, he recognized as God's premeditations in establishing a people upon the rock of His Law. Abraham Lincoln never played the diplomatist with God's name; he never used the airy phrases of religion to feather public documents, or conciliate the respectability of our theologies. For God was in the camp of his armies, and claimed a seat at his council board, and thundered in the great majority which bade him occupy till death. This feeling of the closeness and intimate complicity of God with the affairs of this people, took, in his mind and heart, the place which public ambitions usually occupy: it nourished his sense of right, and lifted all his gifts up to the duty of the hour. So that his public speech became as sincere as secret prayers, and his allusions to Divine Providence seemed to be gathered from the unspoken convictions of all men's hearts in all the States, as if the awe and trust of millions longed for one honest pen, and borrowed his. See it in his last inau-

gural, which went all over the world like a chapter of Scripture wrung from the sorrow and the insight of our worship.

His freedom from ostentation, and from the conceit of emphasizing himself as the source of authority and influence, sprang from this profound sense of dependence upon God. His placability was also nourished there. His soul seemed fastened, like a child, in happy unconsciousness, upon the fount of Life, forgetting all but the act of drawing inspiration for a faint and bleeding country. He could defend her, but did not know how to harbor animosity: for his whole personality was absorbed by the necessities of duty. Tennyson's lines to the Duke of Wellington are more appropriate to this untitled man:

"Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
Through either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life:
Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose fifty winters freeze with a rebuke,
All great self-seekers trampling on the right.

* * * * *

Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the State."

He spoke in this spirit of self-abnegation, when after his reflection he said: "The rebellion continues, and now that the election is over, may not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part I have striven and shall strive to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here, I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. * * * It adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed by the result (of the election). May I ask those who have not differed with me, to join with me in this same spirit towards those who have." With what divine graciousness do those words clothe his cruel death.

What sincere and homely message would Abraham Lincoln have delivered, if, from the side of Washington, and prompted by his kindred fidelity, a voice could be transmitted through death's gate into this gloom of a nation's grief? Is there any American who knows Abraham Lincoln so ill, or who rates him so poorly, that his mind cannot spontaneously break this silence, and speak for the President's cold lips the dictates of his still:

warm and living heart. "The Republic lives," he would say. "The Common People is in my seat, because I was in its confidence; the blood drops where I am torn from it—but the blood in all the States will hurry to repair the wound. Patriotism is better than gold and stronger than life. Plant the American ensign on my grave. My heart beat because millions of hearts beat. Beat hearts! Beat drums. Fill my place with the flood of a great people going to cover America with the Rights of Man."

But that magnanimous and gentle spirit cannot speak so as to win us from our grief. Duty itself waits beside his violated body, to embalm it with tears as well as to consecrate it for an altar upon which America shall renew her vows. We cannot help saying, We cannot spare him—we lived upon his honesty—it was our safeguard by night and by day—we leaned upon his honor; when he seemed the most careless, he was the most wary: the cunning of Peace Commissioners thought that a path lay through his playfulness to stab his earnestness; but their daggers broke against his granite and paralyzed the fratricidal arm. He planted his foot with deliberation; but no thunders could startle him to draw it back. His careless moods were the finesse of a spirit that watched and plotted for Liberty: not a man in the land watched more closely for America, or chose her time so well. He was her best trained scout: fine of ear, shrewd of sense to interpret objects in the gloom, cautious in movement, but alert as air. His physical and mental frame was built for the emergency: humorousness helped him lift the staggering burden of the public cares, and provided him with a resource against cunning and annoyance. History never yet tried to whiten one man's head with four such years of terrible responsibility—yet he has been as elastic as America: she wears her scars to-day, and the lines of anxiety were not all smoothed out of his dead face as it seemed to lend its peace to the Capitol and to the Nation. Whoso looked at those homely features, saw where Rebellion sank to its grave through the sincerity of America. We fancied the quiet and contented air, as of a man who seeks his sleep after one of his best days of faithfulness: and as we turned from the lids which had fallen over so much shrewdness, so much benignity, such singleness of heart, such private spotlessness, to scan the living faces which America has left, in hopes to

read his traits prolonged upon them, we shuddered for a moment, before recollecting that his very death will inspire us with singleness of purpose, and purge our patriotism, and anger us with justness. So that he shall live in us. We will not have an aim that is unworthy of his simple life. We will no more premeditate unmanly compliances than he did. Our faces cannot prolong his light and bantering smile—that is quenched: we will be sterner while we do his duty and finish the work which his faithful life has endowed with ease.

Was it trivial to imagine that some anxiety might still invade the first moments of his experience of heaven, lest the country of his affection should linger too long at his grave. "Let nothing stop for me," would be his earliest desire—"let Grant, let Sherman press the great redemption." And what lesson for the day would his religious heart have prompted to every pulpit in the land—what plain speech to every preacher? It would have been this: "Urge the principles of a regenerated America; view the moment that is critical for reconstruction and a stable peace; help my policy to subject the South to her own true welfare and glory, to save her men of every race, to rebuild her States, to reorganize her political and domestic system, to restore her values to the country." He always spoke thus to reassure the public mind and fix its regards upon vital points of the common welfare. He always deprecated time wasted upon things immaterial to the great object of restoration. He would have the pulse of the country beat unfurried on the gold exchange, before the enemy's intrenchments, in the council chamber and the pulpit, and in the homes where we hide our grief for him. There was never a more unselfish man. He would prefer this morning to be forgotten, rather than America should lose a single chance, or treason gain five minutes lease of life by our dismay. Let us do honor to his memory by striving to prolong his patient and unsubdued spirit. He carried us through many a misfortune. Let us make his obsequies another victory.

It is our first thought that the cruel and cowardly manner of his death shall not tempt us to dishonor the war with mere revenge. But our second thought is, that Justice must not be lulled into forgetfulness of her duty to a country: the joy which the rapid triumphs of this month have brought, must not pass into

inebriety, during which history shall become dishonored, the lessons of the past weakly surrendered, and the greatest crimes promoted to the benefit of our indifference. We do not so read the letters which half a million graves write across the bosom of the country. We do not so interpret the traces of the tears on women's cheeks. Our joy that the great public dissolution has failed to be accomplished, does not relax the hands that help to hold the designers of that crime. If in our intoxication we write "amnesty" upon villains' brows, we write "excuse for treason," at the very top of the new page of our history. Two classes of men are ready to do this un-Christian thing—all who have not loved the war more than they loved the treason, and all who value a return to peace more than they do a recurrence to the principles of justice. It is a moment for the exercise of discrimination. Peace may finish the war; but only justice can finish the iniquity which prompted it.

Now, in the first place, we must all emphatically declare to the rank and file which compose the Southern armies and to those non-combatants who sullenly await our opinions, that America is the land of the common people: ignorance, delusion, mental and spiritual narrowness, cannot disfranchise either rich or poor. The country is a large place, in which God has set varieties of souls to grow—the soul that has been stunted by insufficient, or poisoned by bad nutriment—the souls that have sat in darkness and incompetency since their birth—all souls of powerful, but misdirected energies—of weak or narrow judgments, victims of local prejudices, or of malicious misinformation, souls that have succumbed to malignant influences. It is a country for a rich man who is poor in ideas, and for a poor man who is rich only in his native expectations. Here both rich and poor are to stand fast in the Christian liberty which respects destitution, but detests above all the villains who produce it. It is a country where no master is to drive, save physical and moral necessity—where no man need succumb to influences which the eternal fitness of things does not dictate. Say to the Southern people, "Your State Rights are your land and your labor, your interest in America, your brotherhood with us, with all men who live with us or who come to us. These are our State Rights also—come back again into the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of hap-

pinness, which no political theory can rob you of; come back, from resistance to your own implanted instincts, from violating and blaspheming your very birth and derivation, into cooperation with the same high birth in us—the continual birth of the divine mind in families, in states, and in the country. Return from diversity into unity, from exile to comfortable neighborhood with all improving and ennobling things." And we must present this theory of self-government to these men who have vacated it, or lost it by the stress of the Rebellion, as we would restore to its rightful owner something that has been lost or mislaid; without taking on superior airs, as though it were a gift, but with such thankfulness and humility as a man has who has just scared or beaten villains from their prey. We must do it eagerly, that the South may see we need her; we must betray that we know we cannot go on without the improving capacity which has just been manifested, and we have felt as a fighting capacity. We must enlist it honorably in the service of the commonwealth. God bids those poor whites live, God breathes through their incompleteness—for four years God has wasted and discomfited them, that they might rush to the hands of brothers in a grasp which no sword can sever and no cunning can again untwine.

Are there any conditions, or political preliminaries, to this reinvestment of a people with its rights? It will be said that the Southern white man will commence his new career with acts of injustice to the freedmen, by thrusting them into social obscurity, by hampering in every possible vexatious way their material and mental development, and by denying them their natural right to vote. But happily these matters do not depend upon separate action of the reconstructed States. The white man will recover his political status when the oath of allegiance passes his lips: but the black man must have previously discovered his political equality by special act of Congress, passed in accordance with the article of the Constitution which empowers Congress to found and secure in every State a Republican form of government. Wherever the ancient local custom disfranchises a whole race of men, Congress must interfere to establish political action upon a basis of conformity to Constitutional law. If Southern white men refuse allegiance on these terms, then those who do not refuse, both black and white,

will constitute the States. There are no slaves now in the Constitution—no slaves in America—the black man is a native born citizen, flesh and blood of the common people, to share their chances and their privileges. If any Southern State should attempt, before the meeting of Congress, to disfranchise the black man, the action would disfranchise the State, till it was withdrawn or displaced by Constitutional law. Would any Southern State resist this imposition of American justice? Not a day; if Congress at the same time remands to political death the leaders of rebellion. The bayonet has written this lesson all over the Southern country—and it is to be more deeply graven yet—that it is an easy thing to break an oath of allegiance, but a hard thing to make the treason good. When Congress shall declare that every black man who can read the Constitution, shall have a vote for its protection, the South will enjoy the benefits of a Republican Government, and America will have in every State a home-guard to make allegiance necessary as well as virtuous; and the black man's vote will protect his plow, will build his school and meeting-house, will print his paper, and fence round his free-hold of confiscated land. You cannot colonize the black with bundles of hoes and bags of cottonseed: he will be an alien to America and indifferent to her interests, as every man is until his private interest climbs to the ballot-box, and deposits both debt and credit there.

This is an essential political preliminary to the return of Rebel States. But it is the only one. There can be no condition that reinvests the common people with its rights. Since its original investment at the hands of God, the people is the source of its own vitality, or rather, the organization specially adapted to derive it from all the elements of the universe. Nothing but deliberate or enforced imbecility can impair the rights and exercise of reason. Nothing but unnatural abuse can impair the use of nature. Nothing but deliberate political crime can deprive a person of his political rights and liabilities. An oligarchy may pretend to create, to confer, and to withhold rights; and it is only from an oligarchy or a tyrant that rights can be withheld. They are withheld by *felo de se*. But the mass of the common people, though enslaved, though deluded and misled, though rampant with prejudices and misconceptions, still retain, by virtue of their natural wants, their natural rights. Nature is their Declara-

tion of Independence at the very moment when it seems to be declaring nothing but their dependence and incapacity, and justifying the contempt of superior knowledge. The people is the part of this planet in which its elements most richly culminate and spread—its grass, its wood, its streams, its veins of coal and iron, its embracing air—yes, its sunshine from above, and its red-hot volcanic core below. Can you confer fertility upon the soil? As soon as rights upon the common people. You can reinforce fertility, and coax the soil to put forth smiles of harvest. But the eternal condition which makes your culture possible, is the soil itself, as it cooled down from the first fervid days of creation and carried off its salts, its phosphates, and its basic matter from the hands of God.

This is the true soil of every Southern State; you did not lay it on—you cannot peel it off. It is geographically and vitally connected with all the other States. The theory of the Rebellion was that no people existed in America. The existence of some people, white and black, is the destruction of the Rebellion, and the sole, self-sufficient element of Reconstruction. Will the hands which lately held a musket, grasp instead their birthright of a Bible, that, “so help them God,” they will never resist again their Government of these United States? That is enough—tribute enough to victory—humiliation enough to mistake, recantation enough to ignorance and passion. Then let those hands resume or commence the local municipal usage of the country—in every town and village, by peaceful suffrage, to emphasize the fact that where a people is, there is a State.

But there is another variety of the Southern man with whom we have to deal. It includes the men who held their seats in Congress and the Cabinet, and their posts in the army and the navy, long enough to steal our secrets and our stores, to delude and to debauch the timid with affected compromises, and escaped at length, over the fragments of their broken oaths, to lift against their mother the strength which her breast had nourished. They are the men who organized the malice which plundered after battle, which massacred defenseless soldiers, which filled prisons with misery and starvation, which prepared for assassins their midnight opportunity. They made frontier raids, city burnings, bank robberies possible, and tried to get the world to call it war. They bribed the avarice and

hatred of the foreigner to arm and victual pirates, who burned vessels for a decoy, and attacked free commerce in the name of slavery. They took States out of the Union by cunning and intimidation, packed local assemblies with their creatures, sat in legislatures, and devoted by all their counsels the mass of Southern men to misery, that their treason might fatten and succeed. The leaders of Rebellion—the orators and emissaries—the officers and cabinet officials: they belong not to the people of America—their place is lower down. We will not trust their blood to flow in one channel of the country. We will not hear their oaths: for a hundred battlefields reek with their perjury. They say, “So help me God,” that they may get immunity for murder. Set them apart—weed them out of the fields of America. By solemn act of Congress strip them of the possibility to use again the style and privilege of citizen. Disqualify—disfranchise;—expatriate them. The day has come when God will gather these tares into bundles: for they and the wheat have grown together until now. But you never will convert them: you cannot trust them: you cannot afford to support a convict settlement in the midst of the people who live by free labor and the ordinary faith of man.

We heard that Robert Lee was very much cast down, and would fain retire to Europe. No doubt. Was there one of the prisoners whose graves are heaped in the neighborhood of their living tombs at Florence, at Andersonville, at Salisbury, who was not also cast down, with starvation, with squalor and misery, with hunger for New England homes? They also would have preferred Europe to their wretchedness which love of country brought them. Under the eyes, and with the knowledge, and without the interference of this magnanimous general, who broke one oath to America, and would now fain enjoy his parole in Europe, your brothers were shot at the windows of Belle Isle and Libby, stripped, plundered, starved, reduced to idiocy, the remnant exchanged at length in helplessness. He is depressed because he is baffled: he would gladly be let alone. No responsible agents of this treason should be let alone. We cannot so falsify history, nor declare that our brothers went too far in dying to resist and bring to naught their devilish power. It must stand upon the page of America, written in blackness by the letters of their tainted names, that a free people has endured trea-

son once, and punished it once and forever. Date your resolution, at the grave of your pure-minded President, to perform this act of justice to your children and your children's children. Draw up the roll of infamy, and engross upon it for retribution, every responsible name; and when in the future the historian shall ask the reason why, let him find it in the roll of honor hanging over against it, inscribed with half a million deaths, and stained by tears which only God has numbered.

Let us have no more concessions to plantation manners. The crime which drapes the walls of all our cities in mourning is the last of them that we have stomach to endure. Will you let one of those old slaveholding politicians ascend again the steps of the portico which was consecrated by the last inaugural of Abraham Lincoln? Shall we have “Chivalry” again haunting the hotels and bullying in the streets of a city that is more than ever set apart to be the capital of freemen by the death of this Christian gentleman? What beauty shone there on the 19th of April from the marble of that body which sheltered magnanimity, courtesy, and honor. The “Chivalry” has killed a gentleman. It inspires agents to burst into midnight rooms and slash at the throat of a sick and helpless man. This is the spirit of Slavery that rends the country as it goes out. Oh, let our grief be counselor in these days to America, that she have done with “Chivalry” forever.

If in this respect we are faithful supporters of a Congress and Administration which is called to finish this great epoch, by demanding that divine justice shall dictate its measures, and by supporting a spotless policy of Freedom, the blood of our President shall not rest upon our hands. It shall be the cement of a new Union, from which he thrust the corner-stone of Slavery, and gave his life to fill the place, that our children may build upon honesty and courtesy and the common sense of all mankind. Was the President's death a whim of Providence, or a stealthy advantage gained by man? Did God permit that murder, with the object of relaxing or of confirming our principles? Through these precious days of grief God carries on his purpose to fill America with steadfastness and sincerity: and the world shall soon see that when the assassin, fresh from the death of Abraham Lincoln, leaped upon the stage, he leaped upon the theatre of History, to proclaim, *Sic Semper Tyrannis!* So ever let the hopes of tyrants end!

In Memoriam.

BY CORA L. V. S. HATCH.

"PRESIDENT LINCOLN was shot last night by some unknown person. He died this morning at seven o'clock."—*Telegram, April 15.*

Cease, merry bells, your loud and joyous chimes!

Toll slowly now, and wail your numbers forth.
Ye cannon, stop your brazen throats with grief,
And give forth floods of tears, and "minute"
groans!

Droop, brightest flag, no more in pride display
Our nation's colors! Sable is more fit!

Wither, ye laurel wreaths or flowers gay

Woven in festive halls, to celebrate

Our nation's gladness! Bloom no more!

Victory, cease your shouts and loud huzzas!

Sweet peace, with white wings fluttering near,

Bend low thy head, while coming o'er the hills

With thy loved host! O bursting buds

And flowers, linger yet a while, asleep

In winter's cold embrace! We cannot bear

Your beauty now! Ye robins chirp no more

Unto your mates! Nor sky-lark sing!

Nature—be still and weep! Robe all the hills

In somber clouds!

The world has lost a friend to-day! Mankind

A brother! He is torn swiftly away,

Just when white robéd peace, sweet bride,

came forth

Coyly, yet O! how willingly, to be

Folded unto the nation's heart:

Alas,

Our wounds gape wide, and bleed again! anew

Our tears fall in swift torrents! Mothers and

wives,

Though long accustomed to sad woe—weep

now

Like Rachel—comfortless!

The nation pales!

And "Freedmen" turn to kiss the hand that

blest

With manhood their condition! Now, alas,

'Tis cold!

Can these things be? Can treacherous foes

And cold-hearted assassins lurk beside

The very portals of the temple-gates

Of Freedom and Justice? Can serpents crawl

With poisonous slimy trail, beneath the feet

Of those who love the Truth and serve man-

kind?

Are Truth and Justice dead—that they thus

stand

And stay not, with their potent power, the hand

Of vilest murder?

He was appointed

To fill the place which foul misrule

And low, degraded politicians made

A charnel-house, for him to purify.

Nature's true nobleman! Brave, strong and

wise,

He lived a longer life these four years past

(As records of eternity are kept)

Than generations oft-times live. For lo!
He was Remesis! sent by Heaven to lead
The children of God's love from bondage dark.
The Savior of a nation cursed!

And thou,

Poor worm! where'er thou crawl'st hissing
now,

Thou tool of traitors, cowards, who ne'er dared
In *open, honest warfare*, to face Truth!

Thou, who art wrapped in thy venom'd slime,

And must forever bear the brand of Cain

Upon thy burning brow and scorched soul!

Despised and execrated for all coming time,

Who hast not even strength to brave the face

Of Justice, but slinkest like a coward away

To some foul nest of kindred serpents! Spawn

Of treason, without treason's poor excuse

What hast thou done!

Last night he was a man:

To-day a saint! enrolled by thy foul deed

Upon the shining record of the just;

Transformed into a holy angel, whom

The children's children shall forever bless!

Dead? No. Set down the bier. He lives!

The hearts of thousands and of millions throb

His words of love and wisdom! E'en mothers

Weeping for their buried slain, laid low

On far-off battle-fields, look up and bless

And praise and weep for him;

A martyr now!

Among the souls of those who bore the scourge,

The cross, and through rude sacrifice and

burning pile

Bore with their spirits' flight the songs and

prayers

Of souls redeemed and iron fetters broke,

So through the host the mighty past has made,

This new-born soul will bear the message up

Along the line of saints and martyr'd slain:

The message of the bondsmen freed;

Of Treason quelled—a nation purified.

Columbia arise! Shake off the dust

From thy stained garments, ashes from thy

feet;

But first in silent, tearful homage, bow

Over the bier which holds the mortal form

Of him who walks with light!

Then swear by him,

By all our martyr'd slain; our bitter tears;

By all the hopes—war-blighted—which have

bloomed

Upon Liberty's shrine! By prayers and groans

And sufferings, and deadly lurking fears;

By Truth and Justice and Immortal Love,

Swear to avenge his death, and wipe the stain

Of Treason from the altar of our love!

O soul too early flown! *too late revered!*

Wherever to the realms of light thou mayst

have sped,

Or, hovering still with lingering wing above

The nation's desolated shrine! Above

The home where *one* doth weep alone,

Unable to find comfort for her dear

Children who call for thee in vain,

O, hear

This tribute of a nation's love and grief,
And hear the prophecy which now foretells
"Thy name shall live forever, traced in stars
Whose burning splendor shall the sun outshine,
And form the constellation of our hopes,
Beaming above us evermore, these words:
'Emancipation, Liberty, and Peace.'"

WRITTEN AT CUBA, N. Y., April 15th, '65.

The Murdered President.

BY O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

The shock of amazement and horror—almost of terror—which was caused by the murder of the President, has passed away, and the people are fast recovering from the staggering blow that seemed to strike them all down, when it struck him. The successful pursuit of the wretched assassin, and the hideous end he came to, have relieved the public mind of the pressure of a fierce excitement, which threatened to dethrone its sense of justice and humanity, and to demoralize its Christian feeling. The majestic calmness with which the movements of a popular government went on—the sensitive springs of the money market not suffering the slightest jar from the Chief Magistrate's fall—has given full assurance of the perfect stability of our institutions, and brought a pressure as of eternal law on the agitated heart of the nation. The anguish of a deep and genuine sorrow has nearly subsided; and, though the tears still are falling, the bright forms of the angelic powers can be seen through them.

It is plain already that Mr. Lincoln's death is not an unmixed calamity. It promises even to be productive of positive and great advantages. Time only can unfold them; but it is even now timely to predict them. During the last Presidential campaign, the foes of the Administration, and not a few sound Republicans, argued with great earnestness against the renomination of Mr. Lincoln, on the ground that his name—quite apart from the general cause he stood for and the general ideas he represented, simply as the name of the man who had accepted the challenge of war—had become so odious to the Southern people, was so befouled by passing from mouth to mouth, was such a by-word of scorn and hate and ridicule, that, to select him would be not only impolitic, but cruel and even insulting. The objection was met by

the declaration, that for this very reason he should be renominated, and, if possible, rechosen. The Southern people have put the cup to their own lips, and they must drink its humiliation to the dregs. There was more passion than reason in the argument. And the "logic of events" which follows reason has rejected it. Whatever principle was involved in Mr. Lincoln's personality, was vindicated in his reflection. He was removed before the antipathies to his personality could interfere with the work of pacification.

It is an advantage, also, to have a new leader in a new phase of the national struggle. The man who has carried the nation through a period of civil war, becomes by that very achievement disqualified, in some respects, for the task of carrying the nation through a period of reconstruction. The fresh mind is better for fresh work, because it will be uncommitted to previous declarations, unbiased by feelings generated in the course of the strife, unworn by the labors of four arduous years, and unstiffened by the pressure of the soldier's harness. A single Administration like that of Mr. Lincoln was enough to exhaust any one man. He would be a marvel who had the mental energy, to say nothing of the mental versatility, to work through a second administrative term as extraordinary in its way as the first one.

Let us, too, if we can do no more, make a virtue of necessity, and deem ourselves fortunate in having a President who understands the Southern people better than Mr. Lincoln did, and is more capable of dealing out to them the full measure of perfect equity: a man who not only was Southern born, but Southern bred; a man of Southern ideas and proclivities and temper once; a man who knows what the Southern temper is, from having sympathized with it and incarnated it in himself. Mr. Johnson knows with what and with whom he has to deal. He has no illusions; he can neither deceive himself nor be deceived; and we have the very best reasons for knowing that he sees the evils of slavery and of slaveholding to the bottom, and is intensely aware of the danger of allowing any vestiges of the old order of things to remain in the country. Nobody knows better than he that reconstruction must rest on clear and impartial liberty, and that the only principle of pacification is brotherhood among all classes of people. This Mr. Lincoln did not see, and perhaps would never have seen; and

not seeing this, his furrow through a crooked age might not have been so firm and straight as the country demanded. His sympathies will be with the people as entirely as his predecessor's were; but he has seen the people outraged, as his predecessor never did; and he will guard their rights as his predecessor never could.

It is something, again, that we have a President whom the Southern people can fairly understand, and from whom they will know precisely what they may have to expect. They, too, need have no illusions. They can neither question his judicial capacity, nor deny the soundness of his verdicts. He has been one of them; he has ceased to be one of them; and those two facts will at the same time make them acquiesce in his policy, and make them dread it. They must concede that he knows what he is about, and they must confess that his measures will be dictated by that knowledge, and not by any partisan pique or passion.

But apart from all political considerations of this kind, the murder of the President has rendered an important service to the people, by recalling them to a feeling of proper indignation against the spirit which put him to death. We were getting lukewarm again about slavery—were beginning to talk as if it was extinguished so completely that no spark of fire remained in it to kindle a flame: we were willing to let it alone, and to let its supporters alone; we were lapsing into an unseemly temper of mercy, which might have proved exceedingly dangerous. At this critical moment, the old demon, always his own direst enemy, turns on his laggard pursuers, and puts into a single act an amount of cowardice, treachery, villainy, and murderous spite, that makes each particular hair on the nation's head stand on end. If anything will open the people's eyes to the real nature of its foe, such a dastardly deed as that will do it. If nothing less than the murder of the President would suffice, we can be almost grateful that it occurred.

We see too, now, that in compensation for the loss of its President, the assassin has given to the nation a martyr and a saint: such a martyr and saint as no nation on the face of the earth has hitherto possessed. Had Mr. Lincoln died in his bed, after the order of nature, as Washington did, his name would have stood on a line with Washington and perhaps before his. As the first President who

represented the popular genius of America; as the first President who stood out as the leader of the republican idea, in opposition to the Slave Power; as the President whose term covered the four years of the great civil war; as the President whose name will be forever associated with the extirpation of slavery, he would have occupied an immortal place in our history. His murderer has consecrated all these elements of distinction, and has conferred the honor of apotheosis on the man to whom they belonged. He has sanctified in the adoring memory of his countrymen a plebeian—a son of lowly and honest toil—a child of the rough, hard-handed people—a representative of pure democracy—a champion of radical democratic ideas—a friend of the friendless—a vindicator of the oppressed—an emancipator of the enslaved—a deadly foe of the aristocratic or caste spirit. No nation ever held such a personage sainted before. No nation ever before revered an incarnation of its best and purest genius, as it is our privilege to do: for in eulogizing, exalting, deifying the President, we do but eulogize, exalt, and deify those simple elements of character; those plain, familiar virtues; those original qualities of human nature unadorned, which are the life of the common people and of their institutions. The President's assassin has made the nation conscious of the dignity of its own soul.

The believers in special interpositions of Providence in human affairs, will not fail to notice the singular coincidences that attended this great crime. The war has exhibited many such, and superstition will, no doubt, make a handle of them one of these days. But on this occasion the unseen hand seemed to show itself more palpably than ever. The secret nerves of law came to the surface.

With a kind of awe the imagination lays hold on such facts as these: The North, which had already poured out such rivers of blood in expiation of its guilty acquiescence in wrong, cannot be released till it has made one crowning offering more—its own first-born child and chosen leader. The man whose election was the occasion of the war, becomes its victim. The President who had dealt so tenderly with Northern traitors, had forgiven them, had treated with them, had almost cherished them, is stung to death at last by the serpent he would insist on taking to his bosom. Destiny would not let the war close till it had clearly demonstrated that the worst

foe was at home. The people had seen it and confessed it, and were saved from repeated attempts to burn their cities, and drench their country in blood. The President had persisted in his endeavors to make these foes his friends, and they give him his death.

How impressive it is, too, that the President should fall at the very moment the work he had laid out for himself was done; when the last fort was surrendered, and the places taken from the United States had been repossessed. It was as if the last gun from Mobile had given the signal for his fate. The last hour of the war was his last hour. Such a rigid time-keeper is Destiny. And how closely the Nemesis pursues the murderer! The spirit he sought to slay arrests him and brings him down. The genius of America uses her symbols to ensnare him. The national flag catches his heel, breaks his leg, and makes his escape impossible. The ball that ends his wretched life is fired by a man named Boston. The assassin breathes his last at the same hour of the morning to a minute which the clock marked when his illustrious victim died.

As we write now, on the third day of May, the body of the murdered President is still on its way to the grave. That funeral procession, many hundred miles long, has been moving for nearly two weeks. It is more than a week since its solemn pageant moved through New York. The people who joined in it have returned to their wonted habits of life; but far away in Illinois we hear of it as bearing on day and night, carrying the body of a man to his tomb. The assassin whose bloody hand struck him down has been hunted down and killed like a wild beast, after many days pursuit since that mournful pomp began to move; his miserable corpse has been carried away into the night, and sunk into an unknown and inaccessible grave. Since that funeral train began its melancholy march, a great army has been brought to bay, to parley, and to surrender; the great civil war has been virtually closed; orders looking toward a state of peace have been issued; armies are disbanding; and yet the black coffin is not permitted to rest from its long travel. It has passed through cities, towns, villages. In the cities it was received with demonstrations of respect such as were never granted to human remains before, different classes of people emulating each other in showing honor to the deceased. The towns,

with less gorgeously of display, exhibited an equal sincerity and depth of grief. The villages sent forth their populations with flowers and testimonials of sorrow, and along the lines of railroad the country people stood with bared and bended head to greet the casket that held the murdered President. Nothing like it was ever heard of. No king ever had such a pomp of burial—such length of retinue—such overflowing and irrepressible floods of tears. For the pageants of kings, however gorgeous and imposing, are official; but this was spontaneous and popular. The pageants of kings are made up of military, nobility, and clergy. This was made up by the people.

How shall we account for a funeral pomp like this, and for the spirit in which it was rendered? Shall we say it was the President? But the President is not clothed with any of the divinity that doth hedge a king. He is regarded as no more than a man. Shall we say that the demonstration was due to the mode of his death? That of course had its influence in touching the popular heart. The copious water of tears always mingles with the blood that flows from the pierced side of a martyr. But that will not explain the peculiar character of the present demonstrations of sorrow. They are too still and deep and earnest to be prompted by such a cause as that. The assassination makes the grief harrowing, but does not make it genuine. The glorification is subdued. The people evidently sorrow as for a personal friend, and would sorrow had he died an ordinary death. The man had endeared himself to the people, individually, by his personal qualities. He was trusted, honored, and loved as a man, and simply as a man. His belongings were nothing: dignities would not stick to him. The White House was the place where he lived—nothing more. The Presidency was his business for the time being—that was all. His personal qualities protruded from his official skin, as the angular lines of his figure did from his court dress—as the bones of his great hands did from his kid gloves. The costumer, official or other, could make nothing of him. He was a character—not a doll. The decorators tried their hands on him in vain.

The man was not great on the Exchange. He had no money. The savings of his laborious life were small. Property did not cling to him—more likely it ran away from him.

The impression is, that without aid from public beneficence, his widow will be poor.

The man was not a *hero*. The heroic element was one of the smallest in his composition. He had no passion for general ideas or principles. He had no craving for distinction or fame. He had neither the insight to devise, the enthusiasm to impel, or the absorbing zeal to prosecute any great enterprise looking to the social welfare of his kind. He could not lose himself in a fine frenzy. Many a time during the four years of his administration the people waited, panted, pleaded for an inspiring word. It never came from him. Never once, in all that terrible period, of struggle, disaster, discouragement, did he put the clarion of God to his lips and blow a ringing blast to rally the people from their dismay, or to summon them to a noble crusade against the evil which menaced their liberties and their lives. When he spoke, he addressed the common understanding of his countrymen—not their souls. He accomplished no single great deed. His name is associated with the greatest deed of modern times—the abolition of slavery in the United States. But he had no purpose to abolish slavery: it was no part of his plan or policy. He came to it slowly, and with a caution that many thought reluctance. He was pushed to it—anti-slavery man as he was. “You need not tell me,” he said to Mr. Sumner, “that the man who connects his name with the destruction of slavery will be immortal—I know that.” And yet for months after making that declaration he refused to issue his proclamation. When at last he did it, he did it in the way of business—not in the way of heroism—he made no solemn argument detailing his reasons: he made no appeal to the people to enlist their moral support or stir their moral enthusiasm. He did it purely as a military measure, and he did it partially—excepting large portions of slave-holding territory—and he expressed himself as having but limited faith in the efficacy of the measure.

At no point, even when he might have done it as well as not, even when we did not see how he could help doing it—at no point did he ever touch the imagination or fire the soul of the people. He was no animated or animating leader in a glorious war. He seemed to be deficient in the faith that expects to move the world through the power of mighty ideas, and in the hope that in dark days can live on the splendor of the good

time coming. He never even seemed conscious of the grandeur of his position or the magnificence of his opportunity. He never seemed aware that the eyes of the world were on him, or that the world demanded more of him than of ordinary men in ordinary times. Prudent, slow, circumspect, he was the very last person to draw the crowd about him, make them shout hosannahs, or extort from them a confession of homage to the kingliness of his soul or the moral value of his life. Had he been such a person as that, the country would have gone wild over the tragedy of his death. He would have been celebrated as a demigod.

The country does not go wild over him; it silently weeps for him; it does not celebrate him as a demigod—it mourns for him as a friend. It gives him no noisy place in the hall of the heroes—it gives him a dear and still one in the chamber of the heart.

No great holder of possessions, no great doer of deeds, this man was a singular example of pure, natural goodness, and by analyzing briefly his characteristics we may learn, better perhaps than in any other way, what pure, natural goodness is.

1. In the first place mark his simplicity. How transparent, open, ingenuous, and unaffected he was. He never cloaked himself in mystery, or used big words, or struck an attitude. His motives and intentions seemed to be on the surface: if they were not, the depth of his cunning was preternatural. He was no schemer or plotter; he had no dark background of subtleties behind him; he never came out to the public as from a labyrinth. The people called him “honest,” and having called him by that word, had nothing more to add. They meant that he was *SINCERE*: his word corresponded to his thought. He said what he had to say—no more, no less; and having said it, he stood by it. When the politicians accused him of under-handed maneuvering to secure his re-election, the people smiled incredulous, and quoted the remark he made on being told that General Grant’s prospects were brighter than his own. After telling his little story of the dying man, who did not want to die, but who, if he must die, would prefer dying of the disease which was killing him, the President said: “Well, I am not anxious to die; but if I must die, General Grant is exactly the disease I should like to die of.” Such simplicity is a sure test of pure character. Always attractive, always

loveable, it never fails to win its way to the popular heart. It may not be soon appreciated; but when it is, it is beloved. When it appears in a politician, or statesman, or popular ruler, it is adored.

2. Notice again that this man's qualities were the average qualities of humanity. They were qualities that all could appreciate and love. He seemed no better than common men. He made no exception to the mass—save as he illustrated the best virtues of the mass. He was merely, wholly, sincerely, unaffectedly human. There were no exaggerations, even of noble traits. There was no eccentricity of goodness. Just he was, veracious, kind, considerate, merciful, pitiful; but he was all this on the sober, level scale of practical existence. His distinguishing mental characteristic was homely common sense. His heart was a good sound human heart: his conscience was an honest, natural, unsophisticated, incorruptible conscience. His soul was strong in a few plain, prose convictions in which he had been educated. His religion was what the best religion always is: a vital, sober sense of allegiance to his God. Any ordinary good man, sweet, and sound of heart, could understand it all. No wings were needed to soar up to the moral and spiritual heights where he dwelt. His feet were always planted on the common ground. He was what the old people would have called a righteous man—what we call a man of integrity; a whole man; a sound, wholesome man; good for daily uses, and for daily food. Ordinary human nature was honored in him, and so ordinary human nature weeps for him.

3. Mark once more how this man illustrated one of the most beautiful and one of the most uncommon of virtues—the virtue of HUMILITY. Let an age of almost unparalleled vanity, conceit, and egotism, mark that trait in the dead President. Mark it, young men and women, the Americans of the future America. He was a man of humility: of humility truly unfeigned. His favorite poem was a poem on the folly of human pride. The humble man is the man who lives near the ground—and he did. He would not rise above the ground into the air of distinction. He would not go up to the pinnacle of fame when he might. A President, he was a working President, never a show President. He always kept himself in the background; he gave credit to others where credit was due, for the

success of the Republic in polity and in arms. If the credit belonged to himself he did not claim it. His own work he said nothing about. He never said, "Look now, I am going to do this;" he never said, "Look now, see what I have done." He plumed himself on nothing that he said or did. Seldom indeed did the personal pronoun "I" drop from those modest lips or from that reticent pen. If men attacked him he made no reply, but let his work answer for him when it was ready. His personal reputation seemed never in his thought. His merit might be underrated, the praise of his deeds might be taken from him and given to those who did not deserve it. He let it go and made no complaint. The showy work of the administration he gave to his subordinates; the dull, unrecognized, weary toil, he assumed himself, and never said he was not satisfied. He made a small figure in his proclamations, manifestoes, messages, but was content to let those unambitious papers do their work and be forgotten. His last inaugural was perhaps the most remarkable address, in point of modesty and personal self-forgetfulness, that was ever pronounced before a great multitude, in a great crisis of history. There is not a word of bombast, not a word of boasting, not a word of complacency. On the eve of important and crowning victories for the Union arms, it is subdued and serious, almost sad in its tone. There is submission in it, and trust, but neither exultation nor sanguine hope. "Both sides have been disappointed." "We must go on." "With malice towards none, with charity towards all." The sentences are uttered as if under the shadow of destiny, and the man who utters them—the Commander-in-Chief of all those triumphant armies, the President of the Great Republic, the newly elected ruler by the people's overwhelming voté, the most conspicuous potentate in Christendom—at that moment stands like the publican of the gospel, saying, with down-cast eyes, before all the nation and before all the world, yet alone with the Eternal, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

This man never claimed to be anything more than a servant—the servant of the people. To apprehend their wish, to fall in with the drift of their purpose, to execute their will, was his whole ambition. He was a follower, not a leader. He let the people work through him; and in his own esteem held a high place enough when he acted as an organ and an instrument. Such humility almost pass-

es understanding—it runs into self-forgetfulness; it borders even on saintliness. In all history I know no parallel to it. And how is it exalted now! what a memorial it has! how touchingly it was implied in all the mottoes that were inscribed on banners and badges and house-fronts last Tuesday! Ah, nothing reaches the fountain of tears more surely than that! To see how the people thought of this man who never thought of himself—how they heaped honor upon him who claimed none; how they called him martyr and saint who would have sunk into the ground had such names been bestowed on him when living; how they crowded and stood all night out of doors to get a sight of his dead pale face, who hid his face from the admiring crowd whenever he could, was a lesson for all time and for all hearts.

It was not easy to appreciate such qualities as these in a time of ferocious civil war. It is not easy to appreciate them at any time; but in such times as those he lived in they were almost crushed out of sight. We all remember how they were misunderstood; we all probably were guilty of misunderstanding them in whole or in part. Let us ask humanity to forgive us if we were. Mrs. Child tells the story of a German, who, attracted by the sound of music, strayed into a church. The music proved to be a piece of nasal psalmody sung in the most discordant fashion. The German, whose ear was acute and cultivated, would fain have rushed out of the building, but as that would have been uncivil he staid and nerved himself to bear his torture as well as he could. When lo! he said, "I distinguished the soft clear voice of a woman singing in perfect tune. She made no effort to drown the voices of her companions, nor was she disturbed by their noisy discord, but patiently and sweetly, in full, pure tones, she sung on. One after another yielded to the gentle influence, and before the tune was finished all were in perfect harmony."

So the pure character of our manly President triumphs at last over the fiendish tumults of the civil war. The discords one by one are resolved. The minds of men are attuned to harmony just as the country is being attuned to peace.

But to me there seems a grace almost surpassing this in the quiet, unwearied, infinite patience which this good man—not exhibited, for he exhibited nothing—but lived on. There was a touch of real saintliness in that. For

consider he had no enthusiasms; no transporting dreams; no visions enchanting the soul. He hoped little, expected nothing. Every difficulty he saw, and every obstruction. The whole length of the sandy way lay before his gaze, with scarcely the verdure of a single palm tree along the whole reach of the journey. He was upborne by no transcendent faith in human character, and by no radiant anticipations of national glory. A man of low temperament and sad nature, he worked and waited, waited and worked, bearing all things, enduring all things, but neither believing all things nor all things hoping: bearing and enduring oh how much! even from his friends. What a history was written on that care-worn and furrowed face—of suffering accepted, sorrow entertained, emotions buried, and duty done!

Glitter.

"Glittering generalities."—*Political Speech.*

They say, All is not gold that glitters,
And speak, I own, right truthfully;
But lawyer's logic sometimes fritters
The sense of things most ruefully.

Gold is the medium potential
For changing work or merchandise:
Sense is the currency essential
Which honest thinkers learn to prize.

Now that which changes other matters,
By credit classed with valued things,
Itself is changeless, while it scatters
The benefits its nature brings.

In other words, whatever's current,
With worth to quiet question sure,
Anticipates each grudge demurrent,
With luster clear and essence pure.

Some teachers, in their selfish struggles,
Would rob the currency of mind,
And substitute their verbal juggles
Like alloys cunningly combined.

Your fool's gold glitters, they will tell you,
But here's the real article:
If you are wise, they'll not compel you
To trade a single particle.

With cautious kindness you will fritter
Their base sophisticalities,
And show them you prefer the glitter
Of sterling generalities. R. R.

The Friend of Progress.

C. M. Plumb & Co., Publishers.

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The Anti-Slavery Anniversary.

The recent (thirty-second) anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society was one of the most interesting, if not important meetings ever held by that noble body of Reformers. The gathering was unusually large, and the speakers unusually inspired; two facts little surprising, when we remember the work which has been accomplished during the year past, and the consequent occasion for congratulation and rejoicing.

More than two centuries ago twenty negro slaves were landed at Jamestown, Va.—the beginning of the chattel system in this country. Until a third of a century since, the barbarism developed by unrestrained power over human flesh and blood had grown, and all the horrors and atrocities of the system accumulated. A little band, with William Lloyd Garrison at their head, scarce more in total numbers than this company of Africans, then met and resolved that American slavery should die.

Never had a handful of men and women a holier cause to espouse, never were mightier obstacles to be overcome. A few in the right, against the American people, against the American State, against the American Church. For from the outset, the Abolitionists had no political encouragement, and no religious sympathy from either great American body. So decided was the hostility of the American Church to Anti-Slavery, that it became a by-word of reproach, that "the Church was the great bulwark of Slavery."

And one of the most painful, as well as significant present aspects of the cause of Freedom, is this—that while the American State has been thoroughly "awakened, convicted, and converted," and has nobly responded in ratification of the great truth of human freedom, till but one or two voices more are needed—while the government has purged itself of complicity with the "sum of all villainies," the American Church stands unredeemed. Not only has it failed to give its testimony in favor of spiritual freedom—its most liberal body, while boasting loyalty

to political freedom, binding the shackles more firmly about its own members, and putting up barriers high and strong against less "respectable," but more earnest and consistent workers in the field of progress—but even on the question of chattel slavery it has tardily seconded a sluggish public sentiment; and now, through some of its ablest ministers, gives notice, that henceforth "politics" will not be preached from its pulpits! In other words, that henceforth it will not require of its members political integrity, uprightness, or purity, but simply religious soundness, docility, and zeal.

In the few churches like that wherein the anniversary was held, in which the cause of the slave has never been forgotten, how little of the principle of freedom has been taught, how few the warnings against the wickedness of religious despotism, and the evil of mental servitude! The Church has not led in the cause of freedom. It has been forced by a strong public sentiment to its positions. Not for freedom's sake, but the country's; not for the sake of right, but for peace! But we have digressed. We were in attendance upon the Anti-Slavery Anniversary. Sitting, however, in the Church of the Puritans, where God's wrath is freely unbottled, and the severest denunciations dealt out, the digression was natural.

The most important business before the meeting, was the proposition of the President, William Lloyd Garrison, to close the operations, and terminate the existence of the society. The discussion was long, animated, and at times somewhat heated, resulting in the rejection of Mr. Garrison's resolution, by a vote of 48 ayes to 118 noes, a roll of members to that number being called. The compliment of a re-election was tendered Mr. Garrison, which he peremptorily declined, and Mr. Phillips was chosen in his place.

The real significance of the discussion and decision we regard as deeper than the mere verbal meaning of the resolve would imply. Let us briefly give our convictions respecting the action of the society.

First then, accepting the statement of the opposition, that the constitutional amendment is not yet ratified, there seems to be nominal ground for continuing the organization of the society till the final action, by the requisite number of States. The substitute resolution proposed by Mr. May, providing for the dissolution of the society at such time

in the future as the constitutional amendment shall be fully adopted, appeared just and proper, and its acceptance by the society reasonable action to take. To this we think Mr. Garrison and his friends would or should have assented; though the objection to present action seems rather technical than real, since the amendment has been ratified by the people, and the formal action by the necessary legislatures is as sure as any event of the future. The people are as much pledged to complete the work as the Anti-Slavery Society can be. But the meeting seemed equally indisposed to consider either the present or future dissolution of the society, exhibiting an attachment more earnest, perhaps, than wise.

Without in the least degree under-estimating the fearful extent of prejudice against color, and the great want of even-handed justice to the black man in this country, without denying the perils yet remaining to the cause of freedom, and the labor left to be done, we felt a profound sympathy with Mr. Garrison in seeking to celebrate this as the year of Jubilee. It is hard to see how the future could be jeopardized by rejoicing over the past. Thirty years rarely compasses a grander work. However incomplete it is when viewed in the light of perfect justice, it is vain to deny that if the death of slavery is not an accomplished fact, the resolution of that handful of men thirty years ago, that it should die, is the resolution of the great American people today. And in view of this fact, we assert that the mission of the Anti-Slavery Society is ended.

When to be distinctive, was to be mobbed, derided, contemned; when to organize, was to attempt work no one else would do, it was well to glory in distinctive Abolitionism! But when the work is taken out of our hands; when a whole people by acclamation join in support of the cause; when in point of fact the Anti-Slavery Society is no longer a fraternity, but a community; to insist upon isolation, to affect exclusiveness or distinctive organization, is to seem presumptuous, self-righteous, and sectarian. Persistence in the old organization indicates moral weakness rather than strength, and distrust of the American people, and want of confidence in the triumph of the cause, as if never so little work could be done, when all are willing to work, unless forsooth the Anti-Slavery Society remains to map out and engineer it.

Organizations are designed for use. When

their permanence becomes a paramount question, and a sacredness attaches to the name, their very existence is to be deprecated. The instrument by which we do our work is less important than the *principles* which inspire our action. We do not prize the Anti-Slavery Society less, because we value *Freedom* more!

The old society embraced the clearest headed, most single-hearted, earnest and philanthropic men and women. They stood together in times of rare trial and danger. Together they enjoy the privilege which seldom falls to the lot of Reformers—to see the end of work so feebly begun. An association as long continued, profitable and successful, is not easily dissolved.

It is well known that some of the Anti-Slavery Reformers have grown so accustomed to standing alone in opposition to the popular current, that antagonism has become second nature, and without a foe “worthy of their steel,” they grow restless and uneasy. Hence for years past the anniversaries of this society have not been harmonious meetings, since there has been too little outside hostility to keep the loose strength engaged, and it has become necessary occasionally to choose a champion from within the “household of faith” to keep the fighters from spoiling!

To expect a society that by force of habit has come to regard its continuance as necessary to the harmony and perpetuity of things, to lay aside a harness long worn, and quietly dissolve, is perhaps too much for frail human nature.

A prominent argument alleged in favor of continuing the society, was the fact that the right to the ballot-box remains unsecured to the black man. Granting this, we also claim that the question of “Universal Suffrage” has yet to be met, and the character, purpose, and scope of the “elective franchise” to be broadly and thoroughly discussed. *This is the great coming work.* Is it, however, exclusively or peculiarly the work of the Anti-Slavery Society? If so, why did not the members so declare themselves by resolution? No such action was taken. The simple continuance of the society, for the alleged purpose, leaves it—as soon as the constitutional amendment is ratified, and the last slave free—nothing more than a Colored Men’s Rights Society.

Anti-Slavery Reformers ought never to lower a standard, or curtail a platform. They were originally pledged, not to the negro, but

to Freedom! Freedom was general, the black man special. Liberty was to be universal. African slavery came first, because most atrocious and powerful. Having virtually removed this obstacle, or if not, having secured unanimity among the people respecting it, we hoped the society would "move on," not necessarily "change its base," but enlarge its boundaries, plant its outposts on higher ground, and broaden its field of operations. The continuance of the society for the present acknowledged purposes, can hardly be regarded as such action.

Because for thirty years the members have worked for the negro, is no reason that they should labor for him exclusively for ever! They were pledged to freedom. Let them pledge themselves anew to a yet more enlarged interpretation of that term.

The society began with the most unpopular cause, entered the lists against a monster backed by the world. Having driven the foe from the arena, shall they cross steel with a pigmy, when a giant enemy is held at bay? True, there is Anti-Slavery work to be done; but there is an Elective Franchise work vastly greater, more unpopular, and less easy of accomplishment.

It is with the new-born strength consequent upon the vast achievement of the past, that we would have these warriors for Progress gird themselves anew, and claim that freedom, without which, freedom of the body is a perilous gift—the right to the ballot; and when this is won, claim anew that to which all else tends, and against which all these powers of oppression are combined—mental and spiritual freedom!

No organization can effectively and consistently claim the ballot for the negro, without demanding it for *Woman* as well. The greater includes the less. It is more vital to this nation—more important to the world—to extend the elective franchise to *Woman*, than that colored men enjoy the privilege. When universal suffrage is made the standard, and a thorough discussion of the elective franchise the means, we may hope for the ultimate success of the partial movement now attempted by the American Anti-Slavery Society. We regret that their position is not broader—their purpose more universal.

—Death cometh unto man as doth his sickle unto the harvest. Blessed are they who are ripe when the fruits are gathered home.

Translation of an Immortal.

A people were never more in need of true spiritual faith and knowledge, than the American people to-day. Under the desolating scourge of war, how many family circles have been broken—how many of the tenderest ties severed! And how universal the sense of bereavement under the loss of our martyred President!

Nothing in the accepted systems of philosophy, nothing in the popular forms of religious belief, meets the universal longing to know more of the great hereafter, and to be assured of the fate or destiny of the loved departed. The satisfaction we experience in receiving a spiritual philosophy which dispels all doubts, and illumines the glorious pathway of the immortal, is shadowed by the reflection that so few to-day are willing or prepared to accept the consolations and joys found therein.

A large and intelligent body of American people persist in measuring Spiritualism by the narrow routine of "dark circles," "tipping tables," "raps," and "senseless gibberish." Such an estimate of the serious and rational conclusions of a class, comprising persons of at least average intelligence, is as just as to write down Boston Corbett's religious zeal as a type of the Christianity of the present day, or one of President Lincoln's "vent" jokes, as the standard of his state papers.

It is undoubtedly true, that a deplorably large number of Spiritualists are content with the narrow round of tea-table chit chat, and parlor gossip, which terms properly characterize many alleged spiritual communications. To these and others it seems to matter little what the intrinsic excellence or value of a spoken or written word may be, so long as it claims to come from a disembodied spirit.

Not content with the demonstration of conscious immortal existence, and spirit presence and guardianship, these blind devotees wait in eager expectancy for the development each day of some new and startling fact, or for specific directions for their guidance in temporal affairs. The effect of this prostitution of a divine gift is two-fold—it is paralyzing to the spiritual progress of those thus infatuated, and prostrating in its influence upon the spread of the truth.

Yet, however low the standard of spiritualistic literature, and however short-sighted the

course of believers, a startling fact has been proved, and when the rubbish is swept away, there is revealed the beautiful form of a great truth, which it effectually disguises and conceals.

The simple fact of the birth of the spirit at the time of the death of the body, as opposed to the dismal and repulsive dogma of the resurrection and judgment, though sustained by the cognition of the few, as opposed to the belief of the many, is so supported by the voice of reason and intuition, that we can only marvel at the popular credulity and superstition which accepts the old belief, and the incredulity and skepticism which rejects the new truth.

If it were possible to sweep away the dark and depressing belief in the future as pictured by the orthodox theologian, and substitute the truth of a Spiritual or Harmonial Philosophy, that the spirit enters at once upon its eternal career as a progressive being, how benign would be the influence upon human life! Orators and poets believe in this theory of death, and the best Christians hold to it sacredly. It needs, however to be accepted by the popular reason, to be felt by the popular heart, and become incorporated in the popular thought.

Few now hesitate to sing:

“John Brown’s body lies moldering in the
grave—
His soul is marching on!”

Few doubt the force of events, which have proved the truth of the words as never truth was demonstrated before.

Yet we forget the *soul*, though marching triumphantly on, when the body is laid to rest. We cease to think of John Brown as a present actor in Freedom’s battles, and constantly in our estimate of the force in the field, accept the army lists, hardly reckoning the translated hosts who value the triumph of a holy cause. We erase from the roll of action the arisen soldiers, as if their discharge had come from the war department, instead of their promotion from the Court of Heaven!

Spirit life has been all too vague and indefinite, and spirit influence too remote, in our cherished systems. We have thoughtlessly accepted a “Providence,” and recognized in events the “hand Divine,” unmindful of the Father’s chosen instruments, and forgetful of the enduring love of cherished ones gone before.

To aid at this important period in directing public attention to the spiritual interpretation of death, and the welcome fact of continued existence—a fact so consoling and satisfying in view of recent events—we requested our friend and brother A. J. Davis to give our readers a circumstantial account of the translation of his father’s spirit as witnessed by himself.

The statement will not only interest the wide circle of personal friends, but favorably impress all classes of readers, and, we hope, prove useful in leading to the wider acceptance of a rational belief respecting a future state. The graceful and tender character of the testimony gives it the charm of poesy.

My Father’s Withdrawal from Earth.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

At quarter before six o’clock, Monday afternoon, April 10th, 1865, my venerable father closed his physical eyes forever. Those eyelids which had been raised and dropped, opened and closed, in keeping with the laws of action and rest, during eighty-three years of earthly existence, went down over the fixed gaze for the last time. He “died” externally when “life” in the temple became heavy and a burden.

For years his chief source of entertainment consisted in books and the liberal publications of the day. He had no taste for landscapes and rambling walks in the parks. Society had no attractions. Before his sight grew dim with age, and while his hand remained steady, there was nothing so attractive as industry. When he laid aside his apron and packed away his tools, under the pressure of his own senses, that they were no longer capable of serving him in his accustomed labor, he was a very sad and dissatisfied man. For over a year after “closing up” his bench, his eye was restless, and his tongue was ever asking for “something to do to fill up time.”

Many hours of each day, during the past three years, his thoughts were devoted to subjects concerning the “inner life,” and especially concerning the prospect of existence in the “Summer-Land.” Independent in his temperament, and naturally strong in the moral attributes, and fond of mental liberty in every particular, he was fed and satisfied with the

principles of the Harmonial Philosophy. They were a light to his understanding and an anchor to his soul. He fully investigated the claims of old theology, and therefore for himself *ascertained* the absolute truth of harmonial principles.

With reference to "death," he invariably expressed himself perfectly satisfied. Several times, during the last three years of his life, he had "visions" of the higher and better. His only anxiety seemed to be that, owing to a naturally healthy and vigorous body, he might be compelled to "live too long." His standing saying was, "When I can no longer be useful, then I want to be off." His last days were a perfect fulfillment of every prayer I ever heard him utter with regard to the closing scenes of his terrestrial pilgrimage.

It was my privilege to witness the rolling down of life's curtain, which shut from his material senses the outer world of effects in which we yet dwell; but I was not prepared, just at that hour, to withdraw to the secret closet of clairvoyance. Therefore, like others present when he ceased to breathe, I saw the usual external grand, solemn fact. Of the locality of his spirit I had no perception, but supposed that, as in most instances I had witnessed, he would probably depart from the "Orange home" to the "Summer-Land" in the course of two or three hours.

On the subsequent morning I arose somewhat earlier than usual, and was the first to open the north door of the hall looking upon the garden. I walked out upon the stoop and halted at the second step of the short flight of stairs outside, and leaned lightly against the west banister, musingly looking at the flowering fruit-trees and beautiful verdure of the vines and shrubbery, and listening to the music of song-birds.

At this moment I felt a commotion in the atmosphere at my right hand. This aerial agitation was so surprising to my sensation, that, in less time than I can write this sentence, it had reversed the poles of outer consciousness. In a word, I was translated into a most perfect state of clairvoyance. This state, so far at least as personal sight and consciousness are concerned, is identical with the condition of a person "after death." It is unlike the state of the departed in one essential particular, that, while the clairvoyant is still an inhabitant of the physical body, the departed one is wholly emancipated from the organic structure. The clairvoyant can, for

the time being, see things and principles with the same sight that is natural to those who no longer dwell in the earthly body.

The incoming of clairvoyant perception at that moment, and by means of what seemed to be an atmospheric disturbance wholly external, proved of great advantage. The movement of the air was like that caused by a body passing with great swiftness through the immediate space. With my attention thus attracted, I turned to the right, and at once *saw my father* in the act of passing out from the hall into the atmosphere on a plane level with the floor of the stoop! Imagine my surprise, because I had somehow settled into the conviction that he had left the Orange home even before the undertaker had performed his first kindly offices. True, my sister Eliza once said, during the evening, that to her it seemed that "father's spirit had not gone out of the house."

The face was his own in every essential feature and line of expression. In stature he was perhaps four inches shorter, and in general proportions about the same as I remember him thirty years ago, being consistent with the remarkable alteration in the height of his person. His motions seemed to be the result of some will-power or intelligence outside of his consciousness. He walked out with a kind of indecision, or languidly, and with the step of unconsciousness, peculiar to one moving about in a somnambulant state. There was, however, an expression upon his countenance of complete repose. No child in the slumber of innocence ever looked more serene and happy. It was the expression of "rest" and profound satisfaction; and along down over his shoulders and new-born body there flowed and shone the same indescribable atmosphere of contentment and beauty.

On reaching the open space in front of the stoop, without seeming to notice that I was observing his movements, or indeed without taking any particular interest in anything that was going on with himself, he turned to the east, and rapidly glided to the side of a person, who, until that instant, I had not observed. The moment I saw this manly, intelligent personage, I was satisfied that his will, and not my father's, had developed all the voluntary movements I had witnessed. Unquestionably, his state was like that known as somnambulism; and he did not awaken on touching the side of the spiritual man who stood waiting for him on the north-east corner of the house. Their heads were about level with the window-sills of the second story. Immediately after he reached the other's side, the twain rose rapidly toward the east, and passed beyond the reach of my already retiring vision. Thus my father withdrew from his earthly entanglements!

In my joyousness and gratitude I hastened within to tell the "angel of the house" what had transpired but a few moments before. "Mary! I have just seen father go out of the hall, and around the corner of the house." For a moment she appeared overcome with astonishment, thinking of the possibility of the fact

being external; but quickly gathering her thoughts to my meaning, she began to enjoy with me the glorious laws of resurrection, by which the old are made youthful and the sick healthful—by means of which all are prepared for progress and usefulness in the higher realms of existence. On going up-stairs, to the room where reposed the cast-off body of the departed one, I chanced to step into a small bed-room at the south end of the upper hall, which at that time was not used for any purpose, and there most distinctly I realized that, in that unoccupied spot, the final spiritual organization which my father bore aloft, on the wings of the morning, was formed and prepared for the eternal pilgrimage. The atmosphere was still warm with the constructive process that had been so beautifully carried forward during the night. In the whole temple of the Father's wisdom and the Mother's love I know of no spot more sacred than that where the Spirit is clothed upon for immortality.

The Friend of Progress and the Times.

In the history of our country, perhaps of the world, there never occurred a more rapid succession of momentous events—movements significant and important in their bearing upon great human interests—than during the immediate past. Our nation has seemed to write its history in volumes, and our people to live a century in a day!

Profoundly as the tendencies of the times must enlist the interest of the Reformer, they are too vital and far-reaching to come easily within the grasp of the progressive historian. At such an era it is idle to attempt, and presumptuous to claim to comprehend all the important bearings of the swiftly changing scenes on this important stage of human action.

Our work must of necessity be fragmentary. The narrow limits of these pages preclude anything like completeness in the recognition of the many important movements and vital questions of the day. It will, however, continue to be our purpose to deal no useless blows, to waste no strength, but to the extent afforded us by our limits, means, and talent, seek to appeal to the highest faculties and aspirations, to approve the wisest and most important movements, to enforce the most sacred claims, and uphold the truest reforms.

Whenever, then, we shall seem to forget a good cause, or overlook an important emergency, we trust the neglect will be attributed to some necessity of the case, and not to any want of sympathy for, or approval of such cause or movement. Greater experience, a wider acquaintance, an enlarged corps of contributors, and especially an increased circulation, will enable us to approach more and more nearly to the exalted ideal of a true progressive magazine. For the many words of encouragement extended us, our cordial thanks are due, while we solicit anew the support of all who would aid the cause of Human Progress.

My Faded Shawl.

BY ALICE CARY.

Tell you a story, do you say?
Whatever my wits remember?
Well, going down to the woods one day
Through the winds o' the wild November,
I met a lad, called Charley.

We lived on the crest o' the Krumley ridge,
And I was a farmer's daughter,
And under the hill by the Krumley bridge
Of the crazy Krumley water,
Lived this poor lad, Charley.

Right well I knew his ruddy cheek,
And step as light as a feather,
Although we never were used to speak,
And never to play together,
I and this poor lad Charley.

So, when I saw him hurrying down
My path, will you believe me?
I knit my brow to an ugly frown—
Forgive me, O forgive me!
Sweet shade of little Charley.

The dull clouds dropped their skirts of snow
On the hills, and made them colder—
I was only twelve years old, or so,
And may be a twelve-month older
Was Charley, dearest Charley.

A faded shawl, with flowers o' blue,
All tenderly and fairly
Enwrought by his mother's hand, I knew,
He wore that day, my Charley,
My little love, my Charley.

His great glad eyes with light were lit
Like the dewy light o' the morning—
His homespun jacket, not a whit
Less proudly, for my scorning,
He wore, brave-hearted Charley.

I bore a pitcher—'twas our pride—
At the fair my father won it,
And consciously I turned the side
With the golden lilies on it,
To dazzle the eyes o' Charley.

This pitcher, and a milk-white loaf,
Piping hot from the platter,
When, where the path turned sharply off
To the crazy Krumley water,
I came upon my Charley.

He smiled—my pulses never stirred
From their still and steady measures,
Till the wind came flapping down like a bird
And caught away my treasures—
"Help me, O Charley! Charley!

My loaf, my golden lilies gone!"
My heart was all a-flutter;
For I saw them whirling on and on
To the frozen Krumley water,
And then I saw my Charley,

The frayed and faded shawl from his neck
Unknot with a quick wise cunning,
And speckled with snow-flakes, toss it back,
That he might be free for running,
My good, great-hearted Charley.

I laid it softly on my arm—
I warmed it in my bosom,
And traced each broider-stitch to the form
Of its wilding model blossom,
For sake of my gentle Charley.

Away, away! like a shadow fleet!
The air was thick and blinding—
The icy stones were under his feet,
And the way was steep and winding—
Come back! come back, my Charley!

He waved his ragged cap in the air,
My childish fears to scatter;
Dear Lord, was it Charley? Was he there,
On th' treacherous crust o' th' water?
No more! 'tis death! my Charley.

The thin blue glittering sheet of ice
Bends, breaks, and falls asunder—
His arms are lifted once, and twice!
My God! he is going under!
He is drowned! he is dead! my Charley.

The wild call stops—the blood runs chill;
I dash the tears from my lashes,
And strain my gaze to th' foot o' th' hill—
Who flies so fast through the rushes?
My drownd love? my Charley?

My brain is wild—I laugh, I cry—
The chill blood thaws and rallies;
What holds he thus, so safe and high?
My loaf? and my golden lilies?
Charley! My sweet, sweet Charley!

Across my mad brain word on word
Of tenderness went whirling—
I kissed him, called him my little bird
O' th' woods, my dove, my darling—
My true, true love, my Charley.

In what sweet phrases he replied
I know not now—no matter—
This only, that he would have died
In the crazy Krumley water
To win my praise—dear Charley!

He took the frayed and faded shawl,
For his sake warmed all over,
And wrapped me round and round with all
The tenderness of a lover—
My best, my bravest Charley!

And when his shoes o' the snows were full—
Ay, full to their tops, a-smiling
He said they were lined with a fleece o' wool,
The pain o' th' frost beguiling—
Was ever a lad like Charley?

So down the slope o' th' Krumley ridge,
Our hands locked fast together,
And over the crazy Krumley bridge,
We went through the freezing weather,
I and my drownd Charley.

The cornfields all of ears were bare;
But the stalks, so bright and brittle,
And the black and empty husks were there
For the mouths of the hungry cattle—
We passed them, I and Charley;

And passed the willow-tree that went
With the wind, as light as a feather,
And th' two proud oaks with their shoulders
bent
Till their faces came together—
Whispering, I said to Charley:

The hollow sycamore, so white,
The old gum, straight and solemn,
With never the curve of a root in sight;
But set in the ground like a column—
I, prattling to my Charley.

We left behind the sumach hedge,
And the waste of stubble crossing,
Came at last to the dusky edge
Of the woods, so wildly tossing,
I and my quiet Charley.

Ankle-deep in the leaves we stood—
The leaves that were brown as leather,
And saw the choppers chopping the wood—
Seven rough men together—
I and my drooping Charley.

I see him now as I saw him stand
With my loaf—he had hardly won it,
And the beautiful pitcher in his hand,
With the golden lilies on it—
My little saint—my Charley.

The stubs were burning here and there—
The winds the fierce flames blowing,
And the arms o' th' choppers, brown and bare,
Now up, now down are going—
I turn to them, from Charley.

Right merrily the echoes ring
From the sturdy work a-doing,
And as the woodsmen work, they sing
Of the girls that they are wooing—
O what a song for Charley!

This way an elm begins to lop,
And that, its balance losing,
And the squirrel comes from his nest in the top
And sits in the boughs a-musing—
What ails my little Charley?

The loaf from out his hand he drops,
His eyelid flutters, closes—
He tries to speak, he whispers, stops—
His mouth its rose-red loses—
One look, just one, my Charley!

And now his white and frozen cheek
Each wild-eyed chopper fixes,
And never a man is heard to speak
As they set their steel-blue axes,
And haste to the help o' Charley!

Say what does your beautiful pitcher hold?
Come tell us if you can, sir!
The chopper's question was loud and bold,
But never a sign nor answer—
All fast asleep was Charley.

The stubs are burning low to th' earth—
 The winds the fierce flames flaring,
 And now to the edge of the crystal hearth
 The men in their arms are bearing
 The clay-cold body of Charley.

O'er heart, o'er temple those rude hands go,
 Each hand as light as a brother's,
 As they gather about him—in the snow,
 Like a company of mothers—
 My dead, my darling Charley.

Before them all, (my heart grew bold)
 From off my trembling bosom,
 I unwound the mantle, fold by fold,
 All for my blighted blossom,
 My sweet white flower—my Charley.

I have tokens large, I have tokens small
 Of all my life's lost pleasures.
 But that poor frayed and faded shawl
 Is the treasure of my treasures—
 The first, last gift of Charley.

Text Books.

Until the labor of reason shall be superseded by the power of intuition, human science, of whatever kind, must be a mixture of truth and hypothesis. Conceded facts and tolerated speculations are inseparably interwoven in every mortal system of knowledge, although the producer and the consumer of the fabric may often differ in regarding the theory or the illustration as the warp of the web.

Both warp and woof, however, must have their intelligent watchers and their intelligible recorders, or science must be lost to the world. While science is progressive, the men of every new generation will require revised accounts of the various textures to whose continued development they may be severally destined to contribute. A more or less continuous succession of "text-books" thus becomes indispensable in all the departments of thought, of which the new shall confirm and expand the truths of the old, and, if necessary, expose and correct the errors which too often gain place there.

In proportion as the feature of confirmation and expansion shall predominate over that of exposure and correction, it is obvious that the progress of science must be a healthy progress. The new text-book will be to the same degree a continuation rather than a subjugation of the old, conferring a new value upon it, by the increasing evidence that the labor of reason in its production was under the control of the power of intuition. Deficiency of detail will indeed impair the utility

of the old as a practical guide; and the positive danger will arise that its contents may be so assimilated with the intellectual constitution of the thinker, as to be the means of confirming him in a bigoted or even perverted belief. This danger of all stationary standards of thought has long since been indicated by the aphorism which has been well applied both to the individual "book of consciousness," as the law of the exclusive metaphysician, and to the time-honored "Book of books," as the law of the exclusive theologian: "This is the book where each his dogma seeks, and this the book where each his dogma finds." In every living or life-sustaining science, progress must be united with conservation, as soul with body.

It thus becomes an incidental advantage of a new text-book, that it unites freshness of expression with truthfulness of thought. The substance of a thought must often be presented in a new form in order to insure the recipient against mistaking the memory of the word for the possession of the thing. This danger would be otherwise universally imminent, so long as the beholders may numerously predominate over the prosecutors in any one department of truth.

The literature of the past, therefore, and that of the present, so far as they may be presumed to be authentic transcripts of truth, possess diverse claims upon our attention. The old becomes more and more valuable from the increasing evidence, that, however inadequate it may be to the multiplying emergencies of the present, its revelations, so far as they reach, are authoritative. There are always many present emergencies for which it thus furnishes us with the only available standard of judgment. The new is not only an essential part of present performance, but connects the life of the present, through the literature of the past, with the life of the past. The old text-book and the new will cooperate without competition, if neither has been rashly written. The old can no more present the new than the new can supplant the old, until all literature shall become as superfluous to the human race as the primer of infancy now is to its educated members.

CADMUS.

The human soul is a great and grand problem! To mark out its course in an endless eternity is a task great unto all save the Father of all!

New Belief and Old Opinion :

A Critical Survey of the Beliefs and Opinions
of REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BY EDWARD C. TOWNE.

CHAPTER VI.

The Fatherhood of God.

(Continued.)

VIII.

The governing care of God must be in harmony with law, both the law of good in the universe and the law of good in human nature. Calvinism is obliged to assume that what would be good in the universe—the saving control of God in all souls—would be a violation of good in our nature. This matter is cleared up by Mr. Beecher. We begin with the following:

“God’s moral government in this world is not a government in spite of law, or over and above it: it is a government through law and by it; and it deals with the sum of our failures and successes, it deals with the results of our ignorances and knowledges.”—(697.)

“That is the providence that takes things as they are, in material nature, in human nature, and in social nature; and God places his hands upon all these natural influences, and causes them, according to their nature—natural law according to natural law, human nature according to human nature, and social influence according to social influence—to point in certain directions, and work out great results, in the end.

“This is the divine providence which is operative among men. If you know how it is made up and carried out, you are wiser than I think you are. Nobody knows that. All we know is this: that there is such an administration over current affairs; and that God is working out great final results, world-blessings, of which men whom he is employing for that purpose have no idea.”—(578.)

“The divine influence is not merely the direct power of God upon the soul, but also the divine power diffused throughout nature and society. The nature of things is from God, and the influences that nature exerts legitimately upon us are divine influences, as much as those that are emanations immediately from the soul of God.”—(681.)

“*The progress of science reveals the fact more and more plainly, that there is not any interference with natural law. It equally lays the foundation for the better exposition of the doctrine of the divine government—namely, that it is a government over this world through natural laws, and by a divine administration of them.*

“It is supposed that God made laws as a machine which he does not dare to put his

finger into, lest he shall stop the machine, or bruise his finger; and that he therefore stands behind the world, saying, ‘I have built this world, and put laws into it, and wound it up, and I cannot touch it.’ It is not so. God manages natural laws just as man manages natural laws, only with supreme intelligence, and with unerring accuracy. A government of natural law is the best government on which volition can be brought to bear. For the divine scheme is so large and so broad that *there is not a thought nor a wish to be executed that God cannot execute it better through changes of law than by direct, overt omnipotence.* And there is no occasion to interject volitions and set aside natural law.

“This does not diminish, it augments immeasurably the efficiency and certainty of the divine government over men.”—(723.)

Nothing can be truer than that the whole nature of things bears with no other than a divine influence upon the nature and destiny of man. And this nature of things, though held in the *free* control of the Creator, so that he can do what he will with it, is yet not imperfect to his eye, and will not be interfered with. Neither science nor faith know anything of miracle, if by miracle is meant an interference with the order of the nature of things. What seeming interferences are included in this order, neither science nor faith can confidently tell. But the manifest violations of the order of nature, which are vouched for by more or less sacred tales of miracle in the religious writings of mankind, may safely be assumed not worthy of credence. In particular, miracles, so called, offered to our faith as a special and necessary means of founding God’s kingdom on earth, such as the literal raising of a decaying corpse, or the literal conversion of twelve loaves of bread into twelve hundred, must be rejected with the whole energy of faith, as involving the wholly false assumption that God’s administration of influence over man needs this sort of foundation. The idea that God’s kingdom must fail of establishment if men do not accept a confused and doubtful story of startlingly unnatural earthly occurrences, is truly absurd, not to say atheistic. The indignation of science in view of the case cannot be compared with the indignation with which faith must treat this foolish conceit of theological thaumaturgy. The popular doctrine, that God’s plans depended on his becoming unearthly flesh, sets out from the virtual denial of any God worth believing in. All this foolishness about signs and wonders, as though the King of Eternity and Monarch of the

Universe had been reduced to the necessity of building his throne on a manger and a sepulcher upon one of his worlds, instead of having it in the laws of all things in all worlds, must be expelled from the believing mind. Faith assures us that all Nature and all natures have ample law, and that in this is the secure seat of divine power, working adequately to accomplish a perfect purpose. Whatever in the actual experience of man shall appear in the guise of miracle, must be accepted as an illustration of a hidden law, and whatever reported marvel plainly violates manifest law, must be referred to some department of human misunderstanding. We add here one or two additional statements of the law and force of the divine control:

“With what amazing and irresistible power, then, does the divine love flow down upon men! When we conceive of God’s capacity of loving, how mean our own love for ourselves is, as compared with his love for us! This is the initial step to a conception of God’s authority over us: the fact that he loves us with indescribable and immeasurable love, and that in the spirit of this love, having made us, he administers the laws which he has established for our benefit. He seeks our welfare as much as we do, and a great deal more.”—(615.)

“We hold that God is in his own world, and that he governs it by his personal will. We hold that God has not made this world as a plant makes a seed, which, when ripe, it sloughs off, and knows no more about, leaving it to go forth and root itself, and form its own new and separate life. God that made this world has never parted with it. He never sped it from his palm to roll where it pleased he being only a spectator. He has controlled it, and held it, and governed it. He employs laws. But these laws are rather the instruments by which he works whatever he pleases, than hindrances of his own work. Natural philosophers often talk as though they thought that God, in order that he might not have power to exercise his own volition in human affairs, had blocked up the way with natural laws, and had so harnessed the world that he could in no way interfere with it. But these laws in which God has harnessed the world are the very channels by which he best thinks and wills, and through which he best works. They are not hindrances, but instruments for the carrying out of his purposes, and under his own control.”—(685.)

IX.

The popular dogmatism makes a great deal of God’s necessary respect for human free-will. It insists on the right of secession from the kingdom of God, and on the necessity with God of respecting this right. Free-will is interpreted to mean absolute sovereignty,

and this God Almighty must respect to the extent of letting a large part of his immortal offspring go to the devil! The simple natural and necessary meaning of human free-will, freedom under omnipotent divine law, is set aside because it does not fit with the creeds. Mr. Beecher comprehends this matter much better, and bears explicit testimony to the truth of new belief against old opinion.

“A sort of liberty there is among men; and yet, *all freedom in man is within very narrow bounds.* We are surrounded by natural laws, moral and physical; and it is within these that we have liberty. *And God, by laws, and by his own free-will, is above our liberty and the laws that condemn us, overruling, disposing, and guiding the affairs of this world.*—(662.)

“It is useless to object to such a doctrine, that it will be pernicious to hold or to teach it, as leading to a kind of fatalism. It is never pernicious to hold or teach what it was not pernicious for God to ordain and establish. The truth is always in order. Besides, *all human liberty is true in a very small space. At one or two steps out from his own center, every man comes upon invincible laws which control him absolutely, and are not controlled at all.* We call it *limitation.* The heathen called it *jate.* Theology calls it *decree.* No matter what you call it, the thing is there—that just a step from a man’s centre are barriers that he cannot change or get over; and all the freedom he has is in the luminous circuit where he puts his identity. It is a small place in which a man is free. All the rest is absolute.”—(681.)

But for the fact that theologians usually have no difficulty in believing anything necessary to their systems, it would have ever been thought absurd to suppose that the freedom of man is not limited by the operation of all the laws of God. It is natural and necessary to assume that moral and spiritual powers lodged in the creature must be exercised upon the whole in strict subordination to the moral and spiritual influence of the Creator. “It should be so in law, but should not be so if man resists,” is the lawless, godless creed of Calvinism. Moral control must not be control! Then there ought to be no God. If there is to be a God, he must control things *in* man as well as outside of him. If sin forbids control, it virtually sets aside the Deity. No wonder that room is found for a Devil! When the least taint of sin expels God’s saving presence, what can we expect of the universe? The essential and abominable atheism of the popular creed is, that it asserts that God goes out where sin comes in.

How can it be thought other than most natural that there should be moral control for moral beings? It has no other than a good tendency. It fits perfectly. It is indeed the simplest duty of the Divine Creator. If the evil state which seems to indicate the absence of real control is not in fact so overruled as to be a means of the most perfect control, then God does not rule. The old opinion cannot pretend that God rules in souls. The new belief is no more than simple faith in God, faith that God is a real presence and power in all his creation. The old theology assumes that it would be a dreadful thing if God were to shut up the free will of man to a career of eternal progress. It talks about the destruction of moral agency by *moral* compulsion! As though strictly moral compulsion, of a perfect sort, did not produce the finest and most noble action of the moral capacities! The high force of truth is compulsion of this sort. The pure influence of God's presence is compulsion of this sort. What can be better? What can touch so perfectly the springs of moral action as that compulsion of God's spirit and providence which acts with absolute saving effect? Men talk of this matter as if the power of God were not moral, such as persuades men to be true and right, nor spiritual, such as quickens them with divinest energy to newness of life. It is assumed that universal redemption must be wrought by mechanical compulsion, an assumption which degrades and disgraces theology. That teacher who supposes, or pretends to suppose, that the regenerating saving force of God mars the action of the human soul, does not yet know the alphabet of theology. This, and this only, perfects this action. It is only under the providence and by the power of God with us that we have our life as spiritual beings. The more the power of God compels us, the more true life we have. The great souls of our race have been driven on confessedly by the inspiration of God. Why not all souls in their degree?

There is no fatalism in this. If any one wishes to know whether man is free to do wrong, and to get terribly punished for the wrong, he need but glance at the world. The measure of freedom is large. Men do veritably commit sin and incur guilt. And the penalty of guilt cannot be escaped. There is no danger that mankind will settle into the conviction that God, because he has decreed final welfare, has also caused sin and will not

deal out punishment. The truth is simple and clear. God so deals out penalty, and so uses spiritual influence, as to exercise the most real parental and saving control. Real as human freedom is, within the limits fixed by divine law, and real as human responsibility is in consequence of freedom, yet the supreme and imperative reality is the absolute control of God. As man is the very creature and offspring of Deity he cannot have a nature more evil than good. He will love good upon the whole rather than evil. This inward bent of his nature is in no danger of failing, for God is the security of it. With the whole force of his spiritual being he sustains the spiritual being of the creature. If man is temptible, he is also disciplinable, and whatever temptation may effect for the time, it can be no match for the discipline wherewith God controls his offspring. The discipline of providence and the spirit, infinitely supreme over the power of evil, is that which makes God's control perfectly sure.

It is the strangest part of the popular doctrine that it allows the Devil to ride roughshod over the will of man, but will not permit God to compel souls to come in. The blind guides teach that saving persuasion violates free will, though they do not find the Devil's persuasion an outrage. Satan may compel men to sin, but God may not compel them to obey. But there is a "plan," it is said, which saves all who will be saved. This blasphemy has intrenched itself in Christian theology, that God arranged a "plan of salvation," gave a limited notice of it after the tide of souls had rolled into hell for centuries, stands ready to save those who accept the plan, and will curse to hell those who do not. This plan need not delay us here. God's real plan is to give us our being in his own, and to make the force of *that* control savingly the action of all creature power. Mr. Beecher has something to the point on this head:

"And this is the root idea of justification before God. There is a heart-power in God, which, when it falls upon the soul, acts just as benefaction does between man and man; between parent and child; between benefactor and orphan. That which you see of the nature of noble qualities in the ten thousand relations of life in fragments and in imperfect operation, has its full glorious form in the soul of God; and the heart of God is so pure, so gracious, so sweet, so beneficent, that when there is nothing to prevent it from giving a heart-stroke to a sinful soul, it melts the wickedness in that soul, and overcomes it with superlative power, and redeems it."

"A man's justification, then, takes its origin, as we think of it, in his unworthiness, in his sinfulness, in his guilt, and in his danger; and he comes before God as a sinner. Then God looks upon him with saving compassion. Not on account of any arrangement that he has made, not on account of any expedient that he has set up, not on account of any settlement or plan that he has fixed, but on account of what he is, he looks upon a sinful man and says, 'I so love you that I accept you just as if you were not sinful.' This is illustrated by one of the simplest things in the world. A mother when her child does wrong, says, 'My darling child, will you do so any more?' and tears are the child's answer, and she clasps him to her bosom without another word, and the matter is all settled. There is the mother's heart an atoning sacrifice for the child. Theologians have put forth the absurd notion that God has made a plan of salvation. As half a dozen men sometimes take up a poor debtor's affairs, and look at them, and put their heads together, and fix them, and then say to the man, 'Well, we think we have made a satisfactory adjustment of your affairs,' so theologians talk as if there was a kind of conference between the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, and as if, after talking the matter over, they concluded that they would help men out of their trouble, and made an arrangement for that purpose. They thus turn heaven into a counting-room and make God's everlasting love to be like a mere business committee; and so belittle the whole thing. They seem to think that God arranged with the Son, and that the Son agreed to suffer for the world, with the understanding that when he had suffered enough, mankind should be loved of God, and should be pardoned and helped by him. But what set the Father to begin this work of saving men at all, if he could not love them till after the Son had suffered for them? If that was the case how came there to be any arrangement made? Where did it start? Or, did the Son love the world first, and tell the Father that he wished that he would redeem it? Is not the whole of this talk about a plan of salvation a mess of sheer ignorance, not to say nonsense?"

X.

In the following Mr. Beecher recognizes the fact that there has been a one-sided affirmation of free will.

"The general effect of the preaching of some men is so to concentrate the attention upon the fact of the individual will-power that one comes at last to recognize almost nothing else, and to be suspicious of allegations of external influence. I think that the preaching of many of the most eminent men of our time has had that effect. I think that the New England character has taken its shape very much from the undue importance attached to the will."—(681.)

There can be no doubt that "New England Theology" has been compelled to assert a

false doctrine of human freedom, a dogma of lawless freedom, in order to escape the conclusion, so perilous to the system, that God can and will persuade all men to be saved, without reference to the nice "plan" of the divines. Now and then, but not commonly, a voice has been raised in favor of common sense, and of its incontrovertible testimony that human freedom is not impaired, but rather perfected, by the action of God's moral omnipotence. But the vigilant doctors of the schools, some of whom have been willing that God should damn their souls, though none have been willing that Truth should condemn their systems, have perceived the peril of the "plan," and piously protested against "violating the free will of man." The will of the sinner has been more sacred in their eyes than the will of God. Such extravagance of unreason must come to an end. The supremacy of God must in time be understood and affirmed, as it is in the following:

"God is supreme, also, among men. Not in any such sense as withdraws from them the nature that has been given to them. There are two ways with which we ourselves are acquainted, by which men's minds act one upon another. We can act upon men compulsively or influentially. We can compel them to do the thing we wish them to do, in a manner that is disagreeable to them, or *we can persuade them to do it of their own free will*. A man may go among men with physical force, and say to them, 'You shall work for me;' and they, rather than fall upon a worse evil, will do it. Or a man may go among these same men, and present such inducements of price, such considerations of their interest, that they shall adopt his wish as their own, and run eagerly to do it. In the one case the man compels, and in the other he persuades. In the one case he acts arbitrarily, and in the other he acts simply influentially. Now *the Divine mind is acting influentially upon the minds of men*, through all the bounds of the world, and through all the periods of time.

"We are accustomed to set these two things in antagonism to each other. *We are accustomed to suppose that men throw themselves out of the sphere of Divine influence; and they certainly do in many things go against God's will. But looking at men influentially, God's will controls their will. The ways of men are in his hands, literally and truly; and he turns them as he will.*

"Have you ever been through Hell Gate, in the day time, and seen the whirling and boiling as the currents set in from every direction? It seems as though no two square yards chose to do the same thing, and the waters are all in confusion, and running at cross-purposes. And yet, in all these eddies and dashings hither and thither, and every-

whither, there is not a drop that is not following the most exact and precise laws. The law which acts in the weighing scales of the mint, is not more nice and definite than that which governs every motion of these hurryscurry, tumultuous waters. We are apt to suppose that there is order which indicates the operation of divine laws, and that when men are disorderly, turbulent, discordant, they have broken loose from great laws and influences. Not at all. God's will governs the waters of the sea as much in a storm as in a calm. We do not understand what are all the methods by which God governs, but the effect is revealed to us; and on that we put our faith and confidence that God governs the minds of men, and that he is in the midst of the tumults of the people."—(625.)

This is plain truth, surely, and yet Calvinism is still capable of the half-crazy, half-dishonest protest against compulsion! Here is the human mind, made susceptible to influence, and God with all power and every motive to use paternal influence, and yet teachers of religion, persons of sense and of some faith, are troubled at the idea that a sinner should be *forced* to come into the kingdom of eternal holiness and blessedness! How can the rights of free-will forbid God's omnipotence its right to possess and bless every human heart? Can a good man, a lover of God and of man, object to that thorough persuasion which causes glad obedience out of perfect free-will? Suppose the power which man has in and of himself is overborne by the power of God in and with him; is this anything else than the method of God's gift of eternal life? Mr. Beecher has further testimony in this matter:

"Men conclude that one universal and absolute will must of course bar the freedom of all others. If there be one mind of such proportion as to be supreme, if there be a mind which holds in its own grasp the sources of all power, if there be a mind which moves through time and through the realm of the universe with absolute control, how can anything else have its own way? How can there be freedom where there is such overruling power on the part of God? That depends not so much upon the fact of the supremacy, as upon the mind. What God's will is, has much to do with what is the freedom or the servitude of man's will. For if our freedom is a part of our nature and heritage; if it is that for which God thought it worth while to make man; if it is that that gives value to man, being made; if it is that through which God means to illustrate his own glory in ages yet to come; if it is that that separates between man and the lower creations of God in this world; then it is that part of us which is immutable, and the divine will will insure, and not subvert, the liberty of

ours. God made us to be free, that in a lower sphere we might be like himself.

"Is a supreme parental will, where love prevails, fatal to individual right and liberty in the family? Is the child diminished or augmented by the superiority of the father and mother? Is the child more or less happy because the father's will, founded on the father's experience and wisdom and goodness withal, is so much greater than its as to guide and overrule it, and put it into subordination? In any circle where the elements of love and justice are the controlling elements, is the superiority of any leading mind the suppression of other minds? Is it not, on the contrary, a help to other minds? Are not the weaker made more by the presence of the stronger? In the great realm of wisdom and of love, does not the life of a greater nature augment your life? Have you ever so much of yourself as when you are in the presence and under the influence of one mightier than you? Have you ever so many desires toward taste as when one more exquisite in taste than you speaks to you? Have you ever so strong aspirations toward art as when one versed in art imbues you and stimulates you with art tendencies? Have you ever such an inclination to reason as when you are in the presence of reasoners? When you talk with poets, are you not awakened with poetic thoughts and feelings more than at other times? Does not the presence of a greater nature, instead of adumbrating and stupefying you, make more of you?

"Now, God is a universal Father. His empire is love. Until the consummation of all things, love may not be able to have its perfect sway. There may be alternative things at work, but love is the characteristic idea of God's nature. Being himself Father, and all men being his children, and his desires being keyed upon universal benevolence, is it to be supposed that his greatness will be for the diminishing of men—for the obstruction of their powers? Our very augmentation is in this: that God is a sovereign; that there is no other; that his will is supreme; that he is omnipotent in heaven and upon the earth." (615.)

"When two stones are thrown into a placid lake, each one makes its own circle. The circles meet and pass each other. They do not obliterate each other; they run over each other without conflicting. And so I think God meant it should be with the individualism of will in this world. I believe there is such a thing as men's having their individual will and way in life, and meeting, and overflowing each other, without obliterating or doing injury to each other. It has seemed to me that the thought of God respecting this world was, that eventually the total power of every mind should be exerted on every other mind for enjoyment."—(630.)

"In the consummation of all things" love will indeed have perfect sway, and then the total power of *all* mind, both human and divine, will swell the stream of eternal life.

The demand of the heart of man is not to be let alone, but to be placed under influences more positive than we have felt here, that there may be a better chance and more help, rather than no chance at all in hell. Mr. Beecher has some good words on this topic:

“How strange and blessed must be that emancipation which passes upon every man, when the great deliverer, Death, puts his ordaining hand upon the heart and head, and the man, ceasing to be a subject of this mortal life, goes through and stands in the church above, where God is, and where all his disciplined band, a great congregation, are moved to the harmony of a heavenly love!”—(621.)

“We shall enter upon another life divested of many of the hindrances and incumbrances of this. We shall, however, lose none of the things that one should wish to retain. We are double in this life; for the problem of our existence here seems to be to develop a blossom of spirituality out of the stem of materiality; to develop out of the physical body, and to ripen a spiritual soul.”—(682.)

“It seems to me that much that mars life is what we call infirmity; and that when we die we leave behind us many things that we call faults and foibles and sins, as the trees shed their leaves when winter comes. When the body dies, oh, how much will perish that is the result of the forces of those passions which sleep with the flesh! When we go from this world, how shall we be released from ten thousand things that belong to our physical state, and that tend to hinder our spiritual development! When we come to ourselves in the presence of God, and find ourselves in the image of God, and like him, of how much shall we be rid that seems to render us unfit for dying or living! And when in departing from earth we shall be stripped of the flesh and all its influences, we shall find in ourselves beauties and glories more than we have ever dreamed that we possessed.”

“And so there are many passions, many appetites, many lower faculties, that are indispensable to our physical conditions, which we can easily imagine will drop away from us when we pass out of this life, and yet leave the soul unimpaired. The reason, the affections, all the higher faculties, will go forth into immortality; but it will be no small thing to have left behind those things which belong to the body exclusively, and from which come largely the distemperature and trouble that afflict us in this life. If there may be a hope that in part we shall leave behind the appetites and passions, and that those which we carry with us shall no longer be turned downward, as here, to minister to evil, but shall be evermore turned upward as auxiliaries of the higher feelings, then the thought of departing, the thought of going forth, should not be one of loss, but one of essential gain.”—(682.)

The force of these suggestions of essential gain from “falling into the hands of God,”

cannot be set aside. The throne of temptation in the flesh is certainly buried in the grave. So far as that at least, death must be deliverance. The purely fleshly lusts perish with the body. It might be imagined that, in every case of the release of the spirit from the trial of life in the body, there is a spiritual result which God can use. Yet it is confidently said that the devil will get the benefit of the experiment in most cases! Is not this infidelity? No man can deny that the corruption of the flesh ceases at death to cling to the soul. Out of that bondage at least the spirit is delivered into the hands of God. The hands of God! Is the blood of souls, suffered to perish in sin, likely to be found on them? Is the Infinite Father's power one eternal curse, resting in horror and torment on a race of lost souls?

XI.

Of course no man is entitled to prophesy as to the times and seasons of God's future dealing with the soul. It may be of instant saving sufficiency, bringing the soul out into life with a sudden termination of trial and travail, or it may be more as Mr. Beecher puts it in the following:

“It is said, ‘How can a whole life be set aside by a minutes' experience, or by the experience of an hour, a day, or even a week, and that in the very dregs of life?’ There is no reason to suppose that the whole effect of life is set aside by such an experience. It is not to be expected that a man who lives forty, fifty, sixty, or seventy years in sin, and then repents, enters upon the same state, at death, that the man does who lives a long life of self-denial and purity and goodness. There is gradation of condition even in heaven. There are some, we are told, who shall escape only as by fire.

“All are not just alike on entering the other sphere. Those that live most nobly on this side, stand highest on that. All that is done here tells there; and all that is neglected here is lack there. The nature of the present life has much to do with the nature of the life to come. And although it is well for a man, even in his last moment, to pass from selfishness to benevolence, and from sin to holiness, yet his estate beyond the grave is lower than that of one who has all his life long been a disciple of God.”—(690.)

The confidence with which men deny the sudden and complete entrance of every soul upon the absolute blessed life at death, cannot be commended. It is commonly assumed that morality would receive a fatal shock if it were believed that death is birth out of the womb of transient evil into the world of perfect good.

Yet it is a plain fact that if heaven receives every soul, it is because the passage through death is also a passage through regeneration. If it pleases God to make death the sudden end of a preparatory imperfect state, we do not see how this need shock either conscience or faith. The power of the moral law, even with the selfish, does not rest so exclusively in the fear of hell as to make it unsafe to take away that fear. The law of good, the will of God, have supreme authority in themselves, and will not lose their force if the argument of terror be given up. The coming of the kingdom of heaven like sunrise on the world is not likely to plunge the world in darkness, as the candles of dogmatic divinity affirm. If the hardened sinner knew that the companion of his iniquity had so fallen into the hands of God as to become, in humble penitence and holy obedience, a new creature, he would be more checked by the thought than by any thought of hell. If men felt that heaven-fire was already kindled for their souls, that the refiner is even now sitting by the furnace of his power in the gate of death, there would be a fear of sin which no fact of hell, much less no fiction, could inspire. We do not pretend to say that we ought to believe that God does at death deliver every soul at once into blessed life, but we do say that there is no harm in believing it. There is no evangelical or Christian minister but thinks it eminently fit that he should by his effort rescue even the vilest wretch on his death-bed. Why should not God savingly receive whom man may savingly warn and instruct?

XII.

Of the divine mercy toward such as men contrive hell for, Mr. Beecher has something to say in the following.

“Now, our Savior cannot be supposed to have been unacquainted with these mischiefs; and yet he looked upon the unfortunate subjects of them as a mother looks upon her child that is diseased and covered with sores. She does not love the sores, but she loves the child all the more because it needs *medicament and nursing care*.

“Nor is it to be supposed that the Savior meant that there was, on the part of God, any repugnance to government, to society, to justice, to moral discriminations. From everlasting to everlasting, Jehovah is a God of law that will by no means clear the guilty. God ordained these things, but he impartially regards all mankind as common children; as the members of one family, of which he is the Head and Father, and of which they are the brethren. *And although we differ from*

each other in endless particulars, we resemble each other in yet more particulars. For each carries the line and lineament of the Father; each has the germ of future growth; each has the element of immortality. And God sees that these obscure but divine qualities unite men, and are of more importance than those incidental developments by which one surpasses another.”—(710.)

Those whose moral needs are most desperate, whom men give up to sink into hopeless woe and torment, God cannot give up. Though we see only the union of those who do not violate the covenants of right, God sees a more profound and eternal union of souls. The popular Christianity is human and selfish, judged by God's law of pure love, because it refuses to have faith for all worlds in the rescue of the poorest and lowest souls. It is not the Christianity of God. It is wholly inadequate to represent the love of God toward the whole family of man. It does not yet tell the truth in regard to God's dealings with souls. It asserts a gulf fixed between the sinner and the fatherhood of God. The pretense of the dogmatists that nothing can save souls from the wrath of God, but the interference of Jesus, when in fact nothing can snatch a single soul from the love of God, deserves to stand high up in the list of “lying inventions” found out by the imagination of man.

There is no dignity in history, not even in the history of the so-called Christian Church, under which the unreason and atheism of this notion can take refuge. The absurdities of every other creed, and the mischief they work, are pointed out in the plainest terms, and even exaggerated; it is but just that we should speak the truth as to the arrogant Christianity which still bars out the Christianity of God.

What ages of undiscerning faith, of hot and ignorant dispute, of desperate dogmatism, of worldly and wicked ecclesiasticism, of moral and spiritual darkness so thick that no man could believe unless his hand touched an image or a relic, of corruption and villainy, of blind and blundering reformation, of new dogmatism, dispute, division and bigotry in the front camp of progress, and of shallow, selfish, and narrow creeds, have succeeded each other these eighteen centuries? Judged in the broad light of history, as it stands and has stood before the world, the Christianity which is arrogant to day in all lands, bears no marks of a special divine origin. Look at

Romanism, at Protestantism, at sectarianism, and see how signally the popular Christianity fails to conduct the course of human progress. Of course it does a great work, but its claim to represent the adequate and exclusive presence of God with man is utterly absurd. The providence of the Father of mercies, coming over the world like the sun in the greatness of his strength, discloses how pitifully, how meanly, the men of dogma and profession have set up conventicles of light and life in their creeds, services and communions. In the following Mr Beecher speaks of this universal administration of God's grace.

"God is the father and God of the whole human race, and not of particular races and nations. Neither is he Father and God of particular religions. Whatever is false in all religions God hates. But the people are none the less his, and subjects of his moral government, because they may have been born in heathen lands and reared to believe in false gods. I do not mean to leave the impression that before God heathenism and Christianity stand at all upon a par or level: I do not believe any such thing. But I do mean to leave the impression that men, whether in the light of a revealed religion or in the darkness of nature and superstition, stand related to God, and that they are all alike in these most important senses: that they are the children of a common Father; that they are subject to his will; and that they are objects of his sympathy, of his providential care, and of his everlasting love. He is the God of no sect. He is the God of all Christian sects, and of all alike. His peculiar people are not known by creed, nor ritual, nor worshiping observances. His people are known by their dispositions. The pure in heart, the love-men, in all sects, and in all churches are God's. He governs them all alike; he will punish them, if they sin, all alike; and he will forgive them if they repent of sin all alike. He will love and show mercy to one upon the same principle that he does to another. All sects and all churches stand on one great broad, common platform, so far as they stand related to punishment for sin, or to redemption through mercy."—(777.)

"The all-luminous and unerring God is perfectly free to pour forth the feelings of his heart whenever and wherever and as he pleases. He is restrained by no laws and no government. He walks the plane of heaven, and speaks to the earth in language that shall sound through all time, going sweet as music to the very end, and saying, 'I will have mercy on whom I will. The Jew shall not hinder me; the Gentile shall not; Christians shall not; orthodoxy shall not; heterodoxy shall not; even theology shall not.' It is necessary that we Jews should have some such declaration from heaven as this. We want emancipation. We want once more a glorious Fourth of July to let us know that the way be-

tween us and God is not by priest, is not by altar, is not by church, is not by human instrumentality, is not by ordinances of any kind, except so far as we may help ourselves by staff or crutch; that every soul, by its very nature, has a right to go straight to God—as straight as it can; that every soul that does touch God becomes God's accepted and adopted son; and that God is free on his part to take every living creature on the globe that comes to him."—(777.)

"There are men who say that God has a government, and that he will save according to the laws of that government. And men have gone so far as to say that there are hidden counsels which make it wise for God to restrict his liberty of mercy; that there are considerations of public good which make it wise for him to bind himself by the operations of the administration which he is conducting in the universe; that he is held by the government that he himself administers, and is limited by it.

"This is just what the Jew thought. The Jew said, 'He is a sovereign God, and he has made promises, and he is hedged in by the adamant wall of those promises. He has said that the Jews shall live. We are his peculiar people.' They supposed that because God had called them his peculiar people, he had laid a necessity upon himself. And so men teach, sometimes, that although God declares mercy through Jesus Christ, yet, in the administration of his affairs, there is a necessity of government which will divide up the world, and limit the number of men that will be saved.

"Now do you suppose that God's government is more precious to him than his own children? Do you suppose that the mother's cradle is dearer to her than the babe that sleeps in it? Do you suppose that the child's clothes are more precious to the mother than the child that is enshrouded in them? And do you suppose that God's government is stronger than he is? Do you suppose that he walks encastled in his government, and that he looks out at this loop-hole, or that, and says, 'I would go to those men, but I cannot?' Do you suppose that he looks over a doctrine, and says, 'I would help those men but for this doctrine?' Do you suppose that he goes to a decree, and says, 'I put it there, and there it must stand; but if it were not I would save these men?' It is a theological notion, a notion which prevails in churches, that God is restrained by a harness of government; and the applications of this notion in the systems of men are so full of byways, and passages, and limitations, and explanations, and definitions, that it requires infinity to tell where God may do something, and were he may not.

"But God stands up in his majesty, in his supernal nature, and in his original authority, and says—what? Not that he has no law; but this: 'I have no government that hinders my going in mercy where I please; I have no government that hinders my striking down in judgment where I please; and there is nothing that hinders my bestowing salvation on

whatever repentant heart I please. I act from my own impulses."

Mr. Beecher points out in the following the way in which the old narrow, unchristian spirit has run riot through the whole course of Christian history, from "the thorough-bred Jews," who first misapprehended the Christian lesson of GOD WITH US, to this day:

"No wonder that we marvel that there should be such an exclusive feeling among the Jews. But we do not seem to recognize the same feeling among ourselves. Circumstances are changed; the application of the feeling is changed; but the root of it is still present with us, and it grows in the soil of the human heart just as rank now as ever it did. There is an intense religious feeling of this kind. The feelings with which bigoted men, now, of all sects, resent the claims to equality, among the warring sects, will illustrate the same thing. There are ten thousand Protestants that think it almost blasphemy to affirm that a Catholic will go to heaven. And to affirm that a Pope will go there, is beyond all endurance with some men. If a Pope had been taught the catechism, had become a good Protestant, had made himself acquainted with all the points of Calvinism, and had led a good moral life, they would believe that on account of his religious belief he had ground for hope of salvation. The Roman Catholics have the same feeling toward the Protestants; and they would shudder at the idea that a Protestant could be loved of God as well as if he had stood in 'the Church'—'the Mother-Church.' And both of them turn against the Mussulman, and deny that he is an object of God's uncovenanted mercies. And the Mohammedans, with equal intensity of hatred, defy the whole Christian world. And the Brahmin and the heathen pity the Christian, as much as the Christian pities them.

"Now I will not say that there are no differences between sects, and that they have no relation to superiority of education. But there is no difference of religious belief in the round world that changes this fact: *that all men are made by God; that he is Father to every living creature on the globe; and that the relation of paternity is exercised upon the scale of his infinite mind.*

"So far from having run out, this spirit seems to have culminated in Christ's day. Nothing inflamed against him the popular and priestly ill-will so much as the intimation of the promise of mercy to the Gentiles. It was enough to tell them that Samaritans might be favored of God; but to tell them that beyond that, *Gentiles* might—the man that dared to do that did not deserve a trial; he deserved summary punishment.

"This spirit was the first thing to be overcome in the apostles. They were thorough-bred Jews."—(777.)

Is it not plain that we have yet to realize a pure Christianity, and that it must rest on the absolute recognition of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man?

Seeds of Thought.

[WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG CONVERT TO THE POPULAR RELIGION.]

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH;

Maiden! I forego the appliance
Of soft words and flattery's harp,
But the chords of self-reliance
Strike for thee, with twangings sharp.

In delight or in disaster,
Maid or matron, young or old,
Be thy soul its only master,
Gently strong and meekly bold.

Living hearts are ever wiser
Than the records of the dead;
Prudent self is best adviser:
True souls are not driven nor led.

In the graves of all the Fathers
Choking dust is left alone,
While the humblest bosom gathers
Inspiration from the Throne.

Best of old times cannot equal
Simple Good of this our Now;
Our life is the past life's sequel—
Why, then, should it backward bow?

Every Future must be present
Ere it serves to me or thee;
All its great, or good, or pleasant,
Is now, or it could not be.

All our growth is evolution
Of a first divine idea;
Dead accretion is confusion:
Inward life must round our sphere.

By the holiest within us
God to man is manifest;
What we are of good shall win us
To what we *may* be of best.

Look not forth for some to-morrow
When thou wilt be strong and wise;
But from every moment borrow
Its whole virtue, as it flies.

Nothing good is won by asking:
Work and pay, or nothing have;
Hardships are but Angels masking,
Wrestled down they bless the brave.

Towers that lean, for all their grandeur
Sooner into ruin sink;
The light upright shaft is stancher
Than a cliff with jutting brink.

Soul and body it were better
We died out with inch by inch,
Than, by begging, live the debtor
Of high hearts that scorned to flinch!

We were born to be apostles;
God is God of living souls,
And builds not from antique fossils
The true Church's guardian folds.

O 'tis nobler! O 'tis better
To walk dauntless and alone,
Than wear even an Angel's fetter,
Gold-linked to a golden throne!

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