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The Friend of Progress, for August,

Will contain, in addition to articles from our regular contributors, a paper prepared for the July number, but received too late for publication, considering the question:

"SHALL WE MAKE WAR UPON MAXIMILIAN?" (By D. A. Wasson);

also, a well-digested and thoughtful treatise, entitled,

"THE UNCERTAINTIES OF PROPERTY,"

by the author of the essay on "Education," in this number;

"GREATER THAN LEADERS," (By R. J. Hinton);

"THE GREAT STORM," (By S. Farrington); &c. &c.

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*.

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THE

FRIEND OF PROGRESS.

Vol. 1.]

New York, July, 1865.

[No. 9.

Frances Power Cobbe.

BY T. W. HIGGINSON.

If Miss Cobbe had the good fortune to write in an attractive style, she would achieve for herself a leading position in the most advanced religious literature. No one else shows so strong a desire to develop Theism into a system, without reference to Jewish and Christian traditions, and to fit it out with the requisite ethical adaptations. She is also very sincere and single-minded, free from cant and rant, and shows much reading in the most desirable directions. But her style is apt to be bare and tame, without having the sort of crisp dry clearness which sometimes lends attraction to theological books else unreadable; as is the case, for instance, with Beecher's "Conflict of Ages," and Norton's "Genuineness of the Gospels." Hers is rather the style of average Unitarian discourses; a style unexceptionable, but without freshness, saliency, or relief, and hence rather unattractive.

She has been heretofore known in this country as the author of "Intuitive Morals," and the English editor of Theodore Parker's works. This is good ground for reputation. The first part of her first book was certainly remarkable, though the second part by no means equaled it; and her edition of Theodore Parker puts his American literary executors to shame. But she is rapidly becoming still better known through her own contributions to theology. "Broken Lights" has already been frankly criticised in these pages. It is apparently obtaining quite a wide circulation,

and one often observes it while traveling, in the hands of young gentlemen of serious aspect, and young ladies of no particular aspect at all. It sometimes suggests curiosity as to the precise shape in which these scattered rays are transmitted through these various private prisms.

The new volume on "Religious Duty"* appears to be an earlier work than "Broken Lights," and in some respects more extended. Her subject she defines as "comprehending the actions and sentiments due by man immediately to his Maker." She treats of Religious Offenses, which comprise Blasphemy, Apostacy, Hypocrisy, Perjury, Sacrilege, Persecution, Atheism, Pantheism, Polytheism, Idolatry, and Demonolatry. Then of Religious Faults, including Thanklessness, Irreverence, Prayerlessness, Impenitence, Skepticism, and Worldliness. Then of Religious Obligations, classed as Thanksgiving, Adoration, Prayer, Repentance, Faith, and Self-consecration. The mere list of these subdivisions implies a good deal of thoroughness, and, perhaps, a little over-minuteness of systematization.

There is no want of courage in the book, and the writer adheres most faithfully to her position of "Absolute Religion." On the appearance of a new edition of Longfellow's and Johnson's "Book of Hymns," now called "Hymns of the Spirit," an enthusiastic admirer wrote: "The book is theologically pure. The name of Christ does not appear in it;" meaning that the hymns recognized Jesus only in a human character, and by a human appellation. Tried by this rather novel test of

* "Religious Duty, by Frances Power Cobbe." Boston: W. V. Spencer. 12mo. pp. viii, 326. \$1.75.

orthodoxy, Miss Cobbe's last work is theologically pure also. It is not professedly a treatise on Christian Duty, but on Religious Duty. And though the writer suggests a latent confusion in her title by admitting that all duty is religious; still this objection would not have been averted, and many others would have been introduced, by using the word "Christian." That is a word which no disciple of Miss Cobbe's can use without embarrassment, because, by the whole theory of Theism, the world is destined to outgrow all personal names. If by "Christian" one means to designate simply what is pure, right, noble, manly,—then these last are the clearer and better words. If it means anything more or less than these, it is not desirable at all. Christian virtue is simply virtue, Christian morals simply morals. Why complicate the phrases by the addition of an adjective, which only confuses their meaning, because it must itself be interpreted,—and however interpreted, is no improvement on the simpler word?

It is saying much for Miss Cobbe, to say that she has kept resolutely clear of all this. In this respect her position is more unequivocal than that of Theodore Parker, who clung to the word "Christian"—as, indeed, he was rather attached to the word "Unitarian."

When it came to a definition of Absolute Religion, however, his was certainly the more comprehensive. His definition was simply, "Faith in God, and love to man." Hers appears to be: "Good morals, *plus* the habit of conscious personal prayer."

It is at this point that she and her immediate teacher diverge; not at belief in prayer, but at its recognition as the ground of spiritual demarcation and classification. Theodore Parker believed in prayer intensely, and loved it intensely. He would have liked every public lecture to be preceded or followed by it. His volume of prayers is, on the whole, the most characteristic work he has left behind, and may live the longest. While reproached—even by men so liberal as Beecher,—with a deficiency of religious sentiment, he was yet the only minister to whom it had occurred to address the Deity as both Father and Mother. Yet, for all this, he never once suggested that conscious personal prayer was essential to the highest spiritual attitude. He recognized with charity the scruples which prevented some, and the instinctive disinclination which withheld others, from taking part in it. He never proposed, directly or indirectly, to read

out of the true church invisible those who found themselves in this position.—In all these respects the canons laid down by Miss Cobbe are a step downward from his position, and are directly in the spirit of sectarianism.

This can be readily shown by quoting her own language; the italics not being, however, her own.

"Nevertheless, the unspeakable blessing and honor of communion offered to us by God in prayer renders our rejection of them a religious fault, tantamount to a *general delinquency in all religious duty*. He who cares not to obtain the aid of God's grace, or feel the joy of His presence, is manifestly in a condition wherein the religious part of his nature must be dormant. *Such sentiments as remain to him can scarcely possess ethical merit*, inasmuch as they must be merely the residue of those natural instincts, which, if duly cherished, must have led him to prayer. The occasional God-ward impulses which show themselves in all men, so far from constituting the fulfillment of this obligation, *form the very ground of their guilt* when left barren. Without such religious sentiments, man could have no religious duty at all. Possessed of them, he is bound to *cultivate and display them in all the forms of direct and indirect worship*." (p. 94.)

She afterwards, in a vague way, limits these remarks to those who believe that "prayer for spiritual good receives a real answer from God." "It is possible for religious minds *at an early stage* to make mistakes *for a time* on this matter," &c. (p. 95.) But the fact seems never to have dawned upon her mind, that there are multitudes of earnest persons in all stages of culture, and of all grades of moral excellence, to whom conscious prayer has been for years a rare and occasional impulse only, and perhaps not even that;—to whom, at any rate, it is no part of their regular plan of life.

Can any observing person doubt that the external practices of prayer are rapidly diminishing in our community, like all other external religious forms,—like baptism, and the communion service, and church-membership? It is impossible to deny that this tendency often coexists with increased moral earnestness, and with higher and higher ideas of the Universe. It is not now needful to maintain or defend this position; only to state it. But Miss Cobbe finds nothing to do with any such tendency, except to exclude it from her imaginary synagogue.

Yet after all, it is to be noticed, that, when this author comes to her highest statement of possible prayer, she comes round to

an assertion which many of these excluded ones might claim to make for themselves. "I shall speak of that indirect worship wherein it is to be hoped all life at last may merge for us—wherein not only we shall know that '*laborare est orare*,' but all feeling shall be holy feeling, all thought shall be pure, loving, resigned, adoring thought; so that at every moment of existence we shall 'glorify God in our bodies, and in our spirits, which are God's.'" Then she quotes the famous passage from Coleridge, which has been the comfort of so many:

"Ere on my bed my limbs I lay
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to love compose,
In humble trust mine eyelids close,
With reverential resignation;
No wish conceived, no thought expressed,
Only a sense of supplication—
A sense o'er all my soul impressed,
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere,
Eternal strength and wisdom are."

Yet will Miss Cobbe venture to say, that those whose conceptions of Deity are so ineffable and sublime, and their recognition of his laws so complete, that specific or uttered prayer seems to them an impertinence, may not be as far advanced toward this higher state as herself, or as any representative of that type of moral progress which she describes?

Theodore Parker, her especial teacher, never seemed so noble, because never so humble, as when he acknowledged his own obligations, and admitted his own inferiority, to his especial teacher, Emerson. Yet how far is Emerson, who can calmly speak of the progress of humanity as tending to "sweep out of men's minds all vestige of theisms"—how far is he from Miss Cobbe's type of religion, or even of morality;—how near to her type of "guilt!"

Something of the same narrowness is shown in her hearty denunciations of that "cold pseudo philosophy" which substitutes for the endearing word "God," the more distant phrases of "the Deity," "the Supreme Being," "the Almighty." She seems utterly unable to conceive of that mood of intense reverence, when one instinctively seeks the loftiest words, though they be the remotest, and where any word at all seems almost a profanation. Saadi says, "Who knows God, is silent." When, in that grand passage of Faust, the philosopher utterly refuses to give

a name to the Unknown—'*Name ist Schall und Rauch, umnebelnd Himmelsgluth*)—even the innocent little Margaret answers that it is all very fine and good, and that the priest says nearly the same, only with words a little different; but to Miss Cobbe it seems all very improper. Although she elsewhere admits that Pantheism and Anthropomorphism are only the two opposing tendencies of that ever-swinging pendulum, the human soul, yet she seems unconscious how closely her own temperament holds her to the latter side. She has never discovered that, in all ages, man's sublimest reveries are most Pantheistic, while it is his daily needs and instincts that bring him back to a personal God.

Apart from these limitations of temperament, her discussion of the subject of Prayer is interesting and valuable, whatever one may think of her conclusions. More than a third of the volume is given, under different titles, to this theme. She even believes in prayer for our departed friends, and enters on a long argument to show its propriety. (Pp. 200-5.) She demands more family prayers, and more stated private prayers. "Suppose that instead of confining our grace to one meal in the day, we were each to say, in our own hearts, a little grace after every successive occupation." (p. 134.)

Though she here says, "in our hearts," she yet implies something more explicit, in this multiplication of observances. She insists upon the form, and does not shrink from putting her demand in the most matter-of-fact way. For she says, on the same page: "We should show gratitude by actually expressing our thanks *in the words which would spontaneously issue from our lips were our hearts truly kindled.*" Yet this seems very inconsistent with the position taken by her in regard to attendance on public worship. "As for the attendance at worship, &c., 'for example's sake,' it is marvelous how any human creatures have ever had the presumption to entertain such an idea. Let any sane man consider what he does when he enters a church, and ask himself how his "exemplary" behavior therein must appear to God, and I cannot but suppose he will be sufficiently shocked to abandon such attempts for the future. For either he must intend really to worship, to thank, adore and pray to the great Lord of all, or he must intend *to make an outward show of so doing without any uplifting of soul.* The latter conduct is grossly in-

sulting to the God who watches him," &c. &c. (pp. 33-4.)

But if the author herself advises her readers to show gratitude by formally employing words which ought to come spontaneously, but do not,—it is certainly a venial step farther to employ the same words, for the benefit of others, under similar circumstances. The truth is, that great danger waits, for most temperaments, upon any merely ritual observance. Jean Paul goes so far as to declare, in his *Levana*, that "a grace before meat must make every child deceitful."

This may be too strongly stated; and the whole theme requires the greatest delicacy of treatment, not so much for the sake of public opinion, as for the sake of truth and the affections. But I am firm in the belief that the tendency of the age is to the disuse of all family devotions, and that this disuse proceeds from the correct conviction, that such observances very soon become formal and unprofitable, to nine persons out of ten.

These various defects are pointed out, because they constitute the only drawbacks upon a strong and noble book;—a book which will be read with deep interest by all who agree with the author's general attitude. No one has given abler and clearer statements of the sufficiency of Natural Religion, or stated more forcibly its independence of all tradition or historic narrative. She believes in it too thoroughly to need the aid of any buttresses so unsubstantial. He whose most vital opinions have for their corner-stone a Miraculous Conception or a Resurrection, holds his faith and hope at the mercy of the latest critic or translator. He who rests his convictions on eternal principles can let the waves of criticism ebb and flow, he remaining untouched. Not bound to the petty details of any single form of creed or worship, he is in sympathy with the pure and noble of all ages. It is thus that the writer of *Religious Duty* is strong; and she is only weak where she shrinks from the consequences of her own principles, and thinks it necessary to disavow the fellowship of those who only vary from her in temperament or training,—not in sincerity, nor even in the essential points of belief. There is certainly a distinguishable difference between the spiritual attitude of Parker and Emerson: but after all there is something rather strange in the position of a woman who edits the one writer, and utterly repudiates the other

When she comes to points involving simply moral courage; however, how fine and discriminating are her statements! The following, for instance, is admirable, and much needed just at present.

"Few of us have not much to repent in the way of unworthy silences on our true faith; silences, which, if caused by tenderness, were weak,—if by any fear, cowardly and base. Vast numbers of free-thinkers, especially, and above all the elder Deists, seem actually to have accepted their antagonists' view of their own creed, and to consider that the next best thing to not knowing a truth was the not spreading it. Others, like Sterling, say that as they are not professional teachers of Religion, they may teach (even their own children!) the opposite errors! It is marvelous that men do not see the turpitude, religious, personal and social, involved in such conduct. For ourselves, a life in which the inward and the outward are in harmony is absolutely needful to all moral health and progress; and that the stunted religious growth of many free-thinkers may be attributable to this inward rottenness, no one who knows his own nature can doubt." (pp. 28-9.)

As frankly and clearly does she deal with a form of hypocrisy seldom noticed, and so abundant that it penetrates almost all public religious services—the hypocrisy of representing ourselves as *worse* than we really are. "If we desire to grow better than we are, we must, in the first place, be openly what we are. We must live out our own life of duty faithfully, uprightly, humbly, never trying to conceal our faults and making no prudery about such poor withered charms as our virtues ever possess. The life of virtue is before all things a life of simplicity. The man who professes selfish, worldly motives, when he is conscious of better ones, who jests about lax and vicious habits when his own are pure, runs most imminent risk of very shortly adopting those motives in earnest, and falling actually into those evil habits." (p. 35.)

In using one disparaging phrase above, she perhaps crosses the border of the very offense she censures, of undue self-disparagement. But it is an offense she seldom commits; she is a strong, sincere, and noble woman; she is free from almost all the embarrassments of the sects; and every one who is aiming at such freedom should read every word she writes.

—He that giveth love receiveth love, which is his return and reward for giving. He must ever receive more than he giveth, for his capability progresses.

Womanhood;

OR,

Madelon's Soliloquy.

BY LIZZIE DOTEN.

O wondrous gift of womanhood! how frail,
 And yet how strong! How simple, yet how wise!
 How full of subtle mysteries thou art!
 The heights of glory and the depths of shame,
 Transcendent bliss and agonies of pain,
 Beauty and terror, Life and Death through love,
 Are all combined and manifest in thee.
 Through thy divinest gift of motherhood,
 Immortal souls are debtors unto thee;
 For all the elements of mortal mold,
 By which the soul becomes incorporate,
 And finds admission to this natural world,
 Take form and shape, through subtlest chemistry

And brooding life, in thee.

Lo, here I stand,

A woman! Would to God that I could know
 The scope and meaning of that potent word,
 With its divine intent; that I might say
 To men and manners, habits, customs, laws—
 Stand back! I am a *woman!* and I claim
 Freedom from everything that doth impose
 Restraint upon my proper womanhood.
 I do appeal from common usage: dare
 The venom and vituperous speech of tongues
 That only know to slander. I conform
 No longer to the false idea which makes
 Me but the adjunct of man's social life—
 His puppet, plaything, servile tool, or worse
 Than these—the slave of his base pleasure.
 The bonds I rive—the silken, tinsel gyves,
 Which Fashion round her votaries weaves.

I walk

With fearless freedom in my quest for truth,
 And quips of caitiffs—scorn of meddling shrews,
 Or prudent warnings from the worldly wise,
 Shall not restrain me from my high intent.

Man is not woman—woman is not man;
 Yet is it for his weal and mine, that I,
 And all who bear the sacred name of woman,
 Should strive to reach that social altitude,
 Where, with the difference of our gifts confessed,

We stand as equals, side by side with man.

Why do I stay to question? even now
 The die is cast. Already on my heart
 The world's harsh judgment, like a vulture sits,
 With beak and talons dripping blood. The

Truth

Leaps up like fire to my unwilling lips.
 Impelled by mine own sacred womanhood,
 I speak what timorous souls refuse to hear.
 Already have I met the social ban—
 Have dared to think, and speak as I have

thought;

Have shocked false delicacy—wounded pride—
 Called things by their right names, and much
 disturbed

Those souls who have the world's morality
 In charge, and whose extravagant pretense
 To virtue is their greatest vice.

Alas!

God pity me! for every word I speak,
 Though sanctioned by eternal Truth, is born
 Of untold anguish in my woman's heart.
 And well I know that each unwelcome truth
 That issues from my lips, serves as a cloud,
 To shut love's sunshine from my shivering
 heart.

A woman, walking unaccustomed ways,
 And using most unusual forms of speech,
 And seeing what the world would least have
 seen,

And telling what the world would least have
 known,

Performs a thankless service, and doth gain
 But little vantage. By the common rule,
 A woman should have pulp instead of brains—
 Should have no thew or sinew to her thought,
 Or weight and meaning in her speech, lest she
 Offend the sensibilities of love.

Yet have I not the freedom of a choice;
 The Fates, which consummate Eternal Will,
 Constrain me. I am made a sacrifice
 To powers unseen, like sad Polyxena,
 Who fell a victim to Achilles' ghost;
 Or like Cassandra—favored of the gods,
 Though filled with the celestial fire, I breathe
 My prophecies to unbelieving ears.

Men say I have a devil! Pious men!

Who measure others' morals by their own;
 And saying thus, they stop their jealous ears,
 Like those, who, with Ulysses, thus escaped
 The soft enchantments of the syren isle.
 Oh strange infirmity of faith! Hath Truth,
 Then, lost the pith and marrow of its life,
 That I, a feeble woman, can prevail
 In aught against it? If so, let it fall!
 For it is dead. The *living* Truth *must* stand.
 God help me! I must speak! not for myself,
 But for the sorrowing sisterhood of woman—
 The doves by vultures torn—the bleeding
 lambs—

The timorous deer pursued by cruel hounds;
 And with all these, a painted, reckless throng,
 Full of rude jests and wanton flouts and flings,
 Tricked out in flaunting silks and tinsel gauds,
 From whom the high estate and potent charm
 Of womanhood hath long since lapsed away.
 Yet, as a woman, I am bound to such,
 And they, in turn, have part and lot in me.
 Oh fallen sisterhood! your woes and wrongs
 Knock with a piteous pleading at my heart,
 And in the sacred name of womanhood,
 The hand of sympathy I will extend,
 And greet each as a sister and a friend.

Woman weak! in virtue frail!

On whose cheek the rose is pale,
 From whose eye the light hath fled,
 In whose heart all hope is dead—
 What have I to boast o'er thee?

Come! and find a friend in me.

While we share the name of woman,
 We have sympathies in common.

Do you shrink and turn away—
 Warning me what man will say?
 I have known the world too long,
 Not to hold my purpose strong;

Pious knave and dainty dame,
Loud may cry, "For shame! for shame!"
But I've learned that great professions,
Often hide most foul transgressions.

All my nerves, like tempered steel,
Life's magnetic changes feel;
All the streams of human woe
Through my being's channels flow;
Every sorrow, every smart,
Is repeated in my heart;
Therefore, let us walk together—
Friends in fair and foulest weather.

Though a woman, yet will I
Scorn, and shame, and wrong defy;
I will dare the world's disgrace,
Till I find my proper place,
And will lend a hand to all
Who may by the wayside fall.
Souls that act with brave decision
Need not fear the world's derision.

Be I lioness or lamb,
God hath made me what I am.
Whatso'er my gift may be,
It is all in all to me;
And in doing what I can,
I shall serve both God and man.
Therefore, with my best endeavor,
I shall struggle upward ever.

"Woman and her Era"

versus

"A PLEA FOR THE MASCULINE."

BY J. V. V. R.

The first article of the second number of the *Friend of Progress*, "A Plea for the Masculine"—so courteous in its tone, so candid in its statement of principles, and so logical in its method—would doubtless have been answered by the author of "Woman and her Era," had she been spared to the world and restored to health. As it is, a thorough believer in the doctrine of the superiority of woman may be excused for taking her place here, though it would be impossible even in this to fill the hiatus left by her untimely departure.

It is fortunate for the present discussion that the parties are agreed, or nearly so, as to the premises. The "Plea" not only acknowledges, but takes as the basis of its "argument demonstrating the equality of the sexes," the positions from which Mrs. Farnham deduces the inequality of the sexes, and the superior excellence on woman's side. Its grand truth, the general of all its particulars, on which it hangs its entire argument, is, "that Quantity is masculine—Quality femi-

nine." Now, it is an instinctive feeling, and a first thought of the unsophisticated mind, that quality, other things being equal, is the standard of value, and that quantity, in itself, is of no value whatever, but positive trash and incumbrance. According to this, the more there is of a mere man the worse it is for him, as in the case of several famous scourges of mankind who had the epithet "Great" attached to their names. But the more there is of a pure woman, the better it is for her, because she has the *qualities* of mind and heart that make her valuable, a *precious treasure* to her family and the world.

The question is, which *excels*, *quality* or *quantity*? and the answer is, that *quality* is synonymous with *excellence*, and that quantity in itself has no excellence at all. We estimate the value of metals, stones, fruits, animals, and human beings, by their *quality*, the source of their *qualifications* for any use whatever—and the lack of this makes dross, dirt, trash, garbage, nuisance, all in the degree of the *quantity*, *growth*, and *accretion*, which Mr. Dickerson states to be masculine. By "quality," of course he means "good quality," fineness and exquisiteness of organization, and purity and delicacy of soul, and by "quantity," of course he means a "good deal," which does not mean good at all, but simply very much. Now, which is superior, that to which we can attach a moral attribute, some sort of merit, qualifications of some sort, or that to which we can attach none? Mr. Dickerson says that the two are equal. He says, "*Woman is better than man*. She stands a mediator between him and the positively pure, spiritual, lovely, of the universe." On the other side he says merely, "*Man is more than woman*. He stands a mediator between her and the absolutely grand, magnificent, sublime, of the universe." And yet he asserts the equality of the sexes, as if better were not superior to more—a diamond to a boulder, a strawberry to a pumpkin, a man to an elephant, and a woman to a man! *The value of quantity depends entirely on quality, but the value of quality does not depend on quantity; it is only increased by it*. So the value of the masculine depends entirely on the feminine; but the value of the feminine does not depend on the masculine—it is only increased by it. Woman inspires man, is the *motive* of his action, and man is subservient to woman, is the *instrument* of her action.

Quality is primarily spiritual, pertaining to the soul, and to the essence, nature, or principle of things. Quantity is primarily a property of matter, of that which is formed of particles and is capable of accretion and growth. To maintain that quality is not superior to quantity, is to maintain that the soul is not superior to the body, and that God is not superior to the material universe. Infinity, as we view it, is not an attribute of quantity, either great or small, as Mr. D. supposes: it is an attribute of Quality, to which no limitation can be assigned. Infinite Perfection, Infinite Goodness, not infinite size or quantity! The *source*, the *Fountain* of all things, is the “center,” not the “circumference:” it is with the “feminine,” not with the “masculine,” which are respectively “center” and “circumference,” according to both Mrs. F. and her critic. The center is superior to the circumference, the cause is superior to the effect, the angelic heaven is superior to the stellar heaven, the soul is superior to the body, the jewel is superior to the casket, the internal is superior to the external, woman is superior to man. All these exterior things are *for the sake* of these interior things, and their subserviency marks their inferiority, and at the same time the honor bestowed upon them.

Take the advocate of equality at his word, that “woman is *better* than man,” and that “man is *more* than woman:” is not the moral and spiritual nature, of which *better* is predicable, superior to the carnal nature and to knowledge, of which *more* is predicable? Who does not place goodness above greatness, “Aristides the Just” above “Alexander the Great”? Goodness includes all true greatness, but greatness does not include all true goodness. The cause includes the effect, which is but its unfolding; the Divine is the Being whose name is “Love,” “Life,” “Goodness,” all attributes of the feminine, “in whom we live and move and have our being.” The aspiration for true greatness, is for goodness first, as its essential—its language is, “Great, not like Cæsar, stained with blood, but only great as I am good.”

The “*widow's mite*” was “*more*” than all the “*rich men*, of their abundance, threw into the treasury”—greater in the *purity*, the *genuineness* of the charity, and greater in its results. The sex that is *better*, is also *greater*, in the sense of *multum in parvo* and of “that life being long which answers life's great

end,” than the sex whose characteristic is quantity.

The writer of the “Plea for the Masculine,” assigns “development” to woman, and “growth” to man, defining development to be “the *unfolding* of that which is,” and growth to be “the *adding to* that which is,” and he says they are equal. Let us see. Development, “the unfolding of that which is,” is predicable of the Divine operation in the work of creation, because the soul of all things is a unit, and all things are the unfolding and manifestation of Itself. Growth, “addition to that which is,” is predicable of matter, of material particles; but it is so only in subserviency to development, to the action of the unfolding life in the growth of the organisms of plants and animals. *Growth* has been the grand idea during man's reign, extending itself to education and the mind. Woman's era is ushered in with the idea of *Development*, as the true method and sum of education, and of everything natural and artistic.

Development belongs to woman as a teacher and a pupil, and it will produce in the world a predominance of Quality over Quantity, of the Feminine over the Masculine; and for all that none the less, but all the more, of quantity, though in numbers rather than in bulk. It is often and well said of woman, that “the most precious things are done up in small packages,” and these are greater in their developments than the largest growths.

There is one point in the argument for “equality,” to which the view of its author claims special attention, viz. : an asserted *necessity* to the indissoluble marriage relation. It says, “Prove the inequality of the sexes, and you have proven the impossibility of true eternal marriages.” Now, “even the gods will not fight against necessity;” and if “equality of the sexes” is absolutely indispensable to the conjugal—which itself is a moral necessity beyond the ability of the free will to resist—any attempt at a counter argument might as well be resigned at once. But there is an “*if*” in the case that “*alters* the case”—that makes it questionable. The masculine has somehow got along in the marriage relation, and in the happiest manner, according to its way of thinking, under the reign of the idea of *its own* superiority. It has not seen anything incompatible with a conjunction performed by God and indissoluble by man in the obligation of woman to “love,

honor, and obey, and of man to merely "love and cherish." Suppose the conjugal relation should express itself in the instinct of the woman to *love*, and of the man to *love and honor*? it is precisely what exists in the lover-relation before and during betrothal, and to the extent of the period called the "honeymoon," ere the theory of the opposite has made the man tyrannical and the woman servile. And this lover-relation is the foretaste on earth of the "eternal marriage," to which, Mr. Dickerson asserts, the equality of the sexes is absolutely necessary. The language of the point in question is, "Prove the inequality of the sexes, * * and you have shattered the very foundation upon which such [eternal] marriages can rest, viz.: *mutual consciousness of mutual worth*. Mutual worth demands equal (not similar) attainments; therefore an equal grade of progression." By "mutual worth," I suppose is meant *mutual love*, for it is the *quality* of the *love* that makes the worth of each to the other, and that is at the same time *mutual*. But I do not see why there cannot be "mutual consciousness of mutual worth," in this or in any other sense, without *equal* worth. The logical sequence does not appear. It seems to me a mere assumption to say that the worths must be equal in the conjugal relation any more than in the relation between the Divine and the human, which is eternal as well as that, and conjugal as well as that. "Christ and his Bride" are the incarnate Divine Wisdom and Love. "Heaven on earth" is Earth and Heaven united in wedlock. The parental and filial relation, too, is eternal, and it is not that of equals. The relation of the Divine to the human is both parental and conjugal, and that of woman to man is so. Woman's pure love regenerates man's sensual love—makes it pure, by making it subservient to her own. In comparing the sexes, Mrs. F. has compared the natural woman with the natural man—not with the regenerate man. The failure to recognize this has caused the *Atlantic Monthly* to say that Mrs. F.'s men, with whom she compares her ideal woman, are all "scoundrels," and it has led the author of the "Plea for the Masculine" to say that Mrs. F.'s book exposes masculine perversions, and well nigh ignores masculine excellence." The *natural* man, against the natural woman, she has "weighed in the balance, and found wanting." And the regenerate man, influenced, inspired, purified by her, can

hardly be said to equal his spiritual mother and the artist whose work he is.

Here we might drop the argument, only that the article we have undertaken to answer, pledges the author not to be convinced "until the following questions are settled in the negative: (1.) Is not the infinitude of Deity—his perfect *amount*—as godlike as the unfathomableness of his nature—his perfect *state*?" We have already seen that infinitude is not an attribute of quantity, or of the measurable—it is rather an attribute of the immeasurable, the "unfathomable," the *character*, the infinite *perfection* of Deity. As to a "perfect *state*," we can form some conception of it; but a "perfect *amount*," what is it? Perfection pertains to quality—not to quantity. Both Infinity and Perfection, therefore, are archetypes of the feminine—not of the masculine.

(2.) "Is not the aspiration toward this perfect magnitude as godlike as is the aspiration toward the perfect state?" No; better be good than great. "Be ye holy, for I am holy." We *aspire* toward the "Divine likeness"—not toward the Divine magnitude. This is an object of *ambition*, and makes men tyrants, as the other makes them philanthropists.

(3.) "Is not the acquisitiveness—the outward tendency and action of the masculine—as noble, as truly in harmony with the Divine design, as is the spiritualization—the inward tendency, the concentrated action of the feminine?" "Acquisitiveness" as noble as "spiritualization!" does any one need be told that it is not? It is "as truly in harmony with the Divine design," and so an oyster is as truly in harmony with the Divine design as a man; but that does not make them equal.

(4.) "Is comprehension—the power to embrace and contain—of less importance than insight, the power to pierce and penetrate?" The embraced and contained is the *precious treasure*; the pierced and penetrated is the mere receptacle, the husk, the shell, the outside of things. Give me "insight" into the penetralia of Nature, entrance to the interior of her temple, rather than comprehension of the outside, if I am to have but one. The "holy of holies" is of more "importance," of diviner import and significance, than the "outer court" and the "profane place."

(5.) "Does not the far-reaching, abundant affection of the masculine, balance the con-

centrated devotedness of the feminine?" For example, the diluted, diffused, wide-spread, thin, shallow, superficial, *surface* love that is natural to man—"wandering like the fool's eyes to the end of the earth," and tending ever to licentiousness and adulteration—compared with the concentrated, faithful, devoted, pure love that is natural to woman? No, it does not balance. We value love according to its quality, its purity, its genuineness, its refinement, its tenderness, its devotion, its unselfishness, its spirituality, its blessedness: not according to its quantity, which, if that is the object, is increased by dilution and adulteration. The difference between woman's and man's love is as the difference between the *choice* and genuine article that is offered as a *free gift and token of affection*, and the spurious article, the shoddy, that is manufactured by the *wholesale* for money.

(6.) "Has the masculine aspiration to become and do *more*, a lesser claim upon our reverence than has the aspiration of the feminine to become and do *better*?" The good are the *revered*—not the great. The "better" the more revered, and the "more" the more despised, if the person be not good. I would rather be called "the best, littlest," than "the greatest, meanest of mankind."

(7.) "And finally, is not the Divine Presence of the Infinite as perfectly expressed in the grand, stately, majestic appearance of the true man, as is the Divine Presence of the All-Pure expressed in the lovely, exquisite, symmetrical appearance of the true woman?" Well, suppose it were—which is the highest attribute of the Divine—Purity or Infinity? Holiness or Omnipresence? But the only infinity belonging to extension is that of infinite space, which is nothing. The Infinity of Deity is that implied in Infinite Perfection, the object of love rather than of wonder. The difference between the objects of love and wonder is precisely the difference between the modest loveliness of woman and the proud stateliness of man. Our exaltation of woman to her true position does not degrade, but elevates ourselves. "He that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." This places the "true man" in a higher position, and the "true woman" in the highest.

—Judgment dwelleth in man, and Responsibility sitteth by its side.

Monopoly in Religion.

BY O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

John, the disciple, said one day: "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him, because he followed not with us." Jesus replied: "Forbid him not; for he that is not against us is for us."

What sort of man this was who was casting out devils in the charmed name of Jesus, we can only guess. He was probably some Jew who thought that name a good one to conjure by, and who used it without thinking it necessary to call himself a disciple. Or he might have been a pagan; worse still, a Samaritan, who, observing what wonders were wrought by the name, ventured to use it in his exorcism. Some unbeliever it was, at all events, who only cared for Christ's name because it gave him good help in his calling as physician for the more mysterious diseases which, as they were attributed to demonic possession, were supposed to be curable by magical or superhuman aid. Whoever the man was, and whatever his motive may have been, so much is clear: *he did cast out spirits*. That the disciples confessed. They did not say the man was trying to cast out spirits, or pretending to cast out spirits; but he was actually casting them out; he was doing it successfully. Nay, more than this: he was doing it by the same holy agency which they used themselves. He was confessing the very Master whom they followed. Had they been reasonable men they would have been greatly delighted that men outside of their own little persecuted body were doing their work, relieving them of part of their responsibility, and proving that more agencies than they could employ were on foot in the same cause. They would be glad that the immense labor of casting out demons was not committed solely to them, but was intrusted to such a variety of people, that its accomplishment was made far more certain.

But these early disciples were not above claiming a monopoly of this divine business, though the stock was then exceedingly low, and the dividends very uncertain and remote. Nobody should cast out devils unless he held to them, and belonged to their company. They were the exclusive holders of that privilege, and were ready to prosecute any who infringed their patent. The thing must be done by their allowance, in their way, and

under their patronage. There might be fewer devils cast out—that was not the point. The business was a private one of theirs, and they were jealous of it. Though all the devils remained in possession, opposition in casting them out must be stopped.

The Master's reply to this petty jealousy was, as usual, magnanimous. No matter whether he is of our party or not. If he does our work he is our friend. The main thing is to get the devils cast out. If they do that, I am satisfied. They may be Jews, Pagans, Samaritans, heathen of any sort—if they succeed in casting out devils, they are of our party.

Thus, in the very life-time of the Master, and in the very circle of his immediate friends, began that struggle between partisanship and charity, which has raged ever since that early day, and which now tears apart the Christian world. Can Christian work be monopolized? That is the question. Can such a thing be admitted as proprietorship in the humane and universal? Shall ownership in truth and charity—in moral and spiritual elements—be allowed? Is any company large enough, or strong enough, or wise enough, or honest enough, to take out a patent for the enlightenment and inspiration of mankind? The human passion for proprietorship is something prodigious. It is enormous. It stops at nothing. It ranges from earth to heaven, from dirt to Deity. Man makes everything his own. He would set on everything his private seal, and make it sacred as *property*. Houses and lands, personal estate, wardrobe, horses, furniture, plate, merchandise, are not the only things that bear the charmed name of possessions. The phrase, *my servant*, *my porter*, *my clerk*, *my friend*, *my child*, *my husband* or wife, is almost as familiar as the phrase, *my carriage*, or *my house*; and it is used in much the same absolute spirit. "I would not take five thousand dollars for that little protégé of mine," said a friend unwittingly to me. Love is full of private jealousies. It cannot bear that others, not even that humanity, not even that God, should have any part in its beloved. It is resentful that the interests of the race should appropriate the thoughts or affections of its darling. When the dear God takes to his bosom, child or friend, we complain that he has robbed us of what belonged to us as a piece of private property.

The passion for proprietorship does not

stop with persons. It lays hold on ideas; hangs its livery on universal truths; sets its private stamp on the Infinite. How constantly we hear of "my" philosophy, "my" creed, "my" system, "my" truth! A man is supposed to have reached the height of spiritual experiences when he can say, "my" God. The Jews had a notion of God, which they said was peculiar to themselves—nobody else had it; nobody else should have it, unless he joined them, and became a Jew. It was their monopoly; they had a patent for it, and jealously guarded their right, for it secured to them the key to the kingdom. They took great pains to keep it distinct from every other idea of God that prevailed in the world. They would not carry it or send it anywhere. Whoever wanted it must come to them and get it. Now one would say that this niggardliness of theirs proved them unreligious; proved that they had no *worthy* idea of God at all. No! it gains them the reputation of being the most religious nation on the face of the earth. If, instead of saying "our" God—the God of the Hebrews—the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—they had said simply, "God the Infinite and Eternal"—"all men's God"—they would have been reckoned little better than pagans. If, instead of saying, "Come to us, all ye people, and we will give you God, for we alone have him," they had said, "In every nation he that feareth and worketh righteousness is accepted," it would have been said that they cared no more about God than so many heathen. To say *my* God—*our* God—is the special mark of the saint. To say "all men's God" is equivalent to saying "no God." When a man can feel that he has secured a personal or family interest in Deity—when he has succeeded in elbowing his way through the vulgar crowd into the Divine Presence, and, catching his eye, has extorted from him a promise of future favor, he is said to be converted. The man with a new heart has ever a long list of special providences wrought in his behalf. It is his privilege to have a God who singles him out from the rest of mankind, and makes his private affairs a concern of his. Only the unsanctified disavow this sort of proprietorship in Deity, contend that he rules the world by general laws—loving no one in particular—and speak of him as the Absolute, the Infinite, the Eternal.

It follows, naturally enough, that this private possession is held in very high esteem.

My things are better than yours. There is no house that I like so well as my own. There is no horse like my horse. My child is a wonder. My friend is peerless. The circle I belong to is the choice circle. The family from which I sprung ranks with the very first for antiquity and honorableness of descent. There is no blood purer than the blood in my veins. *Aristocrats are we all, somewhere.* My town ranks the country—my country is the chosen spot of the earth. This little infirmity of private conceit in ordinary life and in small matters, we pass by with a smile; but in graver matters it becomes serious. When *Religion* thus overworks the personal pronoun—when Religion emphasizes the I, the ME, the OUR, the US—when Religion lets its sunshine and its rain fall upon this seed of individuality, till from it there shall spring a tree whose top touches the heaven—when Religion makes this ME a mountain whose summit overtops the country round, and accommodates the court of Jupiter and all the Gods—when Religion gives its divine sanction to this idea of ownership, and allows a man to think that his opinion is the final truth; that his way of saving men is the only way by which men can be saved; that his church is the providential institution, outside of which is no salvation—it is time to look about and ask what it means. Some fields certainly must be rescued from this exorbitant claim of proprietorship. When the Reformer says to his fellow-men, “You who wish to aid men to throw off this great burden of abuse, to deliver themselves from this particular oppression, to emancipate themselves from this special sin, must come into my party, take my oath, adopt my tenets, use my specific; we shall count you against us unless you join our society, and wear our badge; for nobody can do this thing but we; when the Temperance reformer, for instance, brings out his pledge of total abstinence, and bids you sign and circulate it, as the only means of stopping the curse of intemperance, and on penalty of being reckoned an enemy of the inebriate if you decline; when he says: All other devices are worse than useless; every other doctrine than this of mine is damning; every other society than this of mine is a pretense; it is time to declare that there is work so broad and radical that it needs all earnest men to do it. When a church says: In my communion alone is salvation; my sacraments are the only genuine sacraments; my author-

ity is the only authority conferred by the Spirit; my priesthood is the only priesthood that has the true ordination;—when a sect says: You must shout my shibboleth, or you will be damned; you must work my organization, or you can do nothing; this way of mine is the only way; I have the charmed formula; these men outside are infidels; they are doing harm; their influence is bad; God does not favor people who deny these doctrines which we hold, and neglect those practices which we follow; when a doctor of divinity says in a lecture: “If a man believes the creed, he has a faith; if he denies it, he has a philosophy, and Anti-Christ is a philosopher;” it is time to say that the divine grace has not made itself over to any denomination or party; that for the matter of need, God needs none of us.

The idea that this little clique of theologians, who cannot even define their own terms, should pretend to hold so much as a small latch-key to a back door unto the kingdom of use and beauty! The idea that this church, whose history is stained with blood, should pretend that only she can make men white! This, too, in a world which has seen churches rise and fall like waves, under the blowing of the invisible Spirit! This in a world which has seen systems chase each other across the sky of thought like clouds! This in a world which has seen vast institutions dry up like mist in the dawn! This in a world where mighty results are brought about by trifling causes, which no man could see a moment in advance, and where the most tremendous efforts of organized man have so often failed to accomplish anything! This in a world where a thousand agencies cross and recross one another, doing the perfect will from moment to moment!

It is said, I know, that this feeling of private ownership is the only guaranty that people will take an interest in the work they are set to do. Men care for their own; and as their own, will work for it, save for it, live and die for it; while for that which is not their own, they will lift no finger and give no dollar. The selfish feeling of proprietorship keeps the world a going; just as water, till it is forced to flow between banks, spreads out into a marsh, overflows valuable territory, rots the land and the trees, gives play-ground to slimy snakes and frogs, and keeps the country about well supplied with fevers for graveyards; so men and women become—we are told—shallow and stagnant and pestilential,

till you set them at work for their own private interest. It is of no use to talk of humanity and justice and the welfare of the race. People are kind to *themselves* and to those who belong to them, and to no others. Public buildings may burn, but each individual takes care that his house does not take fire. The mother no doubt is very fond and foolish and tiresome, and kindless, who thinks that never a sweet babe was born till her darling came into the world; but unless she did think so, she would not nurse the baby, and carry it through all the perils of infancy. Who would do for another's child from sentiments of humanity, for heaven's sake or for God's sake, what she does for her own child, for her own sake? The sentiment of ownership is, we are assured, the main-spring of life. To turn the wheel of existence, love must be set running through a sluice-way. The cold-hearted man provides bountifully for his own family; watches jealously over his daughters; educates carefully his sons; spares no pains and no cost for health, instruction, culture; spends his life, in fact, in the effort to train this little plant of his so that it shall bear beautiful blossoms and rich fruit—all the while priding *himself* supremely on its thriftiness and beauty. He is improving his own property, and increasing his own possessions. You do not find him doing that, or anything like it, for those who are not his own; but he keeps his little garden-plot weeded. The patriot will fight for his country and her institutions, whatever they may be, and will send his sons to fight and bleed for them too; exulting in their glorious death when they go down into premature graves. There is no devotion like his. Poets make it the theme of their song; orators make it the source of their inspiration; historians use it as the best material for the holy traditions that bind the generations of national existence together, and warm up a people's heart with grand memories of valor and sacrifice. The man without a country—rather the man whose country is the world—the man who can claim one country as being his own as much as another—the man who, instead of being rooted to a little island, has the freedom of the globe—whose countrymen are all mankind—never does anything like this. He will not fight for a flag; he will not engage in a national struggle; he will not sing patriotic songs, or lay down his life that a people may be free; because no people is *his* people, no

songs are his songs, no nation is his nation, and no flag is his flag. He has nothing specially at stake. His pride is not enlisted; his self-love is not appealed to; his vanity is not excited; and so for him all causes are indifferent; all revolutions alike interesting or uninteresting; all struggles equally momentous or idle; all flags but silken symbols of nationalities in which he has no special concern; and the convulsions of states are but so many social movements of which he is a curious spectator. The largest expense in the grand patriotic demonstration of February 22 was incurred by the people who wanted to display their sign-boards.

The man who cares nothing for the social ties that link men together, upon whose ear the words "human brotherhood" come with an unmeaning sound, who has no conception of a unity as existing between himself and his fellow-men, and will consequently do nothing to promote that unity, may become intensely interested in his church, because it is *his* church—the church of which he is a pillar and in which he is a proprietor—and in the act of building up that by enlarging its membership, filling its meetings, augmenting its sociability, enriching its communion and vesper services, adorning and beautifying its sanctuary, he will help make a bond of unity felt among a number of his fellow-beings; he may create a limited brotherhood of human souls, and may build a sheepfold or a home where the imperiled may find shelter and the outcast may find rest. All the time it is *his* church, *his* church, that is uppermost in his thoughts; but it cannot be *his* church without being also the church of many human souls besides himself.

Or take another illustration. There was a meeting at the Academy in behalf of the soldiers—called by the officers and friends of the Christian Commission. There was nothing remarkable in the published list of speakers, or in anything else, to attract a crowd. But the crowd was there—immense, crushing. Interest rose to the pitch of excitement. The appeals of the orators roused the audience to enthusiasm, and when the collection was taken up, people, instead of following the usual custom—of searching for a small piece of currency among the bills—poured out the entire contents of their purses; nay, took the rings from their fingers, the chains from their necks, the bracelets from their arms, the watches from their pockets, and flung

them promiscuously into the pile of treasure.

What prompted this extraordinary generosity? A feeling of humanity? Sympathy with suffering? A conviction of the soldiers' needs? Why, those needs had been presented to them by the Sanitary Commission for four years. For four years eloquent speakers had been arguing, exhorting, appealing, praying for money for these very soldiers, from these very people. But they did not touch this sensitive sectarian sentiment. They did not ventilate the personal pronoun. They did not say, "we, we," but only "they, they." They did not forbid those that followed not with them. "Cast out the devils," they said, "and we are satisfied." But the devils were not cast out. Now comes a body that adopts the narrow sectarian policy, holds out hope of sectarian aggrandizement, pricks the spirit of sectarian vanity and conceit, and jealously shouts, "we, we"—*our* denomination—*our* church—and the charity sprouts up like coal oil in Pennsylvania.

What will not men do for the sake of their own souls, who will do nothing for the sake of the bodies and souls of all Christendom! Speak to them of justice, of humanity, of the claims of a common kindred in God, of the poor man's need, the sick man's misery, the stupid man's ignorance, the weak man's vice, the wicked man's turpitude and sin, and they are as immovable as rocks. Frighten them a little about the safety of their private souls, and there is no end to their charity. Make alms-giving a private business, the chief profits whereof are to accrue to themselves—guarantee to them a special interest in the kingdom of heaven—and you rouse them to such effort as will make a desert blossom. The premium on private seats in heaven built the Church of St. Peter.

Seeing all this, people argue that monopoly in religion is a good thing; that narrowness in church life is a good thing; that sectarianism is a good thing; that every kind of pious partisanship is a good thing; that the constant over-working of the personal pronoun "I," "we," "ours," "us," is a good thing. Is it? Was that rebuke of John well bestowed? Is it well to say to people: Cultivate your exclusiveness, if it is only in exclusiveness and through exclusiveness that you will work—insist that no man shall cast out devils at all unless he will cast them out in your way—is it well to say this?

Remembering who it was that rebuked this disposition when it first showed itself among his own disciples, let us consider this point.

Granted that men work more intensely when they work for their own denomination, church, party, organization, sect, corporate interest—granting that the effort to monopolize power, authority, privilege, prestige, to triumph over rivals, to get patronage away from competitors, is the mainspring of all intensity of labor—the question still remains: *Is the work done, the work required?* Are the demons cast out? Are none *but* demons cast out? When the zealous John forbade the casting out of devils by that outsider, because he did not join his company, was he not thinking a little more of his company than he was of the dispossession of the demons? And was he not more interested in the gathering in of followers than he was in the driving out of devils? And presently, when Paul came along and proposed to cast out heathen demons, on another plan, did not this same John think that the integrity and compactness and orthodox consistency of the Jerusalem church would more than compensate for the weeding of the Lord's garden? Did he not vote that Paul was little better than a demon himself, because he divided the company and drew some away?

The close churchman, the narrow sectary, the exclusive partisan, becomes so absorbed in his church, his sect, his party, that he forgets there *are* any demons to be cast out. He may give, work, toil, spend, *apparently* for objects outside; but it *is* always for objects inside. He bestows only on himself. He flings the gold away from him with most impetuous and lavish hand; but flings it in such a way, that, like the Indian boomerang, it comes directly back to his own hand. Partisanship in morals and religion strengthens nothing but itself. It is very doubtful if mankind are any better for it. It is true, no doubt, that, to a certain extent, the poor are aided, the hungry are fed, the naked are clothed; but this is done indirectly, incidentally, as a means to an end, and in a spirit that makes the utility of it very questionable; for with every gift of clothing or money goes something of the Phariseism that bestows it. The Christian Commission will, of course, render much assistance to the soldiers in camp and hospital; but with every package of supplies will go a package of tracts; every bundle of clothing will contain just so many suits

of sectarian livery; every bottle of medicine will be folded in wrappers indicating the spiritual druggist it came from, and soliciting patronage for the firm; every pair of shoes will suggest to the sore-footed recipient the strait and narrow way of orthodoxy, by which alone he can find the kingdom of heaven; and every blanket, as it is put on, will remind the shivering man of certain filthy rags of infidelity, which must be put off. The temporal estate of some denomination is the thing to be improved, after all. The soldiers must follow after *us*. I make bold to say, for my own part, that the good done to the soldiers is slight, as compared with the evil done to the cause of religion. It would be better, in my judgment, every way, that the soldiers should have nothing beyond what the government can furnish them with, than that this enormous vice of sectarianism should grow. It were better that the demon of cold and hunger and pain should not be expelled, than that the far more terrible demon of religious partisanship should take possession. If we could break down the principle of monopoly in faith, we could richly afford to let the world take its chance with its physical and social ills.

It will have to take its chance with these at any rate. What does the costly religion of New York, supported by these most munificent sectarians, do toward diminishing the burden of excessive taxation, lessening the fearful rate of mortality among the poorer classes of citizens, stopping the gaping sources of disease that belch out streams of poisoned air in every foul street, providing that the children should be saved from the wholesale murder to which they are exposed through the neglect of Street Commissioners, or saving the poor from the outrageous and merciless spoliation of their rulers? We New Yorkers live daily on the very brink of destruction. All the demons are let loose upon us: foul odors, dirt, putrefaction, the elements of every conceivable disease, beggary, thievery, vice in every variety; and the Citizen's Association cannot find ten good men to undertake its gigantic sanitary work. The organizations that represent the law and will of God are busy filling their quotas for the ranks of saints in the world to come.

A sure way, perhaps, of effecting the sanitary reform of the city, would be to fire some body of sectaries with the idea that it would redound greatly to its religious reputation

and its denominational power, to redeem the city from its filth. Let there be a rivalry started among the churches as to which should glean the richest harvest of converts from the poor who were saved from pestilence and the rich who were saved from pillage—let some "Christian Association" be induced to undertake the work of cleaning our Augean stables for the "love of souls," and in a very few weeks our city would rival Paris in the exquisite cleanliness of its streets, the completeness of its sewerage, the admirable ventilation of its dwellings, the absolute abatement of all its nuisances, and the beauty of its municipal appointments. The demons of the earth would be expelled, but in their place we should have demons of the air; an atmosphere filled with controversial and theological dust; heaps of evangelical tracts; a police watch set at the avenues of thought. When the unclean spirit had gone out, into the swept and garnished city would come seven other spirits more wicked than he, and the last state of that man might be worse than the first.

For this disposition, illustrated by John, *conjures* up more demons than it lays. Nay, it leaves the real demons in full possession, and goes to work to expel as demons what there is ground for believing are no demons at all, but *the saving spirits of the earth*.

The test of any faith is that it casts out demons; but the people who say that none but they have authority or power to cast out demons, simply assail as demons all who try to cast out demons in a different way from theirs. Every sect is demonic in the eyes of every other sect. The list of the arch-fiends whom Christendom has tried to cast out is rather remarkable. St. Paul heads it. At long intervals follow Huss, Jerome, Savonarola, Luther, Servetus, Latimer, Ridley, Channing, Parker—all men who fought real devils to some purpose. Church does its best to exorcise church, denomination to dispossess denomination, party to put party under the ban; while ignorance, want, suffering, sorrow, limitation, imbecility, sit moping and gibbering on the hearts of human kind.

The Pope of Rome, in whose holy city 800,000 francs are annually spent in masses, while 214,000 suffice for public instruction, issues his manifesto, in which he pronounces accursed and summons the faithful to expel some half hundred or more of spirits which we in America are accustomed to consider the very guardian angels of our social estate.

But you will find that the different parties in Christendom have their devils too, in whose expulsion they are as much interested as he is in his; and of those devils he is reckoned the chief.

The test of a faith is its power to cast out demons. But who shall tell us what the demons are? It is very easy to say, Cast out devils; but thus far it has resulted in Christians trying to cast out one another, and letting the devils remain in possession. Who shall tell us what the devils are? O friends! we cannot know what they are, till we are delivered from the prince of them, which is the spirit of Phariseism, and exclusiveness, and monopoly. We cannot know what they are, until we come out of our sectarian corners and ecclesiastical closets, where we have been so long barricaded, and standing in the open plains of humanity, ask ourselves what it is that injures MAN; what curses society at large; what depraves and eradicates human nature; not what weakens our party, shakes our organization, enfeebles the influence of our church. When we can forget the personal pronoun entirely—forget that we have an establishment to build up—forget that we have a denomination to sustain—forget that we have a church to fill—forget that we have a private spiritual interest to serve—forget that we have a system to defend and promulgate—and only remember that God has a truth to serve—then, and not till then, shall we know what the demons are that we are called to cast out. Then we may discover, possibly, that the first demon is the spirit which we have been all along cherishing as angel: the hunger for personal or partisan appropriation—the rage for spoils in the heavenly kingdom. The faith that makes men large and liberal—call itself what it may—is the true faith. The faith that delivers men from their limitations, stirs them from their stupor, makes them ashamed of their ignorance, puts down unwarranted authority, expels from their bosoms the fear of God, exorcises the spirit of distrust and timidity, of doubt respecting themselves and the world they live in—the faith that gives them confidence in their power to find the truth, and in the power of natural and providential agencies to get them out of their misery—no matter what ugly name it may happen to bear—is good faith. Call it orthodoxy, heterodoxy, heresy, infidelity, secularism, pantheism, or whatever else is most obnoxious in title—if it

casts out the demons of ignorance, lethargy, stupor, blindness, and servility of mind—if it expels the spirit of tame acquiescence and dumb submission to want and misery—if it drives out cowardice and credulity and superstition—if it is a spirit of liberation, it is good. It may not be *for* our church—it cannot be *against* our influence.

Jesus said bitterly one day: “A man’s foes are they of his own household.” Indeed they are. The foes of a man are they that bar his way out into generous relations with his fellow creatures and his God—bosom foes all—demons of the threshold: domestic luxury, personal exclusiveness, family pride, social contempt, sectarian zeal, church foppery. God help us to put these things away. God help us to love truth more than opinion, society more than sect, the community more than the church, him more than ourselves. Then we shall find ourselves in possession of the charm that casts out every demon.

When will men understand that they are powerful only when they serve the truth—that they must always be weak when they patronize it? When will men understand that they gain nothing by appropriating ideas to themselves, and insisting on their monopoly being respected? Just as all our back yards—now so dark and moldy and grassless and forlorn—would each and all be green and blooming if we would pull down the high fences that shut out light and air, and in place of them put up open inclosures of iron-work, through which the breeze would circulate—so each one of our opinions and credences would gain in vitality if the sectarian barricade were removed and the common air of heavenly truth allowed to sweep over and freshen the whole. In God we cannot lose ourselves—we always find ourselves. We lose ourselves *out* of him. The universal never drowns us—it saves us from drowning. The very largest charity, while it seems likely to let the man run out and be drained off, serves to let the great spirit run in and fill him up full. Do you lose your breath when you open your windows to the air of heaven?

Every great example takes hold of us with the authority of a miracle, and says to us, If ye had but faith, ye should also be able to do the things which I do.—*Jacobi*.

It is impossible to be a hero in anything, unless one is first a hero in faith.—*id.*

The Friend of Progress.

C. M. Plumb & Co., Publishers.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1865.

Mr. Towne's Survey of Mr. Beecher's Beliefs and Opinions will be resumed in our next number, and probably be completed in the number following. The contribution for this month is unavoidably delayed.

The Psychometrical Delineation of the Character of Abraham Lincoln, to be found upon another page, is published not so much for the purpose of adding another to the many individual opinions of our late President, as for the sake of the peculiar method of the examination, and its striking harmony with the character revealed to the nation in the career of Mr. Lincoln, since 1861, when the examination was made and first published.

The Truth in Error.

That the human mind is naturally truthful, is no less evident from the efforts of liars than from the credulity of the honest. Were we as enamored of the face of falsehood as of that of truth, the task of the hypocrite would be needless, as a lie might flaunt its own colors without disparagement. Counterfeits are only profitable where a sound currency is their basis.

We ought then to expect a show of truth in all the professions of men, and where a doctrine has been passed down from age to age, till it has become the spiritual and mental life of thousands, we should look for a reality of truth, as well as the specious appearance of it in that life-creed. Where men are persistent in their exercise of gnawing theological husks, it is safe to conclude that some kernel enlivens their dry fodder, or that they have power to assimilate even husks, and derive from them a little spiritual nutriment.

Often we have only to translate the idea from the cant of the conventicle into the language of common sense, to get a very appreciable fact out of a very abominable dogma. A kernel of good sense may be wrapped up for a thousand years in the unsavory mummy-foldings of a creed, and yet retain vitality enough to germinate under the free air and

sunshine, in the natural soil of unsanctified thought. Thus the doctrine of total depravity, the existence of which in the mind of any sane man is the nearest approach to its demonstration that so gross a doctrine is capable of, has in its loathsome wrappings a little mummy wheat which does not refuse to vegetate when carefully separated from its dismal surroundings, and nursed by a purely human philosophy. The venerable Assembly of Westminster Divines put forth the conclusion, pithily summed up in that juvenile distich:

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all,"

and backed it up by certain hideous commentaries and consequences, in which their disciples discovered that hell, already well "paved with good intentions," was paved anew "with infants not a span long," *McAdmaized* with these little offshoots of Adam's depravity! Now just as this double outrage upon God and Man is getting to smell too decidedly of the very ancient sarcophagus from which it was exhumed, while the very divines are making a bonfire of the bituminous rags and dusty hide of the old mummy, a vital fact drops out of the old cerements, and takes root in the mind—the fact that certain tendencies are hereditary, that men do partake, not of the flaws only, but of the virtues and talents of their ancestors.

Some time since men learned, on the purely animal plane of philosophy, that horses, cows, and sheep owe much to parentage; and vast sums of money and no little care have been bestowed on the physical perfection of the lower races, with very marked advantages. Of course it would be very distasteful to apply the principles of good sense to the perfection of the animal man, for a tender regard to delicacy and propriety seem to require that man-culture should be suffered to go on at haphazard, in transgression of all laws that happen to lie across the path of a blind passion, or a dazzled fancy, and let God take care of the cripples and monsters that are bred of such folly. But with all deference to the squeamishness of the very delicate, it may be suggested that a better "improvement" might have been drawn from the venerable text of transmitted depravity.

The one grand fact long buried in the monstrous creed, has not yet been sown widely enough to effect the race; nor will it, till men learn to pluck the pearl of truth out of the

muck-heap, instead of scratching there for worms, like the foolish cock in the fable. If the good God would speak to us audibly, as he does in every fact of his providence, or in other words, if we would listen to the true teachings of Nature, our human homes would cease to be mere nurseries of blights and abortions, and our youth no longer marrying the sons and daughters of Cain, instead of those of Enos, men and women would be so well born the first time, they would not need to be born again. B.

Education.

Every child must receive an education, and that education must consist of a double training—a training of the mind and a training of the body to invigorate the mind.

Moreover, education must be of such a nature that, first, every child shall learn to think for itself, independently of master and authority; second, it shall be furnished with a knowledge of things rather than words; and third, the mode of teaching shall be such, and the nature of the things taught of such a real, practical character, that the moral and religious instincts shall receive at every instant increase of strength and gratification.

1. To teach a child unselfishness and consideration for others, the teacher must begin by setting an example of unselfishness in not forcing upon the pupil his own opinions, comments, or interpretations, or that of any authority, however much venerated of old, when those opinions do not at once coincide with the receptive mind. No matter how quaint, crooked, irreligious or dreadful, the objections of the child to old traditions, so-called beliefs, and fables, may be, a respect for the mind working within, and common sense, should teach us not violently to enforce our ideas upon it. That violence, even if it were in favor of the most evident truth, demoralizes the child, and renders it incapable, in general, of arriving by its own original efforts at the truth thus forced upon it. It will learn to hate the truth, and the creature thus trained will only become as a man, a hypocrite, a mocker in his heart, and a constitutional liar.

As religion is the embodiment of truth itself, the enforcement of what is to the mind an untruth, a fable, a contradiction, an impiety—however lovely and divine your own thought and long habit may have made it—is

the first corroding agent, the world's ignorant and selfish want of consideration for others, imposes on the child. The mind ready and fresh for truth receives in this way its first degradation. The ignorant ask for submission merely; instead of seeking to give that LIGHT, which must be *free* to be *true*.

In the old time, history was an exaggeration; religion, fairy tales; literature, inventions; poetry, extravagance; science and medicine, quackery; law, the whim and brutality of the judge. Through this Slough of Despond the human mind had to march. From infancy to old age, violence was done to it; so that the child was almost invariably a precocious enemy of every truth and of every good impulse—an embodiment of hypocrisy of conduct, violence in action, and submission to authority from abject fear. The physiognomist traces still on the countenances of almost all, that inexpressible want of manly expression, which, like the word Mystery on the forehead of the Beast, has been written on the face by this chaos of contradictions, superstitions, and violations of the moral right to free thought.

To systematically destroy the originality of the pupil's mind, is the wanton act of the barbarous and unintelligent teacher. The selfish man is unwilling that the scholar should deviate from the methods and ideas which have dwarfed himself. He strives, therefore, to maintain his own authority, and uses the authority of the ignorant past as a means to this end.

Take the artist's studio as an example. An exaggerated veneration is created for the Michael Angelos and Raphaels of art. This veneration is due not merely to the actual talents of those artists, but more to the fact of the incessant repetition of the same praises—praises given and yielded to by the worshipers without a thought of investigating the subject for themselves. The teacher insists, and denounces any doubt or question with indignation! Had the pupil been allowed to examine and criticise for himself, he would have discovered in all authorities defects and inferiorities. But under the influence of master and the jeers of his fellow-students, the youthful aspirant gives his whole soul to the adoration of the mannerisms and faults of the artist-saints, and losing by degrees his own natural originality, becomes a mere imitator or painter-ape.

We want to study the works of others by an

incessant examination or criticism of them—thus using them as a stepping-stone, and not a stumbling-block, to our own improvement and progress.

2. Things are better than words. When we know what a thing is, then the words of the book are full of meaning and information as to its nature, its habits, its history, &c., &c. What is h-o-m-e as letters put together as a word, to a child, which has had no means of associating the sound of the word or the combination of the letters, with the family-circle and living-place? What is g-l-a-s-s, as a combination of letters to form a word without a view of the object? When transparent? when opaque? How brittle? Can it comprehend? Does it know *how* it is made? Then bring the materials, and make it, so that as this and other objects are presented in their reality and demonstrated in their various combinations, the child may insensibly learn the elements of chemistry and other sciences and arts.

There are a thousand facts of creation which children ought to know before they are out of childhood, which most men know nothing about, so wretched is our training. The child-mind is an inexhaustible source of curiosity, and every fact which it receives becomes so completely a part of itself, that the future man is the working product of this constructed mental machine. It will know—it puts endless questions—it asks the meaning of every word it sees or hears, and wants to see and handle and manipulate every (to it) unknown object—to search out its cause—to investigate its character and nature—ascertain and apply its uses. Education, then, must be a mass of mentally digested things and facts, about which there can be no mystification—no deception—no lie.

When the things are known and the facts are ascertained, words are easily found for every species of demonstration. That is an art of itself—the word art—but secondary, not as heretofore, the first point of education. The pressure of word-teaching upon the brain has been such that millions of educated children have had nearly all incipient talent crushed out of them. Mere book-learning, stale, dry, and unprofitable word-gabble, has been the vampire of our school-system. While things seen and felt leave an indelible impress, the vague word-description of the unseen and unknown thing leaves confusion and suggests

absurdities. The unhealthy, crazy conceits, attachments to old errors, credulity about what is clearly false, and blindness to the practical evidences of the senses, is one form of word-education. The mind dwells and lingers in an evil-disposed chaos of contradictory, artificial, and arbitrary thoughts.

3. A perfect disorder of intellect is the growth of our chaotic system of education. It is the intellectual man that is generally the most prejudiced and the most blind to simple and positive truths and facts. And as all he has learnt has been forced upon him under the influence of flattery—the teacher of the false instinctively knows the repulsiveness of the absurdities he is impressing, and so uses evil's last resource—he, (the intellectual victim,) under the belief thus adroitly imposed upon him, hates what is new, rejects discoveries and denies facts, because they open up to him the falsities of his labors and credulities, and shock his selfishness by threatening to diminish the profits of the business or profession to which he has been ignorantly harnessed.

The struggle of the intellect of the nineteenth century is to get rid of that intellectual blindness, which has stayed the progress of mind in all past times. A blindness which is the fruit of the imposture of words and phrases—of their incomplete, uncomprehended, misconstrued meaning—of their wrongly interpreted, translated, and misprinted passages—of numberless interpolations, pious frauds, and ravings of insane persons, passing among the vulgar of the time for holy men and women—of excessive admiration for certain authors and authorities—[Shakespeare for example, the most obscure passages in which, arising probably from errors of the printer, are oftenest admired]—of rapt enthusiasm for legal quibbles, medical quackeries, pious fables, and scientific absurdities. These stumbling-blocks to truth, men are now struggling to remove; but it cannot be thoroughly done, except by a change of our system of education from the too exclusive study of words, to a more thorough study of things, beginning at the earliest age.

When we reflect that the greatest intellects of the past have, with few exceptions, been dupes of the most irrational superstitions and scientific falsities, and that great and simple truths almost invariably have come from men who had no classical or scientific education, and add to these facts our own

experience that simple and positive truths are almost always accepted and comprehended intuitively by simple-minded persons and the young, we shall at once see with what care and suspicion we should receive the "wisdom" of the past.

Self-made men—intellectually speaking—are generally modest in proportion to the greatness and earnestness of the truth that is in them. College-made men are almost invariably conceited, even when they have some intellectual ability. This fault arises from the mode of teaching. Instead of the "moral and religious instincts receiving at every instant increase of strength and gratification," their literary education is held up to them constantly as a subject of pride in contradistinction to the ignorance of the people; and this pride runs through all the professions, with this addition to the religious, that it is inculcated in all persons, high and low, rich and poor—by the sects as one against the other—and is thus made the great backbone of all the falsities, as it is of all the vices and crimes of society.

Hence a simple truth, spoken at the beginning of the first century, was just as repulsive to the educated man of that day, as it is now in the nineteenth century. It was to the simple and ignorant in a literary point of view, that the truth was addressed, in despair of convincing the irrational acuteness of the pocket-interested of the age. This irrational acuteness pretends to demonstrate logically the truth of fables that are scientific absurdities; and is just a part of that system of unreasoning to sustain falsehoods, superstitions, and interested fictions, which have so long characterized the schools.

To moralize education, then, we must make it general, and direct it out of the mire of mere word-study, into that of the demonstration of the realities and wonders of the creation. The pride of sect—that curse and degradation of humanity for the support of idlers—must be broken up; and that can only be by making truth free to all—for the truth shall make all free.

From the earliest infancy the child is dragged to the Sunday-school to learn words of self-esteem and mystification; and to the church to hear these commented and dogmatized upon and sustained, as proved, by quotations, questionable extracts, and fabled sayings and doings of beings who have or have not existed. All is in the vague. He is told every day, every hour, that *his* sect is

better than others—consequently that *he*—however ignorant, or unworthy—is better than others! This great crime is the beginning of his degradation as a man—he is practically lowered to the grade of the animal, the criminal—and his actions towards his brethren subsequently, show by their violence of word and deed the effect of the training.

But when you take the child, and putting aside the love of slander and hatred inculcated by the old system, simply teach him the great truths found in the wonders of God's creation, there is no room for selfish feelings, but ample space for admiration, and enthusiasm, and love of the Creator and all that he has made. The children of the common Father learn instinctively that all are brothers. The intellect develops without effort, and the moral feelings are kept in healthy activity. The mind exclusively occupied in acquiring new scientific facts, finds no time for mere fancies, theories and superstitions. It builds not on sand, but on rock. Fairy tales, novels, fables, and barefaced assertions will lose their influence—compromises with evils, with injustice in the guise of law, with quackery in the guise of medicine, with superstition in the guise of religion, with assertions in the guise of science, will end. And with the progress of a purified intellect may we expect a more correct appreciation of the laws which should govern society, and such an application of them as will obliterate in time those social evils which have so long disgraced humanity.

A.

Mabel.

BY CORA L. V. HATCH.

Youngest, rarest household treasure;
Source of constant care and pleasure;
Bud of promise; gem of beauty;
Idol of home's love and duty—
Babe Mabel!

Eyes as blue as mirrored ether;
Earth and heaven blent together;
Roses, girt with lily's blossom,
Paling upon neck and bosom—
Fair Mabel!

Form of shape and mold most human,
Fittest for a future woman;
Sweet caprices; frowning, smiling,
Baby anger; now beguiling—
Sweet Mabel!

Eager face and lips upturning;
Proffered kisses often spurning;
Giving love when none are wooing;
Busy ever with undoing—
Witch Mabel!

Body poised, its balance trying;
Arms outstretched, like wings, for flying;
Little feet, uncertain, straying,
Life's first journey just essaying—
Brave Mabel!

Longer journeys are before thee;
May as loving ones bend o'er thee;
And, when sterner tasks are calling,
May Heaven's arms shield thee from falling,
Dear Mabel!

Relations of the Indians and the General Government.

BY CAPTAIN R. J. HINTON, U. S. C. T.

The last Congress took steps towards a thorough investigation of the present position and relation of the Indians to the General Government, by the appointment of a Congressional Commission to visit the tribes, and make such investigations as the subject demanded. It also considered, though it did not pass, a bill securing a territorial civil organization for the Indian territory, south of Kansas. Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, one of the ablest and most humane members of the U. S. Senate, is at the head of the Investigating Commission, and this with the presence of the Hon. James Harlan, of Iowa, in the Secretaryship of the Interior, are evidences that a wiser and more equitable adjustment of the status of the American Indian is about to take place.

When it shall be generally known that during the progress of the great rebellion, we have maintained an army against Indians, larger than the entire regular army was before the rebellion; when we remember that we have had two outbreaks of a most disastrous character; that of Minnesota in 1862, and that on the overland and Santa Fé Mail Roads and the settlements contiguous thereto, with the murder of several hundred unprotected settlers, the interruption of our inter-oceanic lines of travel, and the robbery and destruction of at least five millions dollars of goods and stock, it will be granted that the necessity for a thorough overhauling of our Indian policy is most imperative. We have maintained and now have in the field about fifteen thousand men altogether, employed in looking after the Indians. General Dodge, commanding in Kansas, has two expeditions in the field, and with the troops guarding the great routes, must have at least six thousand men in this service. General Curtis, commanding the North-West Department, has about five thousand, half of whom are in the field, the remainder holding the frontier posts, and forts on the upper Missouri. Gen. Conner has at least a brigade in Utah, mainly employed in checking Indian depredations. The Department of the Pacific has considerable expeditions in the Humboldt region, in Washington, and a large force in Arizona.

At no time in the history of the Govern-

ment has the necessity been so apparent, of devising some plan of dealing with the Aboriginal tribes under our control, alike humane towards them, just to our own citizens, and comprehensive enough to meet the expansion and true growth of the country. The rebellion has broken many idols. It has made the nation conquer its prejudices. War is the sternest of logicians. The premises once accepted, its conclusions cannot be controverted. One lesson it practically enforces, and that is the duty which devolves upon power, to aid the weak and defend the oppressed. The present struggle affords manifold occasions to the statesman to lay broad the foundations of equitable administration. It compels our executive and legislative incumbents to recognize that America means Man, not Caste, and that Democracy represents the *race*, and not *condition*.

In this spirit we would deal with the question under discussion. The public mind, even yet in these days of crowding events, retains the terrible recollections of the Minnesota massacres. On the other hand, while we remember with loathing the race that committed such deeds, we also have brought to us, as a companion, yet diverse picture, the story of the endurances, suffering, valor and sacrifices—deeds done in behalf of the Union by loyal Indians, on our south-western frontier.

The amazing discoveries of the precious metals in our continental mountain-ranges, and consequent rapid development in population and wealth of the territories newly formed there, demand also the adoption of a just and comprehensive policy for the present and prospective government of the Indian tribes, who roam the Sierras Madre and Nevada and their connecting mountain chains. Whatever policy is proposed, or whatever measures be adopted, there should be a careful avoidance on the one hand of the sentimentalism which has often characterized discussions of this subject, and on the other, of the crushing-out spirit of the practical West. The romance which attaches itself in the minds of many with relation to the Indian character, fades rapidly into a very sensible disgust, wherever we are brought into contact with the tribes scattered throughout our broad domain. This disgust is heightened most sensibly by the fact, that in the new States and Territories, Indian Reservations are the choicest lands as to situation

and quality. This excites the white settler's cupidity and consequent animosity. The fact may be cause for regret; but it is true.

Human nature is imperfect, and must be dealt with as such. It cannot be questioned that the policy of treating with the tribes as dependent nationalities, is a mistaken one. They have none of the elements—are within the limits of the Union, and under its authority. The land belongs by the highest law to those who subdue it to the uses of civilization. It cannot be surrendered to or controlled by an idle race, marked by a savage individuality which renders it difficult for them to devote themselves to industrial purposes. Indeed, though the theory has been that the original ownership of the land lies in the Aboriginal tribes, and treaties are continually made with them, yet the fact is that the Government has always compelled the removal of the Indians, when the necessities of advancing settlements required them for the use of the husbandman.

The entire system now pursued by the Government toward the Indian, is wrong, both to them and the white citizens. The placing of the various tribes on reservations scattered wide apart throughout our Western States, is calculated only to increase the number of well-paid officials, and to deteriorate, debauch, and ultimately to exterminate by drunkenness and disease, the tribes so located. The policy of appointing tribal agents tends only to enrich a large number of politicians and hangers-on, whom the various Senators and Representatives take this method of pensioning upon the national treasury in consideration of party or personal services. We assert from an extended knowledge of the class of men appointed to fill the various Indian Agencies, Superintendencies, etc., that considerations of fitness—such as knowledge of the Indian character, a desire to benefit them, acquaintance with agriculture or other arts of civilization, are among the very last things that seem to have entered the minds of the appointing power. The Indian Bureau, as at present managed, is necessarily but a huge machine for enriching a lot of officials, who desire to make the most of the four years' lease of power. The only other effect of the existing agencies is to persistently destroy the confidence of the Indians in the Government, to render our frontiers liable to such scenes as have occurred in Minnesota and upon the overland-routes, whenever the

embarrassments of the nation or the desperation of the savages may afford an opportunity or pretext, and to continually embitter the pioneer population of the West against the unfortunate red men.

The other and collateral portion of the present policy, is the payment to Indian tribes of large sums of money in the form of annuities—these payments being with the permitting of authorized traders among the different tribes, who generally manage, with the peculiar faculty which belongs to all connected with the Indians, to enrich themselves at the expense of their customers. By arrangements made with agents, the Indians are permitted to run into debt at the stores, and when the payments are made by the Government, but a small portion of the annuities reach the pockets of those for whom they are intended. Examination of the accounts of a trader to any tribe will disclose how enormous are the profits of the traffic, and how large a portion thereof is for articles which are of no practical benefit. Paint, beads, paltry and gaudy articles of dress, constitute the largest items in the bills incurred by the Indians at their trading-posts. The fiction is that agents have nothing to do with traders. The truth, however, is that they obtain a large percentage of these profits. It can be readily seen how such temptations tend to illegitimate arrangements. On this subject we find the following well-considered suggestions of Judge Usher, in a late report. They deserve consideration and contain the germ of the true Indian policy which should be pursued by the National Government: "I am fully convinced that many serious difficulties grow out of the practice of permitting traders to sell goods and other property to the Indians on credit. The profits which are made by the traders, might be used for the Indians. It seems to me expedient for Congress to provide by law, for the purchase of such goods, agricultural implements, stock, and such other articles as the Indians need, to be paid for from the sums provided by treaties to be paid to the Indians. These should be placed in charge of a store-keeper under the control of the agent, and should be delivered to the Indians as their necessities may require, charging them only the cost and transportation. All contracts with them should be prohibited, and all promises or obligations made by them be declared void. A radical change in the mode of treatment of the Indians, should, in my

judgment, be adopted. Instead of being treated as independent nations, they should be regarded as wards of the Government, entitled to its fostering care and protection. Suitable districts of country should be assigned to them for their homes, and the Government should supply them, through its own agents, with such articles as they use, until they can be instructed to earn their subsistence by their labor."

Mr. Usher has struck the key-note of the whole question, in the expression that the Indians should be regarded "as wards of the Government, entitled to its fostering care and protection." The same principle has forced itself upon our attention in the necessities attending the condition of the freed people of the South. It grows out of the demands of a Christian civilization which compels a recognition of the duty incumbent upon power, wealth, culture, to protect the weak and lift up the ignorant to higher planes of progress. Neither the Negro or the Indian can develop in isolation. Both are eminently gregarious, though differing widely in the manifestations thereof. Hence the futility of endeavoring to save and elevate the Indians by the present system, apart from just objections to it, founded on the opportunities for plunder on the part of those connected with them. The most feasible and practicable plan for the protection and advancement of both Indians and whites, seems to be found in the Territorial system hinted at by Secretary Usher, more elaborately stated by Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, in a paper laid before the Indian Bureau, and published in Mr. Commissioner Dole's report for 1862, which plan has been broached to the loyal Indians of the Territory west of Arkansas. This plan had reference mainly to the semi-civilized tribes living on reservations in the State of Kansas, and contemplated their removal to the Territory occupied by the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws, and Seminoles. We propose to elaborate this same plan and show its application to a settlement of the entire question under discussion.

To do this properly, some statements should be given as to the numbers, condition, progress, locations of the Indian tribes within the United States. From the preliminary report of the Eighth Census, we copy the following table of the Indian population, retaining their tribal character and not enumerated in the

West of Arkansas,	65,680	Oregon,	7,000
California,	13,540	Tennessee,	181
Georgia,	377	Wisconsin,	2,833
Indiana,	384	Colorado Ter.,	6,000
Kansas,	8,189	Dacotah Ter.,	39,664
Michigan,	7,777	Nebraska Ter.,	3,072
Minnesota,	17,900	Nevada Ter.,	7,550
Mississippi,	900	New Mexico Ter.,	55,100
New York,	3,785	Utah Ter.,	20,000
North Carolina,	1,499	Washington Ter.,	31,000

294,431

Governor Evans, of Colorado, states in his first Report to the Indian Bureau, that the Utahs, Kiowas, and Comanches number 10,000, and range in the western part of that Territory. Large bands of the Kiowas and Comanches roam through portions of Colorado, New Mexico, and the Indian Territory. All of these tribes are wild and warlike. Since the spring of 1864 they have been in constant hostility. The long continued interruption of the Overland Mail and Telegraph, with robberies and murders committed upon the frontier settlements of Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado, during the last ten months, point conclusively to the necessity of coming to some permanent, just understanding with these tribes, and all similar ones; or, if that be not possible, then to a war so complete, thorough, and energetic as shall once for all break down and destroy the warlike marauds of the plains. We are also urged to the adoption of a correct policy towards tribes that have not yet made treaties, by the rapid growth of our empire in the direction of their haunts, and consequent necessity of providing equitably for their wants. In addition to those enumerated in the foregoing table, tribes which bear relation to the General Government of a more or less distinct character, there are probably not less than one hundred and fifty thousand belonging to tribes which have not yet acknowledged our rule while living within our Territory, and who are more or less in hostility to our people. We believe that we under- rather than over-estimate the number.

A glance at the map, and at the location of the principal bodies of Indians, will readily show that any territorial system which will cover the whole case, must involve at least the location of four districts, of suitable extent and character to support the entire Indian population within the territorial area of the Union. The most prominent, because, from the circumstances attending its past and present history, the most accessible and suitable, is the region known as the Indian Territory, bounded on the North by Kansas, South

by Texas, East by Arkansas and a small strip of South-West Missouri, and West by New Mexico. It contains an area of 74,127 square miles, or 47,441,480 acres, being in length east and west, 320, and breadth, North and South, 220 miles. It has a delightful climate in the same zone as Mississippi, Alabama, and the Carolinas, producing in abundance the cereals of the temperate and the products of semi-tropical States, and having a virgin soil of inexhaustible fertility, it offers a tempting field to the labor of the emigrant. The eastern portion is well watered, and wooded by the Arkansas, Canadian, and Red River, and such streams as the Neosho, Grand, Illinois, Elk, Verdigris, Spring, and other minor water-courses. The whole country is admirably adapted to the raising of stock. This is true of the western portion, the vast prairies of which will afford a congenial occupation for the Indian, in the care of the herds and flocks which will one day cover the buffalo range.

The fact of the settlement of the eastern portion of this territory by the well civilized tribes that now inhabit it, and the necessity for new treaties with them, owing to the changes produced by the rebellion, points to this territory as the most favorable district for liberally carrying out a new policy.

The five principal tribes, Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Seminoles, were, at the commencement of the war, among the wealthiest communities in the continent. They were large farmers, slave-owners, and stock-raisers. The Cherokees were the owners of 2,504 slaves. Their personal wealth was very large. The war has changed the character of affairs and reduced them to poverty. The loyal Cherokees exhibit a commendable spirit of adaptation to their new surroundings. They have abolished slavery, making colored natives of the Territory citizens, disfranchised the rebels, and otherwise legislated in that direction. They express themselves willing to make arrangements for the settlement of other Indians in their midst. The Creeks are an important tribe. The loyal members of this tribe, comprising a large majority, have abolished slavery, accord citizenship to the negroes and whites in their midst, donate lands to the freed people, and on equitable terms cede to the Government lands for the settlement of their tribes.

The Seminoles are a small and intensely loyal people. One of the last chiefs to resist

the Federal authority in Florida, Hal-us-tus-tenug-gee, was the leader of his people in the battles they fought in common with Creeks and Cherokees, against their rebel brethren in November and December, 1861, and since as members of the Indian Brigade of the Army of the Frontier, under Major General Blunt. Captain Billy Bowlegs is in command of the Seminole company, in the Federal service. He is a nephew of the chief who resisted so long in Florida. They number 2,226 persons. The Choctaws are disloyal, being intensely pro-slavery. They numbered 18,000, and owned 2,297 slaves. They are well educated, and supported, before the war, the largest number of schools. The Chickasaws form part of the Choctaw Nation. They number 5,000.

The rebellion has materially changed this. Slavery is dead among these tribes, and this removes one obstacle to an equitable readjustment. They numbered 60,000 of the 65,000 Indians living in this Territory. The negroes, slaves and free, 7,773, and the whites 1,988. This, according to the census of 1860. The mortality has been terrible since. The casualties of war, and the ravages of famine and disease, must have reduced them at least 20,000. The present population may, therefore, be set down as about 55,000, all told, including those in the Federal and Rebel service.

In this Territory we propose that the Government shall offer homes to all of the semi-civilized tribes of Kansas, Southern Nebraska, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, and perhaps Minnesota. The tribes who come under the designation of civilized, will number about 30,000, and be possessed of considerable wealth and intelligence. The alternative may be presented to the more advanced of them, who yet preserve a distinctive character, of abandoning the tribal form, national annuities, and taking their present reservations in severality, and thereby becoming citizens of the United States. Those who do not choose to accept this, and are desirous of preserving their semi-national existence, can be removed to the Indian Territory, and located on new homes, where the necessary steps should be taken to provide for them until their industry returns support. Such a Territory and population, wisely managed and generously provided for, would in a very few years be a self-supporting community, affording the nation the satisfaction of seeing

the Aboriginal race preserved and made of value to themselves as well as to the country.

Might we not well hope, if a wise policy was pursued, to see it asking admission a few years hence as a Free State into the Union? In the meantime a delegate might be allowed them in Congress. The Rosses, Christy, Dowling, and other chiefs of the civilized Indians, are able and educated men. Objections may be urged to this plan, of expense in removal, necessity of a large military force to preserve order, and similar arguments. We reply, that the economy in the Indian administration here would in a short period more than compensate for the expense incurred by removal, provided that in all future arrangements, the system of trading, of paying annuities, and of tribal agents now in vogue, be entirely abolished. Experience has proved the capacity of these loyal Indians to act as soldiers, and to defend their own homes and interests. There are three regiments of mounted infantry (Indians) in the United States service in that Territory. These Indians can be intrusted with their own police. They should, when practicable, be intrusted with such duty, if only for the purpose of educating them up to the full requirements of citizenship. Thus much by way of suggestion in relation to the Indian Territory.

For the tribes located and roaming in Northern Nebraska, Idaho, Dakota, Minnesota, and the Lake Superior region, a Territory should be organized in some portion of the North-West. A portion of Dakota could be wisely selected. It will not do to locate it too near the mountains, as the continued gold discoveries attract emigrants hitherward, and will necessarily disturb the Indians. Such a district must be chosen with a view to a certain accessibility in supplying the military force that will be required among them for some years. It should be adapted to agricultural and grazing purposes, and be supplied with fuel and water.

Gen. Pope, when in command of the North-West, suggested the territory north and east of the Upper Missouri, and west of the James River. The country around Lake Mini Wakau, and at the head of the Plateaus De Coteau, Du Missouri, and Du Coteau Du Sioux, is an admirable location, and his policy has been to establish a chain of posts from the Red River in Minnesota, to the Missouri, and up to the confluence of the Yellowstone, and gradually drive in the hostile Sioux, placing

a cordon around to retain them there. He succeeded to a considerable extent, and if his policy be pursued fully, it will work well.

With the wants of the Indians properly supplied, and a judicious selection of officers over them, this population, now the source of uneasiness, may be made valuable and self-sustaining. In this relation it would be wise to select agents from among educated half-breeds and missionaries, men whose identification with and knowledge of the race, will enable them to deal understandingly and justly.

There is now left to care for, the tribes within the Pacific States and Territories, and among the mining region of the Sierra Madre or Rocky Mountains. For a large portion of those in Colorado, suitable homes can be found in the western portion of the Indian Territory. For tribes to whom that country might not be adapted, a portion of Utah might be obtained. Here the mountain tribes of Colorado, Utah, and Nevada might be gathered and controlled. In New Mexico the condition of the tribes at all tamable, the existence of the Puebla Indians offers a successful result for the guidance of new experiments. We have not the details of their life and progress, though we know generally of their industry and good order. To the devoted priests of the Catholic church belongs the honor of civilizing these people. They have always been successful, and it would pay the Government to support missionaries of that faith among the red men of the west. There are tribes in New Mexico and Arizona, who seem determined to die in their independence, rather than submit to civilization or the encroachments of the white man. Such are the Navajoes and Appaches. These must submit, if not to peace, then to be crushed. The present amazing gold discoveries in these Territories demands this. Civilization needs wealth to aid its forward march.

Gen. Carleton, commanding in New Mexico, has succeeded in effectually subduing the Navajoes. This is the first time for one hundred and fifty years, that anything like peace has been brought about. He is now engaged and has been for twelve months past engaged in removing them from their mountain homes to the valley of the Bosque Redonds, where it is intended to locate all but the Pueblas. For the Appaches of Arizona, who, during two hundred years, have desolated this region, nothing short of remorseless warfare will succeed.

Is it best for humanity that the inexhaustible treasure hived by the centuries, and held safely locked in the primal granite of the mother-mountains as a sacred trust for the era enterprising enough to demand their hitherto unproductive riches, should be snatched from us by a sentimental reverence for the hypothetical rights of a dog-in-the-manger people who can neither use nor develop such wealth themselves, nor will allow any other people to do so? Is the nation that wrung free commerce from the Japanese, likely to allow the uncultured Indians to throw barriers in the way of its advancing march? The question is an important one. The onward progress of benign civilization should not be stayed, while justice and magnanimity should always take part in the decisions of a great nation.

Upon the Pacific coast there is the same need of a just Indian policy. In California there are fifteen thousand of this race, who have neither lands nor homes. They have not even the poor satisfaction of a paltry reservation. The Spaniard never recognized the Indian land-title, and we, succeeding to his sovereignty, have succeeded to his policy. Something must be done for the Californian Indians. Would it not be practicable to obtain sufficient territory, say in Washington, to mass the tribes of California, Oregon, and the territory named, carrying out the same general policy suggested herein for the management of the proposed Indian territory?

The plan here suggested is the result of careful thought, observation, and desire to deal rightly by the Indians and our own people. We are not wedded to it as a hobby, but rather suggest it as a measure of practical and beneficent policy. The great end and aim of all efforts in this nation for the amelioration and advancement of any portion of the population placed as are the Indians or negroes, must be to clear the path, aiding them to reach the utilities of an industrial and Christian Democracy, that thereby they may become worthy of being an integral portion of that nationality which, aiming to establish in Government the ideal justice, will yet prove practically that all men are endowed by their Creator with the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The soul is the most powerful of all poisons. It is the most penetrating and diffusible stimulus.—NOVALIS.

Each Fights for All.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

The sons of light in every age and zone,
Though on the cross, the gibbet, or the throne,
Now armed with love, the martyrs of a faith,
And now with steel, the anointed priests of death,

Who shed the tyrant's or their own best blood,
Stand rank to rank one serried brotherhood;
Moses who smote the Egyptian to the dust,
With him who died the Just for the unjust;
Deep-thoughted Plato with his mystic "word,"
And fiery Cromwell armed with Gideon's sword,
Melancthon mild, with Luther roughly strong—
That storm-plowed crag with its lark's nest
of song;

Fair tyrant-slayers, Jaël and Corday,
With brave Grace Darling plucking ocean's prey

Out of his foaming jaws, and her, as brave,
That Nightingale whose music 'tis to save;
All free strong natures, beautiful and clear,
Who make earth better, and the heavens more
near,

Servants of God—the sacramental host
Who bear his banners down the invaded coast
Of flying darkness, form one dauntless corps,
To whom yon million worlds add countless
thousands more.

A thousand rivers swell the same free surge,
A hundred ways to one fair town converge,
And rock, and tree, and treasures of the mine,
In one grand temple, one sweet home combine:

So meet all gifts in service of the One
Who rays them out as from a central sun.

He builds for all who builds by inward law,
For years unborn, and lands he never saw:
The smallest insect in the coral reef,
Unseen, unseeing, and of life so brief,
With pulpy arms too powerless to command
The ponderous motions of a grain of sand,
Weaving at once his vest and burial robe,
Lays the foundations of the solid globe;
So true work grows and least at last is great,
And each serves All in one well-ordered state.

The sword Harmodius on the tyrant drew,
If justly drawn, struck well for me and you;
The song of Miriam, by the avenging sea,
Was sung for bondmen on the dark Santee;
The people's cry that crumbled the Bastille,
Was the old shout that made first darkness
reel.

When Spartan valor kept that narrow pass
Where Freedom fell with slain Leonidas,
Not Persia's millions could subdue the braves,
Nor all the centuries trampling on their
graves:

They strike for Freedom in her every blow—
Their deed sheds light on every dauntless
brow;

Who dares to die to make a people free,
Still guards unconquered his Thermopylæ:

Hope of the nations—heir of pure renown,
 Though named Leonidas or OLD JOHN BROWN!
 A gallant spirit never breathed our air,
 But left some touch of nobler being there;
 No heart of pity soothed a brother's pain,
 But sent some pulse to life's remotest vein:
 A soul of truth becomes a Name of power—
 The saving watchword of a crisis' hour:
 Around great natures, with no trumpet-call,
 The peoples rally, proud to fight and fall.
 They choose their lords as doth the lioness,
 Who wins the battle, wins their love's caress.
 What though, as round their rival chiefs they
 crowd,
 A hundred war-cries shake their streamers
 proud,
 Till all that clamor to pained ears might seem
 The wild disorder of a frenzied dream;
 One spirit rears each burning Gonfalon,
 And men are clanships because Man is one!

[From "Answers to Questions."]

Psychometrical Examination of Abraham Lincoln.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

By particular request, a friend in Washington furnished the President's autograph and a scrap of his hand-writing. By this method a connection with the characteristics of Mr. Lincoln was perfected, and the results of the examination are herewith respectfully submitted. I have no personal knowledge of the mental peculiarities of the President. What is here given, therefore, must stand or fall, according to the facts in possession of those who know him best. I shall welcome the verdict of his most intimate friends; more especially do I wait for proofs to be furnished by him as President of the United States. [The following was written soon after Mr. Lincoln entered upon the duties of his office in 1861.]

IMPRESSIONS ON VIEWING HIM OBJECTIVELY.

His physical system is muscularly, but not vitally, powerful. It is unevenly developed in the joints and sockets. He is not nervous, elastic, or sensitive; and yet, with respect to bodily endurance, he is remarkably easy, steady, and unyielding. With care he can resist the approach of disease in any form except in the loins and throat. His internal organs are not large, but their functions are steadily and fully performed. He is built to sustain a prodigious quantity of either manual or mental labor; but such labor, to be well done, must be very carefully graduated by an orderly division of days and hours. He must not be hurried and urged beyond his natural deliberateness. He is rapid only when under the action of his own temperaments. All outward stimuli, in the shape of air, and foods, and drinks, exert but little effect.

In conversation, or when addressing a multitude, the same self-steadiness is exhibited. There is no dissimulation in his manners; no attempt to stand straighter, to look handsomer, to speak more eloquently, or to act more gracefully, than when alone with a friend or in the retirement of his family. He is not impetuous in physical gesture, but emphatic and strong, with an irregularity which is almost eccentric and quite original.

He appears like a man not fond of parlor life. Temporal comforts do not tempt him from the rugged paths of duty. His features are indicative of honor, sincerity, simplicity, generosity, and good nature, with much of the indomitable and unchangeable.

IMPRESSIONS ON VIEWING HIM SOCIALLY.

His domestic affections are temperate and unwavering, but not powerful, and yet, at home with his family, there is no man more happy and contented. Children are interesting to him when they are playful. But his tongue is the quickest to interest the young. He appreciates the young mind, is attracted by its simplicities, and is ever ready to hear or relate a story. But this man is not over-much wedded to locality. He is not a traveler by nature, and yet a change of place is rather a relief to, than a tax upon his feelings.

His private life is remarkable for artlessness and uniform truthfulness. Warm and confiding to his friends, and never embittered toward his enemies, he smooths the path of many in his vicinity. He is fond of praise, but is likely to remain firm in friendship, under the lash of private disapprobation. He is not hasty to demolish his opponent, even when he has been sorely aggrieved by him, but rather inclines to give his enemy another conscious opportunity for reflection.

IMPRESSIONS ON VIEWING HIM INTELLECTUALLY.

There is a singular texture of brain for his mind to act through. It is elastic only after repeated exertions to bring it into action. Then his intellectual organs act separately, *so to say*, or one at a time—each, like an independent entity, doing its duty singly, and without consulting the feelings or inclinations of its fellow-laborers. His understanding of a matter is at first unsatisfactory to himself. The facts, and fragments, and data of an event or case first occupy all the spare rooms in the department of his intelligence. Things, and persons, and places, and the acts of agents in relation to them, cluster in chaotic groups before his perceptions. He is, therefore, not certain, at first, whether he sees things in their proper places, and whether he appreciates the full import and force of a single fact; but, guided by a wholesome and powerful love of accuracy, he persists in observing, and arranging, and recombining *the items* of a matter, until, with an approbation wholly internal, he fixes his opinions and proceeds therefrom to act.

There is a critical and studied adhesion to established rules of thought and reasoning. He dreads an unauthorized digression from the recognized powers in either law, politics,

or religion. And yet he pays deferential respect to the deductions of no one mind in any department of human interest. His perceptive powers are active, and readily discover the errors and tricks of men, and are equally quick to detect a *ridiculous flaw* in an argument, or the most assailable point in a general proposition. He will rely on his own judgment, and is unwavering in attachment to his own conclusions.

There is nothing impetuous in the deliberations of such a mind. The lightning flash of genius, though it might reveal to his eyes the infinite unity of the universe, would not move him. The range of real principles he must infer from the position, magnitude, multiplicity, and force of *facts*. He cannot penetrate the surface by intuition, but must enter in at the open door of events and data. Shelley's poetry could interest his mind rarely, but he would glean much poetry from the sermons of Dr. Channing. History would give much rest to his intellect; but science, if it should smell of mountains, and forests, and grand objects in space, as geology and astronomy, would yield the largest gratification. And yet this man's mind is never satisfied unless its deductions are consistent with the major elements of human nature.

IMPRESSIONS ON VIEWING HIM MORALLY.

By this I mean *spiritually*, or with reference to the most interior and religious attributes of his being. He is a man of talent and industry, but no genius, no man for the moment, no ability to *decide* in advance of reflection and analysis. The man of intuition is impolitic and revolutionary. Mr. Lincoln is no such man. He is willing to accept a great responsibility, to act well his whole duty, and to leave things as he found them. A new State and the foundations of new Laws are the electrical eliminations of genius. Strong minds are certain to elaborate and administer the inspirations of genius, but such minds cannot electrify a country with the enunciation of any very revolutionary law. No new truth ever bubbles over the bowl of their lives. Mental powers are unfruitful, unless fed and fostered by the endless fires of truth and justice.

Morally speaking, Mr. Lincoln is what the religious world would call a "naturally good man." Whether sanctified by faith or not, his "works" are distinguished by an extremely sensitive regard to everybody's rights and everybody's greatest welfare. Justice, when tempered with a gentle paternal mercy, is dear to him. He is, however, more benevolent than conservative, and more humanely sympathetic than conscientious, and is therefore liable to err and come short under the pressure of appeals from the unfortunate. In all matters intrusted to his care and control, he is self-sacrificing and faithful to the end, with very much beautiful self-forgetfulness and straightforward integrity.

But there is a remarkable trait in this man's spirit, not often found among professed politicians, and that is, a willingness to concede that he does not know what will occur to-

tomorrow. For this reason he is teachable, and is most anxious to gain knowledge from almost every imaginable source. How earnestly and sincerely, how calmly and faithfully, does Mr. Lincoln give audience, even to the discourse of the least of his associates! The modesty of his manner is an earnest of his moral excellence. He cannot be certain that his knowledge is up to the measure of tomorrow's consequences; wherefore he, unlike the conceited pettifogger and political mountebank, is open to more light and instruction. I think he would be much rejoiced to learn of the departed concerning the eternal tomorrow.

But shall we not also mention that this man is a close-mouthed keeper of "his own counsels"? This trait is observable, even to his most intimate friends, with whom he is ever confiding. Whenever there is the least obscurity, he hesitates, checks his impulses, and looks steadily toward *consequences*. The doctrine of Retribution, so far as he is individually concerned, would seem to have no weight. He is above personal fear, and does not court public favor or position: but the question whether *the results* of a given course will subserve the interests of mankind, is very deliberately revolved by his moral faculties. Cajoling demagogues cannot captivate this man's moral forces. He is silent, but firm, amid cotton-lords and slave-dealing monopolies. He is fond of progressive civilization, amid the strongholds of conservatism and aristocracy, and the God of his heart is for *lawful* freedom and unitary strength. He appreciates the loathsomeness of treason, sees its deadly blight as it steals over the minds of once faithful men, and yet entertains glorious hopes and undimmed faith in the direction of freedom and peace.

IMPRESSIONS ON VIEWING HIM INDIVIDUALLY.

Under this head I propose to give the sum of Mr. Lincoln's character in its relation to the world. He is cordial, loves to entertain friends, but is not fastidious in the matter of selection; and is a devoted friend and brother to all. But, intellectually and morally, he is too cautious and too fearful of doing wrong, to be party to any very original or revolutionary scheme. He will step *slowly*, and *firmly*, and *independently*; but, in the meantime, many things will come to light, and events will transpire which will compel a modification of procedure. Of enemies, Mr. Lincoln will have but few. Of friends, among all parties, as long as he lives, there will be a great multitude. He is a true American citizen, and believes not in leading public sentiment, but following it, guided only by the Constitution and the laws of Congress.

While he listens deferentially to those about him, including the constituents of his Cabinet, he is not the man to be carried beyond his own judgment. He will surely act according to the orders of his individual reason and will. It is folly to suppose that any diplomatist or influential legislator can succeed long in warping the judgment of this conscientious man.

Mr. Lincoln is a very prudential character, and would not transcend the letter of the law. Its letter and its *spirit* are inseparable in his eyes. He is preëminently a man of "peace," and would not object to a "compromise," if the people so declared their wishes; but from him the world may never expect such a proposition to emanate. There is, however, some danger to be apprehended from the exceedingly *sympathetic, cautious, legal,* and *economical* suggestions of his peculiar mental structure. The poet has very nearly defined his conception of what should constitute the foundations and glory of our Government:

"—Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above the brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—
Men who their duties know,
But know their *rights*, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State;
And sovereign Law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill."

Let the country take counsel of its hopes, and despair not, for there is a divinity, behind the presidential mind, which will direct heaven's high purposes, and bring a better day out of this black and awful night. Mr. Lincoln will betray no trust, neither will he shrink from still more pressing responsibilities; and the people would do well to share the burthen of sympathy and care with which he is oppressed.

The Unhonored and Unsung.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Alas, alas! how many sighs
Are breathed for his sad fate, who dies
With triumph dawning on his eyes.

What thousands for the soldier weep,
From his first battle gone to sleep
That slumber which is true and deep.

But who about his fate can tell,
Who struggled manfully and well;
Yet fainted on the march, and fell?

Or who above his rest makes moan,
Who dies in the sick tent alone—
"Only a private, name unknown!"

What tears down pity's cheek have run
For poets singing in the sun,
Stopped suddenly, their song half done.

But for the hosts of souls below,
Who to eternal silence go,
Hiding their great unspoken woe:

Who sees amid their ranks go down,
Great men, that never won renown,
And martyrs, with no martyr's crown?

Unrecognized, a poet slips
Into death's total, long eclipse,
With breaking heart, and wordless lips;

And never any brother true,
Utters the praise that was his due—
"This man was greater than ye knew!"

No maiden by his grave appears,
Crying out in long after years,
"I would have loved him," through her tears.

We weep for her, untimely dead,
Who should have pressed the marriage-bed—
Yet to death's chamber went instead.

But who deplures the sadder fate
Of her who finds no mortal mate,
And lives and dies most desolate?

Alas! 'tis sorrowful to know
That she who finds least love below,
Finds least of pity for her woe.

Hard is her fate who feels life past,
Though loving hands still hold her fast,
And loving eyes watch to the last.

But she, whose lids no kisses prest,
Who crossed her own hands on her breast,
And went to her eternal rest;

She had so sad a lot below,
That her unutterable woe
Only the pitying God can know!

When little hands have dropped away
From the warm bosom where they lay,
And the poor mother holds but clay:

What human lip that does not moan,
What heart that does not inly groan,
And make such suffering its own?

Yet, sitting mute in their despair,
With their unnoticed griefs to bear,
Are childless women everywhere;

Who never knew, nor understood,
That which is woman's greatest good,
The sacredness of motherhood!

But putting down their hopes and fears,
Claiming no pity and no tears,
They live the measure of their years.

They see age stealing on apace,
And put the gray hairs from their face,
No children's fingers shall displace!

Though grief hath many a form and show,
I think that unloved women know
The very bottom of life's woe!

And that the God, who pitying sees,
Hath yet a recompense for these,
Kept in the long eternities!

The Inner Temple.

BY ESTELLE.

I have somewhere read, long ago, of a heathen devotee, who had constructed, in a corner of the temple where devotions were offered to the gods, a chamber, which was kept sacred to his own use; no profaning foot was allowed to enter there, no irreverent or curious eye must gaze therein, lest some babbling lip may whisper the secrets of the consecrated chamber—the Inner Temple belonged wholly to himself and the gods he worshiped.

Deep in the corner of every human heart, far hidden from every eye, is an Inner Temple, consecrated to the uses of the individual alone.

We all meet upon a visible plane—we live our outward life of rejoicing, of sorrow, of prosperity, of want—we call this one covetous, that one a profligate, here is a moral hero, there a bigot. They pass us on the street, and sit at our table, labeled with the verdict of their fellow men: avaricious, sycophantic, generous, amiable. We stamp them complacently, and there is no appeal from our decision. Human nature, we say, is as an open book, that he who will may read.

We call ourselves students of human nature. We penetrate the weaknesses of our fellow mortal, and when we have discovered a great flaw or weakness in his character, we rub our hands with complacent, self-paid compliments for our own cleverness.

Alas for the student of human nature! When we have read and combined all the finger-boards of a man's character, which Nature has placed upon each of her children—when opposing elements have been carefully balanced, predominant passions brought forward, all points summed up into an infallible whole, what have we gained? The vestibule to the Inner Temple only—the door of the secret chamber is closed, and the key is not in our possession. We act our various roles in life behind a mask, not because of will, but of necessity.

Once in a life-time some one is found to whom this Holy of Holies is revealed.

What bliss to wander hand in hand with this kindred spirit, down the rough valleys, and up the sunny slopes of this life, to lay down the burden of mortality together, and mingle in the glories of immortality, one mind and one soul.

But though this inner life is, and must of necessity be a sealed chapter to us, I often amuse myself by speculating upon its nature, as developed by outer indications.

I once saw a poor woman returning after a day of hard labor to her miserable hovel, stooping to pick a stunted, faded blossom, on which the summer dust had gathered thickly, and it pleased me to imagine that in the Inner Temple rare flowers bloomed, and sweet birds sang, and music and fragrance shed their softening influence over her life of squalor, poverty, and wretchedness.

I have seen a friend sit at her piano when twilight shadows were gathering in the room, and let her fingers wander over the keys in a sort of dreamy trance, wakening harmonies that were never practiced under the eye of a teacher, or learned from books; and I knew, if she did not, that she was playing for the spirit that dwelt in the Inner Temple.

Best gift of Nature when its outward manifestations are harmony, charity, kindness, and love. How terrible when it becomes the abode of demoniac passions—a secret chamber full of unclean images, where the imagination delights to wander, groveling in grossness and sensuality of spirit, while the avenues are kept pharisaically clean and pure for the eyes of the world.

“If I keep my thoughts to myself they can do no harm,” says the spiritual debauchee. A little longer, and the screen of mortality is laid aside, and he can behold the blackness of ashes where the vestal flame should be burning—the walls defaced with hideous images, a temple where none but evil passions could delight to dwell—images, which it will take years of progress to erase. Every offense against purity leaves a scar upon the soul.

Alas for those to whom the Inner Temple is but the tomb of a dead or crucified love, waiting the touch of the shining finger of the Angel of Death to roll the stone from the mouth of the sepulcher, that this love may rise transfigured and glorified, with wings poised for the spheres of immortality.

“Your unvarying cheerfulness is unaccountable to me,” said a friend to me one day. “If I did not know you better I should say you were too frivolous to realize misfortune.”

“I dwell in my Inner Temple,” was the unspoken reply, saddened by the thought that this faithful friend of years, whose hand had clasped ours in love a thousand times, knew so little of that bright realm where fragrance,

and sunshine, and music, and all things beautiful, reign perpetually, and cast their shining halo over the adversities of common life—a splendor that turns its common dross to precious gold.

Alas for those who sit together at the hearth with clasped hands on winter nights, and in the wailing wind without can hear no undertone of harmony—who sit day after day at the same table, who lie down at night, and rise in the morning together, who walk side by side through life, and ever strive vainly to pierce the veil that separates their souls, groping with baffled fingers for the entrance to that spiritual chamber where each holds converse with his own imaginings.

Guard well the Inner Temple. Cleanse it from envy, from impurity, from uncharitableness—so shall you be more prepared to enter into that life where suffering is not, and sorrow cannot come.

A Single String.

Some one says: "The more music you can make on one string the less it will cost you to keep your fiddle strung." The advice is poor economy unless the instrument be played by a master hand. It takes a Paganini to make harmony from a single string. The richest lives are not found among the one-idea men. When, however, the subtle keys of melody or thought have been touched, genius can create from its single truth or chord, that world of weird suggestions and correspondence, from which the rhythmical harmonies are evolved. A single great idea, like the central chord in music, is a key by which the possessor unravels the spiritual universe, and enters into all mysteries.

Yet, let none believe that either life or music can be perfect upon the one-string theory. Development is the distinctive mark of this era. Harmony is the hope of the age. How do we see men whose devotion to one thought, one purpose,—whose resistance to one evil, has completely obscured their vision in all other directions. These are the genuine fanatics; persons who get so near the object aimed at, that they cannot see its relations to the other parts of the universal whole. I have seen a near-sighted man looking at a picture or statue. Forced by his infirmity to get near the object, it was utterly impossible for him to see beyond that portion upon which his eyes rested. The *tout ensemble* is invisible to him, or only to be absorbed by slow and painful efforts. Is not this an example of the rigid, unbending purist, the possessed one-ideaist. The near-sighted men, either in physical or mental life, acquire a microscopic minuteness and accuracy which in some degree makes up for their deficiency of breadth and comprehensiveness of vision. But in mental activities our near-

sighted friends are not the most agreeable persons to have relations with. To them the object they are after, the evil to be remedied, the patch of color or limb just before their eyes, is the one only noble purpose of life. All who do not run in their grooves are savagely denounced; all who, looking beyond, see the soft landscape stretching away into a beautiful perspective; all who see how the Divine Artist has rounded out the statue of life into complete and perfect proportions, and therefore cannot give more attention than properly due, to the apparent imperfection of detail; these are denounced and derided as wanting earnestness, and as unworthy workers.

Let us not eschew earnestness. Let us be zealous, but at the same time tone our judgments by that divine charity which recognizes the finiteness of man, the imperfection of his surroundings, and the controlling power of circumstance. Fight we the evil with the spirit of the Crusaders, but let it be the evil, and not so much the individual doers thereof, who, after all, are likewise its victims. H.

Relinquished.

BY LOUISE PALMER.

Her letter lies under my pillow—its words
burn heart and brain;
Ten days ago their warming changed to the
smarting fire of pain:

"My lover dear," she says, "Of strong men
prince and flower,
I hold my soul in patience up, and watch and
wait the hour
When past all shouting in the street to my list-
ening ear shall come
The eager tread of your manly feet in the
regiment marching home.
O happiest girl in the warring land to reach
the day at length
When my hero's arms shall shut me close in
the safety of their strength."

Bitterest words to me who lie in the hospital
ward alone,
With a crippling wound in my leg, and my arm
forever gone!
She fills her heart with her lover's praise in
dreams that never tire,
Nor knows he lies a shattered wreck—past
any heart's desire.
Her own will fail when she comes to see—I
have no fear for her truth;
She will turn her pride to protection—her love
to sorrowing ruth.
For that you know, is a woman—forever patient
and true
In sacrifice to your need of her, while she needs
nothing of you:
That brings the question quick to heart with
subtlest rankle and sting,
What have I to give for her perfect youth—
most sweet and precious thing!

What but the burden of my loss to clog her
 lightsome years—
 My weakness where God meant support—a
 cloud of cares and tears.
 Yet every pulse of my broken life tremulous
 yearns and stirs
 To bind its pitiful weakness up with the joyous
 strength of hers !
 In passionate prime when I held you close in
 the grace of a first caress,
 And called you my Lizzie, my own for life, I
 loved and wanted you less
 Than now, as I lie all nerveless, spent, and wan
 with the pallor of pain,
 And no right arm to draw you close to my
 longing heart again.

 I know I can hobble home on my crutch, and
 claim my promised wife—
 Creep into the arms of her pity and shelter
 me there for life.
 O sweet and strong temptation ! O precious
 rest to win !
 God help me rally what manhood's left against
 the lovely sin !
 Lord save me from the selfish deed of taking
 her life for mine ;
 Let me give her freedom, the one good gift
 left to my love divine.

 Greater is he who conquers his soul, is the
 praise of the holy page,
 Than one that taketh the city strong in face of
 the enemy's rage.
 I braced my spirit with half the strain for the
 shock of bloody fray
 That it takes to scale the cruel heights of sac-
 rifice to day !
 But at last my bitter strife prevails, and my
 heart's desire lies slain :
 Now the letter quick, lest the foe revive and
 make my victory vain.

 Only the ink and paper, nurse—I will not tax
 your hand :
 My poor one left must begin to learn in place
 of the right to stand.
 Why, my heart is as loth to coin the words as
 my awkward hand to write !
 Yet cold and hard I put them down, to lie at
 last in her sight.
 I know her too well to write the truth, to sound
 her its wailing strain
 Of, " My darling, I shut your sun from my life
 and sit in the night of pain !
 The stalwart knight of your maiden choice went
 down in battle's rack,
 Failing forever out of the world—so take your
 plighting back ;
 Nor cheat your heart a crippled wretch can for
 its loss atone,
 And waste upon his ailing life the sweetness of
 your own."
 No words like these : but coldest talk of " cir-
 cumstance, if foreseen
 On the summer-day we made our troth, the
 vowing had never been.
 The late battle disabled me somewhat, and on
 the whole, I must cease

To think of the added care of a wife, and beg
 your kindly release."
 Such speech as this will kindle her pride and
 the fire of her quick disdain
 Will snap the bond her pity would bind like the
 links of a daisy-chain.

 The letter is ended and sped, and I think of it
 day by day ;
 On its journey home, where I thought to be
 taking my eager way,
 Till it reaches the hand whose tender touch I
 was hoping now to feel.
 I think of her face as its impatient eyes the
 letter's sense reveal !
 As quick along the rambling lines her kindling
 glances scan,
 She will not guess my heart's best blood along
 the letters ran.

 I did not know that mortal days could float a
 man so slow ;
 Once cast aloose from love and hope on their
 dull tide to flow !
 I feel the longing lack of her loss in every
 leaden hour :
 Yet keep like a fool her image at heart in its
 place of ancient power.
 I shall see not even her writing again on aught
 —not the tiniest note,
 Save cold address on letters returned, that my
 lost right hand wrote.
 Yet my pulse leaps up when the mail comes in,
 refusing to feel how vain
 The hope of precious missive sent from her
 firm white hand again.

 As I lie in silence alone, and close my eyes to-
 night,
 I let the thought of her grow and fill my inward
 sight,
 Till I almost feel her smile the shadowy ward
 illumine,
 And hear the float of her dress, and breathe its
 vague perfume.

 Kind Savior ! whose tear is this that has fallen
 on my face ?
 Whose these two hands that hold my one in
 clinging soft embrace ?
 Whose voice can speak to me such words—too
 sweet for truth their sounds ;
 " My own ! do we love the dear Christ less for
 the mangling of his wounds !"

 Lizzie ! my soul leaps out to light at the day-
 dawn of your eyes,
 That I could not blind to my yearning love by
 any cold disguise.

 O quick to follow the shining steps of the
 Lord of woman born,
 Who came from the heights of Paradise to wed
 the church forlorn,
 And gave for it his priceless life in offering glad
 and free,
 So out of the depths of her holy love she gives
 herself to me.

Our Library.

The Ideal Attained: Being the Story of Two Steadfast Souls, and how they won their Happiness and lost it not. By ELIZA W. FARNHAM. 1 volume. New York: C. M. Plumb & Co.

We give the title of Mrs. Farnham's volume in full, because the first part of it conveys no idea of its purport. It is a story of a man and a woman, constructed after the authoress's ideal, who met on a sailing-vessel bound for San Francisco; she on her way to an uncle there; he yielding to an attraction which had sprung up in his heart for her. Other characters take part in the development of the story; but they serve merely as foils to display these two. The incidents of the plot are also arranged evidently with a view of exhibiting these two personages in the greatest variety of attitudes, both as individuals and as related to each other. They are brought intimately together—they are kept sternly apart. They share in comforts and in privations. They are subjected to rest and to labor. They are tried by dependence and by independence. They are alienated and reconciled. Their minds meet on trivial subjects and on grave. The test of experience brings out their weak and their strong points. In the end, they are joined in a perfect union. We infer from the Publishers' Preface, that this book was written a considerable time before the last work, "Woman and her Era." Mrs. Farnham must, however, have had the doctrine of that work matured in her mind before she planned this. The two books are complements of each other. "The Ideal Attained" is the illustration in the form of experience of the theory maintained in "Woman and her Era." It is the concrete of that abstraction; or rather that gives the philosophy of the characters and relations depicted in this. No reader of Mrs. Farnham's last book should fail to read the story before us; and the reader of the story would do well to turn over the chapters of that more elaborate work. To many Mrs. Farnham's theory of the relation existing between man and woman, and of their providential attitude in history, seemed repulsive, owing, perhaps, to the necessarily critical, analytical, and to some extent, controversial character of the volumes in which that theory was explained. But in this vivid sketch of two lives, the relation between the man and the woman is as natural and sympathetic as one could wish. If Mrs. Bromfield is a woman after Mrs. Farnham's own heart, and "the Colonel" is such a man as her soul delights in, and their union the legitimate and fair result of her premises, then

we say "amen" to her philosophy. For Mrs. Bromfield is a woman who would adorn the choicest circle—whom women would admire—whom men would honor, accept, and be only too glad to take to their homes as wife, in the noblest sense of the word. "The Colonel" is a man of a rare stamp, whom women might be pardoned for adoring, and whom men would applaud as a model of manly virtues; and their union comes as near what all good and cultivated people would call a perfect marriage as this earth gives an opportunity of seeing. The characters are certainly idealized. They could hardly have been life-studies. If they were, we envy the authoress her experience in men and women. They are constructed, we fancy—creations of her mind; but the traits which her imagination supplies, belong, without exception, to the pure manly and womanly, and fill out, instead of distorting, the image of ordinary humanity.

The book is intensely earnest in its tone. There is no trifling in its chapters. The dramatis personæ all have brains, and well do they use them in discourse on grave themes. Even the table-talk is significant. The "asides" are momentous. We do not get these people to the end of their voyage without sailing over many seas of thought and sounding many deeps of reflection. To most people, the reading of the book would be an education in liberal opinions, and a very pleasant education too—for the course, though rigidly exact, is so delicately conducted and so brilliantly illustrated, that one is instructed while seeming to be merely amused.

The literary execution of the volume has much merit. The description of the sea-voyage is full of alternate calm and breeze. The life on the island might have been painted from actual sketches taken on the spot. The life in the young San Francisco was, in truth, so painted, and we should not know where, out of these pages, to find another so faithful photograph of the womanless, childless, chaotic, sandy town, as it was in its early days. We feel as if we had been there, and were glad we had got out of it.

"The Ideal Attained" will add greatly to Mrs. Farnham's literary reputation, as a successful attempt at the philosophical fiction: the novel that holds an earnest, moral, social, and even humane purpose, without losing the fascinating excitements of the novel; the treatise on high themes of personal interest, clothed in the rich garments of the novel, and yet retaining the dignity of the treatise. The story is good as a story; the moral is good as a moral, and both moral and story are one.

We rather object to long letters at the end of a tale. They look as if the author, tired of his task, laid by his art, and supplied the deficiency of his work by opening his files of correspondence; and Mrs. Farnham's epistolary style is not as graceful as her narrative: but the letters cannot be omitted by the reader who wishes to understand the story of the two lives, and the substance of them will amply compensate for the form. * *

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