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Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

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[WHOLE No. 143]

TO WRITERS AND READERS.

A letter X on the margin opposite this notice is made to indicate to the subscriber that his subscription will soon expire, and that he is invited promptly to renew it, to insure the uninterrupted mailing of the paper, and save extra labor at this office. Renewals will in all cases be dated and receipted for from the expiring number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.

Whisperings to Correspondents

C. J. T.—Your lines, which contain a grand truth, are in the hands of "the critic," who will report in due time.

A. P. A. LaPORTE.—No index or title-page to our bound volumes 1 and 2 of HERALD OF PROGRESS has been prepared.

POEMS DECLINED.—"Guardian Angels," "Nature's Works are Beautiful," "A Wreath," "Lines for the Times," "The Birth of Freedom," "DE VERE," MICHIGAN.—Thanks for "The Sunbeam," "Why?" and "The Temple and the People."

B. B. NORRISTOWN, PA.—Your letter and poems are received. We rejoice that the consolations of Spiritualism are yours in the sadness of bereavement.

C. H. L. BUFFALO, N. Y.—Intercourse with the spirit-world is more frequent and convincing than ever before. This is the morning of that clearer day which has dawned upon the dismal night of old theology.

N. C. McR.—We have decided not to publish "Why my Aunt Never Married." We are not quite certain to what address you would like to have it sent. Please let us know.

C. C. M. CHICAGO, ILL.—You say that you were "an unhappy one year ago as you can be, and that now you are miserable." This reminds us of the Irish editor, who, speaking of Ireland's miseries, said: "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is not yet full."

Mrs. H. A. B. GALLION.—Let the Spirit of Beauty ever whisper of the good time coming, and bid thy imaginings ever rise into the realms of immortal bloom.

"Pine-trees swing their odory chime, Palm-trees lift their plummy prime, In the ever-Eden time, Over there."

Mrs. FRANCES LORD BOND, writing from Sturgeon Bay, Wis., October 24, says: "Hearing that there were Spiritualists in Pensaukee, a place six miles from Oconto, I called there to 'glad my eyes' with the sight of a live, genuine Spiritualist. This circumstance brought me to Sturgeon Bay, to find in the family of Mr. Ezra Stevens, composed of his wife, a mother, and sister, Spiritualists in more than the name—a rare sight in this region of country. The sister, Miss Cahoon (Lottie), is a writing impressionist medium. Last evening the following lines were given, through 'Lottie.' The names, Willie, Belle, and Lucy, which appear in the poetry, are the names of my spirit children. Lucy, who purports to be the author, is the eldest of them."

THE SPIRIT-CHILD'S APPEAL TO HER EARTH-MOTHER.

Listen, mother, while we tell
Where we thy spirits dwell,
Where we live, and what we do—
What we sometimes do for you,
When the shadows come and go,
As they often do, we know,
Then we come and scatter flowers
From our bright elysian bowers—
Twine them o'er thy forehead fair,
Wreath them with the myrtle there;
Then we come and whisper near
What we wish no one to hear—
Whisper of the Better Land,
Where are all thy angel-band;
And we tell thee of the joy
That is thine without alloy:
Try to tell in pleasing chime
What even we can do in time.
And, dear mother, can you think
What to earth our spirits link?
'Tis the golden chain of love,
Bringing to our world above,
The mother we all love so well,
From Willie down to little Belle,
And we think she'll teach us how
To labor on her planet now—
Help us our earth-law fulfill,
Live up here and work there still,
Teach us, mother, what to do,
That we may progress with you,
That when our best work is done,
We shall know our home is won—
Know in Spirit Land we'll be
An unbroken family.

Theological Investigation.

"Fair Truth" for thee alone we seek!
Friend to the wise, supporter to the weak,
From thee we learn what'er is wise and just,
Creeds to reject, professions to distrust,
Forms to despise, pretensions to deride,
And, following thee, to follow naught beside."

The Necessity of Christianity.

LETTERS FROM A MINISTER TO A. J. DAVIS,
ON THE DIVINE INCARNATION.
INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 24, 1862.
A. J. DAVIS, Esq., NEW YORK.—DEAR SIR: Having been for some time familiar with your writings, and being struck by the peculiarity of your views concerning Jesus Christ, I have written to you a letter upon that subject, in which I have endeavored to demonstrate, in few words and in general terms, the necessity of Christianity as a part of divine order, and a fulfillment of all natural and divine laws. I am a minister of the New Church. Before sending the letter, however, I thought it best to ask if you would agreeably accept such a communication. I do so the more boldly because it will not, as the letter is short, trespass much upon your time; and it proceeds upon principles which your writings everywhere seem to acknowledge, and may, I venture to hope, interest you as an inquiry among profound and inspiring truths. May I hear from you in reply? At all events, I know you will pardon this slight intrusion.

Truly yours,
R. NORMAN FOSTER.

REPLY

NEW YORK, Oct. 27, 1862.
DEAR SIR: Your friendly note of the 24th inst. was duly received.

You say that you have written me a letter concerning Jesus Christ. You have endeavored to demonstrate, in few words and in general terms, the necessity of Christianity as a part of the divine order, and a fulfillment of all natural and divine laws.

Let me assure you, my friend, that the columns of the HERALD OF PROGRESS are free to every one, of whatever faith, who is deemed capable of imparting useful information.

If you have any truth, either celestial or terrestrial, which I have not, but which you think I ought to possess for my own and the world's good, I pray you delay not in presenting it. At the head of our Journal you will find this motto: "For the Discovery and Application of Truth."

If you can demonstrate the necessity of Christianity as it is generally received and understood among what are styled "evangelical Christians," you will accomplish a great work for those who need the demonstration.

Again let me assure you that your sincere reflections will be welcomed and hospitably entertained by

Your friend,
ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 30, 1862.
A. J. DAVIS, Esq., DEAR SIR: Your very kind letter was duly received. I cannot pass the spirit of courtesy displayed in it without the deserved acknowledgment. I send herewith the first of my letters upon the "Incarnation."

Five or six letters, I think, will be required to complete the expression of my views upon the subject under consideration. I hope they will be welcome to you.

You will at once see that it is not my intention to "demonstrate the necessity of Christianity as it is generally received and understood among what are styled 'evangelical Christians,'" that is a task that I would neither undertake myself, nor wish any other person to attempt. The dissolution of "evangelical Christianity" is what I think I see prominent, most prominent, among the signs of the times. But there is another "Christianity," toward which I look with brighter hopes. In these letters to you, I shall aim to sketch its outlines roughly.

Sincerely yours,
R. NORMAN FOSTER.

FIRST LETTER ON THE INCARNATION.

DEAR SIR: Hidden far beneath the dry incrustations of religious mimicry and formalism; deeply concealed within the tender shoots of the true but misdirected spirituality which alone redeems the devastated Church of the present day; more interior than the superficial vision of modern skepticism, which feeds upon the dry epidermis of Truth merely; more profound than the revelations of modern Spiritualism; yes, deeper far than all or any of these things, lies the essential truth of Christianity.

Mankind, mighty in the realm of science, and rapidly maturing in worldly power and wisdom, are mere children in spiritual knowledge and perception. Therefore their religion, whatever of interior life and power it may possess with a few, is to the many a grand traditional dogmatism, devoid of life, and unable to think. The interior and regenerating knowledge of God is woefully defective; so

that many, in their first moments of alarm at the discovery of this defect, have concluded that such knowledge is impossible to man.

Whatever significance this fact of spiritual ignorance may possess, as connected with the doctrine of the fall of man, the remedy and its mode of application are the same: gentle teachings, faithful leadership, the steady elucidation of the great and central spiritual truths by minds thoroughly prepared for the work.

No subject, perhaps, would better illustrate these remarks than the one upon which I have chosen to address you; none so completely covers the contested ground among all parties. It is the foundation-stone of the Christian religion, the stumbling-block of the skeptic, and the scorn of the philosopher. The Divine Incarnation is, moreover, painfully illustrative of the condition of the so-called Christian mind, since its grand significance has been reduced by the Church to the pigmy dimensions of a Jewish sacrifice; and the fact, being barely received by minds interiorly dark and cold, has been tortured into meanings monstrous and absurd. Thus the external life of the Lord Jesus (for as such I shall speak of him in these letters) has been held estimable chiefly on account of his high moral qualities and his physical sufferings! The grand idea which that life was obviously designed to teach, viz., the spiritual union of humanity with the eternal Father, in bonds so close, so perfect, so harmonious, as to transform, transmute, and transfigure it into a shape of divine beauty, inflamed with an infinite love—this grand representation, we say, has been altogether lost. So of other features, likewise, of which we shall speak in the proper place.

The whole subject has undergone deterioration on the same stupendous scale; and in the observations herein to be offered concerning the Incarnation, we do not undertake to defend or palliate any of these distortions of a truth in itself pure, lofty, and of universal significance.

The external view of Christ, like the external view of any subject whatever, is very well as a matter of fact and memory; but at the best it gives only the husks of truth. The spirit, that hungers and thirsts for living realities, and for interior communion with wisdom and love, must draw its sustenance from sources like itself, deeper in meaning and in life.

For several years I have explored the subject of the Incarnation, urged forward with the inspiration of the hope that, ultimately, my toil should meet the exceeding great reward of spiritual peace and joy arising from the possession of that truth and love, which are the veritable leaders of our race to happiness and to God. At length, after much waiting and laboring, the perception, deep, clear, and peaceful, dawned upon my spirit from the vast world within, that the manifestation of God in Christ was a necessity of divine order, and the most perfect fulfillment of all laws, natural and spiritual.

The Incarnation is not a fragmentary, but a universal truth. It was not an after-thought of the Divine Being, conceived as the happy remedy for an unforeseen accident to this or any other world. It is the ultimatum of an eternal law of the Infinite Wisdom, and the final accomplishment of the perpetual effort and tendency of the Divine Love. It is represented, and thus prophesied, in every created thing throughout the universe, without exception and without cessation. By reason of this universality of its law and order, the Incarnation has been impressed interiorly upon the perceptions of all peoples, in some form or other, and stands forth everywhere as the complete embodiment of all their religions.

The universal influx bore with it, into the bosoms of men, before the Incarnation, the prophetic conviction that He from whom the influx came would finally make himself still better known, and would come still lower down, in accommodation to the states of men; for the divine love and wisdom accommodate themselves perpetually to the receptive capacity of man, as water to the shape of the containing vessel.

The influent Divine Life was forever whispering to the receptive spirit of man, I am he who was, and who is, and who is to come. "To come," because God's purpose to reveal himself most perfectly to his children was plainly prefigured in the increasing light and power of every new revelation to the soul by the interior way; every step in this descending revelation of himself brought God manifestly nearer to the consciousness of man, and brought the human consciousness into more intimate relations with God. "To come," because man felt his own weakness in the ex-

ternal, and knew that only by a closer alliance of that outward being with God could it be saved from the lowest abyss of materialism, toward which the sensual nature, when alienated from the spiritual, is strongly attracted.

"To come," finally, because LIFE, everywhere and in all things, manifests itself as a grand process of INCARNATION. Life incarnates itself very partially, or in a very limited degree, in the mineral kingdom; more fully in the vegetable; still more perfectly in the animal; in all of these departments, typifying, by constant imitations and unbroken analogies, its future intention to concentrate all past labors and perfections in one being—that is, to incarnate itself in the most harmonious and most receptive of all forms, Man. Obviously, life is incarnated in every human body; and obviously there is a type and image of this human body extended throughout the descending series of existences beneath man, even to the very lowest; and a corresponding incarnation accompanies the image throughout its whole course, until both are closed and lost in the deadest mineral. All Nature, obedient to the divine influx, strives after the image of man, as the child strives after and grows to manhood. And thus it is that the universe is man taken to pieces, while man is the universe concentrated in one most perfect and beautiful form. The universe is the macrocosm; man the microcosm.

The perpetual effort of life is to a human incarnation in the ultimate sphere; that is, in the material universe.

From what has been said of the connection between man and the universe beneath him, it will be seen that that conatus is in everything, great and small, high and low; it never rests; and looking down the great chain of imagery, we can hardly fail to detect it to the very last link. What life is, is not now the question; that shall be demonstrated in its proper place. Suffice it for the present to say that it is the inmost substance and essence of angels, men, and of all things else; and that as the blood continually pours itself from its central seat, the heart, and labors to incarnate itself in every fiber of the body, so does life dwell within the blood, deeper yet within the will, within the profoundest consciousness, and pours itself forth from its central home in God—THE ILLUMINATOR—and embodies itself in every angel; descending lower, incarnates itself in every man, in every creature; proclaiming in all things the divinity within, and stamping the universal human image upon every created thing.

Now just here, I believe, hinges the whole subject of the Divine Incarnation. The Divine Life loves and labors for its own incarnation universally and perpetually; and this law is obviously even to the senses! But does not this law promise, yea, does it not necessitate, "in the fullness of time," as the Bible has it, the final incarnation of God himself? By this law, does not every atom of the universe, animate and inanimate, cry out that they are all but feeble shadows and images of a great and perfect incarnation of Divinity itself? Do they not confirm the written Word: "It is easier for heaven and earth to fail than for one jot or one tittle of the law to fail, till ALL be fulfilled?" I believe this inference from the lesser to the greater is logically faithful, and violates no law of Nature, of Reason, or of God; but points steadily to the entire fulfillment of them all. LIFE, that cannot rest a moment in the feeblest creature without a constant incarnation, must follow the same law unbroken in the Deity, from whom are all its innate tendencies and powers. And this universal truth, this eternal law of divine order, it is, which finds its fulfillment and expression in the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. But as this statement is to be largely confirmed in succeeding letters, I close this communication.

Meanwhile, let this question be deeply and calmly pondered: Is it not the universal Law of Life to become INCARNATE?

Yours, &c.,
R. N. FOSTER,
(A Minister of the New Christian Church.)

CHARLES KINGSLEY pens the following farewell:
"My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, nor dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song."

Never waste anything—not even advice.

Pulpit and Rostrum.

"Every one's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom seems, at the time, to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new."

Contents and Career of Divine Ideas.

BY SELDEN J. FINNEY.

Our success in the elimination of the contents and career of "Divine Ideas" is dependent on our present ability to get into the "divine circuits," to blend with the tides of universal life, to harmonize with the current rivers of celestial magnetism, as oceans flow, as suns revolve, as the world sings. Once thus in harmony with the methods and rhythm of the universe, its music sings through our hearts, we float onward in the sunbeams of the Great Purpose, and read, through the eyes of Omniscience itself, the vast significance of Nature. Nothing less is demanded of us who would fitly speak of this sublime subject so as to echo the utterances of the gods. Nor can it be concealed that this high estate is attainable only through the steady and continuous culture of our spiritual nobility, whose divine baptism alone is adequate to still the clamors of the blood and elevate the emotions of the body till they chime with the music of the spheres. Only, therefore, by the elimination of our material opacity can the divine ray shine through us destitute of shadow. May the blessed above conciliate for us, so far as in them lies, the conditions of this high estate.

It is not given to negation to move the world. Theoretical Atheism has never yet organized any substantial and beneficent movement of history. An inevitable, undeviated faith, in the Great Purpose of the world, lies at the basis of all the great movements of millenniums. A universal negation, as the result of Ignorance, never produced the ruins of Ninevah, of Thebes, of Karnak, of Luxor; never started science and philosophy in Greece; did not construct the empire of Rome, nor unfold the civilization of modern Europe, nor discover and people America, nor organize the sentiment of liberty into the Constitution of our country. It is only faith that can inspire the race to such deeds; a faith which is not based on objective things, but which is central in the soul of the race, which never becomes crushed under the lumber of conflicting creeds and superstitions, which never vacillates with the transformations of opinions or empires, nor drifts backward, cold and lifeless, into the dead past; but which, tethered fast to the throne of eternal principles, rises amid the experimental failures of historic effort, and proclaims a sublime conquest possible to whatever nation or person deserves it.

Every necessary deed of common life is the confession of this faith. We do not fear in walking lest the earth beneath our feet should vanish into vapor, and leave us to an eternal fall through bottomless space. Every breath we draw is an organic confession of faith in the vital and beneficent power of the air, while each effort at scientific discovery and philosophic reflection is demonstration of unavoidable faith in the unity, and significance, and purpose of Nature. Universal human life proceeds under the lead of this intuitive faith. In short, all the struggles of history are illustrations of indestructible faith (not belief merely) in the divine unity, beneficence, and reason of things.

The character of this central intuition is absolute, like the genius of the world. It asks no liberty of our will to appear in us. Indeed it is the throne of will itself; for without faith there is no will, for to will is to confess confidence in power. The absolute character of this faith is clearly seen also in the last possible effort of negativism, viz.: in the denial of one's own existence—as, I do not exist. Analyze this negation, which is the most intensely negative of all possible denials, and you get for the first term this ego, which thus insensibly tries in vain to get out of and away from itself. The statement begins with the affirmation of the being of the I, which is equivalent to the affirmation of the objective world also; for we do not come to know that we are until we distinguish ourselves from what is not ourselves, and what must be, therefore, objective to ourselves. Hence I say, faith in ourselves and in the world is inevitable. We cannot escape its presence or its pressure.

But not only have we this absolute faith in the existence of ourselves and of the outward world, but by its very nature it compels ac-

knowledge of the divine or beneficent purpose of both. It is faith in the intrinsic goodness and glory of being. No one can divorce himself from this primal intuition, for it is the ground-work of his very consciousness. Man does not act till he knows that he is; and all his voluntary acts take place under the impulsion of this sublime faith in the essential divinity of power. Why has not the historic effort ceased amid the ruins of ancient empire, and the career of civilization come to a period in the graves of buried nations? Because at the heart of the world sits this serene, unshaken angel of the covenant—Faith, calmly fronting the morrow in the greatness of that trust which carries God with it, and so hath the whole future in the bottom of its heart. This creative genius, out of the ruins of seeming failure evokes the splendid civilizations of the world. In its center there resides the conscious divine purpose, else why so calm and sublime amid the storms of centuries? Centuries must elapse, perhaps eons, ere we can evolve the contents of this faith into philosophic statement, but when we do this we shall find it the plenipotentiary of Omnipotence, commissioned to preside over the historic career of a peopled universe. In the phrase of ancient Scripture it is thus: "For God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. * * * And this is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Faith is the intuition of the divine purpose, the primal revelation of the great system of things. It is Nature arisen into consciousness of its own trustworthiness.

This faith is the centripetal, or center-station, tendency, as opposed to the circumstantial, or centrifugal tendency. It is pivotal, interior in its statics; primal, profound, and spontaneous in its dynamics. The so-called faiths of religionism—of factitious theology—bear no more resemblance to this than the machine which man builds and turns bears to the spontaneous mechanics of Nature, or than the unconscious quiverings of a galvanized corpse's muscles "resemble the living and spontaneous throbs of an impassioned organism." The former are like the mummies of Egypt, which resemble each other only in being cold and dead, and entombed beneath dust-covered altars; while the latter, like the genius of life, peoples history with the creations of progress, and, like the sun in the heavens, quickens the bosom of humanity with the central fires of the world. The former differ as climate and country differ, the latter is the same on the mountains of Caucasus and in the forests of America—in the heart of the Mohammedan and in the breast of a Christian.

These devotees of factitious beliefs, miscalled faiths, when acting from those beliefs, anathematize each other for a time, but at last this primal and spontaneous faith makes its power felt in the hearts of these religionists, until at length a truce to their childish struggles, even if it be only to take breath, or to facilitate commerce, is an announcement by each of reliance in the honor and trustworthiness of the other, which, "being interpreted," is faith in the God in humanity. A world half-full of liars could not destroy man's intrinsic reliance in human nature, for while man is he must trust himself, his essential nature and organic aims. If John deceive us, we lose no particle of faith in essential nature thereby, but only in an especial form of its application to temporary affairs. Here, then, is the foundation of personal, social, commercial, national, and universal confidence. It is because man has faith in himself, that he believes in his fellow. He attempts marriage, society, government, laws, commerce, religion, science, and philosophy, because of this faith. He could essay neither were his bosom bare of its prolific power. It is the vital magnetism of this brooding presence that warms the latent germs of promise into the full fruited triumphs of genius and civilization.

And though this faith is the most constant, and operative, and utilitarian of all powers, it is at the same time the most transcendental, and spiritual, and sublime of ideas. Though it is the toiling genius of history carrying bricks, and mortar, and stone; though it organizes armies through Caesar, and Hannibal, and Napoleon; and though it found empires and republics through Charlemagne and Washington; though it build the pyramids of Egypt and establish the governments and societies of the world; though it develop navies and whiten the ocean with the commerce of the globe, it is yet the most occult, profound, and abstract of sentiments—the most absolute and authoritative of laws, and the most enduring substance. It is the golden girdle that spans the empire of appearances; the chain of divine logic that makes events consecutive; and the tether that holds man fast at once to his fellow and to the Heart of Eternal Love. It is absolute, asking no liberty of our volition to appear in us; central, holding us together; universal, alike in all spirits; infinite, being the law of the relations of things; eternal, being the property of such relationship, the spirit of which is Love.

Will the Spiritualist skeptic tell us that this faith cannot be trusted? that it is a delusion? How then can he trust his denial of its trustworthiness? Has our Atheist no faith in his own denial of all faith? Hence it is seen that this Idea of trust is inevitable; we cannot escape from its power even in the most dogged theoretical Atheism. It is taken for granted in all the affairs of the world; and as it presupposes the essential goodness or divinity of the universe, and also the trustworthiness of our own being, it constitutes in itself the primary revelation of the Divine Idea—Infinite Power, Love, Will, and Wisdom. Until this Idea can be wrenched from its seat in the consciousness of man, absolute Atheism stands

no sort of chance of even temporary success in the affairs of this life. Call it a delusion, if you are insane enough; but remember that a greater and more fatal delusion is, to put faith in the delusion of its denial.

The great question which this train of reflection calls up is relative to the object of this faith. Granting its primary, intuitive, and inevitable character, has it, after all, any commensurate divine object? If it has not, then it is a lie; and if it be false, then nothing in man can be trusted, and thus farewell to the glory of being.

It is to be remembered that this faith in its essential nature is not childish confidence in specialities in this or that limited fact of sensuous observation, but is a sublime trust in the genius of Nature—is implicit reliance on the Divinity of the world.

Faith in existence is trust in the relations of existence, and therefore in the unity of all things. And this Idea of the systematic unity of Nature, is not derivable from the limited observation of external things; for experimental science has only just begun the examination of the world. True, so far as it has gone, it finds the fact of existence demonstrative of the truth of this Idea; but it has gone but a very little way into the empire of immensity, while, on the other hand, this Idea of unity is an axiom of the reason, necessary and universal, which makes the scientific study of Nature possible. The power of comparison, native to the reason, presupposes this systematic unity of Nature; for whatsoever things stood in no relation to each other, could not be compared. To be comparable, they must possess some qualities in common to each other and to the comparing mind. Explanation of anything is elucidation of its connections or relations. If the planet Saturn stood in no relation to the sun, to the earth, or to the observer on the earth, it could not be known at all.

Isolation precludes science. But the very existence of the analogical power or faculty of mind, takes for granted the universal law of analogy. This law is the standard of scientific observation and induction, and cannot, therefore, be the product or result of the observation itself. It is the law of induction itself, and is furnished by the transcendental and interpretative reason. Primarily it governs—not arises from—observation. This law, it is true, is confirmed by observation, but it is the primal and direct intuition of the properties and principles of the law itself, by the reason, that makes science possible. It is, rather, the regulative law of reason itself, or shall I not say it is the essence and method of reason? Here then we rest secure on that innate faith in the laws of reason and of the universe, whose existence makes science and philosophy possible. We cannot choose but trust in them, for they compose us. Who can distrust an axiom of mathematics? And what is the science of mathematics? It is only the exponent of relations, and consequently the elucidation of analogy. Its great problem is to show the connection between unity and plurality, or in other phrase, the relations of "being and appearance," of phenomena and substance.

As, therefore, we are by our constitution and relations to the world, incapable of universal or even of a general negativism, it follows that this faith is the demonstration of the reality of being and its laws. For this Idea is, first, necessary—we can do nothing without it; and second, it is universal—all history takes it for granted; and third, it is inevitable: we cannot escape from its presence and pressure. Therefore we are, the world is, and hence we stand in definite and sympathetic relations to the world. This dissipates the metaphysical fog which some thinkers of modern Europe have raised on the question of the origin of Ideas. Some of them have so divorced their intellect from their spiritual intuitions, as to question the existence of any objective world, trying to resolve it into an Idea. But such seem not to understand that an Idea is the only substantial and eternal substance in being.

Suns may roll out from the vortex of Nature, planets may roll off from suns, and all may, by the law of reaction, go back again to the Great Fountain of Life and Substance; but the Ideas which are the laws and principles governing their career can never change. Men talk as if continents were solid and enduring; but every continent on earth has heaved up and down, above and beneath the ocean, like the waves of the deep, while the law of analogy, sympathy, or affinity, which is an idea of impersonal reason, holds its unshaken sway throughout the boundless empire of immensity.

Ideas are primal revelations in the spirit of man, of the essential truths or principles of eternal and impersonal Reason. They are essences and laws of the universe, arisen through the process of creation into consciousness in man. Their authority is absolute and inappealable. They govern governments, furnish the law of laws, and sit in judgment on the institution and career of populous worlds. They are positively the only substantial or eternal things. They know no time or place, but make both time and place possible. They are infinite, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, all beautiful and self-evident. They are divine, supreme, sublime.

This innate faith, whose sublime function I would celebrate, springs from an Idea, viz: the trustworthiness of the genius or Spirit of Nature. [There is no super-nature possible in a Universe of Eternal Life.] And this is the doctrine of the Divinity of the system of Nature. The analysis of consciousness, or of history, shows us this inevitable trust, as the sign of the security, permanence, and beneficence of the powers of the world. It is

therefore based upon a principle of eternal and impersonal reason. Its authority is supreme, its function divine. It holds us fast to the center and throne of life; it binds us with cords of sympathy to the Eternal Love. It is the element of universal love itself, which in us beats responsive to the Great Public Heart.

Its existence and vast power in us, intimates its source and fountain in Infinite Spirit. For what is it we trust? Not our personality certainly; for that is subservient to its absolute behests. Neither is it the forms of phenomena out of us; for these are secondary and relative, and presuppose the primary and absolute. It is, then, the absolute Love, Law, Light, Wisdom, and Beauty which this faith implies and intimates, and in the consciousness of whose sublime existence, permanence and presence, the Soul of Humanity lifts itself upward from savagism toward the realm of the supernal. For an instant withdraw the veil which hides from us the Genius of Life, and show us instead of a God, a demon full of hate and rancorous malice driving with fiery scourge the nations to formless ruin or to endless torment, and the world of souls would go mad or be resolved into impalpable powder. So constant is this sublime trust, we scarce suspect its existence. Like the music of the spheres, whose perpetual flow, unbroken by any interval of silence, allows us no contrast to enable us to attain to a consciousness of its harmonies, the constant pressure of this Presence almost precludes a cognition of its existence. It is because it is so common, that it is so little noticed. It is so natural, so wrought up into the web of life, and so involved in the fiber of our nature, that it presents nothing novel to us spiritual children. For the same reason the savage sees nothing grand in the processes of the plant he crushes in his tread. The mass has yet to see that the most common substance is Spirit, and the most public toiler is God. So this faith is divine, being the genius of common life, and implies its goal in the "Supersensuous Heart."

As this faith is at once primordial, spontaneous, profound, and inevitable, and as it rests logically and securely only on the idea of the eternal existence, divine beneficence, and infinite reason of Nature, it must be taken as positive and living proof of the truth of this idea. It becomes to us now the central intuition of the human spirit, which thus directly, and not at second-hand, takes cognizance of the Great Purpose and sublime qualities of existence. As an intuition of the human subject, it presupposes its divine object. It proceeds, therefore, upon the being and qualities of divine reason. It can be justified on no other basis. It is, therefore, just as absolute a demonstration of the being and attributes of the Divine Spirit as it is the proof of our own existence. He who cannot escape from himself—from faith in his own being—cannot escape the logic of this primordial revelation of the significance of life.

It is a simple (not complex) faith in the essential qualities of being. Analytically stated, it is consciousness of Infinite Love—the Divine Power; of Eternal Law—the Divine Order; of Eternal Light—the Divine Statics; of Infinite Wisdom—the Divine Method; and of Infinite Beauty—the Divine Art. We trust in these ideas as the new-born child trusts in the warmth and vital magnetism of its mother's bosom, and we cannot but turn to them as the needle turns to the poles of the world. Love is the affinity of the spirit, and finds its synonym and symbol in the "gravitation" of matter. Out there, in solid globes, we call it attraction; but in here, in the arteries of the soul, it is the vital pulse of the Infinite Heart. Light is the outward symbol of internal intelligence, and means the transparency of Nature to the flow of eternal principles, the motion of "center-station" Ideas.

Law is matter is the steady and orderly procedure of events as they stand in consecutive relation; but in the soul it is the authority of absolute justice, the method of divine jurisprudence. In the world of forms, wisdom is the adaptation of parts to the whole; in the reason it is the intuition or sense of divine harmony. Beauty in the objective world finds its counterpart and creator in the ideal image of supreme excellence which sits serenely on the throne of personal unattained perfection, high up, just on the verge of the immortal world. No man ever distrusted these ideas nor ever can. It is through them that all men, whether conscious of it or not, look forth into the world, and in them that all hopes are rooted. History itself is only the record of human efforts to attain to the constant and unbroken reign of these eternal and impersonal principles; and the progress of the race—of civilization; consists in slowly learning how to hitch our machinery to these eternal and inexhaustible energies of Nature, so that we can ride through the empires of immensity in the chariots of the gods. It is quite useless for a person to tell me he does not believe in God, while he continues to walk, talk, breathe, think, and love; for his life is an unintentional, and inevitable confession of faith in all the essential qualities of divine existence. He may try to drive this faith out of his intellect, but every effort only involves him closer in the meshes of its power.

But the Materialist may object, that though the faith and its central idea implies the trustworthiness of Nature, it does not necessarily indicate the spirituality of Nature; that what we see and feel is only matter, and not spirit. I answer: 1st, The unity of Nature consists only in the relations of intelligence immanent in Nature to the forms which spring from her bosom; and 2d, That we know of no such thing as you call "matter." This word on which I write is not matter, else it was something different from matter before it be-

came wood. "Ab," but says our Materialist, "though the wood is not matter it is composed of particles of matter." I ask, How does he know this? Did he ever see a particle of matter—a simple, absolute particle of matter? Your boasted chemical analysis has not yet nor will it ever reach the unparticled elements of substance. Your purely physical sciences know nothing at all of the eternal simple substance of things—of that vast basis of the world of "appearance" which upholds the phenomena of Motion, Life, Sensation, and Intelligence. Though chemistry is a pioneer science, it cannot tell why an acorn should attract the elements in a proportion different from that of an apple-seed and thus produce an oak instead of an apple-tree. Your physical science does not touch the vital processes, much less the vital elements of universal life. All we know by physical science of the world is mere phenomena—appearance—transformation. Of the substratum of this appearance it says and can say nothing. We must look elsewhere for a knowledge of the primal, unparticled, and essential basis of things. Still the direction of science, going as it does from the surface inward, by induction, furnishes us a hint that we would do well to heed. Taking cosmogony as our guide, we find each solid globe once a fire-mist; and, pursuing the same inductive lead, we readily see there must have been a time when the worlds were totally invisible and intangible: for the process of world-making consists in unfolding the solid out of the fluid, the fluid out of the gaseous and intangible, and this, too, by a reduction of temperature, and the "precipitation" of previously imponderable elements. If induction is a true method, then who can stop short of the conclusion that these worlds are only the precipitation of elemental spirit? True, the induction would not reveal in itself the nature of spirit, but it is found in harmony with the Great Spiritual Idea. This condensing downward, or precipitating process, implies the opposite, the ascending, the attenuating, or spiritualizing process, just as the inductive implies the deductive method; and that, too, because action and reaction must be equal and correlative terms in the vast processes of formation and transformation.

Again: Pursuing the deductive method we find the outward world of appearance only symbolizing our ideas and native sentiments. We behold the geometry of the sky only because the eternal mathematics are arisen into self-conscious ideas in us—into axioms. Our pure reason could not interpret the world, if we, in our public and transcendental nature, were not made of the same identical stuff. The laws and essential elements of what is called matter are primarily revealed only in "interconscious" ideas of our spiritual nature. The world is only an appearance which these pure and impersonal ideas put on in the vast career of "creation," in order that immortal principles may become conscious of their own contents and career.

I said the process of world-making is attended with a reduction of celestial temperature; and also do I say the process of soul-making is attended by an elevation of temperature up toward the original Aura-Flame, out of which their original elements came forth on their sublime career of material empire. Elemental spirit particles, far fallen from the inexpressible central vortex of life, for a moment tremble on the distant boundaries or circumference of being, and during that sublime transition moment they round out into bodies of immortal, fadeless beauty, and, slowly and sublimely turning Divine, commence to remount toward their ancient seats in Nature's Central Sun. "Being and appearance" unite in man's immortal structure, in whose ascending career the vast cycles of celestial cosmogony shall repeat themselves in reverse order. His pure reason is the record of the eternity fled, and as it rises and warms with the vital life of the Great Heart, it shall evolve into the light of reflection, the divine order of the unfolding cosmos. There is only one stuff in the world, and that stuff is spirit; only one revelation of this elemental substance, and that revelation is constituted of the eternal, impersonal, universal, and necessary ideas of pure reason. Ideas answer perfectly to the necessary characteristics of elemental substance—unparticled spirit; for such substance must be eternal, impersonal, universal, and necessary. And ideas are the only things in the range of our knowledge, or its future conceivable possibilities, that can answer the given character of original elements. No clear-sighted philosopher of this age will believe the exploded doctrine of the absolute creation of entity from nonentity. Shall we be told that the ideas of pure reason are abstract? I answer that they are the basis of the concrete world, and the exponents of celestial mathematics. Mathematics rest upon axioms of reason, while at the same time the solid worlds revolve under the absolute sway of its laws.

Will we be told that spirit is "immaterial substance"? I reply: The two terms of this definition are incompatible with each other, and destroy the sense of the definition. It is like the Irishman's definition of nothing—viz: "a footless stocking without any leg." Absolute substantiality is necessary to being—to existence. If God is, God must be substantial. If Ideas are eternal principles, then they must be self-existent substance.

Nor will it do to remind us that there is a difference between a principle and an element, or form of "matter," for no one knows what so-called matter is, except by the very presence and power of principles. The senses take cognizance only of the forms which appear under the laws, or, rather, in the laws or principles of existence. Human consciousness is only self-conscious principles beholding the "appearance" of the same identical

principles in the objective world. The relation of interpretative reason to the forms of objects is one of consanguinity. Likeness of essential Nature is the law of science and of philosophic interpretation of the world. It is only the cosmical nature of man interpreting the cosmical structure of the world. The law of universal analogy presupposes all this. An essential element of the Cosmos, not representatively present in the principles of reason, would disjoint for us the system of Nature, and render our knowledge thereof fragmentary and confused. The chain of causation would thus be broken into countless fragments, or if not absolutely broken, the connection of its links we could never discover.

Again: The great spiritual Idea—the Idea of universal, infinite, and eternal spirit—precludes the possibility of any other substance in the universe; for if "matter" radically different from spirit can exist contemporary with spirit, then each limits the other, and either can be infinite, either in presence or in substance. Nor will it do to say that spirit pervades this other element or sphere called matter; for if each is distinct, then, wherever the particles of matter are, there, at the same moment, cannot the elements or element of spirit be. If spirit is, it is some kind of substance. If matter is, then it is some kind of substance. Now, if both are, and are different in principle, then there can be no affinity between them; if no affinity, then the one cannot inspire the other, nor the other be inspired by the one. Hence together they could not evolve the systems that teem through the empire of immensity, for the career of worlds is marked by the unmistakable relationship of consanguinity of living affinity between form and force, principle and phenomena.

No Spiritualist can admit the existence of "matter" as essentially different from spirit, and save himself from logical ruin; nor can the Materialist admit the existence of spirit as essentially different from matter, and save his theory from the same fate. Nor can the Materialist explain the phenomena of motion, Life, Sensation, and Intelligence, but by the use of such terms as: "Laws of Nature," "Principles of Nature," "System of Nature," which are only synonyms for the supreme reason and spirit of the world. Mere dead matter is not the constructive and living genius of the world. The last chemical analysis touches not the law of vital life; nor do the last discoveries of microscopic embryology reveal the reason of the difference between the career of a tadpole-cell and that of a man. Skeptical physiologists are compelled to express their sense of the constructive genius of organic life by such words as "plastic power," which is only a blind way of saying: The instant intelligence of Nature.

Nor can the Christian theologian escape this inevitable dilemma by his "supernaturalism." For, in the outset of the "divine creation," it is seen that, ere "God" could create non-entity into entity, he must get into or originally sustain a certain relation to absolute emptiness—to nonentity. But I ask, how could even God come in contact with nothing? And even after he should get the world of matter going out of nothing, he could not inspire it, because it is assumed to be totally unlike God. If God be supernatural, then there is no affinity between the two. Again: If matter be one thing, and this supernatural God quite another thing, in substance and character, then God cannot be infinite, because such an assumption supposes two radically different substances, which necessarily limit each other in the same universe. So, my Christian friend, either "God" or "matter" must be excoriated from your creed.

But no soul can part with its innate and inevitable faith in the eternal Ideas of Infinite Love, Law, Light, Justice, and Beauty; and since these Ideas are more certainly known to us than any notions of objective foreign "matter" can be, and since, also, these and other such ideas are the only things which answer to the necessary and universal character of elements, we are compelled to adopt these and other such principles as elemental, primordial, and the only substance. But as they are the basis of knowledge, as they compose the first principles of our consciousness, they are intelligence, *per se*, in and of themselves. They compose the supreme reason of things, and are the substance and spirit of "Nature." Nature is the only divinity. Our faith contemplates its Ideas as constituents of the Infinite Reason, the worship of whom is the function of universal life. These Ideas are immanent in the forms of phenomena as incarnation only—as symbols to the senses—but in the heart of the race is the consciousness of their divine nature and aim. We behold their shadows in so-called "matter;" but these shadows point inward to spirit as their highest estate. We cannot but trust, worship, adore them; for, amid these flying orbs, these trembling continents, and these uneasy nations, they alone are permanent, peaceful, and sublime.

It is cheering to know that the age of shadows is to go out, and the age of Ideas, in their supernal character, is to come in. And when this transpires, has dawned the era of unity, the fruits of which are to-day realized in the noblest societies of the Summer Land, and shall be ere long on earth.

We cannot devote too much proper attention to become conscious of the presence, power, and glory of these principles. They lift us up into the light of love and fill us with the divine opulence. Their discovery enlarges the spirit and increases its attractive power, which thus takes greater drafts from the inexhaustible fountain of eternal life. Their conscious presence in us remodels the form and face after the noblest styles of beauty, deepens the voice with the richest harmonies of music,



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1862.

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for her? She arose from the grave, after giving thanks to God and asking his guidance and protection, strengthened and soothed. On reaching the grounds before the house, she encountered Allen Hayward. The news of the morning had excited in him a high degree of excitement, and at the sight of Lina, it broke forth in curses loud and deep.

"O, what a wretch!" cried Mrs. Gordon, with a shiver—"some people pretend that these creatures have feelings like white folks; this looks like it!" "Mrs. Gordon, why did she do it? because she loved it so much! 'twas easier to let it sleep its life away in her arms than to see it torn from her heart to be sold in slavery."

For Parents to Ponder. "I would be glad to see more parents understand that when they spend money judiciously to improve and adorn the house, and the ground around it, they are in effect paying their children a premium to stay at home, as much as possible, to enjoy it; but that when they spend money unnecessarily in fine clothing and jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home—that is, in those places where they can attract the most attention and make the most display."

OVER THE RIVER. BY MISS NANCY A. W. PRIEST. Over the river they beckon to me, Loyal ones who've crossed to the further side, The gleams of their snowy robes I see, But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.

Over the river the boatman pale Carried another—the household pet— Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale— Darling Minnie! I see her yet. She crossed on her bosom her gentle hands, And fearlessly entered the phantom-bark; We felt it glide from the silver sands, And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.

For none return from those quiet shores Who cross with the boatman cold and pale; We hear the dip of the golden oars, And catch a gleam of the snowy sail; Lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts, They cross the stream and are gone for aye; We may not sander the vail apart That hides from our vision the gates of day— We only know that their barks no more May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea; Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore, They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold Is flushing river, and bill, and shore, I shall one day stand by the water cold, And list to the sound of the boatman's oar; I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail, I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand, I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale, To the better shore of the Spirit Land, I shall know the loved who have gone before, And joyfully sweet will the meeting be, When over the river, the peaceful river, The Angel of Death shall carry me.

SYMPATHY. There's not a joy, however great, However perfect it may be, But is refined and heightened by Love's tender words of sympathy. [DE VEE VINING]

well versed in legal and political questions. The greater the scholar in these practical relations of the world, the greater would appear this first discourse of the glorious Theodore. After a few lectures he will open his heart to new inspirations, and his audiences will then listen in rapt delight, while they follow him gladly into the green fields of Thought and Reform.

Consecrated Lives. THE ONLY NATIONAL HOPE. In the Christian vocabulary few words are more frequently used or possess greater significance than the word "consecration."

Our "INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY" includes this week a sketch adapted to the times. The American people are learning lessons through this war which they would have been slow to learn in any other way.

"MEDICAL WHISPERS" will appear in our next issue. "THE HARDENING OF HEALTH" continues to meet with a great sale. A large public, wholly outside of the ranks of Reformers, are attracted to purchase it, and to profit by its teachings.

"THE INCARNATION," a subject of great interest to numerous persons, is the central question of our Wilmington correspondent. His first Letter will be found in this number. We bespeak for him and his subject the candid attention of our readers.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS continues in large demand. No delay now occurs in meeting orders.

Our friends in California are hereby notified that by the 1st of January next we hope to have a depot for the sale of our publications in San Francisco. After that date orders can be more promptly and safely filled from that point. Due notice will be given of the proper address.

Those of our readers who rejoiced in and contributed to the election of Seymour in this State, can, if they please, share the tax levied on us by the New York roughs to celebrate the result. Our contribution—involuntary, we must confess—is a very good and somewhat expensive bulletin-board, which stood at our street entrance.

We celebrate Burnside's appointment by the purchase of a new one.

The Way to Do It. If every reader of the HERALD OF PROGRESS will procure one new subscriber, we can meet the heavy advance in paper without an increase of the subscription price. This is the easiest mode of imposing the tax we can devise. Try it, reader, and you will at least benefit those to whom you introduce the most independent and thoroughly progressive journal in the world.

Theodore D. Weld. After the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, this eloquent advocate of Freedom and Progress ascends the public platform, and once more consecrates his masterly powers and lofty sympathies to the advancement of eternal truth. We heard him break the long years of silence at Library Hall, in Orange, N. J., last week, just after the defeat of Wadsworth, and while Democrats were glorifying over their late victories. He opened upon the "Conspirators" with the most searching analysis, and exposed their treachery with the strongest and grandest arguments. His noble powers of intellect were exhibited in tracing principles back to their fountains. Never before did the basis of the "Union" appear more solid; never did rebellion seem more hollow and wicked. His constitutional argument was especially adapted to minds

upon the devoted heads of even her truest children, but the arrows are ever blunted, so as not to pierce the harmonious heart. In the abstract we recognize this truth. Is it not more true than we have believed? Can any circumstance or event mar the happiness of a harmonious spirit, any more than it can disturb the course of the planets in their orbits? In view, then, of the disturbed condition of the country, of our disquiet and uneasiness, were it not well for us to seriously examine ourselves, to find the source of this unhappiness, it is easier far to read the solution in the wicked assumptions of southern aristocrats, the contemptible weakness of northern apologists, the utter corruption of politicians, the imbecility of administrations, the incompetence of Generals. All these are comfortable methods of explaining the unfortunate state of things which surrounds us.

But are we right in such a solution? Have the shortcomings of these persons ought to do with us? Do they disturb the infinite? Are their petty transgressions recorded in the pathway of the sun and stars? Do the flowers of earth register their errors and shed tears over their follies? Nay, verily, each lily and violet blooms as fragrantly in times of war as of peace, and the very blood of battle-fields serves to enrich the soil and thus promote their growth and luxuriance. The seasons roll, day and night appear, and all things in harmony with Nature suffer no change. We alone are disturbed. Where exists the cause? Is it without or within? Have we not each a personal work of examination, purification, and consecration, new and renewed often and constant, till our lives harmonize with Nature's great plan, and we cease to be responsible for, and hence cease to be disturbed by political revolutions or social disturbances. C. M. P.

Spirit Photographs. We have received no farther information respecting the photographic experiments in Boston. The following we clip from this week's Banner of Light: Since our last issue we have visited on several occasions the establishment of Mrs. Stuart, 258 Washington Street, and ascertained that the photographing of spirits continues to be successful. Many of the pictures are fully recognized as those of deceased friends. The artist-medium, Mr. W. H. Mummer, informs us that he takes but from two to six pictures a day, (although he has orders for many more,) in consequence of the drain upon his vital powers by the spirits being so great as to rapidly exhaust his strength. He hopes, however, in a short time to be able to procure a larger number of pictures each day, when he more thoroughly systematizes his labors.

Some new and interesting developments have been made within a few days, which we note in brief: Dr. H. F. Gardner had a sitting for a picture, which he considers a perfect success. Four forms besides himself appear upon the plate, three of which are quite distinct; but the other one, being in the background, is indistinct. He considers this new manifestation entirely legitimate, and authorizes us to refer any one to him personally in proof of what he asserts.

Miss Jenny Lord, the musical medium, sat for a picture and received the form of a friend with a guitar in his hand, which she recognized as her guardian spirit. She sat the second time, mentally requesting that the guitar might be placed in her lap. On the artist developing the picture, there was plainly visible, resting in her lap, a guitar with a spirit hand upon it.

Mrs. Dr. Ware received a form which she and her sister recognize as a former nurse to their mother. Mr. John J. Ewell received a form which he at once recognized as his sister. He showed it to his skeptical father, and asked him if he knew who it was. "Why, yes," he answered, with much emotion, "this is your sister."

A gentleman from Salem received a form which he recognized. This was the figure of a female leaning forward and clasping with its shadowy hand a vase of flowers upon the table. Mr. Bassett, of Marblehead, had a form which he recognized.

Mr. Willard had a form which he recognized as Dr. Adams. A lady from a neighboring town received the likeness of her deceased husband, and was highly pleased, as she previously had no picture of him.

A Universalist minister, whose name we are not at liberty to give, had the form of a dear departed friend presented, which he recognized at once, and remarked, "There is only one picture of this person in existence, and that is in Connecticut."

A great many others have had pictures which they recognize, whose names we are not permitted to make public. Some have had pictures which they do not recognize; and it is not to be wondered at, as there are so many spirits who wish to return and be identified by their friends, that they do not, owing to their anxiety, get in position before the camera at the proper time to be photographed vividly.

Upon the whole—and we have scrutinized this new feature in Spiritualism closely—we must admit that we cannot perceive any deception whatever on the part of the artist. On the contrary, he is willing that any person should examine his apparatus before he takes a picture, and be present during the whole process, as stated in a descriptive article by Dr. Child, which appeared in our last issue.

Sunday Evening Lectures. The Rev. G. T. FLANDERS, pastor of the second Universalist Society, is giving a course of Sunday Evening Lectures at the Historical Society Building, corner of Eleventh street and Second avenue, which would, we feel confident, interest our readers. The subject of the Lecture two weeks since was, "The Communion of the Dead with the Living." The next subject (Sunday evening, Nov. 16.) will be "Voices of the Dead." Following this, "Emanuel Swedenborg," and "Our Relations to the Departed."

AIR LINE DISPATCHES TO THE Herald of Progress.

NAPOLEON'S PLANS BLOCKADED Western Armies and Gunboats in Motion.

CONFUSION IN MEN'S VIEWS OF GOD'S WILL.

Doomed Cities of the South. PROGRESSIVE GENERALS TO HAVE COMMANDS.

Character and Temperament of Gen. Burnside.

REBEL VESSELS ON THE ATLANTIC. Penalties for Disobedience.

JOHN BROWN'S SOUL MARCHING ON. Operations along the Coast.

ONE OF THE MIRACLES OF THE AGE. America is one of the miracles of the age. Ignorant of its own genius and mission, and disloyal to many of its fundamental principles of justice, equality, and freedom, yet it is working out the problem of progress, and, while delivering itself from death, is striking chains from the hands of millions. The irreversible law of destiny is picturing its effects on the American firmament. Standing upon the shore of a bloody ocean, trembling in the whirlwind of a fierce rebellion, shedding tears in the cold storms of political treachery, dropping its power in the bucket of a stranger's well, surrendering itself to the wretched delusion that rebellion could be conquered without disturbing slavery, cherishing the weaknesses of compromise and concession—yet, with all this, and in the midst of it all, America is destined to outlive the tempest, to enlarge Freedom's arena, and impress her name and spirit on the heart of the world.

NAPOLEON'S PLANS ARE BLOCKED. Again I urge the government to take all the southern ports without delay. Vicksburg should be captured within four weeks. Let Mobile take in rebel flags about the same time. The defenses of the Alabama city are not impregnable, but they are so disposed in the bay and on bluffs near the city as to make a gunboat attack quite formidable and tedious in results. Next take Charleston. The people are preparing to receive the Union army throughout that doomed city. Savannah should fall into the hands of government as soon as possible. Seal up those southern ports to French and English vessels ere it is too late, for your enemies are many and powerful.

THE ARMIES OF THE GREAT WEST. Good news will soon come from the western rivers. Gunboats are numerous and prepared for battle, the army is vast and efficiently organized, the Generals at last see the evils of the rebellion from the same point of observation, and henceforth a great united Union movement all over the vast South-west is to be crowned with many and fateful victories. Let the people take courage. Defeats will come now and then, but influential steps for "peace" will soon be taken by the armed hosts of the great West. There is, however, an ominous "cloud" over the Mississippi.

CHRISTIAN UNION IN POLITICS. Truth relies not on the number of her champions, but simply on their spirit. The spirit of those Christians who have addressed the President on the "best way to end the war," has rather estranged him from what they call the "will of God." One party thinks it is God's will that slavery should "continue." Another knows it is God's will that slavery should die out "gradually." A third party reports God's will as requiring that slavery shall be "immediately abolished." Still another party has given in God's will as favorable to letting "the South alone." In the midst of all these contending voices of Christians, Mr. Lincoln stands erect and unmoved.

WAYS OF AN INSCRUTABLE PROVIDENCE. "This struggle," said John Brown to a group the other day, "is between the lowest hell of despotism and the peaceful progress of the American people. In the household of humanity the people of the South are our brothers and sisters, interlinked with our dearest kindred and mellowed by the same genial sympathies, and it is likely that, were we situated under their circumstances and swayed by their influences, we should be little better or different than they. I do not judge them as individuals. All personal judgment is with the Almighty—for his ways are an inscrutable Providence. Of the system and deeds of the slaveholders alone I speak. Foolishly they pamper the worst passions, and plot the most calamitous crimes against human justice and Christianity. Inasmuch as they trample upon the rights of the weakest, they trample upon mine. For this reason I move over men's minds, instilling, wherever I can, the sentiments of opposition to the South."

